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OLD KASKASKIA.

IN FOUR PARTS. PART FIRST.

THE BONFIRE OF ST. JOHN.

EARLY in the century, on a summer evening, Jean Lozier stood on the bluff looking at Kaskaskia. He loved it with the homesick longing of one who is born for towns and condemned to the fields. Moses looking into the promised land had such visions and ideals as this old lad cherished. Jean was old in feeling, though not yet out of his teens. The training-masters of life had got him early, and found under his red sunburn and knobby joints, his black eyes and bushy eyebrows, the nature that passionately aspires. The town of Kaskaskia was his sweetheart. It tantalized him with advantage and growth while he had to turn the clods of the upland. The long peninsula on which Kaskaskia stood, between the Okaw and the Mississippi rivers, lay below him in the glory of sunset. Southward to the point spread lands owned by the parish, and known as the common pasture. Jean could see the church of the Immaculate Conception and the tower built for its ancient bell, the convent northward, and all the pleasant streets bowered in trees. The wharf was crowded with vessels from New Orleans and Cahokia, and the arched stone bridge across the Okaw was a thoroughfare of hurrying carriages.

The road at the foot of the bluff, more than a hundred feet below Jean, showed its white flint belt in distant laps and stretches through northern foliage. It led to the territorial governor's country-seat of Elvirade; thence to Fort Chartres and Prairie du Rocher; so on to Cahokia, where it met the great trails of the far north. The road also swarmed with carriages and riders on horses, all moving toward Colonel Pierre Menard's house. Jean could not see his seignior's chimneys for the trees and the dismantled and deserted earth-works of Fort Gage. The fort had once protected Kaskaskia, but in these early peaceful times of the Illinois Territory it no longer maintained a garrison.

The lad guessed what was going on: those happy Kaskaskians, the fine world, were having a ball at Colonel Menard's. Summer and winter they danced, they made fêtes, they enjoyed life. When the territorial Assembly met in this capital of the West, he had often frosted himself late into the winter night, watching the lights and listening to the music in Kaskaskia. Jean Lozier knew every bit of its history. The parish priest, Father Olivier, who came to hear him confess because he could not leave his grandfather, had told it to him. There was a record book transmitted from priest to priest from the earliest settlement of Cascasquia of the Illinois. Jean loved the story of young D'Artaguette, whom the boatmen yet celebrated in song. On moonlight nights, when the Mississippi showed its broad sheet four miles away

across the level plain, he sometimes fooled himself with thinking he could see the fleet of young soldiers passing down the river, bearing the French flag; phantoms proceeding again to their tragedy and the Indian stake.

He admired the seat where his seignior lived in comfort and great hospitality, but all the crowds pressing to Pierre Menard's house seemed to him to have less wisdom than the single man who met and passed them and crossed the bridge into Kaskaskia. The vesper bell rung, breaking its music in echoes against the sandstone bosom of the bluff. Red splendors faded from the sky, leaving a pearl-gray bank heaped over the farther river. Still Jean watched Kaskaskia.

"But the glory remains when the light fades away,"

he sung to himself. He had caught the line from some English boatmen.

"Ye dog, ye dog, where are you, ye dog?" called a voice from the woods behind him.

"Here, grandfather," answered Jean, starting like a whipped dog. He took his red cap from under his arm, sighing, and slouched away from the bluff edge, the coarse homespun which he wore revealing knots and joints in his work-hardened frame.

"Ye dog, am I to have my supper to-night?"

"Yes, grandfather."

But Jean took one more look at the capital of his love, which he had never entered, and for which he was unceasingly homesick. The governor's carriage dashed along the road beneath him, with a military escort from Fort Chartres. He felt no envy of such state. He would have used the carriage to cross the bridge.

"If I but lived in Kaskaskia!" whispered Jean.

The man on horseback, who met and passed the ball-goers, rode through Kaskaskia's twinkling streets in the pleasant glow of twilight. Trade had not reached its day's end. The crack of long whips could be heard, flourished over oxen yoked by the horns, or three or four ponies hitched tandem, all driven without reins, and drawing huge bales of merchandise. Few of the houses were more than one story high, but they had a sumptuous spread, each in its own square of lawn, orchard, and garden. They were built of stone, or of timbers filled in with stone and mortar.

The rider turned several corners, and stopped in front of a small house which displayed the wares of a penny-trader in its window.

From the open one of the two front doors a black boy came directly out to take the bridle; and behind him skipped a wiry shaven person, whose sleek crown was partly covered by a Madras handkerchief, the common head-gear of humble Kaskaskians. His feet clogged their lightness with a pair of the wooden shoes manufactured for slaves. A sleeved blanket, made with a hood which lay back on his shoulders, almost covered him, and was girdled at the waist by a knotted cord.

"Here I am again, Father Baby," hailed the rider, alighting.

"Welcome home, doctor. What news from Fort Chartres?"

"No news. My friend the surgeon is doing well. He need not have sent for me; but your carving doctor is a great coward when it comes to physicking himself."

They entered the shop, while the slave led the horse away; and no customers demanding the trading friar's attention, he followed his lodger to an inner room, having first lighted candles in his wooden sconces. Their yellow lustre showed the tidiness of the shop, and the penny merchandise arranged on shelves with that exactness which has been thought peculiar to unmarried women. Father Baby was a scandal to the established confessor of the parish, and the joke of the ungodly. Some said he had been a

dancing-master before he entered the cloister, and it was no wonder he turned out a renegade and took to trading. Others declared that he had no right to the gray capote, and his tonsure was a natural loss of hair; in fact, that he never had been a friar at all. But in Kaskaskia nobody took him seriously, and Father Olivier was not severe upon him. Custom made his harlequin antics a matter of course; though Indians still paused opposite his shop and grinned at sight of a long-gown peddling. His religious practices were regular and severe, and he laid penance on himself for all the cheating he was able to accomplish.

"I rode down from Elvirade with Governor Edwards," said the doctor. "He and all Kaskaskia appear to be going to Colonel Menard's to-night."

"Yes, I stood and counted the carriages: the Bonds, the Morrisons, the Vigos, the Sauciers, the Edgars, the Joneses" —

"Has anything happened these three days past?" inquired the doctor, breaking off this list of notable Kaskaskians.

"Oh, many things have happened. But first here is your billet."

The young man broke the wafer of his invitation and unfolded the paper.

"It is a dancing-party," he remarked. His nose took an aquiline curve peculiar to him. The open sheet, as he held it, showed the name of "Dr. Dunlap" written on the outside. He leaned against a high black mantel.

"You will want hot shaving-water and your best ruffled shirt," urged the friar.

"I never dance," said the other indifferently.

"And you do well not to," declared Father Baby, with some contemptuous impatience. "A man who shakes like a load of hay should never dance. If I had carried your weight, I could have been a holier man."

Dr. Dunlap laughed, and struck his boot with his riding-whip.

"Don't deceive yourself, worthy father. The making of an abbot was not in you. You old rascal, I am scarcely in the house, and there you stand all of a tremble for your jig."

Father Baby's death's-head face wrinkled itself with expectant smiles. He shook off his wooden shoes and whirled upon one toe.

The doctor went into another room, his own apartment in the friar's small house. His office fronted this, and gave him a door to the street. Its bottles and jars and iron mortar and the vitreous slab on which he rolled pills were all lost in twilight now. There were many other doctors' offices in Kaskaskia, but this was the best equipped one, and was the lair of a man who had not only been trained in Europe, but had sailed around the entire world. Dr. Dunlap's books, some of them in board covers, made a show on his shelves. He had an articulated skeleton, and ignorant Kaskaskians would declare that they had seen it whirl past his windows many a night to the music of his violin.

"What did you say had happened since I went away?" he inquired, sauntering back and tuning his fiddle as he came.

"There 's plenty of news," responded Father Baby. "Antoine Lamarche's cow fell into the Mississippi."

Dr. Dunlap uttered a note of contempt.

"It would go wandering off where the land crumbles daily with that current setting down from the northwest against us; and Antoine was far from sneering in your cold-blooded English manner when he got the news."

"He tore his hair and screamed in your warm-blooded French manner?"

"That he did."

The doctor stood in the bar of candlelight which one of the shop sconces extended across the room, and lifted the violin to his neck. He was so large that all his gestures had a ponderous quality. His dress was disarranged by riding,

and his blonde skin was pricked through by the untidy growth of a three-days' beard, yet he looked very handsome.

Dr. Dunlap stood in the light, but Father Baby chose the dark for those ecstatic antics into which the fiddle threw him. He leaped high from the floor at the first note, and came down into a jig of the most perfect execution. The pat of his bare soles was exquisitely true. He raised the gown above his ankles, and would have seemed to float but for his response in sound. Yet through his most rapturous action he never ceased to be conscious of the shop. A step on the sill would break the violin's charm in the centre of a measure.

But this time no step broke it, and the doctor kept his puppet friar going until his own arm began to weary. The tune ended, and Father Baby paused, deprived of the ether in which he had been floating.

Dr. Dunlap sat down, nursing the instrument on his crossed knees while he altered its pitch.

"Are you not going to Colonel Menard's at all?" inquired the friar.

"It would be a great waste of good dancing not to," said the doctor lazily. "But you have n't told me who else has lost a cow or had an increase of goats while I was away."

"The death of even a beast excites pity in me."

"Yes, you are a holy man. You would rather skin a live Indian than a dead sheep."

The doctor tried his violin, and was lifting it again to position when Father Baby remarked, —

"They doubtless told you on the road that a party has come through from Post Vincennes."

"Now who would doubtless tell me that?"

"The governor's suite, since they must have known it. The party was in almost as soon as you left. Perhaps," suggested the friar, taking a crafty revenge for much insolence, "nobody would mention it to you on account of Monsieur Zhone's sister."

The violin bow sunk on the strings with a squeak.

"What sister?"

"The only sister of Monsieur Reece Zhone, Mademoiselle Zhone, from Wales. She came to Kaskaskia with the party from Post Vincennes."

On Dr. Dunlap's face the unshorn beard developed like thorns on a mask of wax. The spirit of manly beauty no longer infused it.

"Why did n't you tell me this at first?" he asked roughly.

"Is the name of Zhone so pleasant to you?" hinted the shrugging friar. "But take an old churchman's advice now, my son, and make up your quarrel with the lawyer. There will be occasion. That pretty young thing has crossed the sea to die. I heard her cough."

The doctor's voice was husky as he attempted to inquire, —

"Did you hear what she was called?"

"Mademoiselle Mareea Zhone."

The young man sagged forward over his violin. Father Baby began to realize that his revel was over, and reluctantly stuck his toes again into his wooden shoes.

"Will you have something to eat and drink before you start?"

"I don't want anything to eat, and I am not going to Colonel Menard's to-night."

"But, my son," reasoned the staring friar, "are you going to quit your victuals and all good company because one more Zhone has come to town, and that one such a small, helpless creature? Mademoiselle Saucier will be at Menard's."

Dr. Dunlap wiped his forehead. He, and not the cool friar, appeared to have been the dancer. A chorus of slaves singing on some neighboring gallery could be heard in the pause of the violin. Beetles, lured by the shop candles, began to explore the room where the two

men were, bumping themselves against the walls and buzzing their complaints.

"A man is nothing but a young beast until he is past twenty-five years old," said Dr. Dunlap.

Father Baby added his own opinion to this general remark: —

"Very often he is nothing but an old beast when you catch him past seventy. But it all depends on what kind of a man he is."

"Friar, do you believe in marriage?"

"How could I believe in marriage?"

"But do you believe in it for other people?"

"The Church has always held it to be a sacred institution."

Dr. Dunlap muttered a combination of explosive words which he had probably picked up from sailors, making the churchman cross himself. He spoke out, with a reckless laugh: —

"I married as soon as I came of age, and here I am, ruined for my prime by that act."

"What!" exclaimed Father Baby, setting his hands on his hips, "you a man of family, and playing bachelor among the women of Kaskaskia?"

"Oh, I have no wife now. She finally died, thank Heaven. If she had only died a year sooner! But nothing matters now."

"My son," observed Father Baby severely, "Satan has you in his net. You utter profane words, you rail against institutions sanctioned by the Church, and you have desired the death of a human being. Repent and do penance" —

"You have a customer, friar," sneered the young man, lifting his head to glance aside at a figure entering the shop. "Vigo's idiot slave boy is waiting to be cheated."

"By my cappo!" whispered Father Baby, a cunning look netting wrinkles over his lean face, "you remind me of the bad shilling I have laid by me to pass on that nigger. O Lamb of mercy," —he turned and hastily plumped on his knees before a sacred picture on the wall, —"I will, in expiation for passing that shilling, say twelve paters and twelve aves at the foot of the altar of thy Virgin Mother, or I will abstain from food a whole day in thy honor."

Having offered this compromise, Father Baby sprung with a cheerful eagerness to deal with Vigo's slave boy.

The doctor sat still, his ears closed to the chatter in the shop. His bitter thoughts centred on the new arrival in Kaskaskia, on her brother, on all her family.

She herself, unconscious that he inhabited the same hemisphere with her, was standing up for the reel in Pierre Menard's house. The last carriage had driven to the tall flight of entrance steps, discharged its load, and parted with its horses to the huge stone stable under the house. The mingling languages of an English and French society sounded all around her. The girl felt bewildered, as if she had crossed ocean and forest to find, instead of savage wilderness, an enchanted English county full of French country estates. Names and dignitaries crowded her memory.

A great clear glass, gilt-framed and divided into three panels, stood over the drawing-room mantel. It reflected crowds of animated faces, as the dance began, crossing and recrossing or running the reel in a vista of rooms, the fan-lights around the hall door and its open leaves disclosing the broad gallery and the dusky world of trees outside; it reflected cluster on cluster of wax-lights. To this day the great glass stands there, and, spotless as a clear conscience, waits upon the future. It has held the image of Lafayette and many an historic companion of his.

On the other side of the hall, in the dining-room, stood a carved mahogany sideboard holding decanters and glasses. In this quiet retreat elderly people amused themselves at card-tables. Apart from them, but benignantly ready to chat

with everybody, sat the parish priest; for every gathering of his flock was to him a call for social ministration.

A delicious odor of supper escaped across a stone causeway from the kitchen, and all the Menard negroes, in their best clothes, were collected on the causeway to serve it. Through open doors they watched the flying figures, and the rocking of many a dusky heel kept time to the music.

The first dance ended in some slight confusion. A little cry went through the rooms: "Rice Jones's sister has fainted!" "Mademoiselle Zhone has fainted!" But a few minutes later she was sitting on a gallery chair, leaning against her brother and trying to laugh through her coughing, and around her stood all girlish Kaskaskia, and the matrons also, as well as the black maid Colonel Menard had sent with hartshorn.

Father Olivier brought her a glass of wine; Mrs. Edwards fanned her; the stars shone through the pecan-trees, and all the loveliness of this new hemisphere and home and the kindness of the people made her close her eyes to keep the tears from running out. The separation of the sick from all healthy mankind had never so hurt her. Something was expected of her, and she was not equal to it. She felt death's mark branding in, and her family spoke of her recovery! What folly it was to come into this gay little world where she had no rights at all! Maria Jones wondered why she had not died at sea. To be floating in that infinity of blue water would be better than this. She pictured herself in the weighted sack, — for we never separate ourselves from our bodies, — and tender forgiveness covering all her mistakes as the multitude of waters covered her.

"I will not dance again," laughed Maria. Her brother Rice could feel her little figure tremble against him. "It is ridiculous to try."

"We must have you at Elvirade," said the governor's wife soothingly. "I will not let the young people excite you to too much dancing there."

"Oh, Mrs. Edwards!" exclaimed Peggy Morrison. "I never do dance quite as much anywhere else, or have quite as good a time, as I do at Elvirade."

"Hear these children slander me when I try to set an example of sobriety in the Territory!"

"You shall not want a champion, Mrs. Edwards," said Rice Jones. "When I want to be in grave good company, I always make a pilgrimage to Elvirade."

"One ought to be grave good company enough for himself," retorted Peggy, looking at Rice Jones with jealous aggressiveness. She was a lean, sandy girl, at whom he seldom glanced, and her acrid girlhood fought him. Rice Jones was called the handsomest man in Kaskaskia, but his personal beauty was nothing to the ambitious force of his presence. The parted hair fitted his broad, high head like a glove. His straight nose extended its tip below the nostrils and shadowed the long upper lip. He had a long chin, beautifully shaped and shaven clean as marble, a mouth like a scarlet line, and a very round, smooth throat, shown by his flaring collar. His complexion kept a cool whiteness which no exposure tanned, and this made striking the blackness of his eyes and hair.

"Please will you all go back into the drawing-room?" begged Maria. "My brother will bring me a shawl, and then I shall need nothing else."

"But may I sit by you, mademoiselle?"

It was Angelique Saucier leaning down to make this request, but Peggy Morrison laughed.

"I warn you against Angelique, Miss Jones. She is the man-slayer of Kaskaskia. They all catch her like measles. If she stays out here, they will sit in a row along the gallery edge, and there will be no more dancing."

"Do not observe what Peggy says,

mademoiselle. We are relations, and so we take liberties."

"But no one must give up dancing," urged Maria.

They arranged for her in spite of protest, however. Rice muffled her in a shawl, Mademoiselle Saucier sat down at her right side and Peggy Morrison at her left, and the next dance began.

Maria Jones had repressed and nestling habits. She curled herself into a very small compass in the easy gallery chair, and looked off into the humid mysteries of the June night. Colonel Menard's substantial slave cabins of logs and stone were in sight, and up the bluff near the house was a sort of donjon of stone, having only one door letting into its base.

"That 's where Colonel Menard puts his bad Indians," said Peggy Morrison, following Maria's glance.

"It is simply a little fortress for times of danger," said Mademoiselle Saucier, laughing. "It is also the colonel's bureau for valuable papers, and the dairy is underneath."

"Well, you French understand one another's housekeeping better than we English do; and may be the colonel has been explaining these things to you."

"But are there any savage men about here now?"

"Oh, plenty of them," declared Peggy. "We have some Pottawatomies and Kickapoos and Kaskaskias always with us, — like the poor. Nobody is afraid of them, though. Colonel Menard has them all under his thumb, and if nobody else could manage them he could. My father says they will give their furs to him for nothing rather than sell them to other people. You must see that Colonel Menard is very fascinating, but I don't think he charms Angelique as he does the Indians."

Mademoiselle Saucier's smile excused anything Peggy might say. Maria thought this French girl the most beautiful woman she had ever seen. The waist of her clinging white gown ended under the curve of her girlish breasts, and face, neck, and arms blossomed out with the polish of flower-petals. Around her throat she wore gold beads suspending a cross. Her dark hair, which had an elusive bluish mist, like grapes, was pinned high with a gold comb. Her oval face was full of a mature sympathy unusual in girls. Maria had thought at first she would rather be alone on the gallery, but this reposeful and tender French girl at once became a necessity to her.

"Peggy," said Angelique, "I hear Jules Vigo inquiring for you in the hall."

"Then I shall take to the roof," responded Peggy.

"Have some regard for Jules."

"You may have, but I sha'n't. I will not dance with a kangaroo."

"Do you not promise dances ahead?" inquired Maria.

"No, our mothers do not permit that," answered Angelique. "It is sometimes best to sit still and look on."

"That means, Miss Jones," explained Peggy, "that she has set a fashion to give the rest of the girls a chance. I would n't be so mealy-mouthed about cutting them out. But Angelique has been ruined by waiting so much on her tante-gra'mère. When you bear an old woman's temper from dawn till dusk, you soon forget you 're a girl in your teens."

"Don't abuse the little tante-gra'mère."

"She gets praise enough at our house. Mother says she 's a discipline that keeps Angelique from growing vain. Thank Heaven, we don't need such discipline in our family."

"It is my father's grand-aunt," explained Angelique to Maria, "and when you see her, mademoiselle, you will be surprised to find how well she bears her hundred years, though she has not been out of her bed since I can remember. Mademoiselle, I hope I never shall be very old."

Maria gave Angelique the piercing

stare which unconsciously belongs to large black eyes set in a hectic, nervous face.

"Would you die now?"

"I feel always," said the French girl, "that we stand facing the mystery every minute, and sometimes I should like to know it."

"Now hear that," said Peggy. "I'm no Catholic, but I will say for the mother superior that she never put that in your head at the convent. It is wicked to say you want to die."

"But I did not say it. The mystery of being without any body, — that is what I want to know. It is good to meditate on death."

"It isn't comfortable," said Peggy. "It makes me have chills down my back."

She glanced behind her through the many-paned open window into the dining-room. Three little girls and a boy were standing there, so close to the sill that their breath had touched Peggy's neck. They were Colonel Menard's motherless children. A black maid was with them, holding the youngest by the hand. They were whispering in French under cover of the music. French was the second mother tongue of every Kaskaskia girl, and Peggy heard what they said by merely taking her attention from her companions.

"I will get Jean Lozier to beat Monsieur Reece Zhone. Jean Lozier is such an obliging creature he will do anything I ask him."

"But, Odile," argued the boy, with some sense of equity, "she is not yet engaged to our family."

"And how shall we get her engaged to us if Monsieur Reece Zhone must hang around her? Papa says he is the most promising young man in the Territory. If I were a boy, Pierre Menard, I would do something with him."

"What would you do?"

"I would shoot him. He has duels."

"But my father might punish me for that."

"Very well, chicken-heart. Let Mademoiselle Saucier go, then. But I will tell you this: there is no one else in Kaskaskia that I will have for a second mother."

"Yes, we have all chosen her," owned Pierre, "but it seems to me papa ought to make the marriage."

"But she would not know we children were willing to have her. If you did something to stop Monsieur Zhone's courtship, she would then know."

"Why do you not go out on the gallery now and tell her we want her?" exclaimed Pierre. "The colonel says it is best to be straightforward in any matter of business."

"Pierre, it is plain to be seen that you do not know how to deal with young ladies. They like best to be fought over. It is not proper to *tell* her we are willing to have her. The way to do is to drive off the other suitors."

"But there are so many. Tante Isidore says all the young men in Kaskaskia and the officers left at Fort Chartres are her suitors. Monsieur Reece Zhone is the worst one, though. I might ask him to go out to papa's office with me to-night, but we shall be sent to bed directly after supper. Besides, here sits his sister who was carried out fainting."

"While he is in our house we are obliged to be polite to him," said Odile. "But if I were a boy, I would, some time, get on my pony and ride into Kaskaskia" — The conspiring went on in whispers. The children's heads bobbed nearer each other, so Peggy overheard no more.

It was the very next evening, the evening of St. John's Day, that young Pierre rode into Kaskaskia beside his father to see the yearly bonfire lighted. Though many of the old French customs had perished in a mixing of nationalities, St. John's Day was yet observed; the Latin race drawing the Saxon out to participate in the festival, as so often happens wherever they dwell.

The bonfire stood in the middle of

the street fronting the church. It was an octagonal pyramid, seven or eight feet high, built of dry oak and pecan limbs and logs, with straw at all the corners.

The earth yet held a red horizon rim around its dusky surface. Some half-distinct swallows were swarming into the church belfry, as silent as bats; but people swarming on the ground below made a cheerful noise, like a fair. The St. John bonfire was not a religious ceremony, but its character lifted it above the ordinary burning of brushwood at night. The most dignified Kaskaskians, heretics as well as papists, came out to see it lighted; the pagan spell of Midsummer Night more or less affecting them all.

Red points appeared at the pile's eight corners and sprung up flame, showing the eight lads who were bent down blowing them; showing the church front, and the steps covered with little negroes good-naturedly fighting and crowding one another off; showing the crosses of slate and wood and square marble tombs in the graveyard, and a crowd of honest faces, red kerchiefs, gray cappos, and wooden shoes pressing close around it. Children raced, shouting in the light, perpetuating unconsciously the fire-worship of Asia by leaping across outer edges of the blaze. It rose and showed the bowered homes of Kaskaskia, the tavern at an angle of the streets, with two Indians, in leggings and hunting-shirts, standing on the gallery as emotionless spectators. It illuminated fields and woods stretching southward, and little weeds beside the road whitened with dust. The roaring and crackling heat drove venturesome urchins back.

Father Baby could be seen established behind a temporary counter, conveniently near the pile, yet discreetly removed from the church front. Thirsty rustics and flatboat-men crowded to his kegs and clinked his glasses. The firelight shone on his crown which was bare to the sky. Father Olivier passed by, receiving submissive obeisance from the renegade, but returning him a shake of the head.

Girls slipped back and forth through the church gate. Now their laughing faces grouped three or four together in the bonfire light. In a moment, when their mothers turned to follow them with the eye, they were nowhere to be seen. Perhaps outside the beacon's glare hobgoblins and fairies danced. Midsummer Night tricks and the freemasonry of youth were at work.

People watched one another across that pile with diverse aims. Rice Jones had his sister on his arm, wrapped in a Spanish mantilla. Her tiny face, with a rose above one ear, was startling against this black setting. They stood near Father Baby's booth; and while Peggy Morrison waited at the church gate to signal Maria, she resented Rice Jones's habitual indifference to her existence. He saw Angelique Saucier beside her mother, and the men gathering to her, among them an officer from Fort Chartres. They troubled him little; for he intended in due time to put these fellows all out of his way. There were other matters as vital to Rice Jones. Young Pierre Menard hovered vainly about him. The moment Maria left him a squad of country politicians surrounded their political leader, and he did some effectual work for his party by the light of the St. John fire.

Darkness grew outside the irregular radiance of that pile, and the night concert of insects could be heard as an interlude between children's shouts and the hum of voices. Peggy Morrison's lifted finger caught Maria's glance. It was an imperative gesture meaning haste and secrecy, and separation from her brother Rice. Maria laughed and shook her head wistfully. The girlish pastimes of Midsummer Night were all done for her. She thought of nights in her own wild county of Merionethshire, when she had run, palpitating like a hare, to try some spell or charm which might reveal

the future to her; and now it was revealed.

An apparition from the other hemisphere came upon her that instant. She saw a man standing by the friar's booth looking at her. What his eyes said she could not, through her shimmering and deadly faintness, perceive. How could he be here in Kaskaskia? The shock of seeing him annihilated physical weakness in her. She stood on limbs of stone. Her hand on her brother's arm did not tremble; but a pinched blueness spread about her nostrils and eye sockets, and dinted sudden hollows in her temples.

Dr. Dunlap took a step toward her. At that, she looked around for some place to hide in, the animal instinct of flight arising first, and darted from her brother into the graveyard. Rice beheld this freak with quizzical surprise, but he had noted the disappearance of more than one maid through that gate, and was glad to have Maria with them.

"Come on," whispered Peggy, seizing her. "Clarice Vigo has gone to fetch Angelique, and then we shall be ready."

Behind the church, speaking all together like a chorus of blackbirds, the girls were clustered, out of the bonfire's light. French and English voices debated.

"Oh, I would n't do such a thing."

"Your mother did it when she was a girl."

"But the young men may find it out and follow."

"Then we 'll run."

"I 'm afraid to go so far in the dark."

"What, to the old Jesuit College?"

"It is n't very dark, and our old Dinah will go with us; she 's waiting outside the fence."

"But my father says none of our Indians are to be trusted in the dark."

"What a slander on our Indians!"

"But some of them are here; they always come to the St. John bonfire."

"All the men in Kaskaskia are here, too. We could easily give an alarm."

"Anyhow, nothing will hurt us."

"What are you going to do, girls?" inquired the voice of Angelique Saucier. The whole scheme took a foolish tinge as she spoke. They were ashamed to tell her what they were going to do.

Peggy Morrison drew near and whispered, "We want to go to the old Jesuit College and sow hempseed."

"Hempseed?"

"Yes. You do it on Midsummer Night."

"Will it grow the better for that?" asked the puzzled French girl.

"We don't want it to grow, you goose. We want to try our fortunes."

"It was Peggy Morrison's plan," spoke out Clarice Vigo.

"It 's an old English custom," declared Peggy, "as old as burning brushwood."

"Would you like to observe this old English custom, Mademoiselle Zhone?" questioned Angelique.

"Yes, let us hurry on."

"I think myself it would be charming." The instant Angelique thought this, Peggy Morrison's plan lost foolishness, and gained in all eyes the dignity of adventure. "But we have no hempseed."

"Yes, we have," responded Peggy. "Our Dinah is there outside the fence with her lap full of it."

"And how do you sow it?"

"You scatter it and say, 'Hempseed, I sow thee, — hempseed, I sow thee; let him who is to marry me come after me and mow thee.'"

An abashed titter ran through girlish Kaskaskia.

"And what happens then?"

"Then you look back and see somebody following you with a scythe."

A suppressed squeal ran through girlish Kaskaskia.

"Now if we are going, we ought to go, or it will all be found out," observed Peggy with decision.

They had only to follow the nearest cross-street to reach the old Jesuit Col-

lege; but some were for making a long detour into the common fields to avoid being seen, while others were for passing close by the bonfire in a solid squad. Neither Peggy nor Angelique could reconcile these factions, and Peggy finally crossed the fence and led the way in silence. The majority hung back until they were almost belated. Then, with a venturous rush, they scaled the fence and piled themselves upon Dinah, who was quietly trying to deal out a handful of hempseed to every passer; and some of them squalled in the fear of man at her uplifted paw. Then, shying away from the light, they entered a street which was like a canal of shadow. The houses bounding it were all dark, except the steep roof slopes of the southern row, which seemed to palpitate in the bonfire's flicker.

Finding themselves away from their families in this deserted lane, the girls took to their heels, and left like sheep a perceptible little cloud of dust smoking in the gloom behind them.

Beyond the last house and alongside the Okaw River stood the ruined building with gaping entrances. The girls stumbled among irregular hummocks which in earlier days had been garden beds and had supplied vegetables to the brethren. The last commandant of Kaskaskia, who occupied the Jesuits' house as a fortress, had complained to his superiors of a leaky and broken roof. There was now no roof to complain of, and the upper floors had given way in places, leaving the stone shell open to the sky. It had once been an imposing structure, costing the Jesuits forty thousand piasters. The uneven stone floor was also broken, showing gaps into vaults beneath; fearful spots to be avoided, which the custom of darkness soon revealed to all eyes. Partitions yet standing held stained and ghastly smears of rotted plaster.

The river's gurgle and rush could be distinctly heard here, while the company around the bonfire were lost in distance.

Angelique had given her arm to Maria Jones in the flight down the road; but when they entered the college Maria slipped away from her. A blacker spot in an angle of the walls and a smothered cough hinted to the care-taker where the invalid girl might be found, but where she also wished to be let alone.

Now a sob rising to a scream, as if the old building had found voice and protested against invasion, caused a recoil of the invaders. Girls brought up in neighborly relations with the wilderness, however, could be only a moment terrified by the screech-owl. But at no previous time in its history, not even when it was captured as a fort, had the Jesuit College inclosed such a cluster of wildly beating hearts. Had light been turned on the group, it would have shown every girl shaking her hand at every other girl and hissing, "S— s— sh!"

"Girls, be still."

"Girls, do be still."

"Girls, if you won't be still, somebody will come."

"Clarice Vigo, why don't you stop your noise?"

"Why do you not stop yours, mademoiselle?"

"I have n't spoken a word but Sh! I have been trying my best to quiet them all."

"So have I."

"Ellen Bond fell over me. She was scared to death by a screech-owl!"

"It was you fell over me, Miss Betsey."

"If we are going to try the charm," announced Peggy Morrison, "we must begin. You had better all get in a line behind me and do just as I do. You can't see me very well, but you can scatter the hempseed and say what I say. And it must be done soberly, or Satan may come mowing at our heels."

From a distant perch to which he had removed himself, the screech-owl again remonstrated. Silence settled like the slow fluttering downward of feathers on

every throbbing figure. The stir of a slipper on the pavement, or the catching of a breath, became the only tokens of human presence in the old college. These postulants of fortune in their half-visible state once more bore some resemblance to the young ladies who had stood in decorum answering compliments between the figures of the dance the night before.

On cautious shoe leather the march began. One voice, two voices, and finally a low chorus intoned and repeated, —

"Hempseed, I sow thee, — hempseed, I sow thee; let him who is to marry me come after me and mow thee."

Peggy led her followers out of the east door towards the river; wheeling when she reached a little wind-row of rotted timbers. This chaos had once stood up in order, forming makeshift bastions for the fort, and supporting cannon. Such boards and posts as the negroes had not carried off lay now along the river brink, and the Okaw was steadily undermining that brink as it had already undermined and carried away the Jesuits' spacious landing.

Glancing over their shoulders with secret laughter for that fearful gleam of scythes which was to come, the girls marched back; and their leader's abrupt halt jarred the entire line. A man stood in the opposite entrance. They could not see him in outline, but his unmistakable hat showed against a low-lying sky.

"Who 's there?" demanded Peggy Morrison.

The intruder made no answer.

They could not see a scythe about him, but to every girl he took a different form. He was Billy Edgar, or Jules Vigo, or Rice Jones, or any other gallant of Kaskaskia, according to the varying faith which beating hearts sent to the eyes that saw him.

The spell of silence did not last. A populous roost invaded by a fox never resounded with more squalling than did the old Jesuit College. The girls swished around corners and tumbled over the vegetable beds. Angelique groped for Maria, not daring to call her name, and caught and ran with some one until they neared the light, when she found it was the dumpy little figure of her cousin Clarice.

As soon as the girls were gone, the man who had broken up their hempseed sowing advanced a few steps on the pavement. He listened, and that darker shadow in the angle of the walls was perceptible to him.

"Are you here?"

"I am here," answered Maria.

Rice Jones's sister could not sit many minutes in the damp old building without being missed by the girls and her family. His voice trembled. She could hear his heart beating with large strokes. His presence surrounded her like an atmosphere, and in the darkness she clutched her own breast to keep the rapture from physically hurting her.

"Maria, did you know that my wife was dead?"

"Oh, James, no!".

Her whisper was more than a caress. It was surrender and peace and forgiveness. It was the snapping of a tension which had held her two years.

"Oh, James, when I saw you to-night I did not know what to do. I have not been well. You have borne it so much better than I have."

"I thought," said Dr. Dunlap, "it would be best for us to talk matters over."

She caught her breath. What was the matter with this man? Once he had lain at her feet and kissed the hem of her garment. He was hers. She had never relinquished her ownership of him even when her honor had constrained her to live apart from him. Whose could he be but hers?

Dr. Dunlap had thought twenty-four hours on what he would say at this unavoidable meeting, and he acknowledged in a business-like tone, —

"I did not treat you right, Maria.

My wretched entanglement when I was a boy ruined everything. But when I persuaded you into a secret marriage with me, I meant to make it right when the other one died. And you found it out and left me. If I treated you badly, you treated me badly, too."

He knew the long chin of the Joneses. He could imagine Maria lifting her slim chin. She did not speak.

"I came over here to begin life again. When you ran off to your friends, what was there for me to do but take to the navy again or sail for America? Kaskaskia was the largest post in the West; so I came here. And here I found your family, that I thought were in another Territory. And from the first your brother has been my enemy."

His sulky complaint brought no response in words; but a strangling sob broke all restraint in the angle of the wall.

"Maria," exclaimed the startled doctor, "don't do that. You excite yourself."

In her paroxysm she rolled down on the stone floor, and he stooped in consternation and picked her up. He rested his foot on the ledge where she had sat, and held her upon his knee. She struggled for breath until he thought she would die, and the sweat of terror stood on his forehead. When he had watched her by the bonfire, his medical knowledge gave her barely two months of life; and within those two months, he had also told himself bitterly then, Rice Jones could marry Angelique Saucier; but to have her die alone with him in this old building was what he could not contemplate.

Scarcely conscious of his own action, the doctor held her in positions which helped her, and finally had the relief of hearing her draw a free breath as she lapsed against his shoulder. Even a counterfeit tie of marriage has its power. He had lived with this woman, she believing herself his lawful wife. Their half-year together had been the loftiest period of his life. The old feeling, smothered as it was under resentment and a new passion, stirred in him. He strained her to his breast and called her the pet names he used to call her. The diminutive being upon his knee heard them without response. When she could speak she whispered, —

"Set me down."

Dr. Dunlap moved his foot and placed her again on the stone ledge. She leaned against the wall. There was a ringing in her ears. The unpardonable sin in man is not his ceasing to love you. That may be a mortal pain, but it has dignity. It is the fearful judgment of seeing in a flash that you have wasted your life on what was not worth the waste.

"Now if you are composed, Maria," said Dr. Dunlap hurriedly, "I will say what I followed you here to say. The best thing for us to do, now that I am free to do it, is to have the marriage ceremony repeated over us and made valid. I am ready and willing. The only drawback is the prejudice of your family against me."

A magnanimous tone in his voice betrayed eagerness to put the Joneses under obligations to him.

"Dr. Dunlap," — when Maria had spoken his name she panted awhile, — "when I found out I was not your wife, and left you, I began then to cough. But now — we can never be married."

"Why, Maria?"

She began those formidable sounds again, and he held his breath.

Somebody in the distance began playing a violin. Its music mingled with the sounds which river-inclosed lands and the adjacent dwellings of men send up in a summer night.

"You know," said Maria when she could speak, "how we deceived my people in Wales and in London. None of my family here know anything about that marriage."

Another voice outside the walls, keen with anxiety, shouted her name. Dr.

Dunlap hurried a few yards from her, then stopped and held his ground. A man rushed into the old building regardless of the broken floor.

"Maria, are you here?"

"Yes, brother Rice."

She was leaving her corner to meet him. The doctor could see that she sunk to her hands and knees with weakness and helped herself up by the wall.

"Where are you? Is any one with you?"

As they met in the darkness the brother felt her hands and trembling figure.

"What possessed you to sit down here in this damp old place? You are clammy as stone. Poor little thing, were you frightened? What have you been doing?"

"I have been talking," replied Maria.

The doctor's heart labored like a drum. Perhaps she would tell it all out to Rice Jones now.

The same acrid restraint may be heard in a mother's voice when she inquires, as Rice did, —

"Who was talking with you?"

"Dr. Dunlap."

"Dr. Dunlap? You don't know Dr. Dunlap."

"We met in England," daringly broke out Dr. Dunlap himself.

"He is here yet, is he?" said Rice Jones. "Doctors are supposed to be the natural protectors of ailing women; but here's one that is helping a sick girl to take her death cold."

An attack on his professional side was what Dr. Dunlap was not prepared for. He had nothing to say, and Maria's brother carried her out of the old college and took the nearest way home.

Noise was ceasing around the sinking bonfire, a clatter of wooden shoes setting homeward along the streets of Kaskaskia. Maria saw the stars stretching their great network downward enmeshing the Mississippi. That nightly vision is wonderful. But what are outward wonders compared to the unseen spiritual chemistry always at work within and around us, changing our loves and beliefs and needs?

Rice stopped to rest as soon as they were out of Dr. Dunlap's hearing. Light as she was, he felt his sister's complete prostration in her weight.

"For God's sake, Maria," he said to her in Welsh, "is that fellow anything to you?"

She shook her head.

"But he says he met you in England."

She said nothing, and Rice also remained in silence. When he spoke again, it was in the tone of dry statement which he used for presenting cases in court.

"My pistols have hair triggers and go off at a touch. I had a political difference with a gentleman some time ago, and this Dr. Dunlap acted as his second. We were standing ready, but before the word was given, and while the pistol hung down in my hand, it went off, and the ball struck the ground at my feet. Then Dr. Dunlap insisted I had had my shot, and must stand still and be fired at without firing again. His anxiety to have me shot was so plain that my opponent refused to fire, and we made up our difference. That's the Dr. Dunlap we have here in the Territory, whatever he may have been in England."

Rice hurried on with her, his motherless little sister, who had been left with kinspeople in Wales because she was too delicate to bear the hardships of the family transplanting. He blamed himself for her exposure and prostration, and held her tenderly, whispering, —

"Mareea-bach!"

She tried to answer the Welsh caressing name, but her throat gurgled and a warm stream ran out of her mouth, and he knew it was blood.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS AND CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

It is now something more than twenty years since Mr. Carpenter, a Senator of the United States from the State of Wisconsin, introduced in the body of which he was a distinguished and influential member a resolution, as he declared, "for the purpose of submitting some remarks on the recent popular delusion called civil service reform by transferring the patronage of the government from the officers in whom the Constitution had vested it to a board of schoolmasters to sit in Washington." Five years earlier, Mr. Thomas A. Jenckes, a Representative from the State of Rhode Island, had submitted a report from the joint committee of Congress on retrenchment, and accompanied it by a bill "to regulate the civil service of the United States and promote its efficiency." In their report the committee mildly said of the bill, "It is conceded that this will work an entire change in the mode of appointment to and the tenure of office of the subordinate civil service of the government." It was the first gun. The revolution that it inaugurated constitutes one of the most notable movements in our history. Its object was not, as the Wisconsin Senator would have it, to transfer patronage, but, so far as it was possible, to eliminate from American political life the very idea of patronage as undemocratic and un-American. If it was a delusion, it has proved a most obstinate one, and would seem to have a stronger hold on the people now than it had in 1872, when the Wisconsin Senator came to the rescue of the patronage from the outstretched hands of the schoolmasters.

Whatever it was or is, the stuff that dreams are made of or a sober and practical reform, Mr. Curtis believed in it with all the force of an exceptionally sane and well-balanced mind, and his services in its behalf, I think, will constitute his highest claim to the gratitude of his countrymen. He was, indeed, a great power in American life, influencing it at many points, and always for good. Least of all men was he a panacea-vender, but he was a friend and advocate of every good cause, and the civil service reform found in him a leader of such earnestness and force that, in the minds of his fellow-citizens, the cause and its leader were identified.

It was more true of Curtis than it was of Goldsmith that he "touched nothing that he did not adorn." Certainly he adorned this cause, year after year presenting its claims with admirable grace and skill, and with a strength of argument that was irresistible; but there was something transcending all this. Among public men, there was perhaps none who so won the confidence of sincere and earnest men and women by his own personality. Americans make few pilgrimages to the shrines of oracles. The day has passed, even, when many pin their faith on their newspaper, though they take only one; but when, by the process of years, a noble and trustworthy character has become clearly established and defined, now as ever, men, by the law of their being, render it homage. The power of such a character, with all his gifts and accomplishments, was what Mr. Curtis brought to the civil service reform.

What was the cause which he thought worthy of the devotion of his ripest years?

The administrative system under which, by a natural and yet monstrous evolution, the honors, public employments, and even the profitable contracts with the government had come to be regarded as spoils of political victory, and the legitimate means of payment for party service, seemed never stronger than when Mr. Jenckes arraigned it before

Congress. Rotation in office from highest to lowest, its natural and necessary accompaniment, though a cruel gospel, had universal party acceptance. It was a question of political thrift, and, from the commercial standpoint, the only way to derive considerable gains from the capital of office was to turn it over frequently.

The wickedness and folly of this system had long been felt by many, but until Mr. Jenckes quietly challenged it on the floor of the House there had been no time when there was any hope that it could be successfully assailed. It had been denounced by the wisest and best, but always from the outside. Mr. Webster had declared that it would change the character of our government; that the same party selfishness that drove good men out of office would push bad men in; that, if not checked, good men would grow tired of the exercise of political privileges, and abandon the government to the scramble of the bold, the daring, and the desperate. But Mr. Webster was in the opposition. Mr. Calhoun had said that if it were not put down it would end by putting down the government. Mr. Clay, in 1832, opposing Mr. Van Buren's confirmation as minister to England, had said that Van Buren was "among the first of federal secretaries to introduce the odious system of proscription for the exercise of the elective franchise into the government of the United States. It is a detestable system, drawn from the worst periods of the Roman republic; and if it were to be perpetuated, if the offices, honors, and dignities of the people were to be put up to a scramble and decided by the results of every presidential election, our government and institutions would finally end in a despotism as intolerable as that of Constantinople." But Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun were also in the opposition. It was easy for "Jackson men" to withstand criticism from such a quarter. The new system — for it was practically unknown to the earlier administrations — had its attractions. It added greatly to the interest of "campaigns," and provided stakes for the stalwart contestants that imparted a lively human interest to the struggle; and with the winners nothing could be more "popular."

After the administration of Jackson it had undisputed possession. No one in a responsible position denounced it, however much he may have deprecated its existence. During Mr. Van Buren's term it flourished like a tropical plant. Van Buren's successor held the office for a few weeks only, and, as might have been expected, they were filled with the turmoil and clamor of a hungry multitude. Mr. Tyler found himself so soon at war with his party that the possession of the offices was all that gave him the semblance of power, and he made diligent use of them. With Polk and the Mexican war, the country began to gird itself for the great struggle over slavery. If anybody thought of administrative reform, there was then no room for the subject in the minds of citizens.

When the storm of secession finally burst on the republic, the federal service was filled with the adherents of a single party, and they were chiefly such as were acceptable to its so-called pro-slavery faction. Mr. Lincoln found himself at the head of a government nineteen twentieths of whose officials regarded his advent to office with disfavor, and large numbers with bitter resentment. His enemies were intrenched in the departments, and he and his party found a foe in every post-office. All knew that "a clean sweep" was to be expected, and apprehension of loss of place mingling with the other excitements of the time naturally embittered those who looked only for dismissal.

It would not be difficult to show that a great part of the disloyalty in the North, more or less pronounced, had its origin in an extreme partisan disappointment, the vital heat of which came from the loss of the federal offices.

The war made necessary not only vast

armies, but a great increase of the civil service. An enormous debt had been created, and elaborate systems of taxation provided to meet its demands, which it was evident must continue in some form during an indefinite period. The government had driven out the banking currency of the States, and organized a banking system of its own. The nation, too, had undergone a transformation such as had never before been witnessed. What its growth and development were to be could hardly be exaggerated by the boldest imagination. Even the orators of this Columbian anniversary season have not been able to overstate it.

The great cause of sectional discussion having been removed, and the disputes of reconstruction settled, no absorbing question prevented the examination of administrative details. The Republican party had full control, and seemed likely to retain it indefinitely. When, therefore, Mr. Jenckes, with admirable courage, brought before the popular branch of Congress his resolution, and supplemented it by his report, it was a movement from within the party having control of the offices looking to the eradication of a system that threatened the public safety, and the establishment in its place of one that should be in harmony with democratic institutions and adequate to the demands of the future.

But the country knew little about the subject. Even Mr. Curtis, in his New York address in 1888, said, "Twenty years ago, when Mr. Jenckes spoke to a few persons in the chapel of the University upon reform in the civil service, he was like Paul in Athens declaring the Unknown God." The evils of the spoils system were well understood, but few had thought seriously about the remedy. In the American way, we had concluded that the trouble was inherent in our political system, or, if not inherent, that it had become so firmly implanted it could not be removed; that it was useless to complain, and the part of wisdom was to "go ahead and make the best of it." To the American mind there is nothing so offensive as a "reformer" who can denounce existing institutions, but has nothing better to offer.

Just here the services of Mr. Jenckes were invaluable. He had made a careful study of the civil service in the various countries of Europe, and in his elaborate report, and in another which he submitted in the succeeding year (1868), he furnished a mass of information upon every part of the subject. Pains had also been taken by him to obtain the views of many officials in different branches of the service upon the practical nature of the reform proposed, and these were supplemented by copious extracts from the press, earnestly favoring the bill introduced by Mr. Jenckes.

The subject slowly engaged public attention, but it was not until March, 1871, that any act was passed; and then the best that could be obtained from Congress was a brief section thrust into the Appropriation Bill, authorizing the President to prescribe rules for admission to the civil service, to appoint suitable persons to institute inquiries touching the matter, and to establish regulations for the conduct of appointees to the civil service. Mr. Jenckes's bill had carefully outlined a competitive system of appointments and promotions and made it imperative, but this could not be passed, and the whole matter was entrusted to the discretion of the President.

President Grant, as might have been expected from so straightforward and patriotic a character, was heartily in favor of the reform movement. He afterwards withdrew from it his support, not, however, because his own views had changed, but because Congress was hostile and would not make appropriations, and because he thought the public sentiment in its favor had so relaxed that it no longer warranted his favorable executive action.

The Appropriation Bill with its civil

service reform rider was approved March 3, 1871, and on the next day the President appointed George William Curtis and six other gentlemen an advisory board to conduct the inquiries under the act and report regulations for his approval; in other words, to prepare and report a working plan for the experiment of administrative reform. I have not mentioned the names of Mr. Curtis's associates on the board, for the reason that no one of them seems to have become personally identified with the reform movement, and the labor and most of the responsibility fell upon the chairman.

Mr. Curtis entered most heartily and at once upon the work. Probably his name imparted a strength to the movement that no other would have given. He had been a civil service reformer in sentiment for many years, even from his earliest occupancy of the Easy Chair. He had hailed with approval the action of Mr. Jenckes, and supported it with great force by both voice and pen. He was then at the height of his manhood, personally most attractive, and everywhere known and admired, especially by the young men of education and ambition, who found in him their ideal. Since 1856 he had been one of the most acceptable of popular orators, in the lecturer's desk and on the platform, and he was, if not the first, perhaps the finest specimen the country had seen of "the gentleman in politics." His purely literary work was familiar to all persons of taste and culture. So graceful an essayist, so genial an observer and critic of public and social life, had not before graced our letters. But the man was far larger than his work, though never above it. A radical antislavery man even from the early days when, as the young Howadji, he met the slave boat — the "Devil's Frigate" he called it — floating down the lazy Nile, he had devoted his early manhood to the assault of slavery. He had wasted no strength in efforts outside of political organizations when he found one at hand where he could do good service, but had joined himself at once to the new Republican party. To promote its success he gave all the strength of those early years. He adhered stanchly to that party during the stormy Johnson period, and was one of the most effective supporters of General Grant for the presidency. For years he had been a frequent delegate to the party conventions, and was there regarded as a trustworthy adviser and leader.

He had been the political editor of Harper's Weekly since 1863, and in its columns had rendered a support to the Republican party the strength of which can hardly be overestimated. In November, 1871, its circulation had reached three hundred thousand copies. Men read his editorial articles to be enlightened as to their duties and strengthened in their patriotism. Women read them to make sure that their husbands and sons were "keeping step to the music of the Union." There was perfect confidence in his intelligence, sincerity, and courage. The calm clearness of those weekly utterances was equaled only by their conclusive force. There was no hurry, — there were always time and space for full statement, — no excitement, no smartness, no straining after epigrammatic point, no cowardly refusal to face the facts, no dogmatic assertion. They were models of full and dispassionate statement and sound argument, and in the highest degree persuasive. It may well be doubted whether through any considerable period the political articles of any other journal, at least in America, have been so well calculated to engage the attention and influence the conduct of its readers.

In effect, the work entrusted to the advisory board or commission was to set the new system on its feet. Many intelligent persons had generalized upon the subject. The mischiefs of existing

methods were well understood, and the belief was growing that some practical way would be found to remedy them; but the actual constructive work was then to begin, and it was important that no blunder should discredit it at the outset.

The report of the board was submitted to the President on the 18th of December, 1871, and by him promptly sent to Congress. It was prepared by Mr. Curtis, and contained a most conclusive presentation of the entire subject. Every plausible objection was carefully considered and answered, and experience has proved its soundness in every essential part.

In transmitting the report, President Grant said, "I ask for all the strength Congress can give me to enable me to carry out the reform in the civil service recommended by the commissioners." We may well believe that he had a noble ambition to verify the closing words of the report, in which it was declared that the administration which vigorously began this reform would acquire "a glory only less than that of the salvation of a great nation."

In April following, the advisory board, through its chairman, having prepared the rules regulating appointments, including the grouping of the official places, they were promulgated; and thereafter, until their suspension by the President in March, 1875, they were enforced in the federal offices in New York and in the departments at Washington with most satisfactory results.

The history of the next three years, in which the President attempted to extend the operation of the rules to other customs ports, but failed, because the officers were either hostile or indifferent, or so unused to the reform methods that the operation was defective, need not be stated more fully. It was evident that the reform was not acceptable to the party leaders; and when, in the short session of 1874–75, Congress refused an appropriation, the President abandoned the effort to enforce the civil service rules, and suspended their operation.

Mr. Curtis criticised, but not with severity, this action of the President. He felt the embarrassment of the situation. He had long known that a powerful element in the party was bitterly hostile to the reform. He was familiar with its assumption of superiority over the so-called "doctrinaires" and "schoolmasters." His comment on it was: "History teaches no lesson more distinctly than that nothing is so practical as principle, nothing so little visionary as honesty. Political movements, like all other good causes, are constantly betrayed by the ignorance which thinks itself smartness, and the contempt of ideas which is called practical common sense."

At Newport, in 1887, Mr. Curtis said: "It was once my duty to say to President Grant that the adverse pressure of the Republican party would overpower his purpose of reform. He replied, with a smile, that he was used to pressure. He smiled incredulously, but he presently abandoned reform."

The blow was for the moment overwhelming. There was nothing to do but appeal to the people; and the files of Harper's Weekly show how little Mr. Curtis was daunted and how unexhausted was his energy. No one more thoroughly than he apprehended the true spirit of democracy. No one more fully recognized that the final resort was to the people, and that no reform would be safe until they had become so thoroughly educated in its principles and so convinced of its necessity that their representatives would not dare to oppose it. The success it had obtained had been owing more to the cowardice of party managers and members of Congress than to any sincere assent on their part to its merit, though both in and out of Congress it had the honest support of many excellent men.

Civil service reform had taken pos-

session of a portion of the government much too easily to be sure of maintaining its ground. The rules and regulations that President Grant had approved and desired to extend as fast as practicable, and which the "schoolmasters" were applying at Washington and New York, threatened to transform political life. If they should be made imperative by legislative enactment, there was great danger that the enormous bribe of the subordinate offices would be eliminated from the federal elections. Politics as an industry might be removed from the category of avocations.

Mr. Curtis consoled himself with the belief that the reform was only postponed, that the experiment already made had vindicated itself at every point, and that the people would demand its renewal. The event speedily realized his anticipation. In the next Republican National Convention at Cincinnati he was a delegate, and a strong supporter of Mr. Bristow, but voted for Mr. Hayes on the final ballot. Both parties vied with each other in strong platform declarations in favor of the civil service reform. Governor Tilden wrote elaborately in its favor in his letter of acceptance. Mr. Hayes took office committed to it most strongly, but he was able to do little for it. He found, as President Grant had found, a determined opposition in Congress, which laughed and sneered after the old manner when the reform was mentioned. To this was added the special and aggressive hostility of Mr. Conkling, who had been an unsuccessful candidate for the nomination at Cincinnati, and indulged a pronounced resentment against Mr. Curtis, who not only in convention, but in Harper's Weekly, had vigorously opposed the nomination of the New York Senator.

It had long been known that Mr. Conkling was greatly trusted and admired by President Grant, and as early as the confirmation of Mr. Murphy as collector of the port of New York Mr. Conkling had wrested from Mr. Fenton, his colleague, the control of the spoils in the Empire State. Mr. Conkling was an opponent of civil service reform from the outset. How much his personal influence had to do with the President's loss of hope and his final conclusion to suspend the rules is matter for conjecture. Certain it is, however, that Mr. Curtis knew Mr. Conkling to be a powerful enemy of the reform and very close to the President.

There was much talk in 1875–76 of nominating General Grant for a third term, and Mr. Curtis was an outspoken opponent of such action. When the President wrote his letter declining a renomination, Mr. Conkling came to the front as the New York candidate, and Mr. Curtis, as we have seen, opposed him. Probably he regarded him as the most dangerous enemy of the reform. There is no doubt that he intended to include him in the "group of conspicuous Senators under whose leadership," he said, "the party has constantly declined, and whose tone and character were felt to be fatal."

Mr. Hayes took office under most trying circumstances, owing to the controversy over his right to the place, and factional opposition within his party was easily made formidable by Democratic assistance. The "senatorial courtesy," too, was then in its most prosperous condition, and Mr. Conkling's opposition was for a time fatal to any nominations made by Mr. Hayes; but after the confirmation of General Merritt as collector and Colonel Burt as naval officer at New York, in February, 1879, the President revived the civil service rules in those offices. Soon afterward they were again applied to the New York post-office under its incumbent, Mr. James. From that time until the passage of the Pendleton Bill the rules were enforced in those offices with such excellent results that public sentiment was stimulated and encouraged, and many local civil service reform associations were formed through-

out the country. The National League, with Mr. Curtis as president, was also organized. Congress, however, steadily refused any favorable legislation or appropriation; and yet at the convention which nominated General Garfield the reform "plank" of 1876 was explicitly reaffirmed, and the convention adopted in terms "the declaration of Mr. Hayes that the reform should be thorough, radical, and complete." To this end it demanded "the coöperation of the legislative with the executive departments of the government." Mr. Curtis was not far wrong when he characterized such platform declarations as only "polite bows to the whims of notional brethren, which it is hoped will satisfy them without committing the party."

There is little likelihood that Mr. Garfield's administration would have done more for civil service reform than that of Mr. Hayes. It was embroiled at the outset by the fiercest contests over the offices. The history of those brief four months, culminating in the resignation of the New York Senators, and ending with the assassination of the President, furnishes an impressive commentary on the spirit which found in the disposal of the offices the chief subject of interest in presidential elections.

The murder of the President aroused the country, and a demand came up from every quarter for something that would remove the dangers that environed the presidential office. It was seen that to do this the President's death must be rendered less desirable to a great class of more or less dangerous citizens who might hope to profit by a change in the federal patronage. Guiteau had established a horrible precedent. How soon it might be followed by some other half-crazed creature, some desponding wretch who saw his wife and children beggared by his removal from office, or some miscreant, the tool of deep conspiracy, no man could tell.

It was not, however, until the 18th of January, 1883, that Congress gave to the country what was known as "the Pendleton Law." That beneficent measure became practically operative on the 16th of July following. Probably no law ever had fewer real friends in the Congress that enacted it. At the long session of 1882, the year of the Jay Hubbell circular, and of the great revolts in the Republican party in New York and Pennsylvania, the House had refused the President's earnest request for twenty-five thousand dollars to defray the expenses of the commission, and had cut it down two fifths. But, as Mr. Curtis said at Newport the next year, "the Congress which had adjourned in August, laughing at reform, heard the thunder of the elections in November, and reassembled in December," and it made haste to pass the Pendleton Bill, which had been a year before Congress.

In every Congress since there have been numerous enemies of the reform, but none has dared either to withhold the appropriation or to repeal the law. It survived the political revolution of 1884 and the counter-revolution of 1888. The great danger that attended it in its cradle was that its enemies, failing in open assaults, would destroy it by indirection. Its success depended upon its honest and vigorous enforcement; and this, with some exceptions, it has received from three administrations. Its recent extension to the Indian Department and the application of its principles to the navy yards by the Secretary of the Treasury have been hailed by the country with applause. More than thirty thousand of the subordinate places of the government are under its control, many of them highly responsible. It has received the approval of three Presidents and many cabinet officers and other high officials, and, so far as is publicly known, the disapproval of none. In the States of New York and Massachusetts, similar statutes have been in force during nine years with official and general approbation, and the

courts have adjudged these laws constitutional. A courageous and intelligent Civil Service Commission at Washington has demonstrated to the country that, with honest and energetic enforcement, the federal statute will accomplish all that was ever predicted for it by its warmest friends; and there seems to be no reason why the scope of its operation should not be extended largely without further delay.

Mr. Curtis was in the highest sense a public man, although he never held political office. He was a delegate to the New York Constitutional Convention of 1867, and chairman of the Civil Service Advisory Board appointed by General Grant. For nearly thirty years, too, he was one of the regents of the New York University, a somewhat anomalous public corporation dating from 1784, which is the unsalaried agency by which the State conducts its relations with the entire system of higher education of the commonwealth. For several years before his death Mr. Curtis had been chancellor of the Board of Regents. He might have represented the United States at the English court during the administration of Mr. Hayes, but he preferred to remain at his work at home. During several administrations place of high distinction was at his command, had he said the word. But he knew better than most men that place rarely adds to the distinction of a really able man, and almost never to his happiness; and besides, for twenty years at least he felt that his highest work must be at home. The history of the civil service reform is the history of those years in the life of Mr. Curtis. There was much more in them, but to no other subject did he give so much thought and such deep and earnest personal interest. Doubtless he enjoyed much of his work as a political editor. He loved, too, the quiet paths of a literary life, and took pleasure in the familiar but gently dignified discourse which from month to month he delivered from the Easy Chair. He was an ardent and intelligent lover of music and art in every form. His nature, "sloping to the southern side," was hospitable to every pleasure that does not demoralize or degrade. Socially, there was no man more attractive. Every good cause enlisted his sympathy; and whenever a great occasion demanded an orator who could grasp and express its significance, his was the first name mentioned. About him and within him there was every allurement to the life of a dilettante or to a career in letters, where the disturbing problems and angry controversies of public life would not intrude.

Many who did not know him well mistook him for only an amiable gentleman who had the power of eloquent speech and an attractive literary style; who enjoyed the applause of cultivated men and women, and moved gracefully through life, temperately tasting its well-bred pleasures, but not caring much for its rugged duties; and who possessed but little manly force or vigor. There could not be a more mistaken estimate of character. Far above the pleasures of life he placed its duties; and no man, however devoid of grace and culture, could have set himself more sternly to the serious work of citizenship. The national struggle over slavery, and the reëstablishment of the Union on permanent foundations, enlisted his whole nature. In the same spirit, he devoted his later years to the overthrow of the spoils system. He did this under no delusion as to the magnitude of the undertaking. Probably no one else comprehended it so well. He had studied the problem profoundly, and had solved every difficulty, and could answer every cavil to his own satisfaction. Therefore it was not as a mere enthusiast that he gave so many years to its public demonstration. He knew that the party machines, of whatever name, were naturally opposed to the reform. He was a careful student of human nature, and had sounded all

the depths and shallows of political life. He did not expect perfection in men or parties. He knew that the choice between parties often must be one between contestants neither of which was satisfactory, but this did not deter him from making the choice. "Speculations about independent voters which imply that they should support neither party," he said, "omit the cardinal fact that in politics as elsewhere a sensible man will do the best that the circumstances will allow without dishonor."

The foremost of American Independents, he believed in parties, and that parties might be divided upon principle only he did all he could to remove from them the chief source of factional disorder and party degradation. He was familiar with the history of parties, especially in the State of New York, where more than anywhere else the scramble for office by adherents of rival leaders had destroyed party loyalty, and broken the greatest parties into discordant and warring factions. The long roll of Barn-Burners and Hunkers, Silver Grays and Woolly-Heads, Hard-Shells and Soft-Shells, Stalwarts and Half-Breeds, is the historic refutation, for the State of New York at least, of the idea that the possession of the government patronage is a source of party strength.

The corruption of the suffrage by money, and the danger that a plutocracy would before long obtain possession of the chief places of honor and responsibility, alarmed him. He was convinced that this corruption could never be successfully met until the immense and constantly increasing bribe of the public offices had been removed from the elections. But he knew how long the corrupting influences had been at work, and how careless and apathetic was the great body of good citizens; how slow reform would be, how hesitating and capricious, now advancing, now retrograding, now apparently dead, and again instinct with new and stronger life. When, therefore, Mr. Curtis gave himself to this reform, he understood that it was an enlistment for life. It was no work for the pessimist or unbeliever. It would demand from its friends patience and courage and the highest faith in the people, and he was glad to give it the devotion of his life.

The amount of labor Mr. Curtis gave to this work from first to last is surprising. His annual and occasional addresses and his editorials on the subject would fill volumes. He was president of the leading local association, that of New York, and also president of the National League, and every important detail of the reform movement was under his inspection. That which always struck me as his strongest mental characteristic was his common sense. His judgment was almost unerring, and his tact was marvelous. His mind seemed never closed to a new suggestion. If it had force, he recognized it immediately; if not, he put it aside with such gentle but conclusive refutation that its author was almost glad not to have it accepted.

High as was the standard of his own thinking and living, he was of all men the least censorious. Easily superior in mental gifts and accomplishments, in that personal attractiveness which is the genius of character, he never showed that he was conscious of it. His associates in the League felt that he was the natural leader; but among them, while most effectively leading, he seemed to be only the most hearty and generous of comrades.

For ten successive years, at the annual meeting of the League, the president delivered an address containing a *résumé* of the pertinent events of the past year, accompanied by a wealth of appropriate comment and argument, and glowing with the fervid faith of a patriotism that never desponded. The old-fashioned divines deemed a sermon incomplete unless it contained enough "gospel truth" to save the soul of a hearer for the first

time listening to the good tidings. As expositions of the gospel of civil service reform, each one of these addresses would sustain the test of a similar demand. The ten constitute an imperishable monument to Mr. Curtis as a patriot and reformer, but the fascination of their delivery will soon be but a tradition; the vibrating tones of his voice, sweet and full as a mellow instrument, the fit interpreter of an eloquence that never stooped to ignoble service, have died to an echo.

The last of these remarkable addresses, delivered at Baltimore in April last, was on the highest level of philosophic thought and aggressive courage, and fully equal to the best of its predecessors. In it he spoke as the true tribune of the people, demanding restraint of the executive power that party had usurped, and maintained only by the arbitrary control of patronage. "Progress in the legal security of liberty," he said, "has been always effected by regulating the executive power which is the final force in all politically organized communities. . . . But the executive power, whether in the hands of a king or a party, does not change its nature. It seeks its own aggrandizement, and cannot safely be trusted. Buckle says that no man is wise enough and strong enough to be entrusted with absolute authority; it fires his brain and maddens him. But this, which is true of an individual, is not less true of an aggregate of individuals or a party. A party needs watching as much as a king. Armed with the arbitrary power of patronage, party overbears the free expression of the popular will, and intrenches itself in illicit power. It makes the whole civil service a drilled and disciplined army whose living depends upon carrying elections at any cost for the party which controls it. Patronage has but to capture the local primary meeting, and it controls the whole party organization. Every member of the party must submit or renounce his party allegiance, and with it the gratification of his political ambition. . . .

"When the control of patronage passed from royal prerogative to popular party, the spirit and purpose of its exercise did not substantially change. A hundred years ago, in England, the king bought votes in Parliament; to-day, an American party buys votes at the polls. The party system has subjected the citizen to the machine, and its first great resource is the bribery fund of patronage. Tammany Hall defends itself as Hume defended the king. The plea of both is the same. The king must maintain the Crown against Parliament, and he can do it only by corruption, said Hume. Party is necessary, says Tammany, but party organization can be made effective only by workers. Workers must be paid, and the patronage of the government, that is to say the emolument of place, is the natural fund for such payment. This is the simple plea of the spoils system. It places every party on a wholly venal basis. . . . Like a sleuth-hound, distrust must follow executive power, however it may double and whatever form it may assume. It is as much the safeguard of popular right against the will of a party as against the prerogative of a king. The great commonplace of our political speech, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, is fundamentally true. It is a Scripture essential to political salvation. The demand for civil service reform is a cry of that eternal vigilance for still further restriction by the people of the delegated executive power. Civil service reform, therefore, is but another step in the development of liberty under law. It is not eccentric or revolutionary. It is a logical measure of political progress."

When the fatal illness of Mr. Curtis was announced, there were thousands to whom the question at once occurred, "What will be the effect upon civil service reform?"

Those who had been near to him, who

knew how great his services had been and how indispensable he seemed to the cause, asked one another the question perhaps with something like dismay. Though of all men the most modest, the question may have occurred to Mr. Curtis himself, as the conviction grew upon him that his work was done, and the reform was not yet absolutely secure. He had witnessed from year to year the defiant spirit of party managers, and how, in disregard of solemn pledges, they had refused obedience to this law. He remembered how reluctant had been and would be its extension. He knew, as he had said at Baltimore, that "party machines no more favor civil service reform than kings favor the restriction of the royal prerogative;" but he knew too, as also he had said at Baltimore, that "if party machines, truculent and defiant, like kings resist, like kings they yield at last to the people." Ten years of successful trial had demonstrated the true character of the new system. He could not doubt that popular opinion from year to year set more strongly in its favor. The only question that remained was that of extension, and the answer to that question could not be long delayed. Whoever might be the next President, the reform must go on.

At Boston, two years before, Mr. Curtis had said: "The reformer who would despond because no party has yet adopted reform would despond of day because the sun does not rise at dawn. Civil service reform is not yet established, for the same reason that slavery was not at once destroyed when its enormity was perceived and acknowledged. Like political corruption, slavery was intrenched in tradition, and only gradually did conviction ripen into purpose, and private wish tower into indomitable public will. It was a dark shadow, in which long and shamefully the country walked, its conscience wounded, its name disgraced. But the Union emerged in the clear light of liberty, and there is no American who would turn backward to the evil day. The same conscience, the same intelligence, that at last overthrew slavery now proposes, with the same undismayed persistence, to slay political corruption, and every sign shows that we, like our brothers of the last generation, are walking toward the light."

Sherman S. Rogers.

THE FEUDAL CHIEFS OF ACADIA.

I.

With the opening of the seventeenth century began that contest for the ownership of North America which was to remain undecided for a century and a half. England claimed the continent in right of the discovery by the Cabots in 1497 and 1498, and France claimed it in right of the voyage of Verrazzano in 1524. Each resented the claim of the other, and each snatched such fragments of the prize as she could reach, and kept them if she could. In 1604, Henry IV. of France gave to De Monts all America from the fortieth to the forty-sixth degree of north latitude, including the sites of Philadelphia on the one hand, and Montreal on the other; while eight years after, Louis XIII. gave to Madame de Guercheville and the Jesuits the whole continent from Florida to the St. Lawrence, — that is, the whole of the future British colonies. Again, in 1621, James I. of England made over a part of this generous domain to a subject of his own, Sir William Alexander, to whom he gave, under the name of Nova Scotia,

the peninsula which is now so called, together with a vast adjacent wilderness, to be held forever as a fief of the Scottish Crown. Sir William, not yet satisfied, soon got an additional grant of the "River and Gulf of Canada," along with a belt of land three hundred miles wide, reaching across the continent. Thus the king of France gave to Frenchmen the sites of Boston, New York, and Washington, and the king of England gave to a Scotchman the sites of Quebec and Montreal. But while the seeds of international war were sown broadcast over the continent, an obscure corner of the vast regions in dispute became the scene of an intestine strife like the bloody conflicts of two feudal chiefs in the depths of the Middle Ages.

After the lawless inroads of Argall, the French, with young Biencourt at their head, still kept a feeble hold on Acadia. After the death of his father, Poutrincourt, Biencourt took his name, by which thenceforth he was usually known. In his distress, he lived much like an Indian, roaming the woods with a few followers, and subsisting on fish, game, roots, and lichens. He seems, however, to have found means to build a small fort among the rocks and fogs of Cape Sable. He named it Fort Loméron, and here he appears to have maintained himself for a time by fishing and the fur trade.

Many years before, a French boy of fourteen years, Charles Saint-Étienne de la Tour, was brought to Acadia by his father, Claude de la Tour, where he became attached to the service of Biencourt (Poutrincourt), and, as he himself says, served as his ensign and lieutenant. He says farther that Biencourt, on his death, left him all his property in Acadia. It was thus, it seems, that La Tour became owner of Fort Loméron and its dependencies at Cape Sable, whereupon he begged the king to give him help against his enemies, especially the English, who, as he thought, meant to seize the country; and he begged also for a commission to command in Acadia for his Majesty.

In fact, Sir William Alexander soon tried to dispossess him and seize his fort. Charles de la Tour's father had been captured at sea by the privateer Kirke and carried to England. Here, being a widower, he married a lady of honor of the queen, and, being a Protestant, renounced his French allegiance. Alexander made him a Baronet of Nova Scotia, a new title which King James had authorized Sir William to confer on persons of consideration aiding him in his work of colonizing Acadia. Alexander now fitted out two ships, with which he sent the elder La Tour to Cape Sable.

On arriving, the father, says the story, made the most brilliant offers to his son if he would give up Fort Loméron to the English, to which young La Tour is reported to have answered, in a burst of patriotism, that he would take no favors except from his sovereign, the king of France. On this, the English are said to have attacked the fort, and to have been beaten off. As the elder La Tour could not keep his promise to deliver the place to the English, they would have no more to do with him, on which his dutiful son offered him an asylum, on condition that he should never enter the fort. A house was built for him outside the ramparts, and here the trader Nicolas Denys found him in 1635. It is Denys who tells the above story, which he probably got from the younger La Tour, and which, as he tells it, is inconsistent with the known character of its pretended hero, who was no model of loyalty to his king, being a chameleon whose principles took the color of his interests. Denys says farther that the elder La Tour had been invested with the order of the Garter, and that the same dignity was offered to his son, which is absurd. The truth is that Sir William Alexander, thinking that the

two La Tours might be useful to him, made them both Baronets of Nova Scotia.

Young La Tour, while begging Louis XIII. for a commission to command in Acadia, got from Sir William Alexander not only the title of Baronet, but also a large grant of land at and near Cape Sable, to be held as a fief of the Scottish Crown. Again, he got from the French king a grant of land on the river St. John, and, to make assurance doubly sure, got leave from Sir William Alexander to occupy it. This he soon did, and built a fort near the mouth of the river, not far from the present city of St. John.

Meanwhile, the French had made a lodgment on the rock of Quebec, and not many years after, all North America, from Florida to the arctic circle, and from Newfoundland to the springs of the St. Lawrence, was given by King Louis to the Company of New France, with Richelieu at its head. Sir William Alexander, jealous of this powerful rivalry, caused a private expedition to be fitted out under the brothers Kirke. It succeeded, and the French settlements in Acadia and Canada were transferred by conquest to England. England soon gave them back by the treaty of St. Germain, and Claude Razilly, a Knight of Malta, was charged to take possession of them in the name of King Louis. Full powers were given him over the restored domains, together with grants of Acadian lands for himself.

Razilly reached Port Royal in August, 1632, with three hundred men, and the Scotch colony planted there by Alexander gave up the place in obedience to an order from the king of England. Unfortunately for Charles de la Tour, Razilly brought with him an officer destined to become La Tour's worst enemy. This was Charles de Menou d'Aunay Charnisay, a gentleman of birth and character, who acted as his commander's man of trust, and who, in Razilly's name, presently took possession of such other feeble English and Scotch settlements as had been begun by Alexander or the people of New England along the coasts of Nova Scotia and Maine. This placed the French Crown and the Company of New France in sole possession for a time of the region then called Acadia.

When Acadia was restored to France, La Tour's English title to his lands at Cape Sable became worthless. He hastened to Paris to fortify his position, and, suppressing his dallyings with England and Sir William Alexander, he succeeded in getting an extensive grant of lands at Cape Sable, along with the title of lieutenant-general for the king in Fort Loméron and its dependencies, and commander at Cape Sable for the Company of New France.

Razilly, who represented the king in Acadia, died in 1635, and left his authority to D'Aunay Charnisay, his relative and second in command. D'Aunay made his headquarters at Port Royal, and nobody disputed his authority except La Tour, who pretended to be independent of him in virtue of his commission from the Crown and his grant from the Company. Hence rose dissensions that grew at last into war.

The two rivals differed widely in position and qualities. Charles de Menou, Seigneur d'Aunay Charnisay, came of an old and distinguished family of Touraine,[1] and he prided himself above all things on his character of *gentilhomme français*. Charles Saint-Étienne de la

[1] The modern representative of this family, Comte Jules de Menou, is the author of a remarkable manuscript book, written from family papers and official documents, and entitled L'Acadie colonisée par Charles de Menou d'Aunay Charnisay. I have followed Count de Menou's spelling of the name. It is often written "d'Aulnay," and by New England writers "d'Aulney." The manuscript just mentioned is in my possession. Count de Menou is also the author of a printed work called Preuves de l'Histoire de la Maison de Menou.

Tour was of less conspicuous lineage.[1] In fact, his father, Claude de la Tour, is said by his enemies to have been at one time so reduced in circumstances that he carried on the trade of a mason in Rue St. Germain at Paris. The son, however, is called "*gentilhomme d'une naissance distinguée*," both in papers of the court and in a legal document drawn up in the interest of his children. As he came to Acadia when a boy, he could have had little education, and both he and D'Aunay carried on trade, which in France would have derogated from their claims as gentlemen, though in America the fur trade was not held inconsistent with *noblesse*.

Of La Tour's little kingdom at Cape Sable, with its rocks, fogs, and breakers, its seal-haunted islets and ironbound shores guarded by Fort Loméron, we have but dim and uncertain glimpses. After the death of Biencourt, La Tour is said to have roamed the woods with eighteen or twenty men, "living a vagabond life, with no exercise of religion." He himself admits that he was forced to live like the Indians, as did Biencourt before him. Better times had come, and he was now commander of Fort Loméron, or, as he called it, Fort La Tour, with a few Frenchmen and a band of Micmac Indians. His next neighbor was the adventurer Nicolas Denys, who, with a view to the timber trade, had settled with twelve men on a small river a few leagues distant. Here Razilly had once made him a visit, and was entertained under a tent of boughs, with a sylvan feast of wild pigeons, brant, teal, woodcock, snipe, and larks, cheered by profuse white wine and claret, and followed by a dessert of wild raspberries.

On the other side of the Acadian peninsula, D'Aunay reigned at Port Royal like a feudal lord, which in fact he was. Denys, who did not like him, says that he wanted only to rule, and treated his settlers like slaves; but this, even if true at the time, did not always remain so. D'Aunay went to France in 1641, and brought out, at his own charge, twenty families to people his seigniory. He had already brought out a wife, having espoused Jeanne Molin or Motin, daughter of the Seigneur de Courcelles. What with old settlers and new, about forty families were gathered at Port Royal and on the river Annapolis, and over these D'Aunay ruled like a feudal Robinson Crusoe. He gave each colonist a farm, charged with a perpetual rent of one sou an acre. The houses of the settlers were log cabins, and the manor-house of their lord was a larger building of the same kind. The most pressing need was of defense, and D'Aunay lost no time in repairing and reconstructing the old fort on the point between Allen's River and the Annapolis. He helped his tenants at their work, and his confessor describes him as returning to his rough manor-house on a wet day, drenched with rain and bespattered with mud, but in perfect good humor, after helping some of the inhabitants to mark out a field. The confessor declares that during the eleven months of his acquaintance with him he never heard him speak ill of anybody, a statement which must probably be taken with allowance. This proud scion of a noble stock seems to have given himself with good grace to the rough labors of the frontiersman, while Father Ignace, the Capuchin friar, praises him for the merit, transcendent in clerical eyes, of constant attendance at mass and frequent confession.

With his neighbors, the Micmac Indians, he was on the best of terms. He supplied their needs, and they brought him the furs that enabled him in some

[1] The true surname of La Tour's family, which belonged to the neighborhood of Évreux, in Normandy, was Turgis. The designation of La Tour was probably derived from the name of some family estate, after a custom common in France under the old *régime*. The Turgis arms were "*d'or au chevron de sable, accompagné de trois palmes de même.*"

measure to bear the heavy charges of an establishment that could not for many years be self-supporting. The Indians are said to have brought to Port Royal in a single year three thousand moose skins, besides beaver and other valuable furs. Yet, from a commercial point of view, D'Aunay did not prosper. He had sold or mortgaged his estates in France, borrowed large sums, built ships, bought cannon, levied soldiers, and brought over immigrants. He is reported to have had three hundred fighting men at his principal station, and sixty cannon mounted on his ships and forts; for besides Port Royal he had two or three smaller establishments.

Port Royal was a scene for an artist, with its fort; its soldiers in breastplate and morion, armed with pike, halberd, or matchlock; its manor-house of logs, and its seminary of like construction; its twelve Capuchin friars, with cowled heads, sandaled feet, and the cord of St. Francis; the birch canoes of Micmac and Abenaki Indians lying along the strand, and their feathered and painted owners lounging about the place or dozing around their wigwam fires. It was mediævalism married to primeval savagery. The friars were supported by a fund supplied by Richelieu, and their chief business was to convert the Indians into vassals of France, the Church, and the Chevalier d'Aunay. Hard by was a wooden chapel, where the seignior knelt in dutiful observance of every rite, and where, under a stone chiseled with his ancient scutcheon, one of his children lay buried. In the fort he had not forgotten to provide a dungeon for his enemies.

The worst of these was Charles de la Tour. Before the time of Razilly and his successor, D'Aunay, La Tour had felt himself the chief man in Acadia; but now he was confronted by a rival higher in rank, superior in resources and court influence, proud, ambitious, and masterful.[1] He was bitterly jealous of D'Aunay, and, to strengthen himself against so formidable a neighbor, he got from the Company of New France the grant of a tract of land at the mouth of the river St. John, where he built a fort and called it after his own name, though it was better known as Fort St. Jean. Thither he removed from his old post at Cape Sable, and Fort St. Jean became his chief station. It confronted its rival, Port Royal, across the intervening Bay of Fundy.

Now began a bitter feud between the two chiefs, each claiming lands occupied by the other. The court interposed to settle the dispute, but in its ignorance of Acadian geography its definitions were so obscure that the question was more embroiled than ever.[2]

While the domestic feud of the rivals was gathering to a head, foreign heretics had fastened their clutches on various parts of the Atlantic coast which France and the Church claimed as their own. English heretics had made lodgment in Virginia, and Dutch heretics at the mouth of the Hudson, while other sectaries of the most malignant type had kenneled among the sands and pine-trees of Plymouth, and others still, slightly different but equally venomous, had ensconced themselves on or near a small peninsula which they called Boston, at the head of La Grande Baye or Bay of Massachusetts. As it was not easy to dislodge them, the French dissembled for a while, yielded to the logic of events, and bided their time. But the inter-

[1] Besides succeeding to the authority of Razilly, D'Aunay had bought of his heirs their land claims in Acadia. (Arrêts du Conseil, 9 Mars, 1642.)

[2] Louis XIII. à d'Aunay, 10 Février, 1638. This seems to be the occasion of Charlevoix's inexact assertion that Acadia was divided into three governments, under D'Aunay, La Tour, and Nicolas Denys respectively. The title of Denys, such as it was, had no existence till 1654.

lopers soon began to swarm northward and invade the soil of Acadia, sacred to God and the king. Small parties from Plymouth built trading-houses at Machias and at what is now Castine, on the Penobscot. As they were competitors in trade no less than foes of God and King Louis, and as they were too few to resist, both La Tour and D'Aunay resolved to expel them; and in 1633 La Tour attacked the Plymouth trading-house at Machias, killed two of the five men he found there, carried off the other three, and seized all the goods. Two years later, D'Aunay attacked the Plymouth trading-station at Penobscot, the Pentegoet of the French, and took it in the name of King Louis. That he might not appear in the part of a pirate he set a price on the goods of the traders, and then, having seized them, gave in return his promise to pay at some convenient time, if the owners would come to him for the money.

D'Aunay had called upon La Tour to help him in this raid against Penobscot; but La Tour, unwilling to recognize his right to command, had refused. He had hoped that D'Aunay, becoming disgusted with his Acadian venture, which promised neither honor nor profit, would give it up, go back to France and stay there. About the year 1638, D'Aunay did in fact go to France, but not to remain, for in due time he reappeared; and it was then that he brought with him his bride, Jeanne Motin, who had had the courage to share his fortunes, and whom he now installed at Port Royal, — a sure sign, his rival thought, that he meant to make his home there. Disappointed and angry, La Tour lost patience, went to Port Royal and tried to stir D'Aunay's soldiers to mutiny; then he set on his Indian friends to attack a boat in which was one of D'Aunay's soldiers and a Capuchin friar, the soldier being killed, though the friar escaped. This was the beginning of a quarrel waged partly at Port Royal and St. Jean, and partly before the admiralty court of Guienne and the royal council; partly with bullets and cannon shot, and partly with edicts, decrees, and *procès-verbaux*.

As D'Aunay had taken a wife, so too would La Tour, and he charged his agent Desjardins to bring him one from France. The agent acquitted himself of his delicate mission, and shipped to Acadia one Marie Jacquelins, daughter of a barber of Mans, if we may believe the questionable evidence of his rival. Be this as it may, Marie Jacquelins proved a prodigy of mettle and energy, espoused her husband's cause with passionate vehemence, and backed his quarrel like the intrepid Amazon she was. She joined La Tour at Fort St. Jean, and proved the most strenuous of allies.

About this time D'Aunay heard that the English of Plymouth meant to try to recover Penobscot from his hands. On this he sent nine soldiers thither with provisions and munitions. La Tour seized them on the way, carried them to Fort St. Jean, and, according to his enemies, treated them like slaves. D'Aunay heard nothing of this till four months after, when, being told of it by Indians, he sailed in person to Penobscot with two small vessels, reinforced the place, and was on his way back to Port Royal when La Tour met him with two armed pinnaces. A fight took place, and one of D'Aunay's vessels was dismasted. He fought so well, however, that Captain Jamin, his enemy's chief officer, was killed, and the rest of the party, including La Tour, his new wife, and his agent Desjardins, were forced to surrender and were carried prisoners to Port Royal.

At the request of the Capuchin friars, D'Aunay set them all at liberty, after compelling La Tour to sign a promise to keep the peace in future. Both parties now laid their cases before the French courts, and, whether from the justice of his cause or from superior influence,

D'Aunay prevailed. La Tour's commission was revoked, and he was ordered to report himself in France to receive the king's commands. Trusting to his remoteness from the seat of power, and knowing that the king was often ill served and worse informed, he did not obey, but remained in Acadia exercising his authority as before. D'Aunay's father, from his house in Rue St. Germain, watched over the interests of his son, and took care that La Tour's conduct should not be unknown at court. A decree was thereupon issued, directing D'Aunay to seize his rival's forts in the name of the king, and place them in charge of trusty persons. The order was precise, but D'Aunay had not at the time force enough to execute it, and the frugal king sent him only six soldiers. Hence he could only show the royal order to La Tour, and offer him a passage to France in one of his vessels, if he had the discretion to obey. La Tour refused, upon which D'Aunay returned to France to report his rival's contumacy. At about the same time La Tour's French agent sent him a vessel with succors. The king ordered it to be seized, but the order came too late, for the vessel had already sailed from Rochelle bound to Fort St. Jean.

When D'Aunay reported the audacious conduct of his enemy, the royal council ordered that the offender should be brought prisoner to France; and D'Aunay, as the king's lieutenant-general in Acadia, was again required to execute the decree. La Tour was now in the position of a rebel, and all legality was on the side of his enemy, who represented royalty itself.

D'Aunay sailed at once for Acadia, and in August, 1642, anchored at the mouth of the St. John, before La Tour's fort, and sent three gentlemen in a boat to read to its owner the decree of the council and the order of the king. La Tour snatched the papers, crushed them between his hands, abused the envoys roundly, put them and their four sailors into prison, and kept them there more than a year.

His position was now desperate, for he had placed himself in open revolt. Alarmed for the consequences, he turned for help to the heretics of Boston. True Catholics detested them as foes of God and man, but La Tour was neither true Catholic nor true Protestant, and would join hands with anybody who could serve his turn. Twice before he had made advances to the Boston malignants, and sent to them, first one Rochet, and then one Lestang, with proposals of trade and alliance. The envoys were treated with courtesy, but could get no promise of active aid.

Desjardins had sent La Tour from Rochelle a ship called the St. Clement, manned by a hundred and forty Huguenots, laden with stores and munitions, and commanded by Captain Mouron. In due time, La Tour, at Fort St. Jean, heard that the St. Clement lay off the mouth of the river, unable to get in because D'Aunay was blockading the entrance with two armed ships and a pinnace. On this he resolved to appeal in person to the heretics. He ran the blockade in a small boat, under cover of night, and, accompanied by his wife, boarded the St. Clement and sailed for Boston.

Francis Parkman.

TO A WILD ROSE FOUND IN OCTOBER.

Thou foolish blossom, all untimely blown,
Poor jest of summer, come when woods are chill!
Thy sister buds in June's warm redness grown,
That lit with laughter all the upland hill,

Have traceless passed; save on each thornèd stem
Red drops tell how their hearts, in dying, bled.
Theirs was the noon's rich languor, and for them
The maiden moon her haloed beauty spread.

For them the bobolink his music spilled
In bubbling streams, and well the wild bee knew
Their honeyed hearts. Now bird and bee are stilled,
Now southward swallows hurry down the blue,

Fleeing the murderous Frost that even now
Hath smote the marshes with his bitter breath,
Quenching the flames that danced on vine and bough, —
Think'st thou thy beauty will make truce with Death,

Or hold in summer's leash his loosened wrath?
See! o'er the shrunk grass trail the blackened vines;
And hark! the wind, tracking the snow's fell path,
Snarls like a fretted hound among the pines.

The pallid sunshine fails, — a sudden gloom
Sweeps up the vale, a-thrill with boding fear.
What place for thee? Too late thy pride and bloom!
Born out of time, poor fool, what dost thou here?

. . . . . .

What do I here when speeds the threatening blight?
June stirred my heart, and so June is for me.
Who feels life's impulse bourgeon into light
Recks not of seasons, knows not bird or bee.

I can but bloom, — did the June roses more?
I can but droop, — did they not also die?
The Moment is; the After or Before
Hides all from sight. Canst thou tell more than I?

What matters if to-night come swirling snow
And Death? The Power that makes, that mars, is One.
I know nor care not; when that Power bids blow
I ope my curlèd petals to the sun.

Ednah Proctor Clarke.

DIARY OF A NERVOUS INVALID.

PREFATORY NOTE.

Im what they call a trained nurse and a strictly professional woman. The only reason Ive got for bringin myself in here is to explain that I come by this diary all right. It was give to me by the one that wrote it, who was an own cousin of mine, though Im free to say she warnt ever very proud of the connection. I guess its all right in the writin way, for she and her family always set up to know all about books. She give it to me when she went off to India and told me to do what I liked with it. I kep it quite a spell before I read it. Then I showed it to Dr. P., the great authority on this sort of cases, and he told me to send it to a magazine, and thats what I done; and thats all there is of it cept for two or three things I couldnt help puttin in.

SARAH J. PLUNKETT.

DIARY.

June 7, 1886. Another miserable night. Counted the clock hammer out all the small hours. What a heathenish fashion to have clocks strike in the night! I lay actually trembling between the strokes.

An alarm of fire, too, but nobody in our house heard it. Mother and Maria sleep through noises like that and call themselves light sleepers.

But that is nothing; one does get now and then perfunctory sympathy for such commonplace clatter. It is the things other folks don't hear — the cracking of furniture, the snapping of basket-ware, the wave-sounds of nothingness, the crepitation of impalpable ether — which make the night infernal.

I was calculating during my sleeplessness, I have been ill ten years to-day. Ten? Ten, and I am still alive. I shudder to think what I have been through, — the doctors, the nurses, the systems, the cures, and all the fol-de-rol; and the money, too, I have paid out, or mother has paid out for me, and the faith I had in them all. That, perhaps, was just as well: the more fool I was in that respect, the happier for the time being.

It is clear enough now that I can never get well. The physical misery I could bear, — I am used to it; but the insensibility and stupidity of human beings, — can I bear that? We shall see!

June 13. Worse for a week. A steady downpour. It is bad enough to get along in the sunshine. They say there are climates where it never rains, and if I ever get rich — But my wits are wandering.

Phil came to-day. He has a malign ingenuity for choosing the hour for my nap. Of course I had to see him, or he would have gone away hurt.

It is almost incredible to think, however, that we are actually engaged, — a man with no spontaneous feeling whatever. As he sat staring at me, so ruddy, so round-faced, so *well*, and hoped I was more comfortable and was getting better, I had a weak inclination to scream. But I dare say he is just like other men.

June 20. Three fairly good days, when what does Maria do but let Mrs. Prattle loose on me. Maria certainly acts sometimes as if she were out of her head. Mrs. P. stayed an entire hour, and talked every circling instant. Such talk! the veriest gabble. How occupied with themselves these young married women are! On the whole, if there is one social bore worse than another, they bear off the palm. It 's always the same twaddle; always about their babies. As if babies were n't as alike as a litter of puppies, or there could be anything new to say about them! The idea, too, of

coming to see an invalid and never asking a question or saying a word of sympathy! Positively, during the entire hour of her visit, that intelligent, well-meaning woman never so much as referred to me. It was so richly humorous that I let her go on. I had to pay for it; a terrible night.

June 23. Mother has heard such wonderful accounts of the massage treatment that she has persuaded me to try it. It sounds well enough, and I am willing to try anything.

Did up my own hair, because Maria had to go out, — with the natural result, a sinking turn. Yet they are always prating, "If you would only *exert* yourself!"

June 30. Dr. Blank sent in his bill. Of course it is a large one. Considering he has done me no good, it is very large. But mother, she acts as if she had n't a friend left on earth. I know she is n't rich, and a big bill is n't pleasant. But I am not to blame for being sick, and I *must* have treatment. It never seems to occur to her that it 's unfeeling to go about with that woebegone face. I was provoked to-day into telling her roundly she might bless her stars I did n't have a couple of trained nurses, day and night. She asked me what I called Maria and her. I did n't laugh in her face, because I did n't want to hurt her feelings. It only goes to show the point of view of well folks.

July 7. The masseuse has been coming every day for a fortnight, — a huge animal, with the indefatigable look of a beast. She mauls and hauls me until I have no breath to protest. I sleep better, for she tires me almost to death, and naturally I sink at once into what they call sleep, but what is really a comatose condition. The whole family exclaims how much better I am, and the like. True, I have been downstairs and I have walked about a little, but it was simply because she had pommeled me until I was too lame to sit still.

July 10. To-day I went for a little drive. Such a to-do as they made about it! One would have thought I had demanded a diamond necklace. Maria asked if I did n't think it would do me more good to *walk*. I replied, — she knew it perfectly, — "I can't walk. I am longing for a breath of fresh air, but if it is so very unreasonable" —

She broke in at once, "Oh, if you want a drive, *of course you must have it!*" Then she gave mother such a look. They must think I am stone-blind.

However, I was indignant, and I let them get the carriage. When it drove up to the door, mother came down to go with me. Without thinking I said, "You certainly are not going in that shabby old bonnet and cloak, mother; because if you are I 'd rather stay at home."

Thereupon Maria spoke up tartly (she has n't the least consideration of my nerves when she 's vexed), "It 's the best she 's got, Agnes!"

"Why, then," I asked as calmly as I was able, "does n't she get better ones?"

Maria laughed in a most unpleasant manner, and mother said, in her long-suffering way, which is almost as trying, "Because, my daughter, I cannot afford to; but if you think I do not look respectable, I will not go."

By this time I was thoroughly irritated, and reasonably enough, I am sure, so I said, "You certainly do not look what *I* call respectable."

That 's how I happened to go driving alone. Shall I ever forget the air with which Maria helped me downstairs into the carriage! I don't know. There is so much in life to forget!

July 12. Repose! Beatific word! Ah, if there were some spot on earth where it were possible! Folks in health use that word flippantly; it is only those who are tired, tired through every fibre, those who feel their membranes ache, — why were we made with membranes? — that know what the word means.

It means — I say it purely in an educational way — to be freed of persons and places, of human noises, of all care of the past or the present, of all thought of existence; in short, it means heaven, if one could only be sure there would n't be a lot of tiresome people even there.

July 15. I have given up the massage; it may do for some folks, it never would for me. I got so I actually dreaded the approach of that great cow of a woman. Mother was disappointed that I did n't give it what she calls a fair trial. It is so hard constantly to have to explain to her that I am not strong enough for such things.

A whole week since Phil was here. To be sure, he has written and sent flowers. But his letters always harp on the same old string, — "what we shall do when you get well." I wonder if he really thinks I can get well under these conditions. About his flowers, I never hint what a trouble they are; Maria would let them stand in the same water three days, if I did n't make a fuss. I suppose Phil kept away because the last time he was here I asked him to go. I had to, or die on the spot. Men are so touchy.

July 19. Mother came in to say that Maria had a sore throat and could n't read to me. They forget that being read to is the only solace I have. I can't read myself, because I can't hold the book. Mother looked pale and harassed, but she is constitutionally a Gummidge, so I did n't ask the matter.

I passed the day staring at a spot on the wall. I thought of the limitations of those that come in touch with me. I thought of the vaunted "modern spirit" and what it has availed.

Better Heine had never shaken Old German Hodge out of his long sleep, or invaded with his profane foot the realms of Philistia. Better, a thousand times, that the road had been left open to "respectability and its thousand gigs." What has modernism effected? Literature given over to realism, art to impressionism, and society to vulgarity! We must perforce wait for the pool to stir; but I am used to waiting.

July 23. Mother and Maria go to aunt Louisa's funeral. As she was mother's only sister, of course mother had to go. But they seemed to think they must both go, so I did n't make any remark. I have got used to being left alone. Maria put in her head and said reassuringly as she went, "Norah will look out for you."

Norah did. She came in as soon as they were gone. I made her sit quite across the room and let her talk. 'T is the only way. The moment I stop her tongue she comes straight at me in that wild Irish way to *do* something which drives me almost into spasms.

"Och, Miss Agnis, but ye 're lukin' betther the day! Ye 'll soon be up now, I 'm thinkin'. ' 'T will be the great day, that same, for yer muther, poor sowl. H'aith an' she 's very bad these toimes, so she is! "

"What do you mean, Norah? "

"Did n't ye see yersel' how she 's fallin' aff? 'Dade an' she 's not the same at all. 'T is only the bones av her is left; an' to see her stop an' shut up her two eyes when she 'd be workin' round ye 'd think she 'd be dead intoirely."

"She is simply tired. *You* don't know what it is. I get horribly tired myself just hearing folks talk."

"Och 't is not that at all. She puts her hand to her soide that-a-way ye 'd think the loife was lavin' her; an' it 's what I 'm hopin' ye 'd soon be gittin' so she 'd be spared the tile of attindin' ye."

"Me! She does very little for me, I 'm sure."

"It 's not a great dale, darlint, but it 's more than she 's able fer, d' ye see? Av ye cud coome down to yer males the way she wud n't be havin' to bring 'em up! In very spoite o' me she 'll always be takin' up the tray hersel'. Och but I kem an her won day sittin' in the

middle av the sthairs, wid the tray in her lap, lukin' she was ready to faint."

"She does n't do much for me, I tell you. She does up my hair in the morning, — I cannot possibly do that, — she mends my clothes, brings up my meals, and rubs me when I wake up in the night."

"That 's what I was thinkin', darlint. Av ye cud only lave her to slape, it moight be the makin' av her, poor dear!"

"But I can't do it, Norah! When I wake up, *somebody* must rub me, or I could n't go to sleep again. She says she cannot afford to get a nurse" —

"Troth an' it 's thrue for her, too. She spint so much money an the dochters she did n't get much left, d' ye see, an'" —

"There, there, run away back to the kitchen, Norah. It must be time to be getting supper. Mother 's all right. She 's getting old, that 's all. Don't bother your head about her."

July 24. Phil came again. I tried to look glad to see him. Candidly, the sight of him begins to irritate me. I don't know why. Perhaps because he is such an animal and so exasperatingly cheerful. I really cannot bear to have him kiss me, he smells so of tobacco. He knows, too, how I hate it. And when he puts his arm about me it seems as if he would break every bone in my body. I spend the whole time of his visits saying, "Don't, Phil!" Then his talk, his platitudes and stereotyped terms of endearment, — how I know them all! For the rest, he ignores the fact that I'm ill; treats me as if I were as well as a cook. It really takes me half an hour to simmer down after one of his visits, and hours to recover from the fatigue. To pretend to enjoy his comings, to endure his caresses, — which is worse, to be a hypocrite, or to be truthful and a brute?

August 3. Mother is sick, — a slight attack of something. I am worried, but not alarmed. It is amusing what a fuss this little ill turn of mother's has excited in the household, — everything turned topsy-turvy, the doctor sent for at once, — when here I have been seriously sick for ten long years, and nobody displays any concern. A strange world!

August 5. I am left to take care of myself. Have nearly starved. Norah has brought up my meals when she has happened to think of me. I cannot find out that there is anything particular the matter with mother, but she seems to need all of them the whole time to take care of her.

August 8. Mother died last night. How frightful of them not to let me know she was seriously sick! Poor dear mother! She will be a terrible loss to me. 'T is a great consolation now to think that I was always dutiful and sympathetic and affectionate to her, and that we got on so well together.

August 10. The funeral is over. I 've wept for days. I 'm so exhausted Norah has to feed me. I cannot think. I do not try. Nobody takes any notice of me. I see, as in a dream, Maria going about grim and white as a spectre. I suppose she is tired. She has had all the nursing. She might at least say a word. Poor mother! you were my only friend. I shall never know comfort again.

August 13. A great change in Maria. I don't know what it means. She has suddenly taken a turn about, and now cannot do enough for me. I am overcome, and beg her to desist.

August 15. The secret of Maria's devotion is out. It is conscience. She remembers her former indifference, and is now trying to take mother's place. She has moved her bed into the next room, and last night I was almost stupefied at having her come in to rub me as mother used to.

August 17. Mrs. Prattle again. She talked endlessly about this new Rest Cure and the wonderful things it does. If there is such a thing as rest on earth, I 'm

sure it would cure me. Goodness knows I need it. I tire of myself. I tire of everything. I tire of this endless struggle after sweetness and light. There are times, rare times, when I get glimpses of light. Sweetness I shall never know. I grow sour daily. I feel the fermentation striking in. Worse than all, I am forever getting back into the "machinery." I feel its buzz and whir all around me. What is to be the end!

August 20. The Rest Cure, it seems, is expensive. I say at once that ends the matter; but Mrs. P. goes and talks to Maria, and, to my amazement, Maria comes and says I must try it, expense or no expense, and so it is decided.

. . . . . .

October 3. Home again after nearly two months of the Rest Cure. It was a farce. I feared it. It is founded on stupidity. How expect one to rest when *compelled* to go to bed, and *compelled* to stay there! The element of compulsion defeats the cure. Rest means an absence of all constraint or restraint. It means doing what you want to, going where you like, eating what you care for, and choosing your own companions; it does not mean imprisonment. It also means the elimination of the doctor when he 's sure he knows all about you; in short, when he 's an — But I refrain from an expression more strong than ladylike.

After the first week I got more and more tired, and so ungovernably nervous that I should have died if I had stayed another hour.

October 5. I cannot make out whether Maria was glad to see me or not. She plainly does *not* approve of my coming home. As nobody has ever approved of anything I have done in life, that does n't signify. She wears the same grim and white look.

Phil was unaffectedly delighted to see me. Somehow, I find myself forgiving P.'s very glaring faults for these virtues of honesty and loyalty.

October 9. Norah let out to-day that Maria is not at all well, and that she has been taking in work ever since I went away, to help pay my expenses at the Rest Cure. How horrid to be told of this! It destroys all my comfort and pleasure in getting home. What marplots servants are! Well, suppose Maria *has* worked. I would willingly work, if I were strong and well. However, it fixes me in one resolution: to try no more of their cures. I would a thousand times rather suffer than to have thrown in my teeth continually these sacrifices other folks are making for me.

October 11. Maria does better than I ever thought she could. She is different from her old self; she has lost her habit of saying satiric things; she seems really to have me on her mind. Withal, however, she is cultivating the long-suffering look mother used to have. I try not to call on her too much, but I am miserable these days; going away from home has put me back.

October 15. To save Maria I let Norah bring up my meals occasionally. It is amusing to hear the creature talk.

"H'aith an' I loike to see ye ate, Miss Agnis; it 's yersel' has the illigint appetoite."

[Mem. She always ate enough for a farm-hand. S. J. P.]

"I?"

"Yersel', sure."

"Why, I don't eat enough to keep a sparrow alive."

"H'aith, thin, ye do, darlint, an' a flock av thim! Ye ate far and away more than annybody else in the house, or the whole put togither. Miss Maria just touches the bit an' the sup to kape the loife goin' in her, an' I afther brakin' me heart wid the cookin'."

October 17. Have been getting worse lately, but say nothing of it to any of them here. Had to get Maria up twice last night.

Phil has been very attentive since I came home. I don't know why he should seem most tiresome when he is

most attentive. At last I have had to ask him to send no more flowers. I am getting to hate them. The other night, too, I had to speak out and say I could n't have him stay more than ten minutes at a time. He looked hurt; he is always looking hurt.

October 19. Maria had the doctor. I questioned Norah, and found out that he gave her a tonic, and said she was "run down." How familiar that old expression, and how it does service! I have been *run down* these many years. But I hope Maria is n't going to be ill.

They talk about a new system; it is Mrs. Prattle again, and despite my former resolution and all my experience I am going to try it. I have been talked over. It has the merit of being new and original. It sounds reasonable. Its charm is, they give no doses and do not require one to do anything.

October 22. Began on the Christian Science. A sloppy-looking woman came to see me. She asked me to describe my illness. I took her at her word. I went over the subject with particularity. I talked for an hour. She paid not the slightest heed. I stopped. She asked if that was all. I said it was only the beginning. To my surprise, she asked me to go on. I thought I had done her an injustice. I did go on. I talked for nearly another hour. I chanced to look around. She was fast asleep. I stopped, of course. When she waked up, she asked again if that was all. Naturally I said it was.

"Then, my dear," she said, getting up, "you need never speak to me about yourself any more."

"You may be sure I shall not," I said, almost speechless with indignation; "and as for you, madam, you need not trouble yourself to call on me again."

But she did, and in spite of me she persists in coming. I take no notice of her. Sometimes she stares at me in a blear-eyed way, but more often sits in the rocking-chair with her back to me. I have appealed to Maria, but Maria insists that the creature is doing me good, and if I were not so antagonistic would cure me. *Antagonistic!* Well, well, what matter what they say?

October 25. Have got rid of the Christian Science sister at last. I told her, if she persisted in visiting me against my will, I should write to the chief of police.

She answered quite without emotion: "You are making a great mistake. If you had not set yourself against me, I should have cured you. But don't get excited. I shall not come again. It is only a waste of time. I can do you no good. I forgive you, however, and I hope you will get well; but to do that you must get into another frame of mind. You must cultivate a more Christian spirit, and you can if you choose."

So much for her. Sane persons will agree with my estimate of her, and I refrain from comment. As she and her sort are allowed to run at large, thank God that kind of lunacy is innocuous! It cannot do much harm. Its devotees have got hold of a partial truth, and amplified it into a theory. They say, ignore disease. Logically, they should say, do away with its causes. As well might they say, ignore sin instead of doing away with its cause, temptation. They will do either or both when humanity ceases to be humanity. Poor blind-worms! their outlook is of linear narrowness; the trouble is, they pick out one fact and ignore the rest. But let them go. They might as well believe in the millennium as in what they do. Perhaps they believe in both. Who cares?

November 10. Maria down again. She has taken a bad cold. It is very awkward, for the dressmaker was coming tomorrow to make up my winter things; but I must not think of myself.

November 13. Maria worse. They have got a nurse. How imprudent of her to get such a cold! I have to get

along the best I can. Norah brings up my meals, and that is about all. How sickness upsets a family! However, I make no complaint.

November 15. Maria has pneumonia, I heard by accident, and is seriously ill. I called in the doctor yesterday and made him confess. He said, with a look at me which I did not at all understand, "She had been very much overworked; she was all run down."

"Well?"

"It must not happen again: when she gets up from this — if she does — great consideration must be shown her; she must not be suffered to do any work."

It seemed to me it would have been more appropriate if he had told all this to Norah, but I could n't explain to him.

November 17. Maria died last night. I am now alone in the world. I am utterly unstrung. I cannot write.

November 22. I have been too low for days to raise my head. Poor Maria! I could n't even be present at the — But I cannot talk, I cannot think about it. How strange for a miserable wreck like me to survive them all!

November 25. What am I to do? I cannot see my way. I am utterly miserable.

November 27. Phil has been every day, of course. Last night was the first time I could talk to him. He was full of sympathy — *of his kind.* Said he wanted a serious talk with me as soon as I was able. I shall never, it seems, be able for anything again.

November 28. How long can I live in this way! Norah comes up to assist at my toilet. There is no help for it, though she soaks the bed in soap and water, makes me gritty with tooth-powder, combs my hair into snarls, and reduces me to a state of chronic exasperation.

Then my meals, — save the mark! — such hunks and messes! The secret of my former dainty trays is explained, — poor mother and Maria!

Rather poor *me!* Shall I ever know intimacy again? Did I ever have any real fellowship with them? No; real fellowship, thank the Eternal Father, is impossible between human beings. Fellowship should have been included by the great critic in his famous category with freedom, wealth, bodily vigor, and what not, which he ranges under the name *machinery.*

December 2. Last night came Phil again. Said he could n't be put off any longer. I braced myself to listen. He went on in a long rigmarole about my being alone in the world, — helpless, affairs involved, means limited, etc., — I cannot remember; but the long and the short of it was, my condition was impracticable and not to be thought of.

I did not see what he was driving at, and let him go on. At last it all came out: he actually had the coolness to suggest that we should marry at once.

When I got my breath, I told him flatly he was crazy. He stared at me stupidly. He could not understand me. He is simply a man, and men are born lacking in certain kinds of sense. I then went on to explain. I told him that, aside from the toil and trouble of getting ready, the mere excitement of going through the ceremony would kill me. He began to argue, but I stopped him short. He was deeply offended, and it ended by his going away in a huff.

December 3. Lay awake all night after the scene with Phil. It has quite upset me. I feel a hundred years old. Realizing that such a thing must not happen again, I sat down this morning and wrote him a letter, in which I declared plainly that if everything I said and everything I did was going to result in such a scene our engagement had better be broken; that it was too much for me, and I could n't endure it.

December 5. Well, the thing is done! It may be all right, but I don't know. I feel light-headed about it. What I said was, I am sure, perfectly reasonable.

Of course I did n't literally mean — But what good to talk? It was bound to happen. I am confident he was only awaiting some excuse.

A letter from Phil, very crisp and topping, taking me, as he says, at my word, — I don't remember now what I said, — and breaking our engagement. I suppose, if I chose to write and explain — But I can never do it.

It 's as plain as day: he was only too glad of the excuse. His eagerness shows it. Any fair-minded person would say my letter was reasonable. He need n't think I will bear the blame of it, though; I won't. It was not my fault.

December 6. Returned Phil's presents, — forgot there were so many, — and wrote him a letter which I think he will find it hard to answer.

December 7. My presents returned without a word. I knew he would have hard work answering that letter, but thought he would at least try. He sees he is in the wrong. He has a very stubborn temper, and, like all folks of that sort, the deeper he is in the wrong the angrier he gets.

December 10. Nothing more from Phil. Our affair, then, has ended. Well, it has lasted a good while. No doubt he thinks he is the one who was kept waiting. Five years. Could I help it? One is not responsible for the acts of God.

I feel so topsy-turvy that I cannot make plans. I cannot think of anything else. Heigho!

December 12. Shall I now have to go through the ordeal of explaining to family friends? No. I will simply say I have been jilted. 'T is a short word and easily said; moreover, it is the truth.

December 20. This affair with Phil has pulled me down terribly. I have tried to look at it calmly and not to care, but somehow it has taken all the little strength left me.

December 21. I am getting so low that I have had to write to cousin Sarah Jane [Mem. Thats me; she always took a delight in usin my middle name, but I cant see why it aint jest as good as Geraldine. S. J. P.] to come and nurse me. She is a professional, and I shall have to pay her, of course; but I must have somebody, if I go to the poorhouse. [Mem. I charged her jest the same I did other folks. Her family had money left them years ago, an we had to make our own way; besides, they never wasted any sentiment on us. S. J. P.]

December 30. So low these past few days I could n't write. Miss Plunkett arrived. She is as strong as an ox. [Mem. She always spoke as ef my strength was a reproach. S. J. P.] She tosses me about like a baby. What a luxury to have a real nurse!

January 2, 1887. Cousin Sarah Jane has the regular professional manner; her face is as hard and unsympathetic as a grindstone. [Mem. As soon as I see what was the matter I warnt goin to humbug her, an I didnt a mite. S. J. P.] She does n't say an unnecessary word, and since the first two or three days pays no heed when *I* talk.

January 5. Sarah Jane, for all her skill and knowledge, is like the rest of them. She does n't understand my case: has no notion how weak I am; treats me like a gymnast, drags me up to sit in a chair, forces me downstairs to my meals, though I am on the point of dying with fatigue.

January 8. Sarah Jane gets positively disagreeable. She knows more about me than I do myself. She insists upon my doing things I cannot. When I object, she asks in a billingsgate tone, "Do you want ever to get well, or do you expect to lie here on your back for the rest of your life?"

Pleasant talk to an invalid!

January 12. A terrible row with Sarah Jane. I am shaking all over from it now, and shall not recover for a month. I never heard such a virago, nor did I ever have to lie unprotected

and listen to such abuse. [Mem. I only said what was so, and didnt raise my voice once the whole time. S. J. P.] I can't remember it all; a little will do for a sample. I recall a few of her choice expressions.

She said there was nothing the matter with me, absolutely nothing, — she had been studying me and found out; that all my organs were sound; that I ate like a pig; that if I chose I might be well in a fortnight; that if I would stir about and do a little honest hard work, like other folks, I would sleep, fast enough; that I was a monster of laziness and selfishness; that I had spent all mother's money doctoring and nursing, and ended by killing her and Maria; that I had snubbed and jilted my lover; and that, in fine, I neither thought of nor cared for anything in the round earth but myself.

[Mem. I spoke the simple truth and didnt mince matters. I told her the plain facts about herself which nobody had ever durst to before. S. J. P.]

I have set it all down: it will be interesting to keep; it is almost as amusing as it is brutal. Of course I did n't answer a word, though I felt my face get white and set. Its violence and absurdity kept it from killing me. And so she went.

January 17. For a week I have just breathed. I never before fairly touched bottom. There has always been somebody to stretch out a hand. Norah has done what she could: she has fed me (Heaven knows upon what!), she has rubbed me (her hands are like nutmeg graters), and stayed by me.

It is like awaking from a nightmare. I am confronted with the sternest necessity, and not able to lift hand or voice.

Mother's old lawyer, Squire Thompson, has called twice, but I could n't see him. Yesterday I wrote him for a statement of my affairs.

January 18. An answer from Thompson. He tells me what I have; barely enough to keep soul and body together. It will buy necessaries, but not a luxury. I am perfectly willing to give up the former, but the latter it seems I must have. What to do?

January 19. I have thought hard for twenty-four hours. If I could only work as of old at my embroidery; they say I had a deft touch; but it is out of the question.

January 21. Mrs. Prattle has been in; I was almost glad to see her. She told of Cowley, a little town down South with a heavenly climate, which nobody knows of, where one can live upon nothing, and lie in the sun, and rest, and rest, and rest.

It sounds impossible, but I catch at the idea. She notices I have fallen away, and says I must get out of this climate.

January 23. The weather has turned cold. It pinches me. I shiver from morning till night, and turn my back to the window that I may not see the glare of the snow.

January 25. Have decided to go. I cannot afford it, neither can I afford to stay here. For the matter of that, I cannot afford anything. I cannot even afford to die, when I think what Maria's funeral and tombstone cost.

I take Norah with me for the journey, but shall send her back. I can economize when I get there — perhaps. Sent word to Mrs. Prattle.

January 26. Mrs. Prattle comes. She certainly is good-natured. She offers to help Norah break up, store the furniture, and what not. I accept with thanks.

January 27. Norah met Phil on the street. He stopped her and asked about me. Norah spoke of my going away. He looked grave, but made no comment. Bade her not to tell me she had met him. How queer men are!

Mrs. Prattle and Norah get on famously, but what a noise they make! Mrs. P. came, all dust and perspiration,

to say good-night. I had to thank her; all the same, it seems as if I were being turned out of doors.

January 30. It is all done: the house shut, the stuff stored, and we are here at Mrs. Prattle's for the night.

Norah and I are to start in the morning. Seen close at hand, the journey seems frightful; I doubt if I live through it. Norah knows as much about traveling as a guinea-hen.

February 3. Arrived; two days and nights on the way. In a state of collapse, but alive.

February 6. At the hotel for a couple of days. Wish I could stay, — good food and good service; but I am a pauper, and must move on.

February 7. Kept Norah till I got moved; sent her home to-day; felt bad at parting with her, but steeled myself.

My quarters are in a tumble-down old mansion, sunny and airy, a porch covered with vines, all surrounded by a ruinous old garden filled with flowers. I have the parlor floor for a song; grand old rooms with blazing wood fires. An old negro woman in the back yard takes care of the rooms and cooks my food. Her name is Yazoo; somehow it suggests a field-hand.

February 8. Yazoo does her possible. Her range is limited. So far as developed, it is coffee, pone, and bacon, three viands which I think of as last resorts. Am visited with qualms as to her kitchen, — qualms promptly put down by prudence.

February 9. Yazoo has a little two-legged shadow, at once a coadjutor and a responsibility, — a pickaninny of ten years, a miracle of rags and dirt. He is growing up in heavenly idleness and freedom. How better than to be washed and taught to read! I would exchange places with him in a minute. He has not a want. He knows not a care. He is unconscious of his body. He is perfectly happy. He knows not, blissful child, that there is anything better to eat than pone and bacon. And for sleep, — he can sleep like a dog in any streak of sunshine. Such is Little Ike.

February 12. Having let myself go, — flopped, according to the Delsarteans, whose system, owing to some inscrutable providence, I have thus far escaped, — I am more at home.

Little Ike momently grows on me. His mother, as well she may, trusts him to do anything. He is preternaturally clever. He understands all I say, and knows just what I mean, — an accomplishment which, in a long and checkered career, I have never detected in anybody else. He knows every place in town, everybody; he knows the Northern boarders at the hotel, and their various ailments; he knows those who give pennies and those who do not; and, in fact, he is in a small way omniscient.

February 13. A broiled bird for breakfast. High Heaven knows where it came from! I ate it, and asked no questions.

The secret is out. It was a robin. Little Ike shot it with his parlor gun. I gulp down a feeling of horror. I reason, why not a robin as well as a quail? God made them both, while for notes I prefer the quail's.

February 14. A struggle with Yazoo to keep down the surface dust and get the dirt out of the laundered clothes. All inclination to visit the kitchen dispelled. Blacks of all ages come to the door, offering all sorts of service and things to sell. Having no pennies to scatter, I get the reputation of being a skinflint. Little Ike comes with comforting tales of what they say behind my back.

February 16. Sudden change in weather. Yazoo taken down with dysentery. Neglected to send for the doctor, and so got very bad. I lay in bed for want of a fire. Little Ike came in at midday and lighted it. Boiled me an egg, and gave me crackers and milk. Says he is taking care of his mother.

February 17. Noon again before Little Ike comes. Says his mother is worse. Looks solemn and scared. Give him ten cents and tell him not to forget me. Do the dishes myself.

February 18. Yazoo dead. A fatality pursues everybody connected with me. This is very awkward, and puts me in a dilemma. Send Little Ike (who seems not at all to realize his loss) about the neighborhood to find me another woman. Comes back without success. They all say the house is haunted. Little Ike reassures me by saying the real reason is they all dislike me. I give him money, and he promises to stick by me. He will have to do, though I feel that I may be leaning on a broken reed.

February 20. Yazoo buried, and that tragedy over. Little Ike has not a relative on earth, so they all say. A lie, of course, but nobody is greedy to claim a responsibility, so I let him come to live at the mansion.

February 21. Squire Thompson writes me of the passing of a dividend by the S. & H. R. R. Co. My little income is pared down to almost nothing. For a moment I lose my head. I laugh hysterically, and cry with the Indian officer, or whoever it was, "Hurrah for the next man that dies!"

But let me not be bitter. Let me think of sweetness and light. Let me offer my other cheek.

February 23. Little Ike does wonders. He brought in my breakfast punctually, — coffee and toast, with a spray of jessamine on the tray. Bless his heart! The coffee had a queer taste and the toast looked unaccountably gray, but I smelled the jessamine and gulped them down. I tried not to think that the dishes had a slimy look, as though they had been wiped on the grass. Afterwards taught Little Ike to make my bed and dust the room. He is wonderfully dexterous.

I usually dine at one. My dinner is late. I smell burning fat, and bide my time. At two Little Ike appears, his eyes rounded with a look of deserving, and beads of honest sweat on his sooty little forehead. He has on the tray a boiled potato, some fresh baker's bread, and a small beautifully browned fish. He has been absent all the morning, and caught it himself.

I am hungry. My eyes shine with gratitude and desire. I say appreciative things to Little Ike. I hint at pennies. I spread my napkin. I make ready to begin.

Of a sudden I drop my knife and fork. A look of dismay and disappointment crosses my face. I push away the plate. *The fish has never been opened!*

One thing is clear: I shall have to superintend the cooking myself, at whatever cost. My gorge seems permanently located in my throat.

I creep out to the kitchen. I take a look, and save myself from swooning by a moral effort. Little Ike stares at me in innocent wonder. The Augean stables were nothing to it. I don't know where to begin. I shut my eyes and think.

After a while I tell Little Ike to take all the furniture out upon the porch; then to get a pail of water, some soap, and a scrubbing-brush. He has never heard of soap or scrubbing-brush. I send him to my toilet-stand for the former, and make an old rag do for the latter.

I sit out in the hall and direct the cleaning of the room. Little Ike makes hard work of it. He tips over the slop-pail and tracks about the dirty water. We come in time to the stove. Where it is not black with grease it is red with rust. We necessarily call a halt. I send Little Ike to the town for some stove-blacking, some new tins, and a tea-kettle. It is a mile, I know, but he never walks; he always "ketches on," as he calls it. It will be a rest to him.

I creep back to bed, nearly dead from fatigue and starvation.

Little Ike returns. I set him to clean

and polish the stove. Could not go out to superintend it. He boils me an egg, and I eat some crackers.

February 24. I get up early and go out to the kitchen. Little Ike is asleep under the table. I rouse him and bid him wash in the basin. He grins at the absurdity.

"Git all smutty right away ag'in, missy, dat I will sho'."

I then bid him fill the tea-kettle with fresh water. He goes singing to the well. I lean back in my chair for a minute's rest. Opening my eyes by chance, I start up with a loud scream, and, forgetful of my own weakness, rush to the stove. Too late! Little Ike has filled the tea-kettle from the slop-pail.

I upbraid him, and walk back to my chair without support, such a miraculous effect has the air of this place wrought. ["Air"! Granny! S. J. P.] A month ago I should have had a relapse.

After all, Little Ike was not to blame about the pail. There is no other. I think of the tea I have been drinking.

It's of no use to upbraid Little Ike about his dirt. He only stares. He really does n't know what cleanliness is; which sets me to thinking whether, after all, it is n't a fad.

February 27. After breakfast go out again to the kitchen. Little Ike, with faithful assiduity, is doing the dishes. Panting, I sit down to oversee him. He turns about a smiling and self-satisfied look. His row of young teeth and the whites of his eyes give his face a characteristic negro effect.

Reflecting upon this, my eyes fall upon his work. A feeling of horror overcomes me. Mindless of consequences, I dart forward and seize from his hand a dark-looking object, and hold it up before his guiltless eyes. It is a remnant of a flannel undershirt. It is the rag with which he washed the stove, the floor, the sink; in other words, it is the rag-of-all-work. He has no other.

I do not upbraid. I recognize its uselessness. I burn the rag and give some directions.

March 1. Little Ike does n't come home to get my dinner. I ring, I call, in vain. Knowing that I cannot go without food, I creep out to the kitchen, boil some potatoes, and open a can of tongue. Get back without mishap. It is almost incredible.

Little Ike comes in after dark, covered with mud. He has been with some boys to get arbutus. He brings me a big bunch as an olive-branch. I like arbutus, so I accept it. All the same, I scold him for truancy with what breath I can spare.

March 2. Want stares me in the face; an ugly vis-à-vis. Whatever comes, I must set to work. But at what? Write? No. Friends have thought I could; they are mistaken. I tried that in the old times. The things I sent to the magazines had stuff in them. They were always sent back. The twaddle they want I cannot do.

Think of my embroidery again. See a tangle of Cherokee roses over a fence. A capital design for a portière.

Get a horse and wagon and go to town. Find materials which will do. Get back in time to superintend dinner. I dare not trust Little Ike. He is faithful in what he knows, but our experiences have been different.

A busy day. This air is amazing. In the old times the effort put forth in these twenty-four hours would have killed me. [Humph! S. J. P.]

March 5. Little Ike is turning out a wretched truant. Absorbed in my work yesterday, I did n't notice the clock until long past dinner-time. Called and called. Little Ike nowhere to be found. Driven by sheer faintness, had to get my own dinner. Arrived in the kitchen, there was no wood. Compelled to go down the long steps into the yard and actually bring up an armful. Astonished without end at myself. It's a wonder all the invalids in the country don't flock here to breathe this elixir. Sit and pant

a while. Boil a couple of eggs, make a cup of tea, and get back to my room. Don't die.

Little Ike comes back long after the hour with a half dozen robins which he has shot. Putting aside all prejudice, I have a couple for supper. They are excellent eating. As I pick the bones of the last one I bethink me to scold him. I tell him he must never go away again without leave. He nods his head demurely. I know he will.

March 10. Get on with my work. Went twice to the kitchen to-day. To keep my rags and towels clean, find I must wash the dishes myself. 'T is not such an awful task, after all, thanks always to this stimulating air.

[Hope she gets in enough bout that air; but I guess ther aint no need o my sayin anything. S. J. P.]

March 11. A letter from Mrs. Prattle. Phil has been to see her; talked much of me. Why does she take the trouble to write this to me? Her letter puts a notion in my head. She has a large circle of acquaintances, rich and fashionable folks. I am thinking of my embroidery. It is turning out well.

March 20. Am reduced to very short commons. My stock of money almost gone. If it were not for Little Ike's robins and fish and wild strawberries, to say nothing of his poultry-yard in the garden, I should starve.

Meantime I work day and night; am glad to see my right hand has not forgotten her cunning.

March 26. My work done and packed; have sent it to Mrs. Prattle. It looked very rich and unique. Wrote her a long letter by this morning's mail not to take too much trouble; at the same time let her see that I am starving.

March 28. Feel lost without my work. Was so absorbed that I quite forgot I was ill. Now I must nurse myself a bit.

Little Ike has a sore foot; got a piece of glass in it. He cannot even step upon it. Realize now his usefulness. Am become a galley slave. Bring up my own wood and draw my own water. Which of all my Northern friends would believe I could drag that heavy bucket up the well?

April 2. Am getting to be quite a cook. Really enjoy my own meals, for I know they are clean.

April 10. Scarcely got Little Ike well when he ran away. Has been gone three days. Have actually been to town twice for supplies. Fortunately the grocery wagon brought me home. Have had to do everything for myself.

Really I am another woman. I look back upon my former self with amazement. And to think of its all being brought about by a change of air!

April 13. Mrs. Prattle has sold my portière. I am saved from despair. Three hundred dollars, — 't is none too much for the work, but a fortune to me.

April 15. Little Ike comes back. Such demureness, — as if he had done nothing out of the way. I listen stoically. A planter has offered him twenty-five cents a day during the planting season. I know better; such wages are unheard of. I expose his lies and tell him to go. He weeps; I affect obduracy. After much contrition I take him back.

Really I owe him an eternal debt of gratitude. He will never know it. He threw me on my own resources. Supported by this wonderful atmosphere, they availed. I glory in my independence. I realize that I am cured. Dear Cowley, thy name should be Gilead!

April 20. It gets hot. I take alarm. Everybody is gone from the hotel. I cannot stay much longer. Opportunely comes a letter from Mrs. Prattle, inviting me there on an indefinite visit. She writes in a postscript that Phil has called again. Why does she harp on that old string? Does she think — Managing little woman, I know what she thinks. She is a busybody.

April 25. Go about the house like a well person. Make nothing of the work.

My horizon has widened immensely, barring certain vistas which, well for me, are closed forever. See now the true meaning of "sweetness and light:" it is not moral, it is not æsthetic; it is purely physical, it is health.

April 28. It is incredible how I sleep. I can almost hear my blood circulate. Amazing magic of ozone! But I must get out of it. There is such a thing as staying too long, and the mercury these last days is taking to itself wings. I may lose all I have gained.

April 29. Begin to make plans for going. Write to Mrs. Prattle about Little Ike. He would be of immense service on the journey. Then he has no belongings here.

May 4. Letter from Mrs. Prattle. Says of course bring Little Ike. I take him down to the town for a suit of clothes.

Such an uncouth mite as he is, reduced to respectability! All his grace and charm gone with the rags. He bristles with awkwardness and grandeur. To him, certainly, decency is disfiguring. Luckily he himself is delighted.

May 10. Back again. Came through without accident. How I hated to say good-by to dear Cowley! Fain would I send thither every poor moribund sufferer in the world!

How Mrs. Prattle stared! She could not believe her eyes to see me walking, but must needs pinch my arms black and blue. She actually started to hear me laugh. Did I not laugh, then, in the old days? Perhaps not. I was a pessimist then.

May 11. It is delightful to get back to the land of thrift and energy. The climate, after all, is not so absolutely bad. I feel myself indeed rather braced by it, and really get on capitally.

My first duty, with Mrs. Prattle's cordial assent, is to get some new toggery. I can afford it now, as my dividend, I hear, is to be forthcoming this quarter.

May 20. Phil called this evening, as I sat in one of my new dresses. Mrs. Prattle and I were together in the drawing-room. I was telling a story of Southern life, illustrated by energetic gestures. We were both laughing and had not heard the bell. He was shown into the room quite without warning. What now, think you, did Mrs. Prattle? Terrible woman! she made some frivolous excuse and *left us alone.*

Positively quite alone. Well, it was a queer scene. I hardly know how to describe it. I don't think I know at all what took place at first.

I must have made evident before this that one of Phil's characteristics is downrightness. Here is a specimen: —

"Well, well! It can't be! You, Agnes! Talking like this! Restored to health, to life, to sense! Talk about there being no more miracles!" etc.

But that was nothing to what followed; masculine sang-froid is past all analysis.

"Well, I have thought of you day and night. I never loved anybody else." (All this in a most matter-of-fact tone.) "I knew some time you would come back to your old self; not of course so perfectly as this, but enough to see your mistake. I was hasty, I was a fool; but you wrote me that letter — Never mind all that, though! Who cares what *has been* said and done? We live in the present, eh, little one? Let bygones be bygones!"

May 24. Phil and I are one again. I shut my eyes to all his old limitations. Youth and its enthusiasm have come back to me. I chase every agnostic thought from my heart, and feel myself again a woman. Dear Cowley!

May 30. We are to be married at once, and, of all places, going to India, where henceforth Phil's business is to be.

Little Ike is to stay here under the protecting eye of Mrs. Prattle.

Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

THE RUSSIAN KUMYS CURE.

It is not many years since every pound of freight, every human being, bound to Ástrakhan from the interior of Russia simply floated down the river Volga with the current. The return journey was made slowly and painfully, in tow of those human beasts of burden, the *burlaki*. The traces of their towpath along the shores may still be seen, and the system itself may even be observed at times, when light barks have to be forced up stream for short distances.

Then some enterprising individual set up a line of steamers, in the face of the usual predictions from the wiseacres that he would ruin himself and all his kin. The undertaking proved so fabulously successful and profitable that a wild rush of competition ensued. But the competition seems to have consisted chiefly in the establishment of rival lines of steamers, and there are some peculiarities of river travel which still exist in consequence. One of these curious features is that each navigation company appears to have adopted a certain type of steamer at the outset, and not to have improved on that original idea to any marked degree. There are some honorable exceptions, it is true, and I certainly have a very definite opinion concerning the line which I should patronize on a second trip. Another idea, to which they have clung with equal obstinacy, though it is far from making amends for the other, is that a journey is worth a certain fixed sum per verst, utterly regardless of the vast difference in the accommodations offered.

Possibly it is a natural consequence of having been born in America, and of having heard the American boast of independence and progress and the foreign boast of conservatism contrasted ever since I learned my alphabet, not to exaggerate unduly, that I should take particular notice of all illustrations of these conflicting systems. Generally speaking, I advocate a judicious mixture of the two, in varying proportions to suit my taste on each special occasion. But there are times when I distinctly favor the broadest independence and progress. These Volga steamers had afforded me a subject for meditations on this point, at a distance, even before I was obliged to undergo personal experience of the defects of conservatism. Before I had sailed four and twenty hours on the broad bosom of Mátushka Volga, I was able to pick out the steamers of all the rival lines at sight with the accuracy of a veteran river pilot. There was no great cleverness in that, I hasten to add; anybody but a blind man could have done as much; but that only makes my point the more forcible. It was when we set out for Samára that we realized most keenly the beauties of enterprise in this direction.

We had, nominally, a wide latitude of choice, as all the lines made a stop at our landing. But when we got tired of waiting for the steamer of our preference, — the boats of all the lines being long overdue, as usual, owing to low water in the river, — and took the first which presented itself, we found that the latitude in choice, so far as accommodations were concerned, was even greater than had been apparent at first sight.

Fate allotted us one of the smaller steamers, the more commodious boats having probably "sat down on a sand bar," as the local expression goes. The one on which we embarked had only a small dining-room and saloon, one first-class cabin for men and one for women, all nearly on a level with the water, instead of high aloft, as in the steamers which we had hitherto patronized, and devoid of deck-room for promenading. The third-class cabin was on the forward

deck. The second-class cabin was down a pair of steep, narrow stairs, whose existence we did not discover when we went on board at midnight, and which did not tempt us to investigation even when we arose the next morning. Fortunately, there were no candidates except ourselves and a Russian friend for the six red velvet divans ranged round the walls of the tiny "ladies' cabin," and the adjoining toilet-room, and the man of the party enjoyed complete seclusion in the men's cabin. In the large boats, for the same price, we should have had separate state-rooms, each accommodating two persons. However, everything was beautifully clean, as usual on Russian steamers so far as my experience goes, and it made no difference for one night. The experience was merely of interest as a warning.

The city of Samára, as it presented itself to our eyes the next morning, was the liveliest place on the river Volga next to Nízhni Nóvgorod. While it really is of importance commercially, owing to its position on the Volga and on the railway from central Russia, as a depot for the great Siberian trade through Orenburg, the impression of alertness which it produces is undoubtedly due to the fact that it presents itself to full view in the foreground, instead of lying at a distance from the wharves, or entirely concealed. An American, who is accustomed to see railways and steamers run through the very heart of the cities which they serve, never gets thoroughly inured to the Russian trick of taking important towns on faith, because it has happened to be convenient to place the stations out of sight and hearing, sometimes miles out of the city. Another striking point about Samára is the abundance of red brick buildings, which is very unusual, not to say unprecedented, in most of the older Russian towns, which revel in stucco washed with white, blue, and yellow.

But the immediate foreground was occupied with something more attractive than this. The wharves, the space between them, and all the ground round about were fairly heaped with fruit: apples in bewildering variety, ranging from the pink-and-white-skinned "golden seeds" through the whole gamut of apple hues; round striped watermelons and oval cantaloupes with perfumed orange-colored flesh, from Ástrakhan; plums and grapes. After wrestling with these fascinations and with the merry *izvóstchiki*, we set out on a little voyage of discovery, preparatory to driving out to the famous *kumys* establishments, where we had decided to stay instead of in the town itself.

Much of Samára is too new in its architecture, and too closely resembles the simple, thrifty builders' designs of a mushroom American settlement, to require special description. Although it is said to have been founded at the close of the sixteenth century, to protect the Russians from the incursions of the Kalmúcks, Bashkírs, and Nogai Tatárs, four disastrous conflagrations within the last forty-five years have made way for "improvements" and entailed the loss of characteristic features, while its rank as one of the chief marts for the great Siberian trade has caused a rapid increase in population, which now numbers between seventy-five and eighty thousand.

One modern feature fully compensates, however, by its originality, for a good many commonplace antiquities. Near the wharves, on our way out of the town, we passed a lumber-yard, which dealt wholly in ready-made log houses. There stood a large assortment of cottages, in the brilliant yellow of the barked logs, of all sizes and at all prices, from fifteen to one hundred dollars, forming a small suburb of samples. The lumber is floated down the Volga and her tributaries from the great forests of Ufá, and made up in Samára. The peasant purchaser disjoints his house, floats it to a point near his village, drags it piecemeal to its proper site, sets it up, roofs it, builds an oven and a chimney of stones, clay, and

whitewash, plugs the interstices with rope or moss, smears them with clay if he feels inclined, and his house is ready for occupancy. Although such houses are cheap and warm, it would be a great improvement if the people could afford to build with brick, so immense is the annual loss by fire in the villages. Brick buildings are, however, far beyond the means of most peasants, let them have the best will in the world, and the ready-made cottages are a blessing, though every peasant is capable of constructing one for himself on very brief notice, if he has access to a forest. But forests are not so common nowadays along the Volga, and, as the advertisements say, this novel lumber-yard "meets a real want." When the Samarcand railway was opened, a number of these cottages, in the one-room size, were placed on platform cars, and to each guest invited to the ceremony was assigned one of these unique drawing-room-car coupés.

About four miles from the town proper, on the steppe, lie two noted kumys establishments; one of them being the first resort of that kind ever set up, at a time when the only other choice for invalids who wished to take the cure was to share the hardships, dirt, bad food, and carelessly prepared kumys of the tented nomads of the steppes. The grounds of the one which we had elected to patronize extended to the very brink of the Volga. In accordance with the admonitions of the specialist physicians to avoid many-storied, ill-ventilated buildings with long corridors, the hotel consists of numerous wooden structures, of moderate size, chiefly in Moorish style, and painted in light colors, scattered about a great inclosure which comprises groves of pines and deciduous trees, — "red forest" and "black forest," as Russians would express it, — lawns, arbors, shady walks, flower-beds, and other things pleasing to the eye, and conducive to comfort and very mild amusement. One of the buildings even contains a hall, where dancing, concerts, and theatricals can be and are indulged in, in the height of the season, although such violent and crowded affairs as balls are, in theory, discountenanced by the physicians. All these points we took in at one curious glance, as we were being conducted to the different buildings to inspect rooms. I am afraid that we pretended to be very difficult to please, in order to gain a more extensive insight into the arrangements. As the height of the season (which is May and June) was past, we had a great choice offered us, and I suppose that this made a difference in the price, also. It certainly was not unreasonable. We selected some rooms which opened on a small private corridor. The furniture consisted of the usual narrow iron bedstead (with linen and pillows thrown in gratis, for a wonder), a tiny table which disagreeably recalled American ideas as to that article, an apology for a bureau, two armchairs, and no washstand. The chairs were in their primitive stuffing-and-burlap state, loose gray linen covers being added when the rooms were prepared for us. Any one who has ever struggled with his temper and the slack-fitting shift of a tufted armchair will require no explanation as to what took place between me and my share of those untufted receptacles before I deposited its garment under my bed, and announced that burlap and tacks were luxurious enough for me. That one item contained enough irritation and excitement to ruin any "cure."

The washstand problem was even more complicated. A small tapering brass tank, holding about two quarts of water, with a faucet which dripped into a diminutive cup with an unstoppered waste-pipe, was screwed to the wall in our little corridor. We asked for a washstand, and this arrangement was introduced to our notice, the chambermaid being evidently surprised at the ignorance of barbarians who had never seen a washstand before. We objected that a mixed party of men and women could

not use that decently, even if two quarts of water were sufficient for three women and a man. After much argument and insistence, we obtained, piecemeal: item, one low stool; item, one basin; item, one pitcher. There were no fastenings on the doors, except a hasp and staple to the door of the corridor, to which, after due entreaty, we secured an oblong padlock.

The next morning, the chambermaid came to the door of our room opening on the private corridor while we were dressing, and demanded the basin and pitcher. "Some one else wants them!" she shouted through the door. We had discovered her to be a person of so much decision of character, in the course of our dealings with her on the preceding day, that we were too wary to admit her, lest she should simply capture the utensils and march off with them. As I was the heaviest of the party, it fell to my lot to brace myself against the unfastened door and parley with her. Three times that woman returned to the attack; thrice we refused to surrender our hard-won trophies, and asked her pointedly, "What do you do for materials when the house is full, pray?" Afterwards, while we were drinking our coffee on the delightful half-covered veranda below, which had stuffed seats running round the walls, and a flower-crowned circular divan in the centre, a lively testimony to the dryness of the atmosphere, we learned that the person who had wanted the basin and pitcher was the man of our party. He begged us not to inquire into the mysteries of his toilet, and refused to help us solve the riddle of the guests' cleanliness when the hotel was full. I assume, on reflection, however, that they were expected to take Russian or plain baths every two or three days, to rid themselves of the odor of the kumys, which exudes copiously through the pores of the skin and scents the garments. On other days a "lick and a promise" were supposed to suffice, so that their journals must have resembled that of the man who wrote: "Monday, washed myself. Tuesday, washed hands and face. Wednesday, washed hands only." That explanation is not wholly satisfactory, either, because the Russians are clean people.

As coffee is one of the articles of food which are forbidden to kumys patients, though they may drink tea without lemon or milk, we had difficulty in getting it at all. It was long in coming; bad and high-priced when it did make its appearance. As we were waiting, an invalid lady and the novice nun who was in attendance upon her began to sing in a room near by. They had no instrument. What it was that they sang I do not know. It was gentle as a breath, melting as a sigh, soft and slow like a conventional chant, and sweet as the songs of the Russian Church or of the angels. There are not many strains in this world upon which one hangs entranced, in breathless eagerness, and the memory of which haunts one ever after. But this song was one of that sort, and it lingers in my memory as a pure delight; in company with certain other fragments of church music heard in that land, as among the most beautiful upon earth.

I may as well tell at once the whole story of the food, so far as we explored its intricate mysteries. We were asked if we wished to take the *table d'hôte* breakfast in the establishment. We said "yes," and presented ourselves promptly. We were served with beefsteak, in small, round, thick pieces.

"What queer beefsteak!" said one of our Russian friends. "Is there no other meat?"

"No, madam."

We all looked at it for several minutes. We said it was natural, when invalids drank from three to five bottles of the nourishing kumys a day, that they should not require much extra food, and that the management provided what variety was healthy and advisable, no doubt;

only we should have liked a choice; and — what queer steak!

The first sniff, the first glance at that steak, of peculiar grain and dark red hue, had revealed the truth to *us*. But we saw that our Russian friends were not initiated, and we knew that their stomachs were delicate. We exchanged signals, took a mouthful, declared it excellent, and ate bravely through our portions. The Russians followed our example. Well — it was much tenderer and better than the last horseflesh to which we had been treated surreptitiously; but I do not crave horseflesh as a regular diet. It really was not surprising at a kumys establishment, where the horse is worshiped, alive or dead, apparently in Tatár fashion.

That afternoon we made it convenient to take our dinner in town, on the veranda of a restaurant which overlooked the busy Volga, with its mobile moods of sunset and thunderstorm, where we compensated ourselves for our unsatisfactory breakfast by a characteristically Russian dinner, of which I will omit details, except as regards the soup. This soup was *botvínya*. A Russian once obligingly furnished me with a description of a foreigner's probable views on this national delicacy: "a slimy pool with a rock in the middle, and creatures floating round about." The rock is a lump of ice (botvínya being a cold soup) in the tureen of strained *kvas* or sour cabbage. Kvas is the sour, fermented liquor made from black bread. In this liquid portion of the soup, which is colored with strained spinach, floated small cubes of fresh cucumber and bits of the green tops from young onions. The solid part of the soup, served on a platter, so that each person might mix the ingredients according to his taste, consisted of cold boiled sturgeon, raw ham, more cubes of cucumber, more bits of green onion tops, lettuce, crawfish, grated horseradish, and granulated sugar. The first time I encountered this really delectable dish, it was served with salmon, the pale, insipid northern salmon. I supposed that the lazy waiter had brought the soup and fish courses together, to save himself trouble, and I ate them separately, while I meditated a rebuke to the waiter and a strong description of the weak soup. The tables were turned on me, however, when Mikhéi appeared and grinned, as broadly as his not overstrict sense of propriety permitted, at my unparalleled ignorance, while he gave me a lesson in the composition of botvínya. That botvínya was not good, but this edition of it on the banks of the Volga, with sterlet, was delicious.

We shirked our meals at the establishment with great regularity, with the exception of morning coffee, which was unavoidable, but we did justice to its kumys, which was superb. Theoretically, the mares should have had the advantage of better pasturage, at a greater distance from town; but, as they cannot be driven far to milk without detriment, that plan involves making the kumys at a distance, and transporting it to the "cure." There is another famous establishment, situated a mile beyond ours, where this plan is pursued. Ten miles away the mares pasture, and the kumys is made at a subsidiary cure, where cheap quarters are provided for poorer patients. But, either on account of the transportation under the hot sun, or because the professional "taster" is lacking in delicacy of perception, we found the kumys at this rival establishment coarse in both flavor and smell, in comparison with that at our hostelry.

Our mares, on the contrary, were kept close by, and the kumys was prepared on the spot. It is the first article of faith in the creed of the kumys expert that no one can prepare this milk wine properly except Tatárs. Hence, when any one wishes to drink it at home, a Tatár is sent for, the necessary mares are set aside for him, and he makes what is required. But the second article of faith is that kumys is much better when made

in large quantities. The third is that a kumys specialist, or doctor, is as indispensable for the regulation of the cure as he is at mineral springs. The fourth article in the creed is that mares grazing on the rich plume-grass of the steppe produce milk which is particularly rich in sugar, very poor in fat, and similar to woman's milk in its proportion of albumen, though better furnished: all which facts combine to give kumys whose chemical proportions differ greatly from those of kumys prepared elsewhere. Moreover, on private estates it is not always possible to observe all the conditions regarding the choice and care of the mares.

At our establishment there were several Tatárs to milk the mares and make the kumys. The wife of one of them, a Tatár beauty, was the professional taster, who issued her orders like an autocrat on that delicate point. She never condescended to work, and it was our opinion that she ought to devote herself to dress, in her many leisure hours, instead of lounging about in ugly calico sacks and petticoats, as hideous as though they had originated in a backwoods farm in New England. She explained, however, that she was in a sort of mourning. Her husband was absent, and she could not make herself beautiful for any one until his return, which she was expecting every moment. She spent most of her time in gazing, from a balcony on the cliff, up the river, toward the bend backed by beautiful hills, to espy her husband on the steamer. As he did not come, we persuaded her, by arguments couched in silver speech, to adorn herself on the sly for us. Then she was afraid that the missing treasure might make his appearance too soon, and she made such undue haste that she faithlessly omitted the finishing touch, — blacking her pretty teeth. I gathered from her remarks that something particularly awful would result should she be caught with those pearls obscured in the presence of any other man when her husband was not present; but she may have been using a little diplomacy to soothe us. Though she was not a beauty in the ordinary sense of the Occident, she certainly was when dressed in her national garb, as I had found to be the case with the Russian peasant girls. Her loose sack, of a medium but brilliant blue woolen material, fell low over a petticoat of the same terminating in a single flounce. Her long black hair was carefully braided, and fell from beneath an embroidered cap of crimson velvet with a rounded end which hung on one side in a coquettish way. Her neck was completely covered with a necklace which descended to her waist like a breastplate, and consisted of gold coins, some of them very ancient and valuable, medals, red beads, and a variety of brilliant objects harmoniously combined. Her heavy gold bracelets had been made to order in Kazán after a pure Tatár model, and her soft-soled boots of rose-pink leather, with conventional designs in many-colored moroccos, sewed together with rainbow-hued silks, reached nearly to her knees. Her complexion was fresh and not very sallow, her nose rather less like a button than is usual; her high cheek-bones were well covered, and her small dark eyes made up by their brilliancy for the slight upward slant of their outer corners.

Tatár girls who made no pretensions to beauty in dress or features did the milking, and were aided in that and the other real work connected with kumys-making by Tatár men. According to the official programme, the mares might be milked six or eight times a day, and the yield was from a half to a whole bottle apiece each time. Milk is always reckoned by the bottle in Russia. I presume the custom arose from the habit of sending the *muzhík* ("Boots") to the dairy-shop with an empty wine-bottle to fetch the milk and cream for "tea," which sometimes means coffee in the morning. The mare's milk has a sweetish, almond-

like flavor, and is very thin and bluish in hue.

At three o'clock in the morning, the mares are taken from the colts and shut up in a long shed which is not especially weather-proof. In fact, there is not much "weather" except wind to be guarded against on the steppe. In about two hours, when the milk has collected, the colts follow them voluntarily, and are admitted and allowed to suck for a few seconds. Halters are then thrown about their necks, and they are led forward where the mothers can nose them over and lick them. The milkmaid's second assistant then puts a halter on the neck of a mare and holds her, or ties up one leg if she be restive. In the mean time the foolish creature continues to let down milk for her foal. The milkmaid kneels on one knee and holds her pail on the other, after having washed her hands carefully and wiped off the teats with a clean damp cloth. If the mare resists at first, the milk obtained must not be used for kumys, as her agitation affects the milk unfavorably. Roan, gray, and chestnut mares are preferred, and in order to obtain the best milk great care must be exercised in the choice of pasture and the management of the horses, as well as in all the minor details of preparation.

The milking-pails are of tin or of oak wood, and, like the oaken kumys churn, have been boiled in strong lye to extract the acid, and well dried and aired. In addition to the daily washing they are well smoked with rotten birch trunks, in order to destroy all particles of kumys which may cling to them.

The next step after the milk is obtained is to ferment it. The ferment, or yeast, is obtained by collecting the sediment of the kumys which has already germinated, and washing it off thoroughly with milk or water. It is then pressed and dried in the sun, the result being a reddish-brown mass composed of the micro-organisms contained in kumys ferment, casein, and a small quantity of fat. Twenty grains of this yeast are ground up in a small quantity of freshly drawn milk in a clean porcelain mortar, and shaken in a quart bottle with one pound of fresh milk, — all mare's milk, naturally, — after which it is lightly corked with a bit of wadding and set away in a temperature of + 22° to + 26° Réaumur. In about twenty-four hours small bubbles begin to make their appearance, accompanied by the sour odor of kumys. The bottle is then shaken from time to time, and the air admitted, until it is in a condition to be used as a ferment with fresh milk. Sometimes this ferment fails, in which case an artificial ferment is prepared.

One pint of ferment is allowed to every five pints of fresh milk in the cask or churn, and the whole is beaten with the dasher for about an hour, when it is set aside in a temperature of + 18° to 26° Réaumur. When, at the expiration of a few hours, the milk turns sour and begins to ferment vigorously, it is beaten again several times for about fifteen minutes, with intervals, with a dasher which terminates in a perforated disk, after which it is left undisturbed for several hours at the same temperature as before, until the liquid begins to exhale an odor of spirits of wine. The delicate offices of our Tatár beauty, the taster, come in at this point to determine how much freshly drawn and cooled milk is to be added in order rightly to temper the sour taste. After standing over night it is ready for use, and is put up in seltzer or champagne bottles, and kept at a temperature of + 8° to + 12° Réaumur. At a lower temperature vinegar fermentation sets in and spoils the kumys, while too high a temperature brings about equally disastrous results of another sort. Kumys has a different chemical composition according to whether it has stood only a few hours or several days, and consequently its action differs, also.

The weak kumys is ready for use at

the expiration of six hours after fermentation has been excited in the mare's milk, and must be put into the strongest bottles. The medium quality is obtained after from twelve to fourteen hours of fermentation, and, if well corked, will keep two or three days in a cool atmosphere. The third and strongest quality is the product of diligent daily churning during twenty-four to thirty-six hours, and is thinner than the medium quality, even watery. When bottled, it soon separates into three layers, with the fatty particles on top, the whey in the middle, and the casein at the bottom. Strong kumys can be kept for a very long time, but it must be shaken before it is used. It is very easy for a person unaccustomed to kumys to become intoxicated on this strong quality of milk wine.

The nourishing effects of this spirituous beverage are argued, primarily, from the example of the Bashkírs and the Kirghiz, who are gaunt and worn by the hunger and cold of winter, but who blossom into rounded outlines and freshness of complexion three or four days after the spring pasturage for their mares begins. Some persons argue that life with these Bashkírs and an exclusive diet of kumys will effect a speedy cure of their ailments. Hence they join one of the nomad hordes. This course, however, not only deprives them of medical advice and the comforts to which they have been accustomed, but often gives them kumys which is difficult to take because of its rank taste and smell, due to the lack of that scrupulous cleanliness which its proper preparation demands.

There are establishments near St. Petersburg and Moscow where kumys may be obtained by those who do not care to make the long journey to the steppe; but the quality and chemical constituents are very different from those of the steppe kumys, especially at the best period, May and June, when the plume-grass and wild strawberry are at their finest development for food, and before the excessive heats of midsummer have begun.

As I have said, when people wish to make the cure on their own estates the indispensable Tatár is sent for, and the requisite number of middle-aged mares, of which no work is required, are set aside for the purpose. But from all I have heard I am inclined to think that benefit is rarely derived from these private cures, and this for several reasons. Not only is the kumys said to be inferior when prepared in such small quantities, but no specialist or any other doctor can be constantly on hand to regulate the functional disorders which this diet frequently occasions. Moreover, the air of the steppe plays an important part in the cure. When a person drinks from five to fifteen or more bottles a day, and sometimes adds the proper amount of fatty, starchy, and saccharine elements, some other means than the stomach are indispensable for disposing of the refuse. As a matter of fact, in the hot, dry, even temperature of the steppe, where patients are encouraged to remain out of doors all day and drink slowly, they perspire kumys. When the system becomes thoroughly saturated with this food-drink catarrh often makes its appearance, but disappears at the close of the cure. Colic, constipation, diarrhœa, nose-bleed, and bleeding from the lungs are also present at times, as well as sleeplessness, toothache, and other disorders. The effects of kumys are considered of especial value in cases of weak lungs, anæmia, general debility caused by any wasting illness, ailments of the digestive organs, and scurvy, for which it is taken by many naval officers.

In short, although it is not a cure for all earthly ills, it is of value in many which proceed from imperfect nutrition producing exhaustion of the patient. There are some conditions of the lungs in which it cannot be used, as well as in organic diseases of the brain and heart, epilepsy, certain disorders of the liver,

and when gallstones are present. It is drunk at the temperature of the air which surrounds the patient, but must be warmed with hot water, not in the sun, and sipped slowly, with pauses, not drunk down in haste; and generally exercise must be taken. Turn where we would in those kumys establishments, we encountered a patient engaged in assiduous promenading, with a bottle of kumys suspended from his arm and a glassful in his hand.

Coffee, chocolate, and wine are some of the luxuries which must be renounced during a kumys cure, and though black tea (occasionally with lemon) is allowed, nō milk or cream can be permitted to contend with the action of the mare's milk unless by express permission of the physician. "Cream kumys," which is advertised as a delicacy in America, is a contradiction in terms, it will be seen, as it is made of cow's milk, and cream would be contrary to the nature of kumys, even if the mare's milk produced anything which could rightly pass as such. Fish and fruits are also forbidden, with the exception of *klubníki*, which accord well with kumys. Klubníka is a berry similar to the strawberry in appearance, but with an entirely different taste. Patients who violate these dietary rules are said to suffer for it, — in which case there must have been a good deal of agony inside the tall fence of our establishment, judging by the thriving trade in fruits driven by the old women, who did not confine themselves to the outside of the gate, as the rules required, but slipped past the porter and guardians to the house itself.

We found the kumys a very agreeable beverage, and could readily perceive that the patients might come to have a very strong taste for it. We even sympathized with the thoroughgoing patient of whom we were told that he set off regularly every morning to lose himself for the day on the steppe, armed with an umbrella against possible cooling breezes, and with a basket containing sixteen bottles of kumys, his allowance of food and medicine until sundown. The programme consisted of a walk in the sun, a drink, a walk, a drink, with umbrella interludes, until darkness drove him home to bed and to his base of supplies.

We did not remain long enough, or drink enough kumys, to observe any particular effects on our own persons. As I have said, we ate in town, chiefly, after that breakfast of kumys-mare beefsteak and potatoes of the size and consistency of bullets. During our food and shopping excursions we found that Samára was a decidedly wide-awake and driving town, though it seemed to possess no specialties in buildings, curiosities, or manufactures, and the statue to Alexander II., which now adorns one of its squares, was then swathed in canvas awaiting its unveiling. It is merely a sort of grand junction, through which other cities and provinces sift their products. In kumys alone does Samára possess a characteristic unique throughout Russia. Consequently, it is for kumys that multitudes of Russians flock thither every spring.

The soil of the steppe, on which grows the nutritious plume-grass requisite for the food of the kumys mares, is very fertile, and immense crops of rye, wheat, buckwheat, oats, and so forth are raised whenever the rainfall is not too meagre. Unfortunately, the rainfall is frequently insufficient, and the province of Samára often comes to the attention of Russia, or even of the world, as during the present distress, because of scarcity of food, or even famine, which is no novelty in the government. In a district where the average of rain is twenty inches, there is not much margin of superfluity which can be spared without peril. Wheat grows here better than in the government just north of it, and many peasants are attracted from the "black bread governments" to Samára by the white bread which is there given them

as rations when they hire out for the harvest.

But such a singular combination of conditions prevails there, as elsewhere in Russia, that an abundant harvest is often more disastrous than a scanty harvest. The price of grain falls so low that the cost of gathering it is greater than the market value, and it is often left to fall unreaped in the fields. When the price falls very low, complaints arise that there is no place to send it, since, when the ruble stands high, as it invariably does at the prospect of large crops, the demand from abroad is stopped. The result is that those people who are situated near a market sell as much grain and leave as little at home as possible in order to meet their bills. The price rises; the unreaped surplus of the districts lying far from markets cannot fill the ensuing demand. The income from estates falls, and the discouraged owners who have nothing to live on resolve to plant a smaller area thereafter. Estates are mortgaged and sold by auction; prices are very low, and often there are no buyers.

The immediate result of an overabundant harvest in far-off Samára is that the peasants who have come hither to earn a little money at reaping return home penniless, or worse, to their suffering families. Some of them are legitimate seekers after work; that is to say, they have no grain of their own to attend to, or they reap their own a little earlier or a little later, and go away to earn the ready money to meet taxes and indispensable expenditures of the household, such as oil, and so on. "Pri khlyéby bez khlyéby" is their own way of expressing the situation, which we may translate freely as "Starvation in the midst of plenty." Thus the extremes of famine-harvest and the harvest which is an embarrassment of riches are equally disastrous to the poor peasant.

Samára offers a curious illustration of several agricultural problems, and a proof of some peculiar paradoxes. The peasants of the neighboring governments, which are not populated to a particularly dense degree, — twenty male inhabitants to a square verst (two thirds of a mile), and not all engaged in agriculture, — have long been accustomed to look upon Samára as a sort of promised land. They still regard it in that light, and endeavor to emigrate thither, for the sake of obtaining grants of state land, and certain immunities and privileges which are accorded to colonists. This action is the result of the paradox that there exists overproduction hand in hand with too small a parcel of land for each peasant!

Volumes have been written, and more volumes might still be written, on this subject. But I must content myself here with saying that I believe there is no province which illustrates so thoroughly all the distressing features of these manifold and complicated problems of colonization, of permanent settlements, with the old evils of both landlords and peasants cropping up afresh, abundant and scanty harvests equally associated with famine, and all the troubles which follow in their train, as Samára. Hence it is that I can never recall the kumys, which is so intimately connected with the name of Samára, without also recalling the famine, which is, alas, almost as intimately bound up with it.

Isabel F. Hapgood.

A HEART-LEAF FROM STONY CREEK BOTTOM.

"JED HOPSON!" said the schoolmistress, rapping sharply with a pencil on the edge of the slate which she held in her hand.

"Yethum," whimpered Jed, detected in his stealthy stooping flight behind the last row of benches.

"What are you doing away from your seat?"

"Pleathe, Mith Pothy, I wath juth goin' to give thith heart-leaf to Mary Ann Hineth."

"Bring it to me instantly, sir."

Mary Ann Hines pushed a red underlip out scornfully at her tow-headed adorer, as he passed her on his way to the teacher's desk, with the long-stemmed, green, shining heart-leaf in his grimy hand; and the other scholars giggled behind their calico-covered geographies.

Miss Posy Weaver's stern look restored order. She made Jed stand in a corner with his face to the wall, and put the confiscated love-offering in her desk. But for the life of her she could not help bruising it between her fingers and sniffing it surreptitiously, with her head behind the desk-lid. Its aromatic woody perfume floated out, permeating the warm, still air of the little schoolroom.

"Jeddy," said the young teacher affectionately, "you may go back to your seat."

She looked furtively at the big silver watch hanging at her belt, and then glanced with longing eyes at the strip of blue sky which shone, all checkered with the swaying leaves of a young sassafras, between the unchinked logs. A ripple of excitement passed over the score of freckled faces turned expectantly toward hers. By some mysterious divination the scholars in the Stony Creek schoolhouse were already aware that an extra half-hour was about to be prefixed to their two-hours' noon playtime.

The schoolmistress leaned forward and laid her hand on the small silver bell which used to stand on the work-table of Mrs. David Overall at Sweet Briar Plantation.

The children started up like a herd of young deer at the clear tinkling sound; but they went out decorously, two and two. For Miss Posy had studied pedagogy in the Normal School at Greenhurst, and herself presided with great dignity once a month at the County Teachers' Association. But she smiled with girlish indulgence at the whoop which Pud Hines raised on the very threshold, as he bounded out.

The isolated old log schoolhouse was nestled in a wooded hollow between two long sloping pine-clad hills. A rutty, disused wagon-road rambled down one of these hills, and skirted the base of the other. It passed the schoolhouse door, crossing, just below, a shallow, rippling branch which fell, a hundred yards or so down the hollow, into one of the deep pools of Stony Creek. Little paths, brown with pine needles, led away in every direction, worn by the bare feet of Posy Weaver's scholars. A large water oak shaded the low roof of the house; a grapevine trailed down from one of the outstretched limbs and hoisted itself up again, forming a natural swing. The ground beneath was skirt-swept and bare, for that was the girls' side. Some pretty-by-night bushes and a straggling line of yellow nigger-heads marked the limit of their playground. On the other side, the boys of several generations had trampled out a ball-field.

Tom Simmons, who was at one of the outer bases, came running in. "Boys! boys!" he cried breathlessly. "Wish I may die if a wagin ain't comin' down the old road!"

It was an unheard-of thing, since the

laying of the new turnpike, for anybody to drive along the old Stony Creek road.

Sure enough: an open wagon was bumping down the hill, between the tall brown pine trunks, yawing first to one side and then to the other, in order to escape the red, rain-washed gullies of the road. The shambling, whity-brown horse which drew it stopped a moment at the foot of the descent to breathe; then jogged lazily on, of his own accord, to the branch, where he dipped his nose, with a snuffle of satisfaction, in the sun-warmed water. The boys and one or two of the larger girls hurried down to the reed-fringed bank, and stood gazing, open-mouthed, at the vehicle and its occupants.

The driver was a lean, sallow-faced lad, about fifteen years old. He sat on a plank laid across the mud-splashed bed of the wagon. Behind him, in a couple of rickety hide-bottomed chairs, were two old men, a white man and a negro. Both were neatly dressed in threadbare black broadcloth, with old-fashioned plaited shirt-fronts of the finest white linen. The negro was bent so nearly double that his brown alert-looking face almost rested upon his knees. His knotted hands trembled, as if shaken by palsy. His companion sat stiffly erect, with his arms crossed upon his breast. There was an air of unconscious dignity about him, though his sunken eyes were humble and appealing. His face was pale and emaciated, and his gaunt form was shaken from time to time by a racking cough.

A large-patterned old carpet-bag and a bundle tied up in a red cotton handkerchief were lying in the back of the wagon, and a battered-looking fiddle was tucked under the negro's chair.

"Mith Pothy," whispered Jed Hopson, laying a timid hand on the teacher's arm.

She was sitting by the low, shutterless window; an open book was on her lap, and she twirled the heart-leaf absently in her fingers. A ray of sunlight falling across her head brightened her bronze-brown hair and drooping lashes. She was very young, — hardly as old, in fact, as Pud Hines and Tom Simmons, her oldest scholars.

She started at the light touch, and smiled at the small intruder. "Well, Jed, is it a thorn in the finger or a splinter in the foot, this time?"

"Mith Pothy," — his eyes widened as he spoke, — "the po'houthe wagin, with Tad Luker drivin' it, ith yonder at the branch, an' ole Cunnel Dave Overall an' Unc' Bine ith in it, goin' to the po'houthe to live. Tad thayth he 'th takin' 'em to the po'houthe 'cauthe they ain't able to work no more for theythelvth, an' if they don't go to the po'houthe they 'll thtarve. Oh, Mith Pothy, what 'th the matter?"

The girl had started to her feet; the color had left her cheeks, and she was staring at the child with frightened eyes.

There was a creaky sound of wheels outside. She ran out distractedly. Tad Luker grinned with bashful delight at sight of her, and drew his horse up so suddenly that the two old men were jerked forward in their chairs. Colonel David Overall recovered himself, and removed his rusty tall hat with a courtly bow. The schoolmistress leaned against the wheel, panting and speechless.

"Mornin', Miss Posy." The old negro lifted a hand with difficulty to his ancient beaver.

"Posy?" echoed the Colonel, turning inquiringly from one to the other, a faint flush rising to his hollow cheek.

"Yessah," returned Uncle Bine. "She de gran'chile o' we-all's las' 'fo'-de-wah overseer, sah, Mist' Josh Mullen, — you 'member Mist' Josh Mullen, Marse Dave, — an' she name' Posy a'ter ole Mis', sah."

"Yes, sir," the teacher said, answering the sudden look of affectionate interest in the old man's eyes, "my name is Repose Cartwright Weaver. My mother was born at Sweet Briar Plantation,

and she named me for your wife. She is buried near Mrs. Overall in the Sweet Briar burying-ground."

Colonel Overall opened his lips and then closed them, swallowing a lump in his throat.

"Won't — won't you put on your hat, Colonel?" she stammered, after a moment's silence, for the noon sun was beating hot upon his gray old head.

"Oh, no, I could not think of it," he said hastily, "in the presence of a lady." He reached down, as he spoke, and took her hand in his.

The scholars had all pressed up, and were standing in a ring about the poor-house wagon, staring in respectful silence at the dispossessed owner of the old Sweet Briar Plantation. Tad Luker, seeing Miss Posy's distress, and feeling himself in some sort implicated in the cause of it, had slid down, and was sheltering himself behind the placid old horse from the misery in her brown eyes.

"Ha!" It was the heart-leaf dropped from Posy Weaver's palm into his own which had brought an almost youthful light into the dimmed eyes. "A heart-leaf! I would wager, Byron," — he turned to the negro beside him, — "that it came from the Long Bend in Stony Creek bottom."

"Yeth, thir, it did!" cried Jed Hopson, thrusting his tousled head up under the teacher's arm.

"Are you a Hopson?" demanded the Colonel, looking down at him quizzically.

"Yeth, thir; Jed Hopthon, thir."

The Colonel laughed softly. "I thought so. Your grandfather had the same lisp and the same tow head when he was your age." His eyes went back to the leaf. "They grow," he said, "just beyond the Flat Rock in the Long Bend. You wade through a boggy thicket until you come to a fern-bed; a little further to the right there is a clump of beech-trees — four of them — set close together; the heart-leaves grow in a sort of square made by the beech roots."

"Yeth, thir!" shouted little Jed, quivering with excitement. "I've knowed the plathe nigh a year, but I ain't never told nobody."

"And your name is Repose, my dear? Well, well! And you teach the Stony Creek school? I used to go to school here myself, you know, when I was a boy, with little Posy Cartwright. Not in this house, to be sure. The old one was pulled down, — some time in the forties, I think it was, eh, Byron? I found the heart-leaves in Stony Creek bottom one day at playtime. Byron here, my body-servant, was with me."

"I wuz bawn de same day Marse Dave wuz bawn, an' ole Marse gin me ter him fer a body-servant," interjected Uncle Bine.

"I must have been about eleven years old at the time. I slipped in the bog, and had to go home in wet clothes, but I sent the heart-leaf to Posy by Byron."

"Yas," said Uncle Bine, taking up the story as his old master relapsed into silence, "an' what you reckin Miss Posy done when I gin her de heart-leaf? She wuz settin' in de grapevine swing long o' 'n'er lil gal. Dey wa'n't mo'n seven er eight year ole, na'r one o' 'em, an' Miss Posy's yaller hair wuz flyin' in de win'. I gin her de heart-leaf an' tole her dat Marse Dave saunt it, an' — 'fo' de Lawd! — she up an' slap me spang on de jaw, an' th'o' de leaf on de groun'. She 'ten lak she gwine ter tromp on it in de bargain; but I done cut my eye on her roun' de cornder o' de schoolhouse, 'caze I knowed she gwine ter pick it up."

"An' did she?" asked Mary Ann Hines involuntarily; then hung her head, blushing red through tan and freckles.

"Yas, chile, co'se she did," chuckled Uncle Bine. He waited a moment; then proceeded, with a sidelong glance at his self-absorbed companion: "Fum dat day ontwel he went off ter collige Marse Dave wuz all de time sp'ilin' his britches wadin' roun' in dat bog a'ter heart-leaves fer Miss Posy; an' when he come back

fum collige — de fines' young genterman dat ever kep' a pack o' houn's — he fairly hang roun' de Poplars, wher' Mist' Tom Cartwright live', fum mawnin' twel night. Ole Marse say he 'spec' Miss Posy leadin' Marse Dave a dance. An' at las', one night, he rid home fum de Poplars lookin' lak he plum desput. Nex' mawnin' he ax me ter saddle de hosses 'fo' day, 'caze he gwine huntin' down in Stony Creek bottom. I wuz 'bleedged ter go 'hine de stable ter laugh when he come out'n de house 'bout daylight, 'caze how Marse Dave gwine ter hunt 'dout a gun? We rid at a run down ter de Long Ben' o' de creek, an' fus' t'ing I knowed Marse Dave done flung me his bridle an' jump' onter de Flat Rock; an' dar he wuz wadin' th'oo' de bog, in his fine clo's, ter de beeches wher' de heart-leaf grow!

"Hit wa'n't mo'n breakfus'-time when we come ter de cross-road 'twix' Sweet Briar an' de Poplars. Den Marse Dave he check up de gray an' han' me de heart-leaf.

"'Tek it ter Miss Posy Cartwright,' he say. 'I 'm gwine ter wait right here ontwel you come back. Hit 's de turn o' my life, Bine.'

"I lef' him settin' straight ez a saplin' on de big gray, an' I rid on ter de Poplars. Dar wuz Miss Posy walkin' up an' down de gal'ry in her white dress, an' de win' blowin' her yaller hair. She look at me curus-lak wi' her blue eyes when she tuk de leaf. 'Fo' de Lawd, I wuz feared she wuz gwine ter th'o' it on de groun' an' tromp on it! But she turn her head, fus' dis way an' den dat, an' den she say, sof' an' sassy-lak, 'Mek my compliments to yo' marster, an' ax him do he want *re*-pose fer his *heart*.'

"I ain' sho', but seem lak I heerd Miss Posy call me back ez I onlatch de big gate, but somep'n' inside me aiggd me not ter look roun'. Marse Dave wuz pale ez death when I galloped up ter de cross-road wher' he wuz waitin'. But I ain' no sooner got Miss Posy's words out'n my mouf dan he streck spurs in de gray an' mek fer de Poplars lak a streak o' lightnin'. He done fergot dat his clo's all splesh over mud fum dat Long Ben' bog."

The Colonel was listening now, and he smiled encouragement as Uncle Bine stopped to cough.

"I reckin dass huccum Miss Posy wore heart-leaves stidder white flowers at de weddin'. Me an' Marse Dave went down ter de bottom a'ter 'em on de weddin'-day mawnin'. An' dat huccum every year, when de same day come eroun', Marse Dave useter ride down ter Stony Creek an' wade out ter dem beeches a'ter a heart-leaf. But he never did fetch 'em ter Miss Posy hisse'f. He useter stop in de summer-house an' sen' me inter de house, wher' Miss Posy wuz settin' in de mawnin'-room, wi' de silver bell on de wu'k-table 'longside her. She useter tek de heart-leaf an' look at me out'n dem laughin' eyes an' say, 'Mek my compliments to yo' marster, an' ax him do he want *re*-pose fer his *heart*.' An' 'reckly Marse Dave 'd come bulgin' inter de house an' tek her in his arms! Every year, 'cep'n' endurin' o' de wah, when Marse Dave an' young Marse Cartwright, his onlies' son dat wuz killed in de wah, wuz away fum Sweet Briar, — every year fer up'ards o' forty year, I fotch a heart-leaf ter ole Mis', an' tuk dat same message ter Marse Dave in de summer-house. But I could n't nowise mek out de meanin' o' Miss Posy's message, ontwel, all at once, one day, fetchin' dem words ter Marse Dave, I got de meanin'. It flesh over me in a minit. *Repose*, dat mean *res'*, you know, an' de heart-leaf stan' fer Marse Dave's *heart*. *Does you want res' fer yo' heart?* I bus' out laughin' now ever' time I 'member how de true meanin' o' dem words flesh over me a'ter up'ards o' forty year!" He wagged his head up and down, laughing wheezily.

"Dass de las' time I ever fotch de heart-leaf," he added in a subdued tone, "'caze Miss Posy died dat same year, an' Marse Dave hatter sell Sweet Briar."

Yes, Sweet Briar, tumble-down and dilapidated in the midst of its shrunken fields, had passed into alien hands. The household belongings — the quaint old furniture which had been handed down from one generation of Overalls to another — had been sold at auction. Posy Weaver longed to tell the last of the Overalls how she herself had bought, out of her first scanty earnings, the little silver bell which used to stand on his wife's work-table. But she could not, somehow. She stood silently looking back over the past few years, — which seemed long in her brief life, — during which Uncle Bine and his old master had lived together in one of the deserted negro cabins at Sweet Briar; keeping up, in the midst of the new and strange generation, their unequal struggle with poverty and sickness, until —

Colonel David Overall's thoughts, it would seem, had been traveling along with hers. "I am told," he said abruptly, but with great gentleness, "that the — the place to which they are taking Byron and me is very comfortable. There is a wide gallery and shade trees, and" — A violent fit of coughing interrupted his speech.

The young teacher leaned her head upon the tire of the wheel and wept silently. The older boys slunk away, ashamed and frightened at the sight of their teacher's tears. The girls turned their heads and pretended not to notice.

A sharp click disturbed the silence. It was the snapping of a string on Uncle Bine's old fiddle.

Tad Luker stooped under the horse's neck and came around to where the schoolmistress was standing. "Miss Po-Posy," he whispered desperately, "I orter go. I'll git a lickin' if I don't. An', Miss Posy, I — I fetched him over the old road so 's to keep offer the 'pike, where folks might ha' seen him on his way to the poorhouse."

Posy gave him a grateful look through her tears, and pressed eagerly between the wheels to murmur something which the children could not hear. But the old Colonel shook his head. "No, no, my dear, I cannot burden an orphaned child like you. It will not be long, for Byron and I are very old. Besides," — he straightened himself with dignity, — "I am told that the county poorhouse is quite comfortable, quite comfortable."

Tad clambered to his seat; he shook the reins, and the old horse pricked up his ears.

"Wait a moment, please," said Colonel David Overall, lifting his hand. "My dear," he continued, looking wistfully down into the girl's flushed and tear-stained face, "would — would you mind standing for a second upon the step?"

She sprang lightly upon the muddy wagon-step.

He laid his hand on her head. "Repose Cartwright! It was my wife's name," he muttered, kissing her on either cheek. And then he turned and laid his arm about Uncle Bine's bowed shoulders.

The wagon rattled away, jolting the old men in their chairs, and displacing the grotesque beavers on their heads. A turn of the red road presently hid them from view, and a moment later the silver bell was calling the scholars of the Stony Creek school to order.

M. E. M. Davis.

COLA DI RIENZO.

In a series of documents illustrating the sources of Italian history, the Istituto Storico at Rome has recently published a complete edition of the epistles of Nicholas, the son of Laurence, commonly known as Cola di Rienzo. Dispersed in various European libraries, from Turin to Prague, and more or less difficult of access, these letters have always constituted one of the two chief sources of information concerning the career of one of the most extraordinary of human beings. The other is a curious piece of contemporary biography, written in the popular Roman dialect of the fourteenth century, published for the first time at Bracciano in the year 1624, and reprinted in Florence in slightly modernized Italian some fifty years ago. Of this artless yet highly dramatic narrative, the fascinating simplicity of which reminds one almost equally of Herodotus and of Malory's Morte d'Arthur, it is interesting to observe that the results of the most laborious modern criticism — German, French, and Italian — have all tended, as with the work of the Father of History himself, to confirm its historical authority. The amazing facts in the public life of Nicholas, the son of Laurence, his more than mythical triumphs and reverses, were virtually related once for all by this candid old chronicler, whose name we shall never know, and who, all the more because, like Petrarch, he loved the great neo-Roman, and sympathized, up to a certain point, with his vast ambition, deplored and has recorded with naive regret the fatal breaches in his sanity and defections of his conduct.

On the other hand, the subjective and transcendental side of Cola's character, the spiritual beliefs which inspired and upheld him, his deep and abiding mysticism, receive new and very striking illustration from the collocation of his epistles and their arrangement in chronological order; and the strange inner man, who firmly believed that he was called of Heaven to reëstablish in its regenerate and final form the everlasting Roman *imperium*, and to inaugurate the era of the Holy Ghost on earth, who once and again soared skyward on the wind of this titanic project, and perished miserably for his daring, stands forth, by his own showing, a figure at once more human and far more tragic than that tinsel hero of romance apostrophized by Byron, sung by the juvenile Wagner, attired for the stage by the gentle hands of Miss Mitford, and recklessly idealized by Bulwer in The Last of the Tribunes. Thanks, however, to these picturesque and popular authors, the outlines of Cola's history are so well known that a very slight thread of narrative will suffice to connect the extracts which we propose to make from the voluminous writings which have survived him.

How and where he can have acquired the culture which enabled him to produce these writings, and to produce them rapidly and abundantly as occasion required, — the earlier, at least, amid the stress of tremendous action, — must always remain one of the most enticing of the mysteries which involve the beginnings of his career. He was born in 1313, — nine years later than Petrarch, eight years before Dante died in exile at Ravenna; so that this great trio of Italians who woke in the first dawn of modern history, with so proud a consciousness of their national pedigree, and so passionately bent, each in his own way, on reinstating their fallen country in her lost priority, were for a number of years contemporary with one another. Cola, the son of Rienzo, came of the very dregs of the Roman

people, — of such as have no right even to resent a nickname. His father was a tavern-keeper, and his mother a washerwoman and water-carrier; but he seems never seriously to have questioned that the dregs of Rome, even in her deepest degradation, were better than any so-called nobility of barbaric extraction. We do indeed find him, in the desperation of his latest efforts, inventing, or at least accepting and relating for ulterior purposes to Charles IV. at Prague, a story in which he refers his own origin to a certain period of ten days when the Emperor Henry VIII. had lain hidden from his enemies at Rome in Rienzo's inn by the Tiber, — the latter being absent on a raid with one of the Orsini. The old chronicler tells us this as he tells us most things, in few and earnest words, without approval or apology. It is only Cola's latest biographer, the careful and conscientious Rodocanachi, who falls into the essentially modern vulgarity of pausing to point a sober moral here concerning the weakness of denying a lowly origin.

The river-side inn was situated in that quarter of Rome which was, and remained until yesterday, the lowest of all, — the right bank of the Tiber, just opposite the Ponte Rotto and the great island. The Colonna family, at that period, had fortified with towers and surrounded by palisades their own particular quarter of Rome, extending from the Column of Trajan, whence they took their name, along the line of the modern Corso as far as the Porta del Popolo. The Orsini had done the same for the region about the Castle of Sant' Angelo, which they garrisoned and held. The Savelli were intrenched upon the Aventine, and the Frangipani held the Colosseum. The Emperor was far away in the north; the Pope was at Avignon. The Roman populace, to the probable number of some thirty thousand souls, led a miserably precarious existence around and among the rival camps of the ruffianly lords, and were bitterly oppressed by them all.

A traveler of the fourteenth century,[1] describing the gaunt aspect of the ruins of pagan antiquity at about this time, informs us that the sacred hill of Jove was a wilderness of brambles and manure-heaps ; the Tarpeian Rock looked as it must have done in the days of Evander; the Palatine was a mountain of broken and disjointed marbles ; and the Forum was divided between pasture ground and vegetable garden. This scene of unparalleled desolation appealed all the more powerfully, no doubt, to the wrathful imagination of the innkeeper's haughty son, because the meaning of it must have burst suddenly upon him, on his return to Rome at the age of twenty, after an absence of some fifteen years. Poor Maddelena, his hard-working mother, had died while he was still an infant, and the boy had been sent to be brought up by relatives in the Abruzzi. He afterward took pains to tell the king of Bohemia, in the same breath — or rather upon the same sheet — with the fable of his own imperial origin, that he lived among the mountains, in those early years, like a peasant among peasants. And how, indeed, should he have lived otherwise? Yet it seems most likely that it was here, at the hands of some benevolent churchman or recluse philosopher, he received that remarkable education which gave him access to all the known literature of his day, including the whole of the sacred Scriptures, and the perfect command of an only too fluent and florid Renaissance Latin.

The place of his retreat was Anagni, immemorial Anagni, then and always one of the most romantic spots that even Italy contains, a very home and haunt of mystery. It was reputed to have been a flourishing and famous

[1] Bracciolini Poggio, Hist. de Varietate Fortunæ.

town when the Trojans landed, and Marcus Aurelius, in the second century, was overpowered by the solemn aspect of its crumbling monuments, and the indecipherable inscriptions upon its mossy altars. In the dark ages, Anagni had become a papal stronghold; and Cola may very well have imbibed here, along with his Latin accidence and his marvelous knowledge of the Bible, some part of the special abhorrence which he bore the race of Colonna, since it was here that only a few years before Benedict VIII. had been besieged and taken prisoner by them, and subjected to extraordinary personal indignity. It is even more certain that the Roman youth had first heard expounded at Anagni that doctrine of the *viri spirituales*, or men who looked for the immediate coming of the Holy Ghost, with which his name was later to be identified.

A hundred years after the death of St. Francis of Assisi, a large proportion of his more earnest and ascetic followers had embraced that strange theory of an historic succession in the Holy Trinity which was formulated by the so-called Prophet Joachim of Flora, in Calabria, in the impressive statement that as the reign of the Father had ended with the advent of the Son, so the reign of the Son was now passing away before that of the Spirit, of whom St. Francis himself had been the precursor. A doctrine so obviously heretical had of course been condemned from the papal chair, though one of the Popes of the intervening period, Celestine V., was believed to hold it; but its disciples had suffered only just persecution enough to confirm and unite them, and their influence was paramount in all the hill-towns of the Abruzzi.

The death of Cola's father in 1334 seems to have recalled him to Rome, and it was his phenomenal familiarity with the Latin classics which first drew public attention to him there. "Oh, what a quick reader he was!" cries the old biographer. "Forever quoting Titus, Livy, Seneca, Tully, Valerius Maximus! He was the only man in Rome who could decipher the old '*pitaffi*' and turn them into the vulgar tongue. '*If I could but have lived in the days of those men!*' he used to say." And then comes a vivid and significant bit of personal portraiture: "He was a handsome man, but the perpetual smile which hovered upon his lips was just a little *fantastic*."

Some ghostly reminiscence of the ancient forms of municipal government, or at least of the ancient names, had always survived in Rome. There had been a prefect — residing, however, at Viterbo — who was supposed in some especial manner to represent the Holy Roman Emperor. There had been senators, now one, now two, now forty or more; sometimes named by the reigning Pope, sometimes chosen by acclamation — though always, in Cola's time, under intimidation of the barons and their armed followers — in an informal assembly of the people. So long, indeed, as the Pope and his cardinals lived in Rome or its immediate vicinity, they imposed a certain check upon the tyranny of the great nobles, who were most of them of foreign origin; but from the year 1305, when Clement V. took up his residence in Avignon, the state of the Eternal City can only be described as one of anarchy. "Stava in grandissima tremaglia," is the expression of Cola's biographer. To raise her from her profound prostration; to humiliate once for all the insolent oppressors within her walls; to restore to the Roman populace the ideal and the practice of self-government which had once made them supreme; and to bring back their spiritual sovereign to the sacred post which he had deserted, — these were the main features of that grand programme of reform which was beginning to take

shape in the ardent brain of the son of Laurence the innkeeper. Such he conceived, in its practical aspects and consequences, would be that millennium of the Holy Ghost which the men of the spirit were wont to describe merely as the coming of the *good state*, but which he himself preferred, at this time, to call the *good and ancient state*.

He married a woman of the people, with a small dowry, adopted the profession of notary, and, with that singular, inspired look of his, and the gift of ready and impassioned eloquence which he presently discovered, his person soon became familiar to all classes in Rome. His own feeling toward the nobles had been greatly exacerbated by the murder of one of his young brothers in a street brawl, just after his return from the hills. He had been unable to obtain the punishment of the assassin, who was perfectly well known, but he took a larger vengeance by constituting himself the public advocate of others who had suffered similar wrongs, and in general of all the especially helpless and oppressed.

In 1342, Pierre Roger, of Limoges, became Pope at Avignon, under the title of Clement VI., and an embassy of eighteen prominent Roman citizens, with old Stefano Colonna at their head, and Petrarch as spokesman, to enhance their *éclat*, immediately waited upon the new Pontiff, entreating his return to Rome. They were coldly received, but, by the time they had come back discomfited, it seems to have been thought preposterous by nobody that Cola di Rienzo should have offered to make a second attempt in the same direction, in his own private capacity. He did, at all events, go, unattended, to Avignon, probably in December, 1342, with a double petition; comprising the restoration of the Holy See to Rome, and the proclamation of a general jubilee for the semi-centennial year which was approaching.

The lettered Pope, who had been a doctor of the Sorbonne, seems at once to have been struck and fascinated by the high-flown eloquence and classic lore of the young notary; and Cola was also received with open arms and the most reverential faith and enthusiasm by Petrarch, who had remained at Vaucluse when the formal embassy returned, and whom Cola had seen before, no doubt, but only at a dazzling distance, when, in April, 1340, the poet visited Rome as the guest of his great friends and patrons among the Colonnesi, and received his laurel crown at the dishonored Capitol. For the measure of success which attended Cola's romantic mission let us now apply to the first of his epistles, which was addressed from Avignon to the Roman people in the last days of January, 1343. The style in this instance is excessively figurative and Biblical, that of an initerant preacher rather than an astute politician.

"Let the mountains round about you rejoice, and your hills be clothed with joy. . . . The city of Rome arises from her age-long prostration, and, mounting the throne of her accustomed majesty, she lays aside the mournful robes of her widowhood and puts on the purple of a bride." The "spouse and lord" for whom the city is to be thus adorned is of course the new Pope, who, "compassionating her calamities, ruins, and slaughters," has been "moved by inspiration of the Holy Ghost kindly to open the arms of his clemency, offering grace and mercy to ourselves, redemption to the universal world, and remission of sins to all nations."

The jubilee of universal pardon had, in short, been formally decided, and proclaimed to be celebrated in the year 1350, and at intervals of fifty years for evermore; but as for that other prayer touching the restoration of the papacy, Cola was fain to be content with impressive but less expli-

cit assurances. "Willingly accepting, moreover, the proffered headship of our city, he [Clement VI.] hath vowed, with ineffable emotion, by word, look, gesture, noble action of the body, and in short by all manner of external signs more animated than I can possibly describe, that he will assuredly visit the Apostolic See after he shall have allayed the scandals of Gaul." This magnanimous intention should be enough in itself, Cola thinks, to entitle the new Pontiff to a statue "in our most venerable city, wherethrough it is unlawful for the Gentiles even to walk till they have unbound the chains of vice and put the shoes from off their feet ; for the place whereon you stand and where you live, dear brethren, is in very truth holy ground."

He adds a formal expression of his own private belief that the grand restoration, both material and spiritual, is far nearer than the world imagines, and signs himself, "Nicholas, the son of Laurence, Roman consul, sole popular ambassador of the widow, the orphan, and the poor, to our lord the Roman Pontiff, of my own motion and by my own hand."

This sounds sufficiently pretentious and visionary, and yet before the date of his next epistle, four years and three months later, Cola's part in the great and seemingly hopeless reformation had been triumphantly accomplished; and that without the shedding of a drop of Roman blood. He had become dictator at Rome under the antique title of Tribune of the people; he had promulgated a concise but excellent code of laws whose execution secured peace and order within the precincts of the long-distracted city; he had worsted, one by one, and signally humiliated for the moment, almost all the great nobles, beginning with Stefano Colonna the elder; while some of the more prominent of the Orsini, the natural enemies of the former, had ranged themselves on his side. His headquarters were now at the Capitol, where he maintained a certain state, having dismantled the fortified posts of the great nobles inside the city walls, and used the wooden beams and other materials which had composed their palisades to strengthen the colonnades of the municipal palace. He had forbidden the exhibition upon gateway or tower of any arms but those of the Pope, for it was still in the Pope's name and as his colleague that he professed to rule; and the papal legate in Italy, Raimond, Bishop of Orvieto, was apparently his willing instrument and close ally. He had organized and equipped, for the protection of life and property in Rome, a strong police force with mounted officers, constituting an admirable nucleus for an army, and under orders to be always in readiness instantly to rally to the Capitol upon the stroke of the great bell. He was even coining money with his own superscription added to the legend "Roma Caput Mundi;" and the private device which he had adopted of a seven-rayed sun, with a star at the end of each ray, was gravely explained by himself as the arms of the family of Boethius Severinus, in whose writings Cola was deeply versed, whom, as the last Roman of the old order, he regarded as his own immediate predecessor, and from whom he had adopted the name Severus, which was now added to that of Nicholas in the signature of all his letters and edicts.

Two only of the great feudal nobles in the states of the Church continued to hold out against the usurper: they were Giovanni di Vico, prefect of Viterbo, and Giovanni Gaetano, Count of Fondi, — "fratricides both, and at all times enemies of God and the Holy Roman Church," Cola described them in writing to the Pope ; and it was principally for the purpose of levying troops to accomplish their reduction that he now addressed a sort of encyclical to the communes of all the cities

of central and northern Italy, in which he proclaimed the inauguration of the *good state* in Rome, and conjured them to aid him, with money and troops, in extending its millennial blessings to the whole of that noble territory of which Rome was the traditional head.

"Nicholas, severe and clement, Tribune of liberty, peace, and justice, and Liberator of the sacred Roman republic," announces to the commune of Viterbo, for instance, the pentecostal gift of the Holy Ghost which has been bestowed on the city of Rome, and which is destined, if they will but receive it, to be extended "to yourselves and all the faithful people who constitute our members." It had been, in fact, on the feast of Pentecost, May 20, 1347, that Cola had accomplished his bloodless *coup d'état*, after having passed the night of the vigil in hearing masses of the Holy Spirit to the number of thirty, in the church of Sant' Angelo-in-Pescheria. He goes on to give a prolix but perfectly lucid and circumstantial account of the late disgraceful condition of the city, which had even precluded "pious pilgrimages to the shrines of our princes and fellow-citizens, the most holy apostles Peter and Paul, and of the other holy apostles, — the bodies of eight of whom rest in this city, — and of the infinite number of martyrs and virgins, in whose blood the holy city is founded, . . . to the no small detriment of Christendom at large." It is primarily to the "intercession with our Lord and Father Jesus Christ of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul, our fellow-citizens, princes, and keepers," that Cola ascribes the happy change which has taken place; whereby the Roman populace itself has been "restored to unity, concord, and the appetite for freedom, and inflamed with a sense of justice ; . . . and as a perpetual sign of good will, and of their own righteous and sacred purpose, this same Roman people, in public and most solemn parliament, has bestowed upon me, unworthy, full and free power and authority both to preserve and yet further to reform the pacific state of the aforesaid city and of the entire province of Rome. Wherefore, I, though I know my shoulders to be weak and unequal to the bearing of so great a burden, yet distinctly perceiving this to be the Lord's doing and marvelous in our eyes, and trusting to the grace and protection of God and of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul, and resting my hope upon the power of the Roman people and the adherence and suffrage of the whole Roman province, have accepted the aforesaid power and authority with a devout heart and a valiant mind."

Cola goes on to summon the commune of Viterbo to furnish him a military contingent, supplied with "arms, horses, and other accoutrements of war, . . . for the immediate subjugation and treading under foot of the pride and tyranny of sundry rebellious spirits." He likewise requests the appointment of two suitable delegates to the general parliament and council soon to be held at Rome for the purpose of celebrating and confirming the establishment of the *good state ;* and also the immediate selection, for his own private behoof, and in token of their love and amity, of a man skilled in jurisprudence "who will take rank from this time as one of the judges of my own consistory, and will receive six months' salary and wages and the usual emoluments."

This letter is dated at the Capitol, May 24, 1347 ; and, considering the fact that one of the recalcitrant spirits mentioned "was the seignior of Viterbo itself, its tenor is sufficiently bold. On the 7th of June, Cola sent to the communes of Perugia, Florence, and Lucca letters couched in almost precisely the same terms, except that in these he describes himself as called of God to the pacification of all Italy, as well as of the states of the Church;

and in the later letters he appoints August 1 as the day of the great celebration. Four days later, — that is to say, June 11, — we find him prefacing a similar summons to the commune of Mantua with a private note, written entirely in the tone of one potentate to another, and addressed to his "beloved friend, . . . the noble and potent Lord Guido di Gonzaga, ruler of the aforesaid city."

From this time on, throughout all that crowded summer of incredible achievement and dreamlike pageantry, the literary activity of Cola was incessant. There are no less than ten elaborate letters and dispatches addressed to Florence and to other Italian communes. There are two long letters to Clement VI. in Avignon, minutely describing the progress of the revolution, which has all been wrought, the writer still devoutly protests, in the name and for the glory of his Holiness. There is a letter, in some respects the most extraordinary of all Cola's public documents, addressed to those German princes who rank as electors of the Holy Roman Empire, and whom he mentions by name; announcing that confederate Rome, in which term, since the late happy events, all the lesser Italian states are to be understood as included, has resumed her immemorial right of choosing her own Imperator, and summoning, "all and singular, the prelates, emperors, elect and electors, kings, dukes, princes, counts, marquises, peoples, universities," and all others in question, to send delegates before the feast of Pentecost in the ensuing year to a diet to be held "in Rome, in the beloved and the sacrosanct church of the Lateran;" otherwise the assemblage will proceed with its functions "as the law appoints, and the Holy Ghost shall give it grace," without reference to the aforesaid potentates. Finally, there are two private letters, to which we shall presently refer, written, the one to an anonymous friend in the papal court at Avignon, the other to Petrarch at the same place.

On St. John's Day (June 24), Cola had gone in state to the Lateran basilica of that period, clothed in white silk and riding a white horse, and rendered actions of grace for the success which had thus far attended his mission. Two days later, there came from the Pope in Provence an official sanction of the new order, and the formal appointment of Rienzo and the Bishop of Orvieto as joint vicars of Clement in Italy. The expedition against Viterbo was organized, and set out in the first days of July. On the 16th the fortress surrendered. Before the close of that month, deputations, bearing congratulations on the establishment of the *good state*, and offers of material assistance in maintaining it, had arrived in Rome from Siena, Arezzo, Todi, Spoleto, Velletri, Foligno, and many other cities; a letter to the same effect had come from Venice, bearing the great seal of the republic; while the Este from Ferrara, the Gonzaga from Mantua, and the Malatesta from Rimini sent messengers with magnificent presents. The rival claimants to the throne of Naples, Louis of Hungary, and the infamous Giovanna through her paramour and prime minister, Louis of Taranto, were competing for the favor of the Tribune; and the unification of Italy was thus, in very truth, "shown by the fates" for one moment five hundred years before its actual accomplishment.

Could any mortal brain have failed to be turned by so sudden and so giddy a rise? Yet the stately ceremonies and bizarre effects of those August fêtes which Cola had so solemnly advertised were all conceived in a certain spirit of mysticism, and arranged with reference to a deep symbolic significance. On August 1, the great republican anniversary which commemorated the fall of Alexandria in the year 30 B. C., and the inauguration of

an era of universal peace under Augustus, Cola, after having first plunged into that ancient and still existing font where Constantine the Great was baptized, received the accolade from a Roman nobleman whom he had himself appointed to the office, exhibited himself to the dazzled populace and the delegates of half Christendom as invested with a new and sacred order of spiritual knighthood, and duly performed his vigil in the baptistery of the Lateran. On the feast of the Assumption, a fortnight later, five great ecclesiastical dignitaries waited upon him in Sta. Maria Maggiore, with tribunal crowns of oak, ivy, laurel, olive, and silver; while the same Ludovico Scotto who had dubbed him knight presented him with a yet more sacred emblem in the form of a silver globe surmounted by a cross.

It was in signifying his acceptance of this last offering, no doubt, that Cola pronounced the startling words which sent a thrill of superstitious alarm through the hitherto enthusiastic throng. "Like our Lord Jesus Christ," he said, "I have, in my thirtieth year, delivered the world from her tyrants without the shedding of blood." He was at the apex of his glory, and giddiness fell upon him by the inevitable law. "This day," cried a pious monk upon the outskirts of the crowd to a priest of Cola's own household, "your master is fallen from heaven."

The history of the ensuing months, from that eventful 15th of August to the date of Cola's first disappearance from the Roman scene, is indeed, as we know, a tale of little else than strife and bloodshed. The barons rallied from their temporary consternation and resolutely combined against him, while the Pope recoiled definitively from the support of one whose pretensions had grown so impious as to menace even his own supremacy. Meanwhile, in the letter already noted, to his nameless friend in Avignon, which is dated July 15, the man Cola affords us a rather moving glimpse of his own inner life, and the unquestionable sincerity and disinterestedness of his chimerical purposes. "God, to whom all things are open, knows that it is not through any ambition of dignity, office, fame, honor, or worldly wealth, which things I have ever abhorred as very slime, but through a desire for the common good of the entire republic, our own most holy state, that I have been induced to bow my neck to so heavy a yoke. 'T is God, and not man, who has laid it upon me. He knows what prayers procured me this charge: whether I have distributed favors, honors, and emoluments among my kindred, or heaped up honors for myself; whether I have swerved from truth or temporized with any man; whether I have ever accepted a bribe for myself or on behalf of my heirs, indulged in gluttony or any other delight of the senses, or worn a mask of any kind. God is my witness that what I have done, I have done for the poor and the helpless, the widow and the fatherless. Cola, the son of Laurence, led a far more tranquil existence than does the Tribune." He mentions, a little further on, an attempt upon his life, which, by the mercy of God, he had discovered and foiled; "but as for the rumor," he continues, "which you say has reached you, that I am beginning to be afraid, know that the Holy Spirit, by whom I am sustained and directed, has made my heart so stout that I fear nothing at all; nay, if the entire world and all its inhabitants, both those of the holy Christian faith and the perfidious Jews and pagans, were banded against me, I should not be shaken. For my purpose is, in all reverence toward God and our Holy Mother Church, to die, if need be, for the love and the cult of justice."

Cola's first letter to Petrarch, or at least the first that has been preserved, is dated the 28th of this same month

of July, "in the first year of the liberated republic." The style, from an evident straining after literary effect, is rather worse than usual; the address is extremely pompous.

"Nicholas, the severe and clement, Tribune of liberty, peace, and justice, and illustrious deliverer of the sacred Roman republic, to that man of shining virtue, the Lord Francis Petrarch, worthiest poet laureate and most dear fellow-citizen, health and plenitude of honor and of the highest joy." He goes on to speak of the "sweet series" of Petrarch's letters to himself, to thank him for his precious encouragement, and to pray him to come and see with his own eyes the dawn of the new day in Rome. "For as a precious gem adorns a ring of gold, so would the glory of your person add grace and honor to our beloved city."

Petrarch did not accept this invitation, but the admiration of the poet and patriot for the saviour of what they both delighted to call their common country, and his impassioned faith in the divine authority of Cola's mission, found expression, during these last days of July, in that finest of all the *canzoni*, which begins with the sublime apostrophe: —

"Spirito gentil che quelle membra reggi,
Dentro alle qua' peregrinando alberga,
Un signor valoroso, accorto e saggio," etc.

Already, however, in the early autumn, we detect a note of hesitation, a subtle breath of warning and almost of reproof, mingling with Petrarch's ascriptions of praise to the emancipator of Rome; nor can he quite repress a sigh on his own account over his inevitable alienation from those lifelong friends and benefactors of his among the Colonna, with whom, as the head and front of the allied barons, the Tribune was now at open war.

Then came the fatal 20th of November, 1347, and that ferocious conflict outside the Porta San Lorenzo, in which twelve great Roman nobles, including six cavaliers of the house of Colonna, were slain.[1] The latter were, Stefano the younger, son of the more famous Stefano; Pietro and Giovanni, his nephews, and Roman senators both; and three sons of the younger Stefano. Cola, as one drunk with slaughter, not merely permitted the persons of the dead to be infamously insulted by his men, but, on the day after the battle, he brought his own young son, Lorenzo, to the scene of it, sprinkled his brow with water from a neighboring pool mixed with the blood of Stefano Colonna, and dubbed him Knight of Victory upon the sodden field. "From that time," says the old biographer, "the Tribune began to lose credit. There were whispers among the people. Men said that his arrogance was not small."

The ghastly tidings met Petrarch at Parma, on his way from France, and at first he would not believe them. The tale had been brought by an itinerant monk of Orvieto, and Petrarch's impulse was to scout it as a fable of the cloister. But his incredulity cannot have lasted long, for within a week after the battle we find him writing to Rienzo in terms of undisguised lamentation and reproach, as well as performing the far more difficult duty of expressing to his friend Cardinal Giovanni Colonna,[2] at Avignon, some portion of his own distressful sympathy and compunction.

[1] We have followed Papencordt and Rodocanachi, as well as the general tradition of the time, in this enumeration of the Colonna victims. The old biographer's account is a somewhat confused one, and the editor of the Epistolario points out that there is no positive proof of the death of more than three of that family. Cola himself, as we shall see, gives the numbers differently in two letters which are otherwise almost identical. But if both these letters were really written, as they are dated, on the day of the battle, some hours may have intervened between them, leaving time for the Tribune to receive a fuller list of the slain.

[2] The youngest of the three Cardinals Colonna of that period.

The Colonnesi had plenty of crimes to answer for; but no one of them lacked those imposing qualities of race which declare themselves in the hour of supreme misfortune and compel the obeisance of the world, — qualities largely mundane, no doubt, but none the less majestic, to which the Tribune and Liberator, all his disinterestedness and all his inspiration granted, could never pretend. The sorrowful *amende* of Petrarch was accepted with grave magnanimity both by the cardinal and his brother Giacomo, the Bishop of Lombez; and there was no break thenceforth in the affectionate relations between them and the poet. These two ecclesiastics and their father, old Stefano, now in his eighty-third year, with one son of the younger Stefano, were all that remained of their branch to represent that "mass of fiery valor rolling on the foe" which but yesterday had gloried in the name of Colonna. When the venerable head of the house heard of the catastrophe which had befallen his line, his words were few. "God's will be done," he said. "Of the two, it is assuredly better to die than to submit any longer to the tyranny of this peasant;" and at once assuming command of the remnant of the baronial party, he conducted their operations, during the few weeks that intervened between the battle of Porta San Lorenzo and the abrupt disappearance of Cola, with all the vigor of his prime.

The anonymous biographer of Rienzo prays the reader to permit him to pause at this critical point, and relate a striking story which he has encountered in the book of Titus Livy concerning a general whose name was Anitalo di Cartagine. The victory of Canna and the dalliance at Capua are then described with all the zest of one who is conscious of having a fresh and impressive anecdote to tell; "and the point is," adds this engaging historian, "that if Cola di Rienzo, the Tribune, had only followed up his victory and ridden straight to Marino and taken the Castle of Marino, and made an end then and there of Giordano,[1] so that he could never have raised his head again, the people of Rome would still have been free and without tribulation."

But no such vigorous measures appear to have occurred to Rienzo, who indulged instead in a bout of riotous feasting, all the more remarkable from the abstemiousness of his previous habits. He also, as has been already said, wrote two long letters on the very day of the battle, — one to the commune of Florence, and one to Rinaldo Orsino, his ally at Avignon, — describing in terms of rather brutal exultation the circumstances of the fight. In the first of these letters he speaks of only three of the Colonnesi as having fallen. In the second he mentions six, but does not give their names. In both he says that he was visited in a dream, two days before the battle, by Boniface VIII., the implacable foe of that haughty race, who predicted their annihilation at his hands.

There must, however, have fallen upon him, in the next few days, a great revulsion of feeling, perhaps of remorse and distrust of his own mission; otherwise, he could hardly have been so depressed and intimidated as he presently showed himself to be by the tidings that Clement had pronounced his doctrines heretical, and was sending a legate to supersede the governor whom Cola had recently appointed for the Sabine territory. On the 2d of December, the Tribune sent a circular letter to sundry communes in that region, enjoining instant submission to the papal decree. "We love you with a righteous zeal," he wrote, "and we will not forsake you either in tempest or in calm; but you ought not to desire us to remain at odds with the

[1] Orsino. The Colonnesi did not acquire Marino till the following century.

Holy See on your behalf, especially when this could in no way profit yourselves."

This circular is the last of the original documents belonging to the period of Cola's first ascendency. On the 14th a riot broke out in Rome, fomented by a certain active adventurer who had been raising mercenaries in the papal states for the army with which Louis of Hungary was proposing to invade the kingdom of Naples. It was an insignificant *émeute* enough at the outset, but it seemed to paralyze the Tribune. He caused the great alarm bell to be sounded; but when, for the first time, the troops which he had organized did not rally to the summons, his confidence wholly forsook him, and, after a night of agonized suspense, he addressed his personal attendants in a voice choked with emotion and took solemn leave of them. "I have ruled this people uprightly," were his words, "but through envy they are discontent, and now, in the seventh month of my dominion, I will depart." He had still sufficient *sang-froid* to mount his horse, and order the brazen trumpets which had hitherto heralded his progress through the streets of Rome to be blown once more; "and thus," says the biographer, "with an armed guard and banners flying, he descended *triumphaliter*, and took refuge in the Castle of Sant' Angelo."

If Cola had hoped to be recalled to the Capitol by a spontaneous demonstration of the people, he was disappointed. From Sant' Angelo he withdrew, in the first days of January, to Civita Vecchia, and from thence to Naples, which the king of Hungary entered as conqueror on the 18th of that month. We catch a glimpse of attempted negotiations with the latter, followed by a sharp summons from Avignon for the surrender of Cola to the jurisdiction of the Holy See. Then suddenly, in the awful spring of 1348, there fell out of heaven upon Italy, cutting short all human purposes, obliterating all minor distinctions, the blackness of the great plague. Louis of Hungary abandoned his late conquest and fled to his home in the north, and Cola, like many another of those who escaped the pest, assumed the habit of a monk, entered the third order of the Franciscans, and sought asylum with his co-religionists, the viri spirituales, in the great convent of Monte Majella. We will let him describe in his own words the manner of life in that mountain fastness, the highest peak of the Apennines after the Gran Sasso d' Italia.

"But there are those," he says, by way of contrast to a graphic picture he has just been drawing of the corruption of the Avignonese clergy, "who, having sold all their worldly goods and given to the poor, spurning all manner of soft raiment, and clad simply in two tunics of coarse wool" (precisely the dress, by the way, which the Roman peasant had worn in those very mountains of the Abruzzi a thousand years before), "bare-legged and, so far as possible, bare-footed, sundered utterly from the world, have betaken themselves to wild woods and solitary places, after the manner of the holy fathers. No avarice flourishes among these men, no envy, no ambition, no scandal, but poverty ardently embraced, sincere humility, a joyful patience, innocence and purity, and a life of unmixed charity. For whether they be sons of counts, barons, and other nobles, or men learned in theology, of whom many have rallied hither, and many more will rally, unless they be first pierced by the arrows and slain by the engines of the Church, they are glad to bear upon their shoulders, from far-away farms and castles, through snow and rain and mountain pass," some alms to their companions. "And the command lies upon them that if any one of the order, in asking alms among the farmsteads, should chance

to encounter abuse or personal violence, he may not taste of the bread he has begged until he has offered a special prayer for the salvation of the violent or blasphemous man. . . . They fast much, but they pray yet more; . . . and if their countenances be not disturbed by mirth, yet are they truly glad and satisfied at heart, and sometimes they work famous miracles. . . . O mortal life that bringest forth immortality! O angelic life, above reproach by any save the friends of Satan! If I had not actually seen these things, my own soul could never have been so moved and drawn by love and longing for them!"

There seems no reason to doubt the sincerity of Cola's self-consecration, nor the profound regret with which he soon found himself summoned, as he believed, of Heaven to detach himself from the contemplative life, and embark once more upon the stormy ocean of this world's affairs. How this happened he shall also tell us. The Vatican codex containing the long discourse from which our last extract comes is entitled, Reply of the Tribune to the Cæsar concerning his Eulogium of Charity. The Cæsar is the Holy Roman Emperor, Charles IV. of Bohemia; for when Cola reappears in the world of action, we find him, to our amazement, transformed into as completely convinced a Ghibelline as ever Dante had been. The transitory dream of an Italian imperium was over; and it is upon the northern potentate that the Tribune now rests his last hope of the purification and pacification of Rome.

Arriving in Prague, a footsore pilgrim, in July of 1350 (after having paid a flying visit to Rome in disguise, and snatched, as it were, the blessing of the jubilee), he was received into the house of a druggist, who was by birth a Florentine, and thence requested and obtained audience of the Emperor. "And these," observes the anonymous biographer, "were his words, and this was his excellent discourse to Charles, the king of Bohemia, grandson of the Emperor Henry, and himself lately elected Emperor by the Pope: 'Most serene prince and glorious ruler of the entire world: I am that Cola to whom God once gave such grace that I was able to govern Rome and her whole territory in justice, liberty, and peace. Tuscany, Campania, and the seacoast acknowledged my authority; I bridled the arrogance of the great; I abolished many an iniquitous abuse. But I am a worm, and a fallible man, and a weakly plant, like another, and God hath willed to chastise me. A rod of iron was in my hand, which I, out of very humility, converted into a rod of wood. The men of might pursue me and they seek my life. In their pride and hatred they have chased me from my dominions, and they remain unpunished. I, who am of your own lineage, a bastard son of the valiant Emperor Henry, betake myself to you, under the shield and shadow of whose wings a man ought surely to be safe; . . . for I have seen a prophecy of Brother Angelo of the Mount of Heaven in Monte Majella, which says that the eagle shall devour the carrion crows.'"

There must surely still have been a mysterious power in Cola's personality and an irresistible fascination about his address, for the royally descended Kaiser, to whom the effrontery of the innkeeper's son in claiming kindred with himself must have been simply astounding, — the creature of Clement VI., who knew that Cola had long since been excommunicated by the latter, — not only received him without rebuke, but requested a written statement of his experiences and his views, which Cola forthwith prepared.

"Most serene Cæsar Augustus," this remarkable document began, "it has pleased your Serenity to invite me to repeat in proper writing what I have already said in your imperial presence,

and glad am I that in the royal city, where silver and gold are purged from dross,[1] my message also should be carefully tried. For if any error do indeed lurk therein, I would fain see it eliminated by the scrutiny of men wiser than I. Who I am, and what I have done for the defense and safety of churches, monasteries, hospitals, and all the poor and suffering everywhere; what I have been also to the pilgrim and the stranger, and all who desire to live purely and without guile, and what to the tyrants and robbers of Italy, — these things, I say, can by no means be blinked or hidden. The Holy Roman See and all the people of Italy know them; they are as a city set upon a hill. . . . But when, in the fullness of that glory and felicity to which the Lord had raised me, I began to invest myself with the pomps and splendors of this world, I was most righteously chastised of God. The flowers and the fruitage of my high estate fell from me, and I became sterile for a season, like a tree stripped bare by the violence of the wind. . . . For, as I have already explained to your Majesty, I fled from the pursuit of those very foes whom previously, by God's help, I had laid low. By God, not man, was I driven forth, and freely, in view of the whole people in parliament assembled [!], having solemnly laid aside the sceptre of justice and the tribunal crown, I departed, amid the tears of the multitude, and remained in solitude, looking always for the coming of one who should deliver me at once from the stormy tempest and the weakness of my own heart. So dwelt I, passing my time in prayer, among the hermits in the Apennines of Apulia, and I wore the garb of poverty. And when I had thus lived and labored some thirty months, there arrived a certain friar named Angelo, of Monte Vulcano, announcing himself a hermit of the hermits, and revered of many. This man saluted me by my true name, to my great amazement, for my name was not known in that place, and told me that I had now been long enough in the desert for the good of my soul, and that once more it behooved me to be laboring for the world at large, and not for myself alone. He then told me that he had had a direct revelation from Heaven concerning the place of my retreat, and proceeded to open to me the designs of God touching that universal restoration which has been so often predicted by the men of the spirit, and invoked in the prayers of the all-powerful and glorious Virgin." The crowding calamities of the last few years, earthquake, famine, and pestilence, were declared to have been but the wholesome scourges of God, designed for the reformation of the Church and the world; "and in a short time, more especially through the return of the Catholic Church to her state of pristine sanctity, an era of great peace would begin, and that not for the worshipers of Christ alone, but for all Christians,[2] and even for Saracens, who would thus receive the grace of the Spirit at the hands of the one Shepherd immediately to be set over them, for that the era of the Holy Ghost wherein God shall be verily known of man was in truth close at hand. He also told me that, in the furtherance of this great work of the Spirit, God had selected a certain holy man, whom all would be taught of Heaven to recognize, who would cooperate with the Emperor elect in reforming the universal world, and in stripping the pastors of the Church of all their superfluous luxuries and perishable riches." Cola then proceeds

[1] He alludes to a celebrated coinage of Prague.

[2] *Christicolas* and *Christianos*. It would be curious to know the exact distinction between these two in Cola's mind. One can hardly suspect him, in this grave connection, of a pun upon his own name.

more explicitly to identify the persons who will compose this earthly trinity of the new order. He was himself, of course, that man of God who was to be associated in the government of Rome and of the world with the Emperor Charles, whom he now addresses as "the one hundredth in direct succession from Augustus Cæsar;" while the Pope who should succeed Clement VI. within two years' time, and restore the Holy See to Rome after an exact half-century of exile, would be no other than that Pastor Angelicus of ancient prophecy whom the Catholic Church had been so long expecting, and indeed, for that matter, is expecting still.

The particulars of his alleged imperial birth Cola reserved for a second letter to the Emperor, which must have followed the first almost immediately, and wherein the tale of Maddelena's seduction is told with a gravity and seeming candor that savor almost more of hallucination than of willful deceit. It is to be noted, also, that when, a few months later, in the immediate prospect, as he fancied, of a violent death, Cola addressed to one of the brothers at Monte Sant' Angelo a letter reviewing his career and making general confession of his sins, he expressed penitence for having revealed the secret of his mother's shame, but not at all as if he had slandered her. "If I had only kept quiet about that," are his words, "I could better have borne these things. I attribute it all to my impatience and meanness of spirit. *I pretended afterward that I had spoken figuratively.* For," he naively adds, "*to have been devoured by the archimandrites of the beloved city* will sound much better in the ears of the world than *to have been born out of wedlock*. . . . But I have drunk many cups, and I can drink this too, if it be needful for my salvation."

The Emperor replied briefly and evasively to these long-winded communications, but he did think it worth while to reply, and a mixture of motives, personal and political, appears to have determined him to keep Rienzo near him for a time, notwithstanding the repeated and imperative demands of Clement VI. that he should be sent to Avignon to stand his trial for heresy before the proper authorities there. Cola's vehement denunciations of clerical vice and corruption created something like a party for him in the land of John Huss, and indeed throughout the whole of that region which was so soon to be Protestant Germany; and Charles professed a desire to win him, by gentle means if possible, from the error of his opinions. Cola was therefore subjected to a nominal and at first sufficiently light imprisonment in an ancient fortress overlooking the town of Raudnitz and the river Elbe, a little to the north of the Bohemian capital; while the Archbishop of Prague, Arnest de Padubitz, a man of eminent piety and learning, was entrusted with the business of his conversion. During the ensuing autumn these two had repeated interviews, and a number of written communications passed between them, some if not all of which are included in the present Epistolario. Their controversial interest is considerable, but Cola proved, as might have been expected, a difficult catechumen to instruct. Little by little, as months elapsed, and the rigors of the northern winter began to tell upon a frame already enfeebled by the commencement of organic disease, the tone of lofty confidence which marks the earlier of these letters gives place to one of deep discouragement, and that fixed presentiment of impending death which is expressed in Cola's letter of confession, already quoted, to the monk of Monte Sant' Angelo.

Cola admits at last that he may have exaggerated the importance of his own mission, but never for one moment does he profess himself convinced of doctrinal error. Finally he appears

himself to have entreated the Emperor to hand him over to the papal tribunal, and so end the wearing suspense of his position in Bohemia; and accordingly, in June, 1352, nearly two years after his arrival in Prague, he was at last sent, under a strong guard, to Avignon.

There is no particular reason for supposing that the cell in the great papal palace there, which continues to this day to be shown as Cola's, was in reality his; but it makes little difference. Into one of the innumerable dungeons which underlie that stupendous fabric Cola was unquestionably thrown, and he lay there for several months before his trial came on. In some respects he was mercifully treated. He was permitted to engage an advocate for his trial; he was allowed his favorite books, namely, the Bible and the History of Livy; and Petrarch, now living in sad seclusion and mourning for his Laura at Vaucluse, appears to have done all he could for his friend and hero of former days. "Consider to what he is reduced," wrote the poet to a friend in Florence,[1] — "that terrible Tribune, before whom the world once trembled, who inspired the weak with confidence and the great with terror. The Emperor has made a present of him to the Pope! I have no words in which to qualify so infamous a transaction." Petrarch also addressed a stirring appeal to the Roman people (unsigned, indeed, but its authorship was sufficiently well known) on behalf of the man to whose genius and devotion they had owed their one brief glimpse, in that generation, of peace and prosperity. Afterwards, when judgment had gone against the heretic and usurper, as of course it was bound to do, the poet actually contrived to delay the execution of his sentence on the curiously frivolous plea of "Rienzo's services to literature;" and thus, as the event proved, he saved his life, and made way for his last brief and lurid apparition upon the Roman stage.

On the 6th of December, 1352, Clement VI. died suddenly, and the choice of the hastily assembled conclave fell upon a man who had very little in common with his luxurious and lettered predecessor. Étienne Aubert, who took the name of Innocent VI., was a born ascetic and a determined reformer. "He was a man of pure life and little learning," says Villani, and his views concerning the insolence of the secular lords and the shameful license of the clergy were much the same as Cola's own. One of his first acts as Pontiff was to order a new trial for the Tribune, reverse the sentence which had been passed upon him, and pronounce him free from all taint of fatal heresy. Later on, the new Pope conferred upon Rienzo the dignity of Roman senator, and in the ensuing year dispatched him to Italy, in the suite of his lately elected legate, the warlike Spanish Cardinal Albernoz, to try the effect upon his own more than ever intractable subjects in the states of the Church of whatever might remain of Cola's old prestige.

Two only of the documents collected in the Epistolario belong to this closing period of Rienzo's career. They are an appeal for aid to the commune of Florence, expressed with much of the old force and fire, and a singular communication, to which we may perhaps refer in another place, addressed to the most modest and yet plausible of all royal pretenders, that claimant of the crown of France who is known in history as Gianni di Guccio of Siena.

After serving during the summer in the army of Albernoz, and assisting at a second capitulation of Viterbo, Cola considered that the time was ripe for him to begin to act independently of his colleague, and once more, and for the last time, he turned his face toward the Mecca of his soul. It seemed at first as though the enthusiasm of the Romans for their Tribune and Liber-

[1] Francesco di Nello, prior of the SS. Apostoli.

ator had revived in full force. They sent deputations as far as Orte to meet him on his way, and on the 1st of August, 1354, exactly seven years from the day of that pompous fête when all the world had been invited to witness Rienzo's earlier triumph, he entered Rome after a fashion which recalled to one, at least, of the spectators "the return of Scipio Africanus."

But it was not the same Cola who thus came back to the city of his pride and devotion. He was barely forty-one years old, but his frame was bloated and enfeebled by advanced heart disease, and his mind, partly, it may be, from the same cause, more than ever unbalanced and visionary; so that he who had once dared to compare his own work for the people whom he loved to that of the Saviour of mankind might well have remembered, as he passed the gates of Rome, the triumphal entry of our Lord into the city over which he had wept and where he was so soon to be slain. Cola had a populace to reduce to order among whom matters and manners had been going from bad to worse ever since the year of the jubilee. He had a war upon his hands with Stefanello Colonna, the only direct descendant of old Stefano's line, heir to the accumulated hatred of all his race, and their determined avenger. Last, but not least, he found an empty treasury; and the imposts which he proceeded to levy for carrying on the indispensable military operations were instantly and angrily resisted. Stefanello had thrown himself into the citadel of Palestrina, that fortress of his race, over whose dark and crumbling gateway the white marble pillar of the Colonnesi still glances, in hours of sunshine, across the whole breadth of the Campagna, like the flashing of a haughty eye. Cola led in person, as far as Tivoli, a sullen and unwilling army to the assault of this stronghold, but here his troops mutinied and demanded pay for their services of the previous year, under Albernoz, at the siege of Viterbo; and there lies against the Tribune the heavy imputation of having arrested on a false accusation, and treacherously slain, at this crisis, his ally, the *condottiere* Monreale, for the sake of appropriating the enormous booty which this man was known to have deposited with certain bankers in Perugia. If he did indeed sanction this crime, it availed him nothing. The siege of Palestrina had to be abandoned. Cola returned, discomfited, to the Capitol, and it only remains for us to gather from the painfully minute narrative of his contemporary biographer a few particulars concerning the last scene of all in this strange and eventful history.

"It was in October [1354], and the eighth day of the month. Cola was in bed in the morning, when he suddenly heard voices crying, 'Viva lo popolo! Viva lo popolo!' At the sound of these words men began to pour in from the neighboring streets, and as the crowd gathered the tumult increased. Armed bands also arrived from Sant' Angelo and the Column of Trajan" (that is, from the posts of the Orsini and Colonnesi), "as though they had planned to effect a junction; and then the cry changed, and what they said was, 'Death to the traitor, Cola di Rienzo! Death to the traitor who has laid the tax upon us!' But the Tribune made no answer to these cries. He neither caused the great bell to be rung, nor ordered his people to arms. Only at first he said, 'They say, long live the people, and I say so, too. 'T is to save the people that I am here.' But when he found that the cries grew more hostile, and especially when he perceived that he had been abandoned by all except three of those who dwelt within the Campidoglio, — judges, notaries, guards, all had fled to save their own skins, — a terrible doubt seized him. . . . He asked those three what was to be done; then, recovering

his own courage, he cried, 'By my faith, this thing shall not be!' and he proceeded to put on all his knightly armor, greaves, cuirass, and plumed helmet. He then grasped the banner of the people, and, stepping out alone upon the balcony of the great upper hall, he stretched forth his hand as though he would speak. Doubtless, if they would but have listened to him, he might have changed their temper and defeated their purpose; but the Romans would not hear him. They were like swine. They flung stones, and battered the walls, and ran for brands to set fire to the doors. . . . Then Cola unfurled the standard, and pointed with both hands to the letters of gold and the arms of the citizens of Rome, as who should say, 'You will not let me speak! Yet I am a citizen, and I am of the people, like yourselves, and I love you, and if you will kill me, kill me as a Roman citizen!' But these gentle ways availed him nothing. The senseless populace only raged the more, shouting, 'Death to the traitor!' . . .

"Then the Tribune, in his despair, surrendered himself to chance. Standing in full view behind the railing, he first took off his helmet and then put it on again, which showed that he was wavering between two opinions. The first was the desire to die with honor, sword in hand and fully armed, in the face of all the people, like a magnificent and imperial personage, and this he signified when he put on his helmet; and the second was the longing to escape, and this he betrayed by taking off his helmet. These two desires contended in his mind, but the longing for life conquered; for he was a man like another, and he did not wish to die. And so, hesitating in his mind, he chose at last the most spiritless and shameful part of all. . . . Already the Roman mob, with oil and pitch and wood, had fired the outer door, and now the ceiling of the *loggia* and the second door began to kindle, and all the woodwork, bit by bit, and the cracking noise was horrible to hear. Then it seemed to the Tribune as if he might escape through the fire itself, . . . and he took off his grand seigniorial outer garments and flung aside his armor, and — alas that I should have to tell it! — he cut off his beard and blackened his face, and so disguised went down, . . . and passed the burning door and the stairs and the terror of the falling beams and the inner door in safety, and the fire had not touched him. Only at the last door one stopped him with the cry, 'Whither goest thou?' . . . He was discovered, and there was no help. They took him by the arm and forced him backward over all the stairways, yet without harming him, until they came to that place of the Lions where so many other men had heard their death-warrant. Where he had condemned others, there was he stayed, and there fell upon all a great silence, for at first no man dared to touch him. So stood he for well-nigh an hour, with shorn beard and blackened visage, in his green silk tunic girded at the waist, with his gold-embroidered gauntlets and purple hose, after the fashion of a lord; and he held his arms steadily folded, and merely glanced about him from time to time. Then Cecco del Vecchio seized a beam, and gave him a great blow in the abdomen, and another smote him over the head with a sword, and another and another, but he never moved. He was dead with the first blow, and felt no pain. . . .

"Such was the end of Cola di Rienzo, the great Tribune of Rome, who set himself as an example to the Roman people."

Harriet Waters Preston.
Louise Dodge.

PENELOPE'S ENGLISH EXPERIENCES.

IN TWO PARTS. PART FIRST.

THE CITY.

I.

HERE we are in London again, — Francesca, Salemina, and I. Salemina is a philanthropist of the Boston philanthropists, limited. I am an artist. Francesca is — It is very difficult to label Francesca. She is, at her present stage of development, just a nice girl; that is about all. The sense of humanity has n't dawned upon her yet. She is even unaware that personal responsibility for the universe has come into vogue, and so she is happy.

Francesca is short of twenty years old, Salemina short of forty, I short of thirty. Francesca is in love, Salemina never has been in love, I never shall be in love. Francesca is rich, Salemina is well-to-do, I am poor. There we are in a nutshell.

We are not only in London again, but we are again in Smith's private hotel; one of those deliciously comfortable and ensnaring hostelries in Mayfair which one enters as a solvent human being, and which one leaves as a bankrupt, no matter what may be the number of ciphers on one's letter of credit; since the greater one's apparent supply of wealth, the greater the demand made upon it. I never stop long in London without determining to give up my art for a private hotel. There must be millions in it, but I fear I lack some of the essential qualifications for success. I never could have the heart, for example, to charge a struggling young genius eight shillings a week for two candles, and then eight shillings the next week for the same two candles, which the struggling young genius, by dint of vigorous economy, has managed to preserve to a decent height. No, I could never do it, not even if I were certain that she would squander the sixteen shillings in Bond Street fripperies instead of laying them up against the rainy day.

II.

It is Salemina who always unsnarls the weekly bill. Francesca spends an evening or two with it, first of all, because, since she is so young, we think it good mental training for her. Not that she ever accomplishes any results worth mentioning. She makes three columns, headed respectively F., S., and P. Then she places in each the items in which we are all equal, such as rooms, attendance, and lights. Then come the extras, which are different for each person: more ale for one, more hot baths for another; more carriages for one, more lemon squashes for another. (Francesca's column is principally filled with carriages and lemon squashes. You would think she hired the first merely for the purpose of drinking the second.) When she has reached the point of dividing the whole bill into three parts, so that each person may know what is her share, she adds the three together, expecting, not unnaturally, to get the total amount of the bill. Not at all. She never comes within thirty shillings of the desired amount, and she is often three or four guineas to the good or to the bad. One of her difficulties lies in her inability to remember that in English money it makes a difference where you place a figure, whether in the pound, shilling, or pence column. Having been educated on the theory that a six is a six the world over, she charged me with sixty shillings' worth of Apollinaris in one week. I pounced on the error, and found that

she had jotted down each pint in the shilling instead of in the pence column.

After Francesca has broken ground on the bill in this way, Salemina, on the next leisure evening, draws a large arm-chair under the lamp and puts on her eyeglasses. We perch on either arm, and, after identifying our own extras, we leave her toiling like Cicero in his retirement at Tusculum. By midnight she has generally brought the account to a point where a half-hour's fresh attention in the early morning will finish it. Not that she makes it come out right to a penny. She has been treasurer of the Boston Band of Benevolence, of the Saturday Morning Slöjd Circle, of the Club for the Reception of Russian Refugees, and of the Society for the Brooding of Buddhism; but none of these organizations carries on its existence by means of pounds, shillings, and pence, or Salemina's resignation would have been requested long ago. However, we are not disposed to be captious; we are too glad to get rid of the bill. If our united thirds make four or five shillings in excess, we divide them equally; if it comes the other way about, we make it up in the same manner; always meeting the sneers of masculine critics with Dr. Holmes's remark that a faculty for numbers is a sort of detached-lever arrangement that can be put into a mighty poor watch.

III.

Salemina is so English! I can't think how she manages. She is, in fact, more than English; she is British. She discourses of methylated spirits as if she had never in her life heard it called "alcohol," and all the English equivalents for Americanisms are ready for use on the tip of her tongue. She says "conserv't'ry" and "observ't'ry;" she calls the chambermaid "Mairy," which is infinitely softer, to be sure, than the American "Mary," with its over-long *ā;* she ejaculates, "Quite so!" in all the pauses of conversation, and talks of smoke-rooms, and camisoles, and luggage-vans, and slip-bodies, and trams, and mangling, and goffering. She also eats jam for breakfast as if she had been reared on it, when every one knows that the average American has to contract the jam habit by patient and continuous practice.

As for me, I get on charmingly with the English nobility and sufficiently well with the gentry, but the upper servants strike terror to my soul. There is something awe-inspiring to me about an English butler, particularly one in imposing livery. When I call upon Lady DeWolfe, I say to myself impressively, as I go up the steps: "You are as good as a butler, as well born and well bred as a butler, even more intelligent than a butler. Now, simply because he has an unapproachable haughtiness of demeanor, which you can respectfully admire, but can never hope to imitate, do not cower beneath the polar light of his eye; assert yourself; be a woman; be an American citizen!" All in vain. The moment the door opens I ask for Lady DeWolfe in so timid a tone that I know Parker thinks me the parlor maid's sister who has rung the visitor's bell by mistake. If my lady is within, I follow Parker to the drawing-room, my knees shaking under me at the prospect of committing some solecism in his sight. Lady DeWolfe's husband has been noble only four months, and Parker of course knows it, and perhaps affects even greater *hauteur* to divert the attention of the vulgar commoner from the newness of the title.

Dawson, our butler at Smith's private hotel, wields the same blighting influence on our republican spirits, accustomed to the soft solicitations of the negro waiter or the comfortable indifference of the free-born American. We never indulge in ordinary frivolous conversation when Dawson is serving us at dinner. We "talk up" to him so far as we are able, and before we utter any remark we inquire mentally whether Dawson is likely

to think it good form. But the other afternoon I had taken tea four times between five and seven o'clock, and went to the dinner table well stimulated and with something of my usual national nonchalance. Accordingly, I maintained throughout dinner a lofty height of aristocratic elegance that impressed even the impassive Dawson, towards whom it was solely directed. To the amazement and amusement of Salemina (who always takes my cheerful inanities at their face value), I gave an hypothetical account of my afternoon engagements, interlarding it so thickly with countesses and marchionesses and lords and honorables that though Dawson has passed soup to duchesses, and scarcely ever handed a plate to anything less than a baroness, he diluted the customary scorn of his glance, and made it two parts condescending approval as it rested on me, Penelope Hamilton, of the great American working class (unlimited).

IV.

Apropos of the servants, it seems to me that the British footman has relaxed a trifle since we were last here; or is it possible that he reaches the height of his immobility at the height of the London season, and as it declines does he decline and become flesh? At all events, I have twice seen a footman change his weight from one leg to the other, as he stood at a shop entrance with his lady's mantle over his arm; twice have I seen one scratch his chin, and several times have I observed others, during this month of August, conduct themselves in many respects like animate objects with vital organs. Lest this incendiary statement be challenged, leveled as it is at an institution whose stability and order are but feebly represented by the eternal march of the stars in their courses, I hasten to explain that in none of these cases cited was it a powdered footman who (to use a Delsartean expression) withdrew will from his body and devitalized it before the public eye. I have observed that the powdered personage has much greater control over his muscles than the ordinary footman with human hair, and is infinitely his superior in rigidity.

I tremble to think of what the powdered footman may become when he unbends in the bosom of his family. When, in the privacy of his own apartments, the powder is washed off, the canary-seed pads removed from his aristocratic calves, and his scarlet and buff magnificence exchanged for a simple *négligé*, I should think he might be guilty of almost any indiscretion or violence. I for one would never consent to be the wife and children of a powdered footman, and receive him in his moments of reaction.

V.

Is it to my credit, or to my eternal dishonor, that I once made a powdered footman smile, and that, too, when he was handing a buttered muffin to an earl's daughter?

It was while we were paying a visit at Marjorimallow Hall, Sir Owen and Lady Marjorimallow's place in Surrey. This was to be our first appearance in an English country house, and we made elaborate preparations. Only our freshest toilets were packed, and these were arranged in our trunks with the sole view of impressing the lady's maid who should unpack them. We each purchased dressing-cases and new toilet articles, Francesca's being of sterling silver, Salemina's of triple plate, and mine of celluloid, as befitted our several fortunes. Salemina read up on English politics; Francesca practiced a new way of dressing her hair; I tuned my guitar and made up a portfolio of sketches. We counted, therefore, on representing American letters, beauty, and arts to that portion of the great English public staying at Marjorimallow Hall. (I must interject a parenthesis here to the effect that matters did not move precisely as we expected; for at table, where most

of our time was passed, Francesca had for a neighbor a scientist, who asked her plump whether the religion of the American Indian was or was not a pure theism; Salemina's partner objected to the word "politics" in the mouth of a woman; while my attendant squire adored a good bright-colored chromo, and called my guitar a banjo. But this is anticipating.)

Three days before our departure, I remarked at the breakfast table, Dawson being absent: "My dear girls, you are aware that we have ordered fried eggs, scrambled eggs, and poached eggs ever since we came to Dovermarle Street, simply because we cannot eat boiled eggs from the shell, English fashion, and cannot break them into a glass, American fashion, on account of the effect upon Dawson. Now there will certainly be boiled eggs at Marjorimallow Hall, and we cannot refuse them morning after morning; it will be cowardly (which is unpleasant), and it will be remarked (which is worse). Eating them from a glass, in a baronial hall, with the remains of a drawbridge in the grounds, is equally impossible; if we do that, Lady Marjorimallow will be having our luggage examined, to see if we carry war whoops and wigwams about with us. No, it is clearly necessary that we master the gentle art of eating eggs tidily and prettily from the shell. I have seen Englishwomen — very dull ones, too — do it without apparent effort; I have even seen an English infant do it, and that without soiling her apron, or 'messing her pinafore,' as Salemina would say. I propose, therefore, that we order soft-boiled eggs daily; that we send Dawson from the room directly breakfast is served; and that then and there we have a class for opening eggs, lowest grade, object method. Any person who cuts the shell badly, or permits the egg to leak over the rim, or allows yellow dabs on the plate, or upsets the cup, or stains her fingers, shall be fined 'tuppence' and locked into her bedroom for five minutes."

The first morning we were all in the bedroom together, and, there being no innocent person to collect fines, the wildest civil disorder prevailed.

On the second day Salemina and I improved slightly, but Francesca had passed a sleepless night, and her hand trembled (the love-letter mail had come in from America). We were obliged to tell her, as we collected "tuppence" twice on the same egg, that she must either remain at home, or take an oilcloth apron to Marjorimallow Hall.

But "ease is the lovely result of forgotten toil." On the third morning success crowned our efforts. Salemina smiled, and I told an anecdote, during the operation. Accordingly, when eggs were brought to the breakfast table at Marjorimallow Hall, we were only slightly nervous. Francesca was at the far end of the long table, and I do not know how she fared, but from various Anglicisms that Salemina dropped, as she chatted with the Queen's Counsel on her left, I could see that her nerve was steady and circulation free. We exchanged glances (there was the mistake!), and with a hollow laugh she struck her egg a nervous blow with a knife. Her egg-cup slipped and lurched; a top fraction of the egg flew in the direction of the Q. C., and the remaining portion oozed, in yellow confusion, rapidly into her plate. Alas for that past mistress of elegant dignity, Salemina! If I had been at her Majesty's table, I should have smiled, even if I had gone to the Tower the next moment; but as it was, I became hysterical. My neighbor, a portly member of Parliament, looked amazed, Salemina grew scarlet, the situation was charged with danger; and, rapidly viewing the various exits, I chose the humorous one, and told as picturesquely as possible the whole story of our school of egg-opening in Dovermarle Street, the highly arduous and

encouraging rehearsals conducted there, and the stupendous failure incident to our first public appearance. Sir Owen led the good-natured laughter and applause; lords and ladies, Q. C.'s and M. P.'s, joined in with a will; poor Salemina raised her drooping head, opened and ate a second egg with the repose of a Vere de Vere — and the footman smiled!

VI.

I do not see why we hear that the Englishman is deficient in a sense of humor. His jokes may not be a matter of daily food to him, as they are to the American; he may not love whimsicality with the same passion, nor inhale the aroma of a witticism with as keen a relish; but he likes fun whenever he sees it, and he sees it as often as most people. It may be that we find the Englishman more receptive to our bits of feminine nonsense just now, simply because this is the day of the American woman in London, and, having been assured that she is an entertaining personage, young John Bull is willing to take it for granted so long as she does n't want to marry him, and even this pleasure he will allow her on occasion.

The longer I live, the more I feel it an absurdity to label nations with national traits, and then endeavor to make individuals conform to the required standard. It is possible, I suppose, to draw certain broad distinctions, though even these are subject to change; but the habit of generalizing from one particular, that mainstay of the cheap and obvious essayist, has rooted many fictions in the public mind. Nothing, for instance, can blot from my memory the profound, searching, and exhaustive analysis of a great nation which I learned in my small geography when I was a child, namely, "The French are a gay and polite people, fond of dancing and light wines."

One young Englishman whom I have met lately errs on the side of over-appreciation. He laughs before, during, and after every remark I make, unless it be a simple request for food or drink. This is an acquaintance of Willie Beresford, the Honorable Arthur Ponsonby, who was the "whip" on our coach drive to Dorking, — dear, delightful, adorable Dorking, of hen celebrity.

Salemina insisted on my taking the box seat, in the hope that the Honorable Arthur would amuse me. She little knew him! He sapped me of all my ideas, and gave me none in exchange. Anything so unspeakably heavy I never encountered. It is very difficult for a woman who does n't know a nigh horse from an off one, nor the wheelers from the headers (or is it the fronters?), to find subjects of conversation with a gentleman who spends three fourths of his existence on a coach. It was the more difficult for me because I could not decide whether Willie Beresford was cross because I was devoting myself to the whip, or because Francesca had remained at home with a headache. This state of affairs continued for about fifteen miles, when it suddenly dawned upon the Honorable Arthur that, however mistaken my motive, I was trying to be agreeable. This conception acted on the honest and amiable soul like magic. I gradually became comprehensible, and finally he gave himself up to the theory that, though eccentric, I was harmless and amusing, so we got on famously, — so famously that Willie Beresford grew ridiculously gloomy, and I decided that it could n't be Francesca's headache.

"I don't understand your business signs in England," I said to the Honorable Arthur, "this 'Company, Limited,' and that 'Company, Limited.' That one, of course, is quite plain" (pointing to the front of a building on the village street), "'Goat's Milk Company, Limited;' I suppose they have but one or two goats, and necessarily the milk must be limited."

Salemina says that this was not in the least funny, that it was absolutely flat;

but it had quite the opposite effect upon the Honorable Arthur. He had no command over himself or his horses for some minutes; and at intervals during the afternoon the full felicity of the idea would steal upon him, and the smile of reminiscence would flit across his ruddy face.

The next day, at the Eton and Harrow games at Lord's cricket ground, he presented three flowers of British aristocracy to our party, and asked me each time to tell the goat story, which he had previously told himself, and probably murdered in the telling. Not content with this arrant flattery, he begged to be allowed to recount some of my international episodes to a literary friend who writes for Punch. I demurred decidedly, but Salemina said that perhaps I ought to be willing to lower myself a trifle for the sake of elevating Punch! This home thrust so delighted the Honorable Arthur that it remained his favorite joke for days, and the poor overworked goat was permitted to enjoy that oblivion from which Salemina insists it should never have emerged.

VII.

The Honorable Arthur, Salemina, and I took a stroll in Hyde Park one Sunday afternoon, not for the purpose of joining the fashionable throng of "pretty people" at Stanhope Gate, but to mingle with the common herd in its special precincts, — precincts not set apart, indeed, by any legal formula, but by a natural law of classification which seems to be inherent in the universe. It was a curious and motley crowd, a little dull, perhaps, but orderly, well behaved, and self-respecting, with here and there part of the flotsam and jetsam of a great city, a ragged, sodden, hopeless wretch wending his way about with the rest, thankful for any diversion.

Under the trees, each in the centre of his group, large or small according to his magnetism and eloquence, stood the park "shouter," airing his special grievance, playing his special part, preaching his special creed, pleading his special cause, — anything, probably, for the sake of shouting. We were plainly dressed, and did not attract observation as we joined the outside circle of one of these groups after another. It was as interesting to watch the listeners as the speakers. I wished I might paint the sea of faces, eager, anxious, stolid, attentive, happy and unhappy: histories written on many of them; others blank, unmarked by any thought or aspiration. I stole a sidelong look at the Honorable Arthur. He is an Englishman first, and a man afterwards (I prefer it the other way), but he does not realize it; he thinks he is just like all other good fellows, but he is mistaken. He and Willie Beresford speak the same language, but they are as different as Malay and Esquimaux. He is an extreme type, but he is very likable and very well worth looking at, with his long coat, his silk hat, and the white Malmaison in his buttonhole. He is always so radiantly, fascinatingly clean, the Honorable Arthur, simple, frank, direct, sensible, and he bores me almost to tears.

The first orator was edifying his hearers with an explanation of the drama of The Corsican Brothers, and his eloquence, unlike that of the other speakers, was largely inspired by the hope of pennies. It was a novel idea, and his interpretation was rendered very amusing to us by the wholly original Yorkshire accent which he gave to the French personages and places in the play.

An Irishman in black clerical garb held the next group together. He was in some trouble, owing to a pig-headed and quarrelsome Scotchman in the front rank, who objected to each statement that fell from his lips, thus interfering seriously with the effect of his peroration. If the Irishman had been more convincing, I suppose the crowd would have silenced the scoffer, for they always manage these

little matters of discipline for themselves; but the Scotchman's points were too well taken, so trenchant, in fact, at times that a voice would cry, "Coom up, Sandy, an 'ave it all yer own w'y, boy!" The discussion continued as long as we were within hearing distance, for the Irishman, though amiable and ignorant, was firm, the "unconquered Scot" was on his native heath of argument, and the little knot of listeners were willing to give them both a hearing.

Under the next tree a fluent cockney lad of sixteen or eighteen years was declaiming his bitter experiences with the Salvation Army. He had been sheltered in one of its beds which was not to his taste, and it had found employment for him which he had to walk twenty-two miles to get, and which was not to his liking when he did get it. A meeting of the Salvation Army at a little distance rendered his speech more interesting, as its points were repeated and denied as fast as made.

Of course there were religious groups, and temperance groups, and groups devoted to the tearing down or raising up of most things except the government; for on that day there were no Anarchist and Socialist shouters, as is ordinarily the case.

As we strolled down one of the broad roads under the shade of the noble trees, we saw the sun setting in a red-gold haze; a glory of vivid color made indescribably tender and opalescent by the kind of luminous mist that veils it; a wholly English sunset, and an altogether lovely one. And quite away from the other knots of people there leaned against a bit of wire fence a poor old man surrounded by half a dozen children and one tired woman with a nursing baby. He had a tattered book, which seemed to be the story of the Gospels, and his little flock sat on the greensward at his feet as he read. It may be that he, too, had been a shouter in his lustier manhood, and had held a larger audience together by the power of his belief; but now he was helpless to attract any but the children. Whether it was the pathos of his white hairs, his garb of shreds and patches, or the mild benignity of his eye that moved me I know not, but among all the Sunday shouters in Hyde Park it seemed to me that that quavering voice of the past spoke with the truest note.

VIII.

The English Park Lover, loving his love on a green bench in Kensington Gardens or Regent's Park, or indeed in any spot where there is a green bench, so long as it is within full view of the passer-by, — this English public Lover, male or female, is a most interesting study, for we have not his exact prototype in America. He is thoroughly respectable, I should think, my urban Colin. He does not have the air of a gay deceiver roving from flower to flower, stealing honey as he goes; he looks, on the contrary, as if it were his intention to lead Phœbe to the altar on his first half-holiday; there is a dead calm in his actions which bespeaks no other course. If Colin were a Don Juan, surely he would be a trifle more ardent, for there is no tropical fervor in his matter-of-fact caresses. He does not embrace Phœbe in the park, apparently, because he adores her to madness; because her smile is like fire in his veins, melting down all his defenses; because the intoxication of her nearness is irresistible; because, in fine, he cannot wait until he finds a more secluded spot: nay, verily, he embraces her because — tell me, ye amorous fruiterers, poulterers, soldiers, haberdashers (limited), what is your reason? for it does not appear to the casual eye. Stormy weather does not vex the calm of the Park Lover, for "the rains of Marly do not wet" when one is in love. By a clever manipulation of four arms and four hands they can manage an umbrella and enfold each other at the same time, though a feminine mackintosh is well known to be

ill adapted to the purpose, and a continuous drizzle would dampen almost any other lover in the universe.

The park embrace, as nearly as I can analyze it, seems to be one part instinct, one part duty, one part custom, and one part reflex action. I have purposely omitted pleasure (which, in the analysis of the ordinary embrace, reduces all the other ingredients to an almost invisible fraction), because I fail to find it; but I am willing to believe that in some rudimentary form it does exist, because man attends to no purely unpleasant matter with such praiseworthy assiduity. Anything more fixedly stolid than the Park Lover when he passes his arm round his chosen one and takes her crimson hand in his, I have never seen; unless indeed it be the fixed stolidity of the chosen one herself. There is a kind of superb finish and completeness about their indifference to the public gaze which removes it from ordinary immodesty, and gives it a certain scientific value. I had not at first the assurance even to glance at them as I passed by, blushing myself to the roots of my hair, though the offenders themselves never changed color. Many a time have I walked out of my way or lowered my parasol, for fear of invading their Sunday Eden; but a spirit of inquiry awoke in me at last, and I began to make psychological investigations, with a view to finding out at what point embarrassment would appear in the Park Lover. I experimented (it was a most arduous and unpleasant task) with upwards of two hundred couples, and it is interesting to record that self-consciousness was not apparent in a single instance. It was not merely that they failed to resent my stopping in the path directly opposite them, or my glaring most offensively at their intertwined persons, nor that they even allowed me to sit upon their green bench and witness their chaste salutes, but that they did fail to perceive me at all! Does not this bovine simplicity, this claimance of absolute privacy in the midst of a curious crowd, approach sublimity?

IX.

Among all my English experiences, none occupies so important a place as my forced meeting with the Duke of Cimicifugas. (There can be no harm in my telling the incident, so long as I do not give the right names, which are very well known to fame.) The Duchess of Cimicifugas, who is charming, unaffected, and lovable, so report says, has among her chosen friends an untitled woman whom we will call Mrs. Apis Mellifica. I met her only daughter, Hilda, in America, and we became quite intimate. It seems that Mrs. Apis Mellifica, who has an income of £20,000 a year, often exchanges presents with the duchess, and at this time she had brought with her from the Continent some rare old tapestries with which to adorn a new morning-room at Cimicifugas House. These tapestries were to be hung during the absence of the duchess in Homburg, and were to greet her as a birthday surprise on her return. Hilda Mellifica, who is one of the most talented amateur artists in London, and who has exquisite taste in all matters of decoration, was to go down to the ducal residence to inspect the work, and she obtained permission from Lady Veratrum (the confidential companion of the duchess) to bring me with her. I started on this journey to the country with all possible delight, little surmising the agonies that lay in store for me in the mercifully hidden future.

The tapestries were perfect, and Lady Veratrum was most amiable and affable, though the blue blood of the Belladonnas courses in her veins, and her great-grandfather was the celebrated Earl of Rhus Tox, who rendered such notable service to his sovereign. We roamed through the splendid apartments, inspected the superb picture gallery, where scores of dead-and-gone Cimicifugases (most of them very plain) were glorified by the

art of Van Dyck, Sir Joshua, or Gainsborough, and admired the priceless collections of marbles and cameos and bronzes. It was about four o'clock when we were conducted to a magnificent apartment for a brief rest, as we were to return to London at half past six. As Lady Veratrum left us, she remarked casually, "His Grace will join us at tea."

The door closed, and at the same moment I fell upon the brocaded satin state bed and tore off my hat and gloves like one distraught.

"Hilda," I gasped, "you brought me here, and you must rescue me, for I will never meet a duke alive!"

"Nonsense, Penelope, don't be absurd," she replied. "I have never happened to see him myself, and I am a trifle nervous, but it cannot be very terrible, I should think."

"Not to you, perhaps, but to me impossible," I said. "I thought he was in Homburg, or I would never have entered this place. Does one call him 'your Grace' or 'your Royal Highness'?"

X.

Just at this moment Lady Veratrum sent a haughty maid to ask us if we would meet her under the trees in the park which surrounds the house. I hailed this as a welcome reprieve to the dreaded function of tea with the Duke, and made up my mind, while descending the marble staircase, that I would slip away and lose myself accidentally in the grounds, appearing only in time for the London train. This happy mode of issue from my difficulties lent a springiness to my step, as we followed a waxwork footman over the velvet sward to a nook under a group of copper beeches. But there, to my horror, stood a charmingly appointed tea-table glittering with silver and Royal Worcester, with several liveried servants bringing cakes and muffins and berries to Lady Veratrum, who sat behind the steaming urn. I started to retreat, when there appeared, walking towards us, a simple man, with nothing in the least extraordinary about him.

"That cannot be the Duke of Cimicifugas," thought I, "a man in a corduroy jacket, without a sign of a suite; probably it is a Banished Duke come from the Forest of Arden for a buttered muffin."

But it was the Duke of Cimicifugas, and no other. Hilda was presented first, while I tried to fire my courage by thinking of the Puritan Fathers, and Plymouth Rock, and the Boston Tea-Party, and the battle of Bunker Hill. Then my turn came, and hastily forming myself upon Ada Rehan in The Taming of the Shrew, whose counterfeit presentment suddenly appeared to me as in a vision, I murmured some words which might have been anything. Then we talked, — at least the Duke and Lady Veratrum talked. Hilda said a few blameless words, such as befitted an untitled English virgin in the presence of the nobility; while I maintained the probationary silence required by Socrates of his first year's pupils. My idea was to observe this first duke without uttering a word, to talk with the second (if I should ever meet a second), to chat with the third, and to secure the fourth for Francesca to take home to America with her. Of course I know that dukes are very dear, but she could afford any reasonable sum, if she found one whom she fancied; the principal obstacle in the path is that tiresome American lawyer with whom she considers herself in love. I have never gone beyond that first experience, however, for dukes in England are as rare as snakes in Ireland. I can't think why they allow them to die out so, — the dukes, not the snakes. If a country is to have an aristocracy, let there be enough of it, say I, and make it imposing at the top, where it shows most.

XI.

Francesca wishes to get some old hall-marked silver for her home tea tray, and

she is absorbed at present in answering advertisements of people who have second-hand pieces for sale, and who offer to bring them on approval. The other day, when Willie Beresford and I came in from Westminster Abbey, we thought Francesca must be giving a "small and early;" but it transpired that all the silver-sellers had called at the same hour, and it took the united strength of Dawson and Mr. Beresford, together with my diplomacy, to rescue the poor child from their clutches. She came out alive, but her safety was purchased at the cost of a George IV. cream jug, an Elizabethan sugar bowl, and a Boadicea tea caddy, which were, I doubt not, manufactured in Wardour Street towards the close of the nineteenth century.

Salemina came in just then, cold and tired. (Tower and National Gallery the same day. It 's so much more work to go to the Tower nowadays than it used to be!) It was drizzling, so we had a cosy fire, slipped into our tea-gowns, and ordered tea and thin bread and butter, a basket of strawberries with their frills on, and a jug of Devonshire cream. Willie Beresford asked if he might stay; otherwise, he said, he should have to sit at a cold marble table on the corner of Bond Street and Piccadilly, and take his tea in bachelor solitude.

"Yes," I said severely, "we will allow you to stay; though, as you are coming to dinner, I should think you would have to go away some time, if only in order that you might get ready to come back. You 've been here since breakfast time."

"Quite so," he answered calmly, "and my only error in judgment was that I did n't take an earlier breakfast, in order to begin my day here sooner. One has to snatch a moment when he can, nowadays; for these rooms are so infested with British swells that a base-born American stands very little chance!"

Now I should like to know if Willie Beresford is in love with Francesca. What shall I do — that is, what shall we do — if he is, when she is in love with somebody else? To be sure, she may want one lover for foreign and another for domestic service. He is too old for her, but that is always the way. "When Alcides, having gone through all the fatigues of life, took a bride in Olympus, he ought to have selected Minerva, but he chose Hebe."

I wonder why so many people call him "Willie" Beresford, at his age. Perhaps it is because his mother sets the example; but from her lips it does not seem amiss. I suppose when she looks at him she recalls the past, and is ever seeing the little child in the strong man, mother fashion. It is very beautiful, that feeling; and when a girl surprises it in any mother's eyes it makes her heart beat faster, as in the presence of something sacred, which she can understand only because she is a woman, and experience is foreshadowed in intuition.

The Honorable Arthur had sent us a dozen London dailies and weeklies, and we fell into an idle discussion of their contents over the teacups. I had found an "exchange column" which was as interesting as it was novel, and I told Francesca it seemed to me that if we managed wisely we could rid ourselves of all our useless belongings, and gradually amass a collection of the English articles we most desired. "Here is an opportunity, for instance," I said, and I read aloud, —

"'*S. G., of Kensington, will post Woman three days old regularly for a box of cut flowers.*'"

"Rather young," said Mr. Beresford, "or I 'd answer that advertisement myself."

I wanted to tell him I did n't suppose that he could find anything too young for his taste, but I did n't dare.

"Salemina adores cats," I went on. "How is this, Sally, dear? —

"'*A handsome orange male Persian cat, also a tabby, immense coat, brushes*

and frills, is offered in exchange for an electro-plated revolving covered dish or an Allen's Vapor Bath.'"

"I should like the cat, but alas! I have no covered dish," sighed Salemina.

"Buy one," suggested Mr. Beresford. "Even then you 'd be getting a bargain. Do you understand that you receive the male orange cat for the dish, and the frilled tabby for the bath, or do you get both in exchange for either of these articles? Read on, Miss Hamilton."

"Very well, here is one for Francesca:

"'*A harmonium with seven stops is offered in exchange for a really good Plymouth cockerel hatched in May.*'"

"I should want to know when the harmonium was hatched," said Francesca prudently. "Now you cannot usurp the platform entirely, my dear Pen. Listen to an English marriage notice from the Times. It chances to be the longest one to-day, but there were others just as jointed in yesterday's issue.

"'On the 17th instant, at Emmanuel Church (Countess of Padelford's connection), Weston-super-Mare, by the Rev. Canon Vernon, B. D., Rector of St. Edmund the King and Martyr, Suffolk Street, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. Otho Pelham, M. A., Vicar of All Saints, Upper Norwood, Dr. Philosophial Konrad Rasch, of Koetzsenbroda, Saxony, to Evelyn Whitaker Rake, widow of the late Richard Balaclava Rake, Barrister-at-law of the Inner Temple and Bombay, and third surviving daughter of George Frederic Goldspink, C. B., of Craig House, Sydenham Hill, Commissioner of her Majesty's Customs, and formerly of the War Office.'"

By the time this was finished we were all quite exhausted, but we revived like magic when Salemina read us her contribution: —

"'A Name enshrined in Literature and renowned in Commerce, — Miss Willard, Waddington, Middlesex. Deal with her whenever you possibly can. When you want to purchase, ask her for anything under the canopy of heaven, from jewels, *bijouterie*, and curios to rare books and high-class articles of utility. When you want to sell, consign only to her, from choice gems to mundane objects. All transactions embodying the germs of small profits are welcome. Don't readily forget this or her name and address, — Clara (Miss) Willard (the Lady Trader), Waddington, Middlesex. Immaculate promptitude and scrupulous liberality observed. Intellect appeals to intellect in this advertisement.'"

Just here Dawson entered, evidently to lay the dinner-cloth, but, seeing that we had a visitor, he took the tea-tray and retired discreetly.

"It is five and thirty minutes past six, Mr. Beresford," I said. "Should you think you could get to the Metropole and array yourself and return in less than an hour? Because, even if you can, remember that we ladies have elaborate toilets in prospect, — toilets intended for the complete prostration of the British gentry. Francesca has a yellow gown which will drive Bertie Godolphin to madness. Salemina has laid out a soft, dovelike gray and steel combination, directed towards the Church of England; for you may not know that Sally has a vicar in her train, Mr. Beresford, and he will probably speak to-night. As for me" —

Before these shocking personalities were finished Salemina and Francesca had fled to their rooms, and Mr. Beresford took up my broken sentence and said, "As for you, Miss Hamilton, whatever gown you wear, you are sure to make one man speak, if you care about it; but I suppose you would not listen to him unless he were English;" and with that shot he departed.

I really think I shall have to give up the Francesca hypothesis.

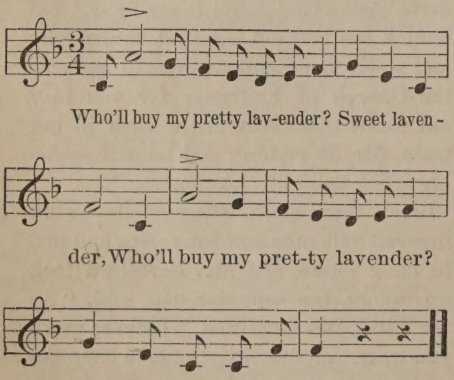
XII.

I shall never forget that evening in Dovermarle Street.

Our large sitting-room has three long French windows, whose outside balconies are filled with potted ferns and blossoming hydrangeas. At one of these open windows sat Salemina, little Bertie Godolphin, Mrs. Beresford, the Honorable Arthur, and Francesca; at another, as far off as possible, sat Willie Beresford and I. Mrs. Beresford had sanctioned a post-prandial cigar, for we were not going out until ten, to see, for the second time, an act of John Hare's Pair of Spectacles.

They were talking and laughing at the other end of the room; Mr. Beresford and I were rather quiet. (Why is it that the people with whom one loves to be silent are also the very ones with whom one loves to talk?)

The room was dim with the light of a single lamp; the rain had ceased; the roar of Piccadilly came to us softened by distance. A belated vender of lavender came along the sidewalk, and as he stopped under the windows the pungent fragrance of the flowers was wafted up to us with his song.



Presently a horse and cart drew up before a hotel, a little farther along, on the opposite side of the way. By the light of the street lamp under which it stopped we could see that it held a piano and two persons beside the driver. The man was masked, and wore a soft felt hat and a velvet coat. He seated himself at the piano and played a Chopin waltz with decided sentiment and brilliancy; then, touching the keys idly for a moment or two, he struck a few chords of prelude and turned towards the woman who sat beside him. She rose, and, laying one hand on the corner of the instrument, began to sing one of the season's favorites, — The Song that touched my Heart. She also was masked, and even her figure was hidden by a long dark cloak, the hood of which was drawn over her head to meet the mask. She sang so beautifully, with such style and such feeling, it seemed incredible to hear her under circumstances like these. She followed the ballad with Händel's "Lascia ch' io pianga," which rang out into the quiet street with almost hopeless pathos. When she descended from the cart to undertake the more prosaic occupation of passing the hat beneath the windows, I could see that she limped slightly, and that the hand with which she pushed back the heavy dark hair under the hood was beautifully moulded. They were all mystery, that couple; not to be confounded for an instant with the common herd of London street musicians. With what an air of the drawing-room did he of the velvet coat help the singer into the cart, and with what elegant abandon and ultra-dilettanteism did he light a cigarette, reseat himself at the piano, and weave Scotch ballads into a charming impromptu! I confess I wrapped my shilling in a bit of paper and dropped it over the balcony with the wish that I knew the tragedy behind this little street drama.

XIII.

The singing had put us in a gentle mood, and after a long peroration from Mr. Beresford, which I do not care to repeat, I said very softly (blessing the Honorable Arthur's vociferous laughter at one of Salemina's American jokes), "But I thought perhaps it was Francesca. Are you quite sure?"

He intimated that if there were any fact in his repertory of which he was particularly and absolutely sure it was this special fact.

"It is too sudden," I objected. "Plants that blossom on shipboard" —

"This plant was rooted in American earth, and you know it, Penelope. If it chanced to blossom on the ship, it was because it had already budded on the shore; it has borne transplanting to a foreign soil, and it grows in beauty and strength every day: so no slurs, please, concerning ocean-steamer hothouses."

"I cannot say yes, yet I dare not say no; it is too soon. I must go off into the country quite by myself and think it over."

"But," urged Mr. Beresford, "you cannot think over a matter of this kind by yourself. You 'll continually be needing to refer to me for data, don't you know, on which to base your conclusions. How can you tell whether you 're in love with me or not if — (No, I am not shouting at all; it 's your guilty conscience; I 'm whispering.) How can you tell whether you 're in love with me, I repeat, unless you keep me under constant examination?"

"That seems sensible, though I dare say it is full of sophistry; but I have made up my mind to go into the country and paint while Salemina and Francesca are on the Continent. One cannot think in this whirl. A winter season in Washington followed by a summer season in London, — one wants a breath of fresh air before beginning another winter season somewhere else. Be a little patient, please. I long for the calm that steals over me when I am absorbed in my brushes and my oils."

"Work is all very well," said Mr. Beresford with determination, "but I know your habits. You have a little way of taking your brush, and with one savage sweep painting out a figure from your canvas. Now if I am on the canvas of your heart, — I say 'if' tentatively and modestly, as becomes me, — I've no intention of allowing you to paint me out; therefore I wish to remain in the foreground, where I can say 'Strike! but hear me,' if I discover any hostile tendencies in your eye. But I am thankful for small favors (the 'no' you do not quite dare to say, for instance), and I 'll talk it over with you to-morrow, if the Englishmen will give me an opportunity, and if you 'll deign to give me a moment alone in any other place than the Royal Academy."

"I was alone with you to-day for a whole hour at least."

"Yes, first at the London and Westminster Bank, second in Trafalgar Square, and third on the top of a 'bus, none of them congenial spots to a man in my humor. Penelope, you are not dull, but you don't seem to understand that I am" —

"What are you two people quarreling about?" cried Salemina. "Come, Penelope, get your wrap. Mrs. Beresford, is n't she charming in her new Liberty gown? If that New York wit had seen her, he could n't have said, 'If that is Liberty, give me Death!' Yes, Francesca, you must wear something over your shoulders. Whistle for two four-wheelers, Dawson, please."

That was my last London experience, for I went into exile a few days later, determined to find out whether I was a woman wholly in love with a man, or an artist wholly in love with her art.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

IN A WINTRY WILDERNESS.

NORTH of the Sandwich Mountains, inclosed by a circle of sombre peaks, there once lay a beautiful lake. Centuries ago its outflowing stream, now called Swift River, cut so deeply between the spurs of Chocorua and Bear mountains that the greater part of the lake drained away into the Saco at Conway, leaving its level bed a fair and rich-soiled intervale.

By the road upon which the lake went out man in time came in, and founded in the bosom of the spruce-grown mountains a small but comparatively prosperous settlement. Having seen this hidden valley in summer, and taken account of its rare beauty and its remoteness from the wearisome machinery of the world, I yearned to know its winter charms, feeling sure that they would surpass those of summer as the fairness of snow surpasses the fairness of grass. Accordingly, in the latter part of December, 1891, I went by rail with a friend to Chatauque Corner, and thence by sleigh up the weird pass between Chocorua on the south and Moat and Bear mountains on the north, gaining at nightfall a warm haven in one of the snug farmhouses in the middle of the intervale.

The township of Albany knows no priest or physician, squire or shopkeeper, and in its coat of arms, if it had one, the plough and rifle, axe and circular saw, would be quartered with bear and porcupine, owl and grouse. From the head of the intervale the people are forced to travel nearly thirty miles to reach and bring home their mail and groceries. In spite of these drawbacks, the permanent residents are intelligent, thrifty, well housed, and well informed of the world's doings. Though their only road to the outside is long and rough, they let no moss gather on it in summer, and no snowdrifts blockade it in winter.

Setting out for this far valley in midwinter, I felt something of the explorer's thrill as he turns towards the unknown, and leaves home and comforts behind. The distant and the difficult of attainment are always seen by the mind through a golden haze, and although no fair Lorna drew me to her rescue, and no lawless Doones barred my way through the grim passes which led to the valley, romance and the spice of danger seemed mingled with my enterprise. As the journey progressed, and one stage of it after another slipped past, unreal gave way to real, and commonplace supplanted marvelous. Even when night fell, as we entered the valley, the light which gleamed afar through the spruces told of hospitality as truly as the sleigh's ample furs spoke of comfort, and the keen wind of health.

We reached the valley on the evening of Saturday, December 19, and enjoyed every moment of our stay, which was prolonged until Saturday, the 26th. From my journal, written on the evening of each day, I take the following account of two of our tramps over the snow and through the dark and chilly forests.

Wednesday, December 23, dawned under a damp sky. Tripyramid kept on his nightcap, and patches of mist clung to the dark precipice of Passaconaway. The mountains looked higher and more threatening than on previous days, and they seemed closer to us than when the sun shone. A whisper of falling drops and settling snow ruffled the morning calm. Nevertheless, patches of blue sky showed in the west, and once or twice a silvery spot in the clouds suggested the sun's burning through. We went first to see our favorite flock of birds at the cattle trough in the pasture. They were there in full force, nearly if

not quite a hundred strong. They allowed me to come within about twenty feet of them, and to watch them narrowly through my glass. Rather more than half were red crossbills. Of the remainder, two thirds were pinefinches, and one third goldfinches. No redpolls were to be seen. The coloring in the crossbills was amazingly diverse. There were very brilliant males with cinnabar tints wherever such color is ever found. From this maximum of intensity their coloring graded downward through partial red markings on the one hand, and through gradually fading red markings on the other. I saw one bird with red on his rump only. The fading from red to yellow yielded many gradations of red and yellow or orange down to pure gold. The brown birds were the more numerous, and they seemed to have various combinations of light and dark, with now and then suggestions of bright tints. In some individuals the mandibles crossed in one way, and in others the opposite way. In size the crossbills varied widely. Often, in glancing quickly at a group, I mistook the smaller, duller birds for pinefinches. A dozen times in as many minutes the flock whirled upwards and round and round, showering the air with their delicious medley music. Generally from three to six old birds remained in one of the two spruces near the fence by the trough, and a sharp call from them brought the flock down again like a fall of hail.

When we had walked a mile up the valley a shower struck us, and we waited a few moments under the shelter of an old house, from which the wall boards had been removed. We heard sweet bird notes, but could not locate the singers. When we turned to go, however, a flock of sixteen snow buntings rose from a field where they had been feeding in the yellow grasses, and vibrated away with merry calls until swallowed up in fog and rain.

The wasting of the snow under the hot sun of Monday and the cloudy sky but mild air of Tuesday had left many plants and dried flower stalks exposed to view. Plum-colored masses of berry bushes encroached upon the wide expanse of snow, as headlands reach out into a calm sea. Tiny forests of wiry grass reared their heads above the snow. In color they were what is called "sandy." Goldenrod and aster stems, holding aloft dry and brittle suggestions of long-lost flowers; the heads of brunella, looking like chess castles, and of the Indian pipe, upright and pineapple-shaped; and many delicate hairlike stems, from which all trace of leaf and flower had departed, broke the evenness of the snow fields, and were beautiful in an unassuming, unconscious, unintentional way. Indeed, many of them had never shone with beauty before. In summer, submerged in the wilderness of green things which crowd the unploughed intervale, they could not have been found by the eye of any one in chance passing. But in winter, the time of their nominal beauty gone, they lingered in their old age, and looked more beautiful in their bleached simplicity than those summer flowers which never gave them a chance to reveal what was in them.

At the end of the intervale, instead of plunging into the woods where our barred owl lived, we turned southward towards the foot of Passaconaway. The rough road led through the forest to a sawmill under the shoulder of the first ridge of the mountains. Downes Brook had been partially dammed to form a pond, upon which hundreds of logs lay awaiting their fate. At the foot of the dam stood the mill. Its lower story was an engine room. A steam engine of considerable power worked four saws, a planer, and an endless chain used to draw in logs from the ice. At the dam end, these logs were being drawn in upon the floor, measured and

marked. Then they went to the first and largest saw, which cut off their slabs, reduced them to boards or planks, and sent them along to the second saw to have their ends squared. From the second saw they went to the third, where their sides were made equal, and thence through the planer, out at the lower end of the mill, down a chute to a platform where they were piled ready to be hauled away. The fourth saw was used to cut the slabs and edge-cuttings into the right lengths for fuel; for not only the engine demon in the under story fed on wood, but all the people in the intervale burned slabs. About twelve men were employed in the upper part of the mill, some Americans, some French Canadians, and some Irishmen. One young Frenchman was a picture of dirty beauty and health. His jet-black hair, reeking with oil, was plastered in a curve over his forehead. His mustache was curling, and his snapping eyes, dark skin, rosy cheeks, and powerful but rather gross body made a striking picture for a day laborer.

Leaving the mill, with its distracting noise, we ascended the main logging road towards Passaconaway. It follows Downes Brook southward, now clinging to one hillside, then crossing the ice-bound torrent by a rude but massive bridge of spruce logs to stay for a while on the opposite bank. On each side the timber had been cut and hauled away. The survival of the unfittest is the rule in the forest after the lumber thief has been through it. He leaves the crooked, the feeble, and the diseased trees, and packs around their roots the fertilizing branches and tops of the logs which he hauls away. On our way up we met several teams coming down the slippery, sloppy road. Two strong Canadian horses, low sleds, three great logs chained together and to the sleds, and an oily, tobacco-chewing French Canadian made up a team. We stopped and talked to one driver, who said that if the snow went off they would keep on with their hauling, using the runners on the bare ground. While he chatted with us he fed his nigh horse on pieces of chewing tobacco, which the horse took from his fingers or bit from the plug. We were told later that this is a common form of attention for the drivers to show their favorite horses. The horse swallowed the tobacco. About half a mile above the mill we came to the logging camp. There was a compact log stable, a log smithy manned by a sturdy Frenchman in moccasins who spoke very little English, and a living-house made of slabs covered with tarred paper well battened down. The house stood on a ribbon of ground between the road and the steep edge of the torrent. Entering through a low shed at the southern or upper end of the shanty, we found ourselves in the kitchen and dining-room. The room contained two cook-stoves, and three long, narrow board tables with benches facing them. The tables were set for thirty-five men, allowing about twenty inches of space for each man. We were welcomed by the cook, a New Englander, who boasted of having cooked in lumber camps for twenty years. He prided himself on his bread, and cut a loaf to show its quality. I never ate better bread anywhere. The dishes on the table were simple, — tin plates, tin cups, bottles of vinegar, pitchers of maple syrup, tins holding mountains of yellow butter, and plates piled high with "fried holes," as doughnuts are graphically termed. Baked beans are a staple dish, but I noticed a barrel of pork at the door, and lying on the woodpile a big bundle of codfish and a side of beef certified as good by Hon. Jere. Rusk.

The sleeping-room of the camp was not attractive. It was dark, hot, stuffy in odor, and overcrowded. Rude bunks, three tiers deep, lined the side walls. The men turn into these pens with their clothes on, often wet with rain or snow. Teamsters are roused at four A. M.; the

rest of a "crew" somewhat later. In winter, four A. M. and midnight are equally gloomy, and if either is colder it is the morning hour. The cook said he could remember but one case of serious illness in his logging camps. The grip, he said, seldom kept a man from work more than one or two days. He expressed great fondness for birds, and spoke of the daily visits of crossbills, and in some years of moose birds. "They know their friends, as most dumb beasts do," he declared, and went on to tell of a terrible storm of snow and sleet which came one winter, threatening death to his pets. "I just opened my camp doors and called and whistled to my birds, and in they came, dozens of 'em, until every beam and perch in the camp was full of 'em."

We strolled up the road for a mile or more beyond the camp. At several points deposits of logs had been made at the sides of the road. Several hundred logs lay in each pile. Near by, hemlock bark was stacked in long rows, flanking the road. We crossed the torrent twice on spruce bridges, and each time gained a magnificent view of Passaconaway. It was framed in black clouds, rushing masses of vapor, and dark hillsides still laden with forests. In the foreground was the foaming stream, boulder-choked, bounding towards us. From this side Passaconaway shows no peak; it is simply a somewhat worn cube, to whose precipitous faces the forests cling and the snows freeze. Its coloring is dark in any light, but as we saw it through the gathering storm of that late December day a more forbidding mountain mass could hardly be imagined. It was so near us, yet so high above us; so black, so cold, so lonely, yet so full of nature's voices, the wailing of wind, the cruel rush of waters, the weird creaking of strained trees. The stream, with its greenish waters hurling themselves over the boulders, and fretting against the ice sheets projecting from the banks, seemed like a messenger rushing headlong from the mountain to warn us back from impending danger.

Resting for a while under the shelter of a giant hemlock, we called the birds. Two or three chickadees and two kinglets came to us, but they were subdued by the storm and shy about getting wet. Then we walked briskly homeward, the rain falling in earnest during the latter part of the way. A snowy fog rose from all parts of the valley, spreading most rapidly from the western end. The flat fields of snow vanished first; then the damp veil crept up the dark spruces and hid their tops; and finally mountain peak after mountain peak surrendered to the rising tide, and we were left alone in the dense fog, with only a narrow circle of steaming snow around us. As the day wore on, rain fell faster and harder, the wind rose, it grew colder, and the blackness of the winter night would have been terrible but for the peace and comfort within doors. On such a night, the deer in their "yards" must shiver with the chilling dampness; the grouse must find the snow too wet to sleep in; and foxes and rabbits, if they leave their dens and forms at all, must regret the hunger which drives them out. Where are the crossbills and siskins? I wish that I knew and could find them out, and take a friendly look at their ruffled feathers, their heads tucked under their wings, and perhaps dozens of their plump little bodies snuggled together in a dark, dry spruce.

Christmas Day was warm, cloudy at best, densely foggy at worst. Soon after breakfast we were swinging westward up the valley road, determined to find Sabba Day Falls, or perish in the attempt. As we passed the crossbill feeding-ground, no birds were in sight, but a moment later, high in the air, we heard bird voices. Looking skyward, we saw a flock of from one to two hundred birds whirling round and round, like ashes drawn upwards over a fire. They were

at a very great height, and were gradually rising. As they increased their distance they disappeared and reappeared several times; then they vanished wholly, swallowed up in the high air. I think they were our crossbills, goldfinches, and siskins, and that they were soaring in search of fair weather, perhaps intending to migrate to some other favorite haunt. Christmas Day is not a time when one expects much color in a White Mountain landscape, but the warm air, the moisture, and the contrasts against snow below and fog above combined to produce and to make evident a great deal of exquisite tinting in the shrubs of the fields and the forests of the mountain spurs. As we strode up the line of yellow mud which made the road, our path was bordered by shallow snow, from which sprung an abundant growth of hardhack and spiræa. Taken in masses, their stems made a rich maroon, somewhat dull near by, but warm and deep when seen across an acre of snow. A foot or two higher than these small shrubs were viburnums and small cherry and maple trees growing along the skirts of the forest. Their general tone was also dull red, though somewhat brighter than the spiræa. The next band of color was ashy mottled with dark green, and made probably by young birches, poplars, beeches, and hemlocks. Then came a belt of fog mingled with snowy smoke from the sawmill, and above that a broad band of ashes-of-rose color, formed by the upper branches and twigs of the common deciduous trees. Above all were the spruces, always dark except when the piercing eye of the sun reveals the wonderful golden olive which they keep for him alone.

The smoke of the sawmill showed that the timber-eater finds no time for remembering the birthday of Jesus. Teams were moving as usual, carrying the green lumber down to the railway. The men employed to demolish our forests are poorly paid. A dollar a day and board is what the French Canadian receives here. Board is called fifty cents a day, and the married workman with a houseful of children lives on that sum. We passed the home of a French Canadian known in the valley as Bumblebee. The house is twelve feet long by ten feet deep. The ridgepole is twelve feet from the ground. The chimney is a piece of stovepipe. The walls are made of boards, battened, and the roof is unshingled. Bumblebee has five children, the eldest being eight. His wife's mind is affected. The standing timber, the mill, the lumber railway, and many of the dwellings and small farms belong to non-residents, whose only object is to shear the mountains, squeeze the laborers, and keep Congress from putting lumber on the free list.

Not far beyond Bumblebee's one-room house we entered the primeval forest. We were following the trail through the snow made by us on Sunday. When a quarter of a mile in, we were surprised to find a bear track crossing our path at right angles. The huge brute had passed that way on Tuesday or Wednesday, judging by the condition of the snow. On reaching the spot where we had aroused a barred owl on Sunday, we hid under some small hemlocks, thereby getting a thorough sprinkling, and I hooted. After my third attempt, I saw a great bird fly through the woods to a point only a hundred yards distant. In a moment or two I hooted again, and then made the fine squeaking noise which a mouse makes. The owl came nearer, and at once began hooting. During nearly ten minutes, in which we kept up a lively exchange of hoots, he varied his notes in several ways, sometimes keeping on, without pausing, from one series of hoots to another. I never heard a more talkative owl. At last he flew into a tree so near us that I could see him clearly through my glass. As he hooted, his throat swelled and pulsated. He searched the trees and the ground

with his keen dark eyes. When at last he saw me, I seemed to feel the force of his glare. Then he turned his head to the left and flew away with long, soft sweeps of his wings. At a distance he resumed his hooting, which we could hear for some time, as we strolled on up Sabba Day Brook. What we had supposed to be the river, on Sunday, proved to be Sabba Day Brook itself. The water was high, most of the ice had gone, and all the small brooks poured in liberal streams. In one pool I observed a small trout. At last we heard the thunder of the falls, and looked forward eagerly to see them. The stream seemed to issue from the solid rock, for directly across the channel rose a cliff of dark granite, crowned with black spruces and one or two pines whose lofty tops were pale in the fog. As we drew near, the majestic beauty of the place became apparent. At the foot of the black cliff was a deep pool full of strange colors, — greens, olives, and white. The waters in it were restless, rising and settling back, but forever washing the sides of their basin. Four gigantic icicles hung from the top of the cliff, extending to the bottom. One of them, at its lower end, touched a flat shelf of rock, and so became a graceful column supporting the overhanging mosses from which it started. Another adhered to the rock all the way, and was a crystalline pilaster. The other two were free throughout the whole of their thirty feet of length, and tapered to needle points threatening the pool below. The colors in the pool were in fact borrowed from the mosses and ferns which grew in masses at the sides and upon the top of the cliff. Living in perpetual dampness, these exquisite plants flourish and become perfect examples of their kind. The trailing fern fronds were as green and as clean in outline as in summer. They sprang from beds of mosses wonderful in tints. Some were golden olive, others pale green, and still others blood red. Pressed against the upper edge of the black cliff, they were like a garland of bright flowers on the forehead of some sullen warrior.

The water did not pour into this pool from the cliff, but came to it through a narrow flume or gap in the solid rock, which had been concealed from us as we ascended the stream by the high wooded bank opposite the cliff. On reaching the edge of the pool, in the chill shadow of the black rock, we looked up the flume between narrow walls of dark gray granite, and saw, thirty feet or more beyond, another pool, into which was pouring from the left a great sheet of water. This fall, coming from a point fifty or sixty feet above us, and on the extreme left of the flume, had its side towards us; yet, after its green waters struck the upper pool and struggled there awhile, they came through the flume as their only outlet. Clambering up the right hand or north bank, we gained a point where we could see all the details of this strange cataract.

Sabba Day Brook above the falls flows nearly due east. It strikes a rocky hillside, and is deflected to the left by a sharp curve, so that it runs due north. In this direction it has worn a sloping passage to the edge of the falls. Dropping fifty feet into a great pot-hole, it turns abruptly to the east and flows out through the flume into the green pool, past the black ledge, and then, turning slightly towards the north, hurries on from basin to rapid on its way to the intervale. Standing on a shelf of snow-covered rock overhanging the angle in the fall, we first looked up at the water leaving its level above and hurrying towards its leap, and then down at the boiling pool below and the dashing water in the flume. These falls must be beautiful in summer, with sunlight playing in the leaves, blue sky lending color to the water, and rainbow tints gleaming in the uprising spray. They were also beautiful to-day, — Christmas Day, — when the

loneliness of winter was brooding over the mountains, when ice and snow mingled in the surroundings of the falls, and when the gay coloring of the summer forest was replaced by the sombre tones of leafless trees. In summer some trace of man might have jarred upon the perfect solitude of the spot, and made it seem less pure. As it was, standing in the untrodden snow, surrounded by the fog, the wild stream, the ice-sheathed rocks, I felt as one might if suffered to land for a while upon some far planet, strange to man, and consecrated to eternal cold and solitude.

We turned away reluctantly, and entered the old forest which stands between Sabba Day Brook and Swift River, a quarter of a mile to the north. The rumble of the falls grew fainter and fainter, then ceased. Blue jays flew through the treetops; a great hawk floated by above the trees; kinglets and a brown creeper lisped to us; chickadees, nuthatches, downy woodpeckers, and a great flock of singing siskins came in answer to our whistles; and red squirrels scolded us from their tree-strongholds. When we reached Swift River, we found it broad, still, and without a log or stones to cross upon. Having on water-tight hip-boots, I waded the stream, bearing my companion upon my shoulders. Entering a swamp on the further shore, we observed fresh hedgehog tracks. In one place the fat beast had lain down in the snow, and some of his soft quills had frozen to his bed and pulled out when he trundled his body along again. At every labored step he left the print of his body in the snow, making a track as conspicuous as a man's. In a tangle of yew branches he had paused and nibbled bark from several stems. After following his trail a hundred yards or more, we lost it in a spruce thicket where the snow had melted.

At the extreme western end of Swift River intervale stands a hill, seven or eight hundred feet high, having long sloping lines and a pointed top. It is called Sugarloaf. Its sides are covered with as fine a growth of ancient trees as it is often one's fortune to find in New England. As this growth includes few spruces, hemlocks, or pines, it has escaped the timber fiends. There are among its trees giant yellow birches, saffron-colored in the mist; beeches a century old, with trunks moulded into shapes suggestive of human limbs strong in muscles; rock maples eighty or ninety feet high; and hemlocks with coarse bark unbroken by limbs until, a hundred feet from the hillside, a mat of their interwoven branches finds the sunlight. The cultivated fields and pasture lands of the intervale are singularly free from rocks. Here and there a great boulder can be found, but it is conspicuous in its loneliness. On this hillside, however, boulders of all shapes and sizes are strewn. Most of them are about the size of a load of hay. They are covered with showy lichens and the greenest of green mosses. Selecting one at the very summit of the hill, we searched under its overhanging sides for dry leaves and twigs. Then we broke an old stump into pieces, and tore the curling bark from a prostrate birch. All this material was more or less damp, but by patience we secured a little bed of coals which soon dried the rest of our fuel, so that before long a bright blaze and a warm glow gladdened our eyes and comforted our chilled bodies. Then came our cheery Christmas dinner in the primeval forest, upon a snow-covered hillside, under the projecting face of a great rock, beneath which we sat, with a ruddy fire crackling in front of us. Never Christmas dinner went straighter to the right spot.

While we were resting and enjoying our fire, a flock of sweet-voiced pine grosbeaks came to neighboring treetops, a white-bellied nuthatch hung head downwards from a beech trunk, and two downy woodpeckers called uneasily to each other. At last we extinguished our fire, and de-

scended the hill. Five grouse flew noisily from the hillside. Through the trees we could see the white ice on Church's Pond, and towards it we made our way. The pond is the last remnant of the great lake which in distant ages filled the whole of this intervale. Even now an area twenty times as large as the lake adjoins its water, and is almost level with it; being covered with sphagnum, laurel, pitcher-plant, and other bog growth, and offering very uncertain footing. Reaching the pond, we circled around it on the ice, cautiously keeping close to the shore, although a yoke of oxen could probably have blundered across without danger. While we were on the lake the sunset hour passed, and a dense fog crept down upon the serrated spruce forest which borders the water. Three pine grosbeaks flew into the advancing mists, talking in gentle music to one another. One was left on a dead tree in the bog, and uttered a plaintive cry again and again. Leaving the ice, we struck across the frozen bog, now and then breaking through the soft places, but generally finding ice or roots to sustain our weary feet. As we progressed, we gathered an armful of club-mosses and a bunch of checkerberry plants bearing their gay fruit. The fog closed in around us, and the air became chilly. Not a mountain could we see. It was a relief to strike firm soil, though it was only a few inches higher than the bog. Presently we came to the river, and for a second time I shouldered my friend and took him over dry-shod. After doing the same, a few moments later, at Sabba Day Brook, we gained the end of the intervale road, near Bumblebee's hut. It was now growing dark, yet a mile of yellow mud still lay before us. Colors had faded; the graceful outlines of the forest were dimmed; nothing but the martial spruces remained with us, drawn up in stiff lines beside the road.

When we reached home, the Christmas greens and checkerberries were made by our inexperienced fingers into a cross, a wreath, and a long strip for festooning. These we presented to the three-year-old Lily of the intervale, whose ideas of Christmas had been obscured by the fact that no one had given her any presents. These offerings made matters better with her, and I fancied that she pommeled her four kittens less mercilessly than usual, as she gazed at the Christmas greens, and said many times to her grandmother, "Man dave dose to Diddy, he did."

Frank Bolles.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN.

THE sudden death of Professor Freeman, last March, was a great calamity to the world of letters. Although his achievements in the field of historical writing had been so varied and voluminous, yet some of his most important themes — some of those which had been slowly ripening and most richly developed in his mind — were still awaiting literary treatment at his hands, and at the time of his death he had just finished the third volume of a colossal work which was still in its earlier stages. His end was premature, and it is with a keen sense of bereavement that we take this occasion to pay a brief word of tribute to so dear and honored a teacher.

Edward Augustus Freeman, son of John Freeman of Redmore Hall, in Worcestershire, was born at Harborne, Staffordshire, August 2, 1823. His life was always purely that of a scholar and teacher, and a chronicle of its events would consist chiefly of the record of

books published and offices held at the university of Oxford. He was graduated at Trinity College in 1845, and remained there as a Fellow until 1847. In 1857, 1863, and 1873 he served as Examiner in Modern History. In 1880 he was chosen honorary Fellow of Trinity, and in 1884 Fellow of Oriel. In the latter year he was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History, succeeding Bishop Stubbs in that position. It is not necessary to enumerate the honorary degrees which he received from Oxford and Cambridge, and from universities in various European countries. At the time of his death he was a member of learned societies in nearly all parts of the world. For many years he had been a Knight Commander of the Greek Order of the Saviour. He had also received honors of knighthood from Servia and Montenegro. In 1868 he was a candidate for Parliament, but failed of election, and that seems to have been his sole venture in the world of politics. His travels upon the continent of Europe were many and extensive. When at home he lived in rural seclusion, — "far from the madding crowd," — upon his estate at Somerleaze, near Wells and its noble cathedral; only in these latter years he made a home for himself, during the Oxford terms, at St. Giles in that city.

From the very beginning Mr. Freeman's historical studies were characterized on the one hand by philosophical breadth of view, and on the other hand by extreme accuracy of statement, and such loving minuteness of detail as is apt to mark the local antiquary whose life has been spent in studying only one thing. It was to the combination of these two characteristics that the preëminent greatness of his historical work was due. We see the combination already prefigured, and to some extent realized, in his first book, A History of Architecture, published in 1849, although this can hardly be called such a work of original research as the books of his maturer years. Two years afterward appeared the learned Essay on the Origin and Development of Window Tracery in England, a work which I do not feel able to criticise, but which I am sure is very charming to read. I believe that this book was followed by at least three others in the same department, Architectural Antiquities of Gower, The Antiquities of St. David's, and The Architecture of Llandaff Cathedral, but I have never seen them. In the preface to the essay on window tracery Mr. Freeman alludes to Rev. G. W. Cox as his "friend and coadjutor in many undertakings," and I have heard of a volume of poems "by G. W. C. and E. A. F." published in those days, but I know no more about it. It is to be hoped that these early works, which have become very scarce, will now be collected and reprinted.

When, after these publications on architecture, Mr. Freeman began publishing books and articles on ancient Greece and on the Saracens, I presume there were many of his readers who thoughtlessly assumed that he had changed his vocation; he must more than once have had to answer the stupid question why he had gone over from architecture to history. But in his broad philosophical view the evolution of architecture was never separated from the course of political history; and the effect of these early studies in architecture, which were indeed never abandoned, but kept up with enthusiasm in later years, was to give increased definiteness and concreteness to his presentation of historical events. When I use such a word as "evolution" in this connection, I do not mean that Mr. Freeman was in any sense a "disciple" of the modern evolution philosophy. There is nothing to show that he ever gave any time or attention to the study of that subject, or that he had any technical knowledge even of its terminology. Whether consciously or unconsciously, however, he

was an evolutionist in spirit. From the outset he was deeply impressed with the solidarity of human history, and no student of political development in our time has made more effective use of the comparative method.

From 1850 to 1863 Mr. Freeman's published writings were chiefly concerned with Mediterranean history viewed on the broadest scale in relation to all those movements of progressive humanity which have had that great inland sea for a common centre. Here came those brilliant essays on Ancient Greece and Mediæval Italy, Homer and the Homeric Age, The Athenian Democracy, Alexander the Great, Greece during the Macedonian Period, Mommsen's History of Rome, The Flavian Cæsars, and others since collected in the second series of his Historical Essays. To this period also belongs the little book on the History of the Saracens, based upon lectures given at the Philosophical Institution in Edinburgh.

From these Mediterranean studies may be said to have grown two of Mr. Freeman's three great works, — both of them, unfortunately, left incomplete at his death, — the History of Federal Government and the History of Sicily. Mr. Freeman was remarkably free from the common habit — common even among eminent historians — of concentrating his attention upon some exceptionally brilliant period or so-called "classical age," to the exclusion of other ages that went before and came after. Such a habit is fatal to all correct understanding of history, even that of the ages upon which attention is thus unwisely concentrated. Mr. Freeman understood that in some respects, if not in others, the history of Greece is just as important after the battle of Chæronea as before; and he became especially interested in the history of the Achaian League and other Greek attempts at federation. Thence grew the idea of studying the development of federal union as the highest form of nation-building, beginning with its germs in the leagues among Greek autonomous cities. The enterprise was arduous, involving as it did the determination of obscure points in the history of many ages and countries, more particularly Greece, Switzerland, and America. The first volume, containing the general introduction and the history of the Greek federations, was published in 1863, a stalwart octavo of 721 pages. It bore upon the title-page a motto from The Federalist, No. XVIII., — "Could the interior structure and regular operation of the Achaian League be ascertained, it is probable that more light might be thrown by it on the science of federal government than by any of the like experiments with which we are acquainted." This book is of priceless value, and if Mr. Freeman had never published anything more, it would have entitled him to a place in the foremost rank of historians. It deals thoroughly with a very important portion of the world's history to which no one before had even begun to do justice. Its admirable philosophical spirit is matched by its keen critical insight and its minute and exhaustive control of all sources of information. Its narrative, moreover, is full of human interest. Yet it never became a popular book. It was hard to make people believe that the Achaian League could be interesting, and in order to realize the philosophical value of the whole story most readers would need to have the later portions of it set before their eyes.

But this noble work, in some respects the grandest of the author's conceptions, was never completed. The first volume was all that ever was published. For this fact I have sometimes heard Americans offer a grotesque explanation. The volume published in 1863, in the middle of our civil war, bore the title History of Federal Government, from the Foundation of the Achaian League to

the Disruption of the United States. This title gave offense in America. It was too hastily taken to indicate that the author wished well to the Southern Confederacy, and regarded its independence as an accomplished fact. There can be no doubt that the title was ill chosen; but to suppose, as some people did, that chagrin at the success of the Union arms prevented Mr. Freeman from going on with his book was simply ridiculous. It was not anything that happened in America, but something that happened in Europe, which caused him to defer the completion of his second volume. That volume was to deal with federal government as exemplified in Switzerland and otherwise in Germany; and the war of 1866 between Prussia and Austria marked the beginning of organic changes in Germany which Mr. Freeman was anxious to watch for a while before finishing his book.

He therefore turned aside and took up the third of his three great works, — the only one that he lived to complete, — the History of the Norman Conquest of England, its Causes and its Results. Upon this subject he had thought and studied for nearly twenty years, or ever since the time when he was publishing works on architecture. As one turns the leaves of these stout volumes, each of seven or eight hundred pages, crowded with minute and accurate erudition, one marvels that the author could carry along so many researches and of such exhaustive character at the same time. Alike in Greek, in German, and in English history, along with abundant generalizations, often highly original and suggestive, we find investigations of obscure points in which every item of evidence is weighed as in an apothecary's scale, and in all these directions Mr. Freeman was working at once. When it came to publishing, volume followed volume with surprising quickness. Turning aside in 1866 from the second volume of the Federal Government when a large part of it was already written, Mr. Freeman brought out the first volume of the Norman Conquest in 1867, the second in 1868, the third in 1869, the fourth in 1871, the fifth more leisurely in 1876. The proportions of this work are eminently characteristic of the author's historical perspective. In order to understand the Norman Conquest, a survey of all previous English history, and especially of the struggle between Englishmen and Danes, is essential; and the first volume carries us in one great sweep from the landing of Hengist to the accession of Edward the Confessor, while the early history of Normandy also receives due attention. We now enter the region of proximate causes, which require more detailed specification, and the second volume takes us through the four-and-twenty years of Edward's reign. His death hurries the situation to its dramatic climax, and the whole of the third volume is devoted to the events of the single year 1066. The completion of the Conquest down to the death of the Conqueror is treated with less detail, and the twenty-one years are comprised within a volume. Finally, in summing up the results of the great event, the last volume covers two centuries, and leaves us in the reign of Edward I., the king who did so much to make modern English history the glorious tale that it has been. In finishing his work upon these proportions, Mr. Freeman encountered many points in the reign of William Rufus that needed fuller treatment, and so in 1882 he published in two volumes the history of that reign as a sequel to the Norman Conquest. Taken as a whole, the seven volumes give us such a masterly philosophic analysis and such a picturesque and vivid narrative of the history of England in the eleventh century that it must be pronounced the monumental work upon which Mr. Freeman's reputation will chiefly rest.

While these volumes were in course of publication, there was scarcely a year

when its busy author, from his vast wealth of knowledge, did not bring out some other book. Sometimes it was what men count a slight affair, such as a textbook, albeit the textbook is perhaps the hardest kind of book to write well; sometimes it was a brief monograph or course of lectures; sometimes a collection of earlier writings. There was an Old English History for Children (1869), a Short History of the Norman Conquest (1880), and a General Sketch of European History (1873). The Growth of the English Constitution was suggestively treated in a small volume (1872). There was a History of the Cathedral Church at Wells (1870), and there was a collection of Historical and Architectural Sketches, chiefly from Italy (1876), followed by Sketches from the Subject and Neighbour Lands of Venice (1881). In these two last-named volumes, illustrated chiefly from the author's own drawings, one sees that his interest in Diocletian and Theodoric was scarcely less keen than in Alfred of Wessex or William the Norman. No other modern traveler has done such justice to Istria and Dalmatia. "I am not joking," he writes, "when I say that the best guide to those parts is still the account written by the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus more than nine hundred years back. But it is surely high time that there should be another." Mr. Freeman's accurate knowledge of southeastern Europe and its peoples, coupled with his wide and comprehensive study of the contact between Christians and Mussulmans in all ages, led him to take very sound and wholesome views of the unspeakable Turk and the everlasting Eastern Question; and in 1877, when public attention was so strongly directed toward the Balkans, he published a lucid and graphic little volume on The Ottoman Power in Europe. This book was a companion to the History of the Saracens, above mentioned, and the two together make as good an introduction to Mussulman history in its relations to Europe as the general reader is likely to find.

Among the host of side works which were issued during these years, two call for especial mention. In the lectures on Comparative Politics, given at the Royal Institution in 1873, Mr. Freeman analyzed and described the different forms assumed by Aryan institutions among Greeks, Romans, and Teutons. This book is his most distinct attempt to make his central theme the career of an institution, such as kingship or representative assemblies, rather than the career of a state or a people. In the History of Federal Government, the two kinds of treatment, analytical and synthetical, were combined in a way that would, I think, have made that his grandest work, had it been completed. In the lectures we get an able analysis and comparison, full of fruitful suggestions, and in our author's happiest style. There is not the originality of scholarship here that we find in Sir Henry Maine, nor do we find the breadth of view that can be gained only when the barbaric non-Aryan world is taken into account. Such breadth was not to be expected twenty years ago, and before the path-breaking work of the American scholar Lewis Morgan. Mr. Freeman's outlook was confined to the Aryan domain; but he did not attempt more than he knew. His task was conceived with so clear a consciousness of his limitations, and every point was so richly illustrated, that the Comparative Politics remains one of his most useful and charming books.

The other work calling for especial mention is The Historical Geography of Europe, published in 1880. Its object was "to trace out the extent of territory which the different states and nations of Europe have held at different times in the world's history; to mark the different boundaries which the same country has had, and the different meanings in

which the same name has been used." Such work is of great and fundamental importance, because men are perpetually making grotesque mistakes through ignorance or forgetfulness of the changes which have occurred upon the map; as, for example, when somebody speaks of Lyons in the twelfth century as a French city, or supposes that Charles the Bold invaded Swiss territory. Historical writings fairly swarm with blunders based upon unconscious errors of this sort, and nowhere did Mr. Freeman do better service than in pointing them out on every possible occasion. No writer has so effectively warned the historical student against that besetting sin of "bondage to the modern map." His exposition of historical geography is a book of purest gold, and no serious student of history can safely neglect it.

In 1881 Mr. Freeman visited the United States, and gave lectures on The English People in its Three Homes and The Practical Bearings of European History, which were afterward published in a volume. After returning home he published Some Impressions of the United States (1883), a very entertaining book because of the author's ingrained habit of comparing and discriminating social phenomena upon so wide a scale. Gauls and Illyrians, Wessex and Achaia, come in to point each a moral, and show how to this great historian the whole European past was almost as much a present and living reality as the incidents occurring before his eyes.

In the same year, 1883, Mr. Freeman published his English Towns and Districts, a series of addresses and sketches in which he had from time to time embodied the results of his antiquarian and architectural studies in many parts of England and Wales. It is a book of rare fascination as illustrating how largely national history is made up of local history, and how it is impossible to understand the former correctly without paying much attention to the latter. In further illustration of the same point, Mr. Freeman projected the well-known series of monographs on Historic Towns, to which he himself contributed the opening volume, on Exeter (1886).

Having been called to the Regius Professorship at Oxford in 1884, Mr. Freeman's next publications were university lectures on Methods of Historical Study, The Chief Periods of European History, Fifty Years of European History, Teutonic Conquest in Gaul and Britain, Greater Greece and Greater Britain, and George Washington the Expander of England (1886–88). Meanwhile, the colossal work on Sicily was rapidly assuming its final shape. This topic obviously touched upon Mr. Freeman's other two chief topics at two points. Ancient Sicily was part of that Greek world which he had so thoroughly studied in connection with the beginnings of Federal Government. Mediæval Sicily was one of the most important of the Norman's fields of activity. But the thought of writing the history of that fateful island did not come to Mr. Freeman as an afterthought suggested by his other two great works. On the contrary, the conception of the historic position of Sicily was among the first that stimulated his philosophic mind to undertake comprehensive studies. The contact between the Aryan and Semitic civilizations along the coasts of the Mediterranean is surely the most interesting topic in the history of mankind, as the reader will at once admit when he reflects that it involves the origin and rise of Christianity. But, restricting ourselves to the political aspects of the subject, how full of dramatic grandeur it is! How stirring were the scenes of which Sicily has been the theatre! There struggled Carthage first against Greek, and then against Roman; and in later times the conflict was renewed between Arabic-speaking Mussulmans and Greek-speaking Christians, until the Norman came to assert his sway over both, and

to loosen the clutch of the Saracen upon the centre of the Mediterranean world. The theme, in its manifold bearings, was worthy of Mr. Freeman, and he was worthy of it. His design was to start with the earliest times in which Sicily is known to history, and to carry on the narrative as far as the death of the Emperor Frederick II. and the final overthrow of the Hohenstaufen dynasty. The scheme lay ripening in his mind for nearly half a century, and its consummation was begun with characteristic swiftness and vigor. Two noble volumes were published in 1891, and the third was out of the author's hands by the end of last January. But for a death sadly sudden and premature there was no reason why the whole task should not have been soon accomplished. The author seems to have fallen a victim to his superabundant zeal and energy. He had always been a traveler, visiting in person the scenes of his narratives, narrowly scrutinizing each locality with the eye of an antiquarian, exploring battlefields and making drawings of churches and castles, running from one end of Europe to the other to verify some mooted point. It was, I believe, on some such expedition as this that he found himself, last March, at Alicante, where an attack of smallpox suddenly ended his life.

To the faithful students of his works the tidings of Freeman's death must have come like the news of the loss of a personal friend. To those who enjoyed his friendship even in a slight way, the sense of loss was keen, for he was a very lovable man. Some people, indeed, seem to think of him as a gruff and growling pedant, ever on the lookout for some culprit to chastise; but, while not without some basis, this notion is far from the truth. Mr. Freeman's conception of the duty of a historian was a high one, and he lived up to it. He had a holy horror of slovenly and inaccurate work; pretentious sciolism was something that he could not endure, and he knew how easy it is to press garbled or misunderstood history into the service of corrupt politics. He found the minds of English-speaking contemporaries full of queer notions of European history, especially in the Middle Ages, — notions usually misty and often grotesquely wrong; and he did more than any other Englishman of our time to correct such errors and clear up men's minds. Such work could not be done without attacking blunders and the propagators of blunders. Mr. Freeman's assaults were not infrequent, and they were apt to be crushing; but they were made in the interests of historic truth, and there were none too many of them. Like "Mr. F.'s Aunt," the great historian did "hate a fool;" and it is clearly right that fools should be silenced and made to know their place.

Not only foolishness and inaccuracy did Mr. Freeman hate, but also tyranny, fraud, and social injustice, under whatever specious disguises they might be veiled. In matters of right and wrong his perceptions were rarely clouded. He never could be duped into admiring a charlatan like the late Emperor of the French. Upon the Eastern Question he wielded a Varangian axe, and had his advice been heeded, the Commander of the Faithful would ere now have been sent back to Brusa, or beyond. But while in politics and in criticism he could hit hard, his disposition was as tender and humane as Uncle Toby's. Eminently characteristic is the discussion on fox-hunting which he carried on with Anthony Trollope some years ago in the Fortnightly Review, in which he condemned that time-honored sport as intolerably cruel.

Mr. Freeman was very domestic in his habits. When not traveling, he was to be found in his country home, writing in his own library. When he was in the United States, it amused him to see people's surprise when told that he did not live in a city, and did not spend his

time deciphering musty manuscripts in public libraries or archives. He used to say that, even in point of economy, he thought it better to dwell among pleasant green fields and consult one's own books than to take long journeys or be stifled in dirty cities in order to consult other people's books. His chief subjects of study favored such a policy, for most of the sources of information on the eleventh century, as well as upon ancient Greece, are contained in printed volumes. Now and then he missed some little point upon which a manuscript might have helped him. But one cannot help wishing he might have stayed among the quiet fields of Somerset instead of taking that last journey to Alicante.

It was chiefly with the political aspects of history that Freeman concerned himself, not in the old-fashioned way, as a mere narrative of the deeds of kings and cabinets, but in scientific fashion, as an application of the comparative method to the various processes of nation-building. I do not mean that his narrative was subordinated to scientific exposition, but that it was informed and vitalized by the spirit and methods of science. In pure description Freeman was often excellent; his account of the death of William Rufus, for example, is a masterpiece of impressive narrative. In description and in argument alike Freeman usually confined his attention to political history, except when he dealt in his suggestive way with architecture and archæology. To art in general, to the history of philosophy and of scientific ideas, to the development of literary expression, of manners and customs, of trade and the industrial arts, he devoted much less thought. I have heard that he did not fully approve of his friend Green's method of carrying along political, social, and literary topics abreast in his History of the English People. Few will doubt, however, that in this respect Green's artistic grasp upon his subject was stronger than Freeman's.

It is some slight consolation for our bitter loss to know that many of the great historian's books were in large part written long before he felt the time to be ripe for completing and publishing them. Some of the unfinished portions may be brought toward completeness and edited by other hands. In this way I hope we may look for one or two more volumes of the Sicily, and perhaps for the second volume of the Federal Government, dealing with the Swiss and other German federations. Probably no other Englishman, few other men, of our time knew anything like so much as Freeman about the history of Switzerland. I once or twice begged him to make haste and finish that volume, but desisted; for it was evident that Sicily was absorbing him, and an author does not like to be pestered with advice to turn aside from the work that is uppermost in his mind.

John Fiske.

SHAKESPEARE IN LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

I WAS on a visit at an old country house in the south of England. The owner, or, as he liked better to call himself, the family tenant, was an old Indian civil servant, past work, but not past the enjoyments of old age, and especially those which he could share with the young. And as he loved his bit of Chaucer, he would apply to himself the description of the Clerk, —

"And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche."

He used to call me "Mr. Foster," be-

cause, he said, I reminded him of a friend of his youth, Mr. Foster in Peacock's Headlong Hall, or at least of Peacock's explanation of the name as that of the lover of light; and

"We were a pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two."

We had breakfasted in a parlor the oak paneling and carved mantelpiece of which, the squire said, were among the embellishments of the old manor place made by Building Bess of Hardwick, to one of whose four husbands the house belonged when built. After breakfast we walked together down the steps of the terraces, and through the avenue of huge lime-trees and oaks, which my host told me were all planted by the same great lady. My thoughts wandered from that imperious dame to her still more imperious mistress, Queen Elizabeth, and from Queen Elizabeth to Shakespeare, and so to the Forest of Arden and to the park of the king of Navarre. It was in the leafy month of June. The air was fragrant with honeysuckle and sweetbrier growing along the banks of a brook hidden from sight, but telling of itself by the pleasant noise of a little waterfall into which it was breaking; and the musical hum of unseen insects was all around, occasionally broken into by the cooing of a wood pigeon hidden somewhere in the trees. We stopped under a great oak, and sat down in the shade, on a mossy seat formed by the roots of the tree.

"What are you thinking of?" said the squire, who had been silent since he had finished pointing out the works of the lady I have named.

I answered that I was thinking this was the oak in the branches of which Berowne lay hid while he listened to the talk of the king and his other lords.

"I am glad to hear you call him, as Shakespeare himself did, 'Berowne.' I respect as well as like the Cambridge editors, but I cannot conceive why they should substitute the spelling of the Second Folio, which has no authority, for that of the Quarto and the First Folio."

My old friend seemed inclined to be warm on this point, so I turned the subject by saying, "I know you do not make much account of internal evidence, but do you not think there is something in the case of Love's Labour's Lost to show that it was one of the earliest of Shakespeare's plays?"

The Squire. I can seldom find that the so-called internal evidence as to the date of any book is more than critical, that is more or less ingenious, conjecture. Where are you to stop if, after finding all the buoyancy and brightness of youth in this play, you go on (like Hallam, if I remember rightly) to discover a disappointed, it may be melancholy, and even a misanthropical Shakespeare in Hamlet and Timon, drawn from the experiences of manhood and old age?

Foster. I confess that internal evidence is for the most part like a circle in the water,

"Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought."

Yet does not the circle start from a real stone thrown in?

The Squire. Or from some bubble rising from we know not where? Yet I am inclined to yield to you here, and to make an exception in favor of the indications that this was one of the earliest, if not the earliest, of Shakespeare's plays. Ferdinand and Miranda, Romeo and Juliet, are even more perfect representatives of the youth and maiden than are Berowne and Rosaline; yet while these last require only that the poet's pen should be dipped "in ink tempered by love's sighs," it may have been that the others could not have been depicted but by an eye

"That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

Besides, "I too once lived in Arcady," and I should like to hear what you have

still to say of the idea, or, as I suppose people would now call it, the motive of Love's Labour 's Lost, and what it may possibly tell us of the poet himself, and so of its probable date.

Foster. I can hardly pretend to add anything to what Coleridge has already said on the subject.

The Squire. There is, indeed, not much more to be said when Coleridge has spoken, and his words have come down to us; yet — forgive the impertinence — a dwarf on a giant's shoulders may see farther than the giant himself.

Foster. Artists say that a portrait, while it must be true to nature and a likeness of the individual whom it represents, must, if it be a true work of art, show the idea, or motive, either of calm repose or of the animation of the moment in which one characteristic expression is passing into another. And the motive of this play may, I think, be said to be youth at the moment of passing into manhood and womanhood. Boys and girls become dignified men and women before our eyes; and it is love which makes the magic change, — a change which Berowne describes in words so burning yet so pure and chaste, so passionate yet spiritual, that I, at least, can never read or repeat them too often: —

"Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopped:
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair:
And when Love speaks, the voice' of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were tempered with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain and nourish all the world:
Else none at all in aught proves excellent."

The Squire. They are indeed perfect; and we may well say with Berowne that when such "love speaks the voice' of all the gods make heaven drowsy with the harmony." Does not Coleridge say that this speech is that of the very god of love himself? But go on.

Foster. The ladies in the play, as in nature, are at first inclined to make fun of the serious ardor of their admirers, till the whole scene becomes a tilting-match or tournament of wits, in which — again with truth to nature — the ladies get the better, and the men confess themselves "beaten with pure scoff." But love is becoming lord of all with the ladies, too. Another transition is marked when the princess exclaims, "We are wise girls to mock our lovers so!" Then come the tidings of the death of her father, the king of France. In a moment the electric spark crystallizes that life of fun and joyousness. The generous and noble-minded youths and maidens become, as I have said, dignified men and women, and turn to the duties of real life, though agreeing that the new is still to be linked with the old. If the poet had told us the real ending, he would have called the play Love's Labour's Won, and so anticipated the answer to a still vexed question of Dr. Dryasdust.

The Squire. Well done! I wish every one knew, and then he would prize this play as you do. Speaking in the name of Shakespeare, you stir the blood of chilled age, and make me say "the dead

are not dead, but alive." But how does all this prove the early date of the play?

Foster. You yourself said just now that you were inclined to recognize a distinction between the creations of Ferdinand and Miranda and Romeo and Juliet and those of Berowne and Rosaline. I think this is so, and that we must not look in this play for the expression of that mature genius which we find in the later works. But of the genius itself, not yet mature, we have abundant tokens; and here is, in truth, one especial charm and interest of this play. How pleasant it is to look at the portraits of Milton, the child, the youth, and the man, and to trace the lineaments of moral and intellectual as well as physical beauty in their successive developments, — the child surviving in the man, and the man fulfilling the promise of the child! And though no such portraiture of Shakespeare's face in youth exists for us, we have the portrait of his mind in its successive stages of growth, if we follow Ben Jonson's advice and

> "looke
> Not on his picture, but his Booke;"

and again: —

> "Look, how the father's face
> Lives in his issue; even so the race
> Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
> In his well turnèd and true filèd lines."

The Squire. You remember that Ben Jonson said something on the other side, — that he wished Shakespeare had blotted a thousand lines.

Foster. Yes, but the reconciliation is obvious as we read; for we know Shakespeare does write with an accuracy as well as profoundness of thought which must have been the fruit of the highest intellectual training and culture; with an ease and a fluency of utterance which sometimes verges on carelessness and negligence of language, and shows especially when the poet is under the influence of his love of fun. But his play of Love's Labour's Lost is remarkable for its careful accuracy of thought and word even in its fun, and indicates how much Shakespeare must, in the days of his earliest compositions, have studied the logical use of language, even when he is employing it to express the most fanciful conceits or the most soaring imaginations. The play is full of instances of this careful composition, with its regular balance of thoughts, words, and rhymes in the successive lines. This use of language is perfect in its kind; yet how different it is from that of The Tempest, Othello, or Hamlet! Surely the difference between the youthful and the mature genius is plain enough.

The Squire. Yes, and you have made a good defense — or explanation shall I call it? — of Coleridge's saying that this play is like a portrait of the poet taken in his boyhood. And let me confess to you that when I was young I myself wrote an argument in the same sense, endeavoring to show, by an analysis of Berowne's speech against learning, how exactly it must have represented Shakespeare's own experiences and conclusions as to the relations between the study of books and the knowledge of life, when he first came up to London with his small Latin and less Greek.

Then we got up, and walked to the wooden bridge which crossed the brook just above the waterfall; and I saw the small red and blue dragonflies and one great brown one — so formidable looking, though so harmless — darting to and fro over the water; and a kingfisher shot, flashing in the sunlight, from a hawthorn bush upon the bank.

Edward Strachey.

REMINISCENCES OF A GERMAN NONAGENARIAN.

It is only in round numbers that Julius Fröbel can be called a nonagenarian; but as he is still enjoying a hearty old age in his home at Zurich, whence he sends forth his memoirs in two volumes,[1] and as, with mental faculties unimpaired, he has every prospect of filling out a life of more than fourscore years and ten, the reader will pardon the convenient license of the term. He was born early in 1805, at the obscure Thuringian village of Griesheim, in the petty principality of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, where his father occupied the humble position of vicar in the parish church, and held advanced rationalistic views in theology. The whole family shared these progressive opinions, and one of Fröbel's earliest and most vivid recollections is of fierce encounters, often resulting in bruised heads and bloody noses, with orthodox peasant boys who resented his denial of the personal existence of the devil as a dangerous innovation, which they opposed by knock-down arguments, the only form of reasoning in which they were adept. His mother was a woman of remarkable intelligence and force of character, well up in Biblical literature, and a vigorous theological controversialist; but her strongest passion was for politics. She was an eager reader of newspapers, and her lively interest in the events of the time ceased only with her death at eighty years of age.

In the education of his children the father followed the pedagogical system advocated by Pestalozzi; but, unfortunately, he died when the eldest son, Julius, was only nine years old. His salary as country parson had always been small, and his scholarly tastes and necessities led him to buy more books than his pecuniary circumstances warranted; and to the occasional protests of his more practical wife against such expenditures he was accustomed to reply, "I bequeath my library as a treasure to my children." As a financial investment this so highly prized treasure finally proved to be little better than a "salted" silver mine. A few of the rarest volumes were sold to the library of the ruling prince at Rudolstadt; the rest were packed in boxes, and stored in the attic of a house which was soon afterwards destroyed by fire.

That the sons of a clergyman should enter the university and study a learned profession was rendered necessary by their social position. However severe the stress of poverty, they would have regarded it as a degradation to go into trade or to earn their living by mechanical labor. So strong was the force of this tradition that it would never have occurred to Fröbel's sons or to their friends that they could engage in vocations so unworthy of their family. But it was deemed no disgrace to prepare themselves for their predestinated calling by means of private charity; and when the boy Julius entered the gymnasium of Rudolstadt he "boarded round" in several families, and received a weekly allowance of money from other benefactors. He confesses that at first this mode of life made him feel like a beggar, but the welcome he met with soon put him at his ease, and rendered this eleemosynary itinerancy really enjoyable. He was not only well fed, but also supplied with pocket money with a liberality that tended to demoralize a youngster who, like Lord Strut, had never been "flush in ready." His ample funds enabled him to become a regular frequenter of the theatre, and now and then he was taken behind the

[1] *Ein Lebenslauf.* Aufzeichnungen, Erinnerungen und Bekenntnisse von Julius Fröbel. Two volumes. Stuttgart: Cotta. 1890.

scenes by the hairdresser of the troupe, in whose house he lived. His experience in this respect led him to the reflection, in after life, that nothing is more detrimental to the proper development of the character than early familiarity with the stage, either before or behind the footlights, and independently of the moral or immoral tendency of the plays. This injurious influence he not only felt in himself, but also observed in others, and tells how, at Munich, he had in his service a young man who was thoroughly orderly, useful, and trustworthy, until he happened to play the harmless part of a monkey in The Magic Flute, after which he was utterly worthless.

Fortunately, when Julius was twelve years of age, he was removed from the sphere of these dissipations and sent to Keilhau, near Rudolstadt, where his famous uncle, Frederic Fröbel, had just established his General German Educational Institute. Frederic Fröbel's motto, which he was never tired of repeating, was, "All-sided evolution from within;" and the only means of attaining this end and of promoting the symmetrical growth of mind and body was by living near to nature, and "following the course marked out by the Creator in the education of the human race." The fundamental idea of his pedagogics was to develop as completely as possible each individual as a human being, and not to prepare him for this or that profession or vocation. His aim was not to turn out lawyers, doctors, divines, mathematicians, mechanics, scholars, or specialists of any kind, but to "make microcosms;" although man merely as a microcosm would doubtless prove to be the most useless creature on the face of the earth, and scarcely self-supporting. He would be as fatally out of place as a megatherium, and perish for lack of a suitable environment. In this scheme of varied discipline and harmonious development no mental faculty or physical member should be neglected. One of the exercises of the pupils was to move the little finger while holding the other fingers perfectly still. Julius declares that he succeeded, by practice, in acquiring the power of moving every joint of each finger independently of all the other joints and fingers; but as he had no intention of becoming a prestidigitator, his skill in this particular was of no perceptible use to him in his subsequent career, and was finally lost altogether. In fact, the pedagogical system here pursued was the very reverse of that of the Jesuits. "The sacrifice of the intellect" or of any of its capacities for the sake of securing the unity of the church or the safety of the state Fröbel would have denounced as sacrilege.

Frederic Fröbel is characterized by his nephew as "one of the most notable men of his time," both in outward appearance and in qualities of mind. No intelligent person could see the photograph taken from his bust without wondering who the man was that looked like that. His long, straight hair, parted in the middle and falling on his shoulders, gave him the air of an Oriental priest or prophet. His features were regular, and his profile was quite classical in its symmetry; his expression was keen and Puritanic. By the inmates of the institute he was revered as a being far above ordinary mortals, and his utterances were received as a voice from on high speaking with the authority, if not the ambiguity, of an ancient oracle. He was endowed with an extraordinary gift as an educator, and in another age and among another people would probably have been the founder of a religion. His power of kindling enthusiasm, even in the dullest minds, was marvelous; so that Keilhau acquired considerable celebrity for the pedagogic-climatic cure of the most obstinate cases of youthful doltishness and indocility.

After taking the doctor's degree at Jena, Julius Fröbel went to Berlin, where he had the good fortune to win

the esteem and friendship of Alexander von Humboldt, through whose recommendation he was appointed teacher of geography in the Industrial School of Zurich, and shortly afterwards promoted to the professorship of mineralogy in the university which had been recently founded in that city. In 1840, he established there, in connection with Ruge, Siegmund, Follen, and others, a Literary Bureau, which made a specialty of the publication of radical works in politics and theology: a popular edition of Strauss's Life of Jesus, Bruno Bauer's Christianity Rediscovered (Das Neu Entdeckte Christenthum, regarded by the orthodox as new-fangled rather than new-found), historical writings like Louis Blanc's History of Ten Years, and pamphlets and poems of a revolutionary and republican tendency, of which Herwegh's Gedichte eines Lebendigen attained an immense popularity, and gave their author a wide reputation as the German "bard of freedom." The Zurich publishing house thus became the chief centre of agitation in Europe, and not only were its issues carefully excluded from Germany, but the Swiss authorities, in servile obedience to the wishes of their monarchical neighbors, made every effort to suppress it by a vigorous exercise of the censorship and an outrageous abuse of the judicial power.

In 1843 business affairs brought Fröbel to Paris, where he met Arago, Lamennais, Cabet, Louis Blanc, Flocon, Lamartine, and other prominent personages. He formed no high opinion of Louis Blanc's abilities. Lamennais impressed him as a man worthy of all esteem and reverence, with a peculiar expression of countenance, such as he afterwards detected in the features of Döllinger. Cabet was busy with the project of a new religion for his Icaria, and eager in gathering materials for it from all quarters. He had hardly been presented to Fröbel when he began to examine him on this subject, setting down the answers in a notebook. "Do you believe in a God?" "Yes." "Personal?" "No, universal." "Universal, — very good." And thus the interrogatories went on. Montalembert gave Fröbel a letter of introduction to Lamartine, whom he called on at his country seat near Macon, and found arrayed in a voluminous silk dressing-gown and reclining on a sofa, with a young lady reading to him, and a secretary with pen in hand ready to catch and preserve any casual inspiration. The great poet excused this attitude by saying "Je souffre" with the affectation of an old coquette. The whole tableau was purposely arranged as a piece of sentimental posing.

Fröbel had a characteristic experience with Flocon, the editor of La Réforme, at whose request he wrote an article on political parties in Switzerland, in the course of which he spoke of Professor Bluntschli as belonging to the romantic and reactionary Berlin school of jurists. To this perfectly accurate statement the sub-editor added "ce misérable qui a été condamné pour escroquerie et pour vol." When called to account for this interpolation, the sub-editor admitted that he had inserted the objectionable words "pour arrondir la phrase." "What!" exclaimed Flocon indignantly, "pour arrondir la phrase? Are you crazy?" "Eh bien, monsieur," replied the subordinate, "ce misérable est un ennemi de la France; il m'a paru juste de le flétrir." This defamation of an able and honorable publicist because he was supposed to be an enemy of France proves that patriotism often is what Dr. Johnson affirmed it to be, "the last refuge of scoundrels."

In the same year Julius visited Leipsic and Berlin, and had at Potsdam a pleasant interview with Humboldt, who, in the course of the conversation, asked whether he had any interesting works in press. Fröbel mentioned Bruno Bauer's Christianity Rediscovered. "A

dangerous title," declared Humboldt. "Besides, there is not much to discover: a bit of naive cosmogony, a bit of primitive mythology, a bit of questionable metaphysics, and a more or less crude morality, — these are found in every religion without much searching." To Fröbel's statement that the Literary Bureau did not aim to be merely subversive, but to prove the inefficiency of the censorship and to contribute to its abolition, Humboldt replied: "There you have to contend with a stupidity that is hard to overcome. I am old, but you are still young, and will live to see the ignominious end of the whole system now prevailing here. The great misfortune in German history is that the movement of the Peasants' War did not succeed." "I could hardly believe my ears," adds Fröbel, "when hearing such opinions expressed in a room adjoining the royal apartment in the Potsdam palace, by a man who was the chamberlain and daily companion of the king. How deeply the great naturalist must have felt the degradation of his position as courtier, if he avenged himself by such utterances!"

In 1846 Fröbel settled in Dresden, where he associated almost exclusively with authors and artists, and devoted himself to literary pursuits. Among other things, he began the composition of a great historical drama in the form of a trilogy, of which, however, only the first part, The Republicans, was finished and put on the stage. The scene was laid in Geneva at the time of Bonnivard, under the oppressive rule of the Dukes of Savoy. Geneva, under the equally despotic *régime* of Calvin, was to be the scene also of the second part, The Libertines. The third part was to be called The Puritans, and the action was to be transferred to New England. He also wrote a play entitled The Prussians in Africa, in the style which Offenbach's operettas have now made familiar to frequenters of the *opera buffa*.

Fröbel was a prominent participant in the revolution of 1848, as journalist and member of the Frankfort Parliament, and gives lively descriptions of the course of events, as well as of the "cranks" and self-seeking demagogues with whom his political activity brought him in contact.

After the gradual disintegration of the Frankfort Parliament and the total collapse of the revolution, Fröbel took refuge in Switzerland, about the last of June, 1849. Early in July, he made a tour on foot through the Bernese Highlands and over the Gemmi to Lake Leman, and took passage at Villeneuve on a steamer for Geneva. A young American on board fell into conversation with him, and said, "You are going to the United States, and I will give you a letter to my father in Philadelphia." To Fröbel's assurance that he had no intention of going to America, the young man replied: "Oh, yes, you will. What can you do here in Europe? You are no longer suited to this hemisphere." At Geneva Fröbel received the letter of introduction, in which he was spoken of as one of the "literati" who wished to found a republic in Germany, and which he had the pleasure of presenting, less than a year later, to the father, a wealthy merchant of the Quaker city, by whom he was cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained.

The strong reactionary tide that had now set in throughout all Germany defeated his plan of settling down as a publicist in Hamburg, and on September 29 he left Liverpool in an American sailing-vessel, and arrived in New York November 9. Captain Doane, who had shown him many kind attentions during the voyage, remarked, as they were sailing up the bay: "Now we are in the United States, and I hope you will find a new home here. As a refugee you are perhaps without means until you can secure some position. If I can serve you with a small sum of money, it will

give me great pleasure." Fröbel thanked him for his generosity, and assured him that he had enough for his present needs. "If you have money," replied the captain, "so much the better; but every new-comer in this country has to pay for his experience, and often at a very dear rate. Here is the address of my sister in Connecticut, through whom letters are sure to reach me. If you ever need help, let me know. Are you familiar with our coinage? That is absolutely necessary. Look here," he continued, putting some pieces in Fröbel's hand: "that is an eagle, and worth ten dollars; that 's a half-eagle; that 's a dollar; that 's a dime, of which ten make a dollar; and that 's a cent, the hundredth part of a dollar." Fröbel thanked him for the information, and returned him the money. "No," said the captain, drawing back his hand, "you must keep them; otherwise you might forget." Fröbel could not return the gift without hurting the feelings of the warm-hearted man who had taken this delicate way of attaining his purpose, and replied, "I shall prize these coins as a souvenir of Captain Doane."

Unfortunately, we have not space to recount at length the adventures of Fröbel in America, which form one of the most fascinating portions of his autobiography. Of course he fell in with many fellow-exiles, and gives some ludicrous examples of their crude and mostly condemnatory judgments of American institutions, formed within a few hours after landing. One day he met on the street a Saxon revolutionist, a quondam colleague in the Frankfort Parliament. "You here?" exclaimed Fröbel. "When did you arrive?" "Last week," was the reply. "Is n't there a disgraceful state of affairs in this country? And they call this a republic! I tell you what, there 's got to be a change."

Fröbel declared his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States, and several prominent Americans wished to procure for him a professorship in some institution of learning, but he declined their kind offer with thanks. His experience in Germany had filled him with intense disgust for "the vapid theorizing and pedagogical arrogance of men like Dahlmann and Gervinus," who were after all the best of their class, and he was firmly resolved not to bear the professorial title in the New World. A rabid radical, Dr. Esselen, who died an inmate of an American insane asylum, had once publicly accused him of aristocratic tendencies because he had been seen wearing kid gloves on the streets of Frankfort. But the fact that he began life in New York as a soap-boiler proves that he was not above any honest kind of manual labor. It is equally to his credit that when he afterwards took part in politics he did not imitate some native partisans by carrying into it the kind of "soap" that corrupts instead of cleansing what it touches.

It was impossible, however, for a man of Fröbel's ability and energy to hide himself permanently in an obscure basement, behind caldrons of boiling grease and potash, and we find him soon afterwards in Washington, associating with President Taylor, Vice-President Fillmore, Senator Seward, Professor Henry, Dr. Bache, Lieutenant Maury, and other persons eminent in political and scientific circles. There he met also an Austrian refugee, the Hofrath Gritzner, who was apparently in high favor, and consequently in high feather, and condescended to let Fröbel into the secret of his success. "Here," he said, "there is one way to the goal, although you are probably, unlike myself, too scrupulous to take it: it is through the Jesuits, and the way to the Jesuits is through the ladies."

Fröbel accepted an invitation from Professor Rogers to visit him at the University of Virginia, and made an extended tour through the Old Dominion,

charmed with the beauty of the country and the genial hospitality of the inhabitants, which appear to have cast a glamour upon his perceptions of the peculiar institution. It is just to add that a subsequent journey through the South, from Charleston to New Orleans, imparted a darker hue to the somewhat rose-colored view of slavery obtained in Virginia. The Charleston Hotel, which had the reputation of being a first-class house, was so dirty that it was hardly habitable, and nowhere in the city was there any trace of the elegance and the superior taste upon which the Southern aristocrats prided themselves. The through passengers were chiefly Northerners, but the people who entered the train in Georgia and Alabama were "a loud, swaggering, rough, and seedy-looking set, each with a slave carrying an old hat-box and other shabby baggage, the very picture of beggarly grandeeship." At that time Fröbel could have bought a hundred square miles of land near Warm Springs for five thousand dollars, and a few years later he was offered a large estate near Harper's Ferry, if he would only live on it and induce German immigrants to settle there. This tempting offer, which was made by Mr. Mason, then American minister to France, and his son-in-law, Archer Anderson, was, after mature deliberation, declined, since Fröbel could not conscientiously advise his countrymen to make their home in a part of the United States which he thought must sooner or later be the theatre of a fierce civil war.

In 1850, when the project of a Nicaragua ship canal began to be agitated, and a stock company had been formed in New York for piercing the isthmus, Fröbel, on the recommendation of E. G. Squier, was invited by the Nicaraguan government to visit the country and report on its natural resources, and especially its mineral treasures. With this scientific mission he united also the function of correspondent of the New York Tribune, then owned by Horace Greeley, and edited by Charles A. Dana. To this journal he had been already a frequent contributor, and as Dana once handed him a fifty-dollar check in payment for a single communication, Fröbel remarked, "You are very generous." "We are never generous," was Dana's reply, "and never pay for an article more than it is worth." Fröbel gives an admirable account of Nicaragua, politically, socially, geologically, ethnologically, and indeed from every point of view, and interweaves the narration with striking incidents of travel, personal adventures, intrigues of British diplomatists, outrages of American filibusters, and other tragic or humorous episodes.

On his return to New York, in September, 1851, he was offered the directorship of a Nicaragua gold-mining company; but he declined the honor, his geological knowledge convincing him that the enterprise was an intentional or unintentional swindle. His political affiliations were with the Whigs, whose principles he advocated in the press, and thereby incurred the ill will of the majority of his German compatriots, who, misled by a name, had not yet discovered that American democracy at that time was the servile instrument of an arrogant oligarchy. He took a lively interest in the reformatory enthusiasms of the period, vegetarianism, spiritualism, Fourierism, and the doctrine of the sovereignty of the individual as proclaimed by Josiah Warren and Stephen Pearl Andrews, and practically exemplified in the Free Love League, whose members, nevertheless, seemed for the most part to be distinguished for a purity in their private lives which was wholly inconsistent with their public profession of principles, and rendered Horace Greeley's assertion of the necessity of "compulsory morality" quite superfluous.

In the spring of 1852, a New York firm, which had an extensive overland

commerce with Texas, northern Mexico, and California, asked him to accompany one of their trading expeditions as accountant and paymaster, an opportunity which he gladly seized, because it would enable him to travel across prairies and through primeval forests, and to observe savage and pioneer life in the far West. The caravan started from Independence, Missouri, and after a day's journey plunged into the wilderness at a point where there was a division of the road with a guidepost pointing on the one hand the "Way to California," and on the other the "Way to Oregon." "Imagine," adds Fröbel, "a guidepost at Frankfort on the Main showing the 'Way to Russia' and the 'Way to Turkey'!" Independence was then the frontier station of civilization, and harbored eccentric characters of almost every nationality. Fröbel mentions one American there, a man of considerable culture and importance, who regarded the Chinese form of government as the model for America and for the world, and who hoped that with the completion of the Pacific railroad, then already projected, the ameliorating influence of Chinese civilization would be widely felt. "American culture," he observed, "is the primitive culture of mankind, but corrupted and degenerated, whereas in China it has kept itself pure. The regeneration of America, therefore, must come from China, and be effected by the introduction of the patriarchal democracy of the Celestial Kingdom." Americans of to-day would hardly accept this crotchet as an adequate solution of the Chinese question, or be brought to believe that their redemption and restoration as a people must come to them from Chung-Kuë, "the realm of the middle."

The feature of this border town that struck Fröbel most forcibly was the curious contrast between the keen commercial character and the zealous religious life of its inhabitants. Methodists formed the predominant sect, and were divided into two hostile camps, Northern and Southern, each of which used the Bible against or in favor of slavery. The Northern church excluded slaveholders from its communion, but the negroes belonged to the Southern church. "It is the will of God," said a sable preacher, "that we blacks should be slaves, but in the next world we shall be white and free," — a pathetic prospect which did not diminish their present value as chattels, and with which their masters were glad to have them console themselves. The prevailing notion among the negroes was that the bad ones would be condemned to be apes after death; but by good conduct in the simian state they would ultimately become negroes again, gradually turn white, grow wings, and enjoy other beatitudes. This naive and primitive eschatology is probably of African pagan origin, since the psychical affinity of man with monkeys, and the belief that the latter are human beings undergoing punishment for their misdeeds, are conceptions common to many native negro tribes.

Fröbel gives graphic descriptions of life on the plains, and interesting observations, as a naturalist, of the regions extending from Independence to Chihuahua, and from Galveston to San Francisco; and the record of his impressions of California and the Californians forty years ago is a valuable contribution to the history of a rare transition period in American civilization, and an admirable study of American character under exceptional and peculiarly trying circumstances. His judgment in this respect is, on the whole, very favorable. He declares that society in San Francisco at that time was more agreeable and animating, and contained a proportionately greater number of highly cultivated, truly humane, and really companionable persons, men of remarkable intelligence, uncommon energy, large experience of the world, and tried qualities of mind and heart, than any city of the Old

World. "Every Californian regarded himself, and not without reason, as belonging to the *élite* of the human race; and although this was true in a bad as well as in a good sense, I found the good predominating over the bad in a wonderful degree, and had occasion to observe in Californian life the rise and growth, the organization and ennoblement, of human society through sheer stress of necessity."

Soon after his arrival, Fröbel aided in establishing, and edited during his sojourn there, a German Whig paper, the San Francisco Journal, which did good service in opposition to the California Demokrat, a sheet conducted in the interests of Catholic propagandism, and also of slavery extension, by one Dr. Löhr, who advocated the formation of a slave State out of southern California.

On the eve of his leaving San Francisco a public dinner was given in Fröbel's honor, and a cane of the strawberry-tree (*arbutus unedo*) presented to him, the head of which was of massive gold cut in six facets, two bearing inscriptions, and the other four adorned with the figures of a gold-digger, a Mexican horseman swinging a lasso, a Chinaman, and an Indian, carved in high relief; even the iron point was made of metal obtained from Californian gold-sand. Some gentlemen also gave him as a souvenir a large piece of native gold in octahedral crystals of rare beauty. On the 20th of September, 1855, he sailed through the Golden Gate for New York via Panama, as the invited guest of the Nicaragua Steamship Company. The passengers, he says, were on the whole the most cultivated persons he had ever met with on shipboard. "I shared my cabin with a former governor of Oregon and a lawyer from San Francisco, whose instructive and entertaining conversation shortened the days and hours of the passage. Jurists, judges, physicians, prominent merchants, some with their wives, formed the remaining elements of the society, in which a cheerful tone, good breeding, and mutual civility prevailed. The vessel, in its arrangement and administration, was a model of neatness, order, and decency absolutely unknown to the Old World. Under such circumstances the sea voyage was a source of unalloyed pleasure."

One of the first letters received by Fröbel after his arrival in New York, in 1849, brought the sad news of the death of his wife at Zurich, where he had left her with their only child, while he sought a home for them in the New World. In consequence of this event, his son, then eleven years of age, was sent to him under the care of a kindly stranger. He was educated in America, partly at Cambridge, where he studied natural science under Agassiz, whose friendship Fröbel enjoyed. He was appointed to the professorship of chemistry and pharmacy in the University of New York, and died many years later in that city.

On his return from San Francisco to New York in 1855, Fröbel made the acquaintance of a German widow named Mördes, the daughter of Count von Armansperg, well known as Greek chancellor under the reign of King Otto I. The first husband of this lady was a young jurist and revolutionist, and the newly married pair, in consequence of the events of 1849, made their wedding journey as political refugees to Texas, where the husband died of cholera. Caroline von Armansperg (as she is called in the autobiography) now wished to return to Bavaria, and sailed from New York in a vessel laden with cotton, which was struck by lightning in the waters of the West Indies and slowly burned, notwithstanding every effort to extinguish the fire in the cargo. After three days of fearful anxiety the ship's company were taken off by a passing vessel, and landed in Charleston. At another time Caroline took passage from New York, and went on board, but lost

her courage, and was put ashore, forfeiting her fare. The ship sailed, and was never heard of again. The death of her father and the settlement of the family estate improved her condition financially. A Saxon lawyer, residing in New York, urged her to place her funds in his hands for investment, and to go to Panama for her health, well knowing that she would probably never survive that treacherous climate. Fortunately, she rejected this offer, and was still in New York, devoting herself to the education of her son, when she met Fröbel and became his wife. Her boy, who had never known his own father, legally assumed Fröbel's name combined with that of his mother, William Fröbel-Armansperg.

After extended journeys through the southern part of the United States and in Central America, Fröbel and his wife set sail for Europe, and landed at Havre July 9, 1857. Both of them, each independently of the other, had gone through essentially like experiences, and become completely changed as the result of eight years of eventful and decidedly vicissitudinous life.

I once fell into conversation with an evidently well-to-do and wide-awake German in the famous museum at Nuremberg. He was a Nuremberger by birth, but had spent the greater part of his active life as a merchant in New York, and had now come, with wife and child, to visit the place of his nativity. To my remark that it must be pleasant for him to see the quaint and picturesque old city again, he replied, with a deprecatory shrug of the shoulders, "Oh, yes, but it is small potatoes!" This pettiness appeared to Fröbel's "Americanized eyes" the most conspicuous feature of life in Paris, where he spent his first twelve days in Europe, and where, as he observes, "Americans like to make their home, but, as a rule, not to the advantage of their character." Voluntary expatriation tends to denationalize and denaturalize them, so that "they cease to be good Americans without becoming Europeans," and pay a heavy ransom for the pleasures they enjoy by losing all earnest aims and worthy purposes. Many faces in the United States may show the effects of a wearing and too often grinding life; but it is a life of serious work, and not of dissoluteness, and has nothing in common with the faded features and shabby finery of the boulevard *flaneur* sporting a red pink as the cheap substitute for the bit of red ribbon which every Frenchman is ambitious to have in his buttonhole.

In Germany, this sense of estrangement was aggravated by petty annoyances on the part of the police, and Fröbel resolved to pass the winter of 1858–59 in London, and to return in the following spring to the United States. Meanwhile, he published at Leipsic Amerika, Erfahrungen, Reisen, und Studien (two volumes, 1857–58), and early in 1859 an English edition of the same work, in somewhat abridged form, under the title Seven Years' Travel in Central America, Northern Mexico, and the Far West of the United States, was issued by Bentley in one large volume, with excellent illustrations. Fröbel also printed at Berlin what Humboldt called a "timely and suggestive treatise" on Amerika, Europa, und die Politischen Gesichtspunkte der Gegenwart, in which he called attention, on the one hand to the growing power of the United States as a political factor hitherto overlooked by European statesmen, and on the other hand to the fact that Russia, by its expansion in Asia, was becoming more and more a colossal empire foreign to Europe. The corollary to these demonstrations was the necessity of the unification of Germany and the confederation of the states of western Europe as an efficient member of the great political triad in which Christendom was gradually organizing itself, and as the only means of preserving the

balance of power between these "mighty opposites."

In England Fröbel met Lothar Bucher, afterwards well known as a diplomatist and publicist in confidential relations with Bismarck, and was introduced by him to David Urquhart, the oddest fish, perhaps, in all the shoals of British eccentrics, whose hatred of the United States was so intense that he would not tolerate an American pine or fir tree in his park, but put himself to immense trouble and expense to acclimate deodar cedars from the Himalayan Mountains. In his way he was as hobbyhorsical as his ancestral kinsman, Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, who published in 1652 a book called Pantochronochanon, in which he attempted to trace the house of Urquhart back to Adam, although he never did such a good piece of literary work as Sir Thomas's translation of Rabelais. One of his whimseys was the notion that by proper diet and discipline from infancy a person could be made proof against physical injury, and perfectly insensible to pain. To this end he fed his boy, then five years of age, on milk, and used to pinch his arm at table, in the presence of guests, asking, "Do you feel any pain?" to which the child gave the almost sobbing reply, "No," turning red and pale under the torture. When Fröbel declined to take a bath before dinner, Urquhart grew angry and insolent. "You wish to be a political reformer!" he exclaimed. "First reform yourself; and so long as you have not accomplished that, give up your foolish talking and writing."

The sudden death of Fröbel's mother-in-law, Countess Armansperg, necessitated his return to Germany, where old ties of friendship were renewed and his former interest in German politics revived. At Schwalbach, where his wife had been ordered to take the baths, he met ex-President Franklin Pierce, whom he had always held in slight esteem, but whom now, when no longer the pliant tool of a party, he found to be a far more sensible politician and honorable character than one would have expected from his general reputation. Once they visited Heidelberg together, and as they were walking up to the old castle Fröbel remembered that he had left his pocketbook at the hotel, and went back to fetch it, while Pierce proceeded on his way. On reaching the ruins, Fröbel was accosted by a stranger, who said: "Perhaps you are looking for President Pierce? You will find him on the terrace." "In fact I am looking for President Pierce," replied Fröbel, "but how did you come to suspect it?" "Well," answered the stranger, "you seemed to be seeking for somebody, and President Pierce up there was apparently waiting for somebody, and so I thought he must be the one you wanted." Fröbel joined Pierce on the terrace and related the incident. Pierce laughed, and said: "The same man addressed me, and inquired whether I were President Pierce; and to my inquiry as to how he arrived at this correct supposition, he replied, 'I read in the papers that General Pierce, ex-President of the United States, had just come from Spain, where he had greatly admired the Alhambra, and was now traveling on the Rhine; and as I saw a stranger contemplating with evident pleasure the ruins of our old castle, and perhaps comparing them with the remains of Moorish architecture, I surmised that he must be President Pierce.'" "What talent," exclaimed Fröbel, "for historic combinations, happy hypotheses, and conjectural politics!"

At Heidelberg, in 1862, Fröbel made the acquaintance of Dr. Chapman, editor of the Westminster Review, who in the course of a political discussion spoke of the "tyrannical governments of Germany." Fröbel replied that there was no longer any tyrannical government in Germany. "But there are no representations of the people," retorted Chap-

man. Fröbel pointed to a hewer of wood on the street and said, "That man is not only a voter, but may be also elected a member of the Parliament of this country, which in this respect is far in advance of England." "Why then are you discontented?" asked the English Liberal. "In Nicaragua," says Fröbel, "a man once showed me a cow, and inquired if I had ever seen such an animal before; when I assured him that there were cows in Europe, he expressed his wonder that in that case people should emigrate to Nicaragua." Dr. Chapman seems to have entertained an equally naive conception of parliamentary government as the *ne plus ultra* of blessedness. To his incredibly silly question Fröbel answered, "We are discontented because we demand a political power that shall correspond to our greatness and preëminent culture as a nation, and enable us to rebuke all foreign arrogance."

It was Fröbel's firm conviction that his fatherland could secure this desirable position among European nations only through the realization of the so-called German Trias, consisting of Austria, Prussia, and a federation of the smaller German states acting as one body. It is not necessary to enter into the details of this complex and clumsy scheme, the defects of which were recognized even by its most earnest advocates, who accepted it as the best that could be attained under the circumstances. The executive power was to be vested in a directory of three sovereigns, namely, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia as hereditary members, and a third member to be chosen by the remaining federated German rulers from their own number. There was also to be a federal constitution, a federal assembly, and a federal court of justice, the proposed organization of which is fully described in Fröbel's second volume.

Fröbel was furthermore of the opinion that Austria should take the lead in this movement, and compel the other states to join in it. Here he confesses that he made a fatal mistake. "I held Prussia to be weaker, and Austria and France stronger, than they proved to be. I did not assume that Prussia had either the energy or the will to solve the German problem. Even now I might be tempted to affirm that except for Bismarck, then as little known to the world as to myself, I should have been right; although it might be said in reply that Prussia alone was capable of producing a Bismarck, and that is really true."

Laboring under this delusion, Fröbel naturally entered the Austrian service; and although Ritter von Schmerling was minister of state, and Count Rechberg was minister of foreign affairs, the man whom an Austrian court-martial had sentenced to death in 1849 was for three years (1862–65), without portfolio or official recognition, the real director of Austrian politics. A semi-official journal, Der Botschafter, was established, for the purpose of promoting what was called the "great German" or Trias project, to prepare Austria for taking the initiative in this direction. It is hardly necessary to state that the whole scheme was a dismal failure, due in a great measure to party intrigues and petty dynastic pretensions, as well as to the conceited incompetency and personal venality of Austrian politicians. A single incident will suffice to illustrate the latter point. As Fröbel was about to retire, declaring that he was tired of "threshing empty straw," Baron Gruben urged him to remain, and promised that he should be put in an agreeable position, in which "the sheaves should not turn their stubble ends towards him;" thus interpreting Fröbel's discontent as an expression of regret that he had not been able to derive pecuniary profit from his patriotic labors.

Fröbel was in Munich soon after the accession of Ludwig II. of Bavaria, and witnessed with disgust the excessive ad-

ulation which turned the head of that young and enthusiastic romanticist on the throne. Thus Professor Löher, the director of the state archives, spoke of the wholly inexperienced and mentally unripe monarch in the most extravagant terms, falling into a fit of ecstasy and a muddle of mixed metaphor: "He is as daring and towering as an eagle, and as innocent as a lily. He is accessible to every great idea, and it is astounding how much he has studied without its being noticed." This was the sort of incense that was constantly going up in the presence of the king, inflaming his vanity and clouding his intellect, until he began to believe that all knowledge and wisdom came to him, like his crown, by the grace of God. He soon showed a longing for autocratic power, and could not see why a being divinely endowed and inspired, as his courtiers affirmed him to be, should not be invested with absolute authority. Once, at Aschaffenburg, he declared to his uncle, the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, that the position of the Emperor of Russia was the only one worthy of a sovereign. "In that case," was the reply, "your royal Majesty, my most charming nephew, would have to work often and vigorously at the pump" (*öfters tüchtig anpumpsen;* that is, raise the wind by frequent loans). Of all the persons who flattered the Bavarian king for their own selfish purposes, Wagner was, in Fröbel's opinion, the least mercenary, since he pursued ideal and artistic rather than purely personal ends. His rivals for the royal favor did everything they could to discredit him; and when Ludwig relieved the composer of his heavy burden of debt by the payment of forty thousand florins, the minister Pfistermeister had the whole sum counted out in silver coin and conveyed in a cart to Wagner's house, in order to attract the attention and to excite the indignation of the people. Wagner became the victim because he refused to be the sport of political intrigues. "His character was not lacking in weak points, which made him unenjoyable to many persons; but it was a delight to see how he maintained his footing on the slippery ground of his position in Munich, and kept his integrity under dangerous temptations."

Fröbel states on the authority of Count Rechberg that as early as 1846 a party in Mexico wished to have an Austrian prince, one of the sons of the Archduke Charles, proclaimed Emperor of that country. Metternich, however, refused to consent to the scheme except on conditions which could not be complied with. The movement that placed Maximilian on the Mexican throne in 1864 was started by Spain, and taken up by Napoleon and the Duke de Morny partly as a means of checking the growing power of the United States, and partly as a financial speculation. In this connection, Rechberg spoke of Maximilian as "a fantastic buffoon, without dignity or force of character," and described Charlotte as "a vain, conceited, and arrogant person, boundlessly ambitious, utterly heartless, and always calculating."

Our autobiographer saw Bismarck for the first time December 14, 1868, and again in the following spring. In these interviews, the Prussian statesman set forth his ideas with great frankness, and solicited Fröbel's criticism. He deemed it impolitic to proceed too rapidly with the work of German unification, and thought that Italy was still suffering, and would continue for a long time to suffer, the consequences of her error in this respect. "We must not require that the great objects which we are striving after shall be attained in our lifetime. The south of Germany must join the north of its own free will, even if it takes thirty years." As to Austria, he would deal gently with her, and gratify her wishes so far as possible, as a man humors the whims of an exacting and capricious woman to whom he is bound for better or for worse; but when indul-

gence is abused and conciliation fails, harsh measures must be adopted. "Between the velvet hand and the naked sword there is for me no middle." On the visitor's taking leave, the chancellor accompanied him through the second anteroom, where Fröbel was about to pass through a door on the right, when Bismarck motioned to him to go straight on, and added: "I accompany many persons to this point; the civilians uniformly turn to the right, the soldiers always go straight ahead. But you will find your way in politics all the better for that. Good-by!" "In this respect," remarks Fröbel, "Bismarck seems to have combined the soldier with the civilian."

A short time afterward Fröbel was in Paris, and breakfasted with the minister Ollivier, who, in discussing French and German affairs, said: "I will tell you the secret of French politics. War with Prussia is inevitable. We assume that a few days after the declaration of hostilities a battle will be fought, and of course we shall be victorious. French prestige will be saved; peace will follow; Prussia will be permitted to do as she pleases in Germany, and France will be content with Belgium and a rectification of her eastern frontier." "But suppose the French should not win the first battle?" interposed Fröbel. "In that case," replied Ollivier, "the Emperor would never return to Paris."

A few days later Fröbel called upon Prince Napoleon, at the latter's request. The topic of conversation was the national unity of Germany, which the prince admitted to be a necessary result of the natural evolution of European politics, and not to be prevented. "But Prussia," he added, "is not the same thing as Germany, and the German nation is a dangerous nation. 'So weit die deutsche Zunge klingt,' — that 's what you are always singing." "It is a long time since I have heard that song," replied Fröbel, "and the principle of nationality is no longer understood by us in a linguistic sense. Quant à moi — je dirais que le principe de nationalité n'est autre chose que la démocratie dans le droit international." The prince accepted this definition, and turned the conversation to the eventuality of Franco-German hostilities, which he thought might be avoided by a slight regulation of boundaries, with a small addition of territory, hinting that Belgium would be a sop sufficient to appease the appetite of the French "dogs of war." He expressed great admiration for Bismarck as "the only statesman of the present day," and believed that he would have the will and the wisdom to preserve peace. "One must be either the accomplice or the decided enemy of a power like Prussia. We have been neither the one nor the other. But it is not I who make French politics," he remarked, with a shrug, and intimated that the Emperor would be responsible for any disaster arising from this source.

In April, 1873, Fröbel was appointed consul-general of the German Empire at Smyrna, and it is significant of the strictness of the German civil service regulations that this man, though sixty-eight years of age, of acknowledged political capacity, and the personal friend of Bismarck, was obliged to pass the prescribed examination before he could receive this office, for which every one knew him to be preëminently qualified. Indeed, it was at the imperial chancellor's earnest request that he consented to become a candidate for the position.

We shall not attempt to follow Fröbel in the varied experiences and vivid records of his Oriental life, first in Asia Minor, and afterward in Algiers. In the summer of 1888 he retired from active service, after the death of his wife, and has since lived with his adopted son in Zurich, where fifty-five years before he had begun his scientific, journalistic, and political career.

In many respects his memoirs are

more interesting even than those of Talleyrand, because they describe persons and events that are nearer to the present generation, and reveal the motive forces of great political movements, in the wake of which we are now sailing, and by whose heavy surge and rolling swell we are still strongly affected.

E. P. Evans.

SOME HOLIDAY BOOKS.

THERE is perhaps no class of books which feels the whiffs of fashion so quickly as illustrated books. Almost every year sees a new movement in style; and if a happy success finds imitators the next year, something of the value seems lost with the novelty. Yet, in spite of the apparent rule of caprice, one who has observed books of this sort for several successive years may discover one or two consistent principles in practice, and it is a pleasure to point out the steady advance toward what may be called happy marriages between art and literature.

These marriages have not always been fortunate. Sometimes the one, sometimes the other, of the high contracting parties has insisted upon being the better half; the blending of two lives into one has been a rare event; the golden wedding of such a pair is a literary jubilee. Such a celebration has recently been had over Pickwick. It is not very far away from the time when another golden wedding was observed, where, however, the external bond was more conspicuous than the spiritual alliance, for Turner's illustrations to Rogers's Italy will be studied and enjoyed long after Rogers ceases to be read.

We suspect that the success in such matings is every year coming to be due more to the matchmakers than formerly; that with the development of the book manufacturing and publishing from a commercial into an industrial state, from a trade almost into a profession and an art, the chances are greater for an intelligent ordering of all parts of a book into a harmonious whole. The greater variety of means also helps in the same direction. The application of photography and chemical processes in manifold combinations is giving the artist greater freedom in reproduction; and though the adjustment of the several materials employed in reaching the result is far from perfect, the paper especially being offensively obtrusive in its share of the business, the complexity of the entire process is calling for a degree of thought and patient skill which can accomplish excellent things under the guidance of a cultivated taste. It is clear that a haphazard conjunction of favoring constituents cannot be counted on.

One or two general observations may be made on the group of books which contains the most conspicuous examples of American book-making this season. They are for the most part books to hold with ease. In one or two instances the original publication in magazine form has determined the size and shape, but there is an evident disposition on the part of publishers to consult the interests of the library rather than of the drawing-room. Instead of ungainly quartos and folios we have dignified octavos and crown octavos and more companionable sixteenmos, to use a hybrid but convenient term. Again, there is a marked tendency toward the illustration of books, both in prose and verse, which are established favorites. Thus, the wealth of Mr. Crane's fancy has been called in to decorate the already classic

fancy of Hawthorne's Wonder-Book.[1] That mellow autumnal dream of Curtis's youth, a book which may have lapsed a little out of common notice, but has the affection of the middle-aged who read it when they were dreamers, and comes unexpectedly to remind one of the Curtis who lived before Civil Service Reform laid its commands on him, Prue and I,[2] is handed over to an artist who has felicitously made himself a contemporary of the youth of the writer in his conceptions, while retaining the touch of the latest penciler. Dr. Holmes, who has made his verse vivid with his own picturesque phrase, and has awakened images in his readers' minds which must have a common likeness, since he has stamped them effectively with his genius, finds not so much an interpreter as a companion artist in Mr. Howard Pyle, who has set three of the poet's most popular poems in frames of filigree with a whole commentary of pictures.[3] Hawthorne and Holmes belong in the classic period of our literature. Curtis connects the older and younger men, and the succession is happily represented in two books by Mr. Warner and Mr. James. The former, whose reputation even through his fiction is likely to be that of a saunterer, a looker-on, a delicate appraiser of human worth, is seen in his book of Eastern travel,[4] which follows in the wake of Hawthorne's The Marble Faun and Our Old Home; the fair page and general decorous form being accompanied by well-chosen photogravures of scenes noted in the traveler's sketch. Mr. James, who may be said to have been the first really to lay an Atlantic cable in literature, very properly enjoys his honors in an illustrated edition of Daisy Miller.[5] Thus, five of the most notable holiday books of the season are, with a single exception, works of American authors illustrated by American artists or by mechanical processes developed here; and it may be taken as something of a favorable omen that the English artist who treated the Wonder-Book so handsomely was our guest when he did so, and that the very important element of success in his work, the reproduction of his designs in color, was American.

There can be no doubt that we owe much of the substantial progress which we have made in book illustration to the opportunity afforded by our best illustrated magazines. The life of any one number is brief; the magazine itself offers happy dispatch by constantly nominating a successor. Yet continuity and accumulation of interest are studied, and the serial feature of magazine publication is quite as conspicuous as the occasional or monthly. The distribution of expense is an important consideration, and it is quite certain that but for this form of original publication the book-buying public would be deprived of many valuable illustrated works. It is not always easy to say whether the book was projected and then split up into magazine fragments, or the magazine papers were planned and then combined into a book. Some such factitious unity as the latter appears to mark The Great Streets of the World.[6] Broadway, Piccadilly,

[1] *Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. With sixty designs by WALTER CRANE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

[2] *Prue and I.* By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. Illustrated from drawings by ALBERT EDWARD STERNER. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1893.

[3] *Dorothy Q.*, together with *A Ballad of the Boston Tea-Party* and *Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle.* By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. With illustrations by HOWARD PYLE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

[4] *In the Levant.* By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Illustrated with photogravures. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

[5] *Daisy Miller* and *An International Episode.* By HENRY JAMES, JR. Illustrated from drawings by HARRY W. MCVICKAR. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

[6] *The Great Streets of the World.* By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, ANDREW LANG, FRAN-

Boulevards of Paris, the Corso of Rome, the Grand Canal, Unter den Linden, the Névsky Prospékt, — these are all great arteries of city life, and the writers who struggle more or less successfully with the problem of a literary representation of humanity on the run are trained men who execute commissions entrusted to them. It is noticeable that the artists make more of the people in the streets than of the distinctive street architecture, and thus the general effect of the book is more harmonious. Yet the pictures have a curious air as if they all had a common denominator with a view to greater uniformity and less fractional appearance. We must think that this book with its miscellaneousness is rather a temporary affair, that its parts were at their best in the magazine with its more agreeable page, and that it does not contribute greatly to the establishment of settled principles in American fine book-making.

Whatever may have been the original purpose in the case of Mr. Cole's reproductions of Italian art: whether the series was projected as a whole and then given piecemeal in The Century Magazine, or whether, having set Mr. Cole agoing in the important task of applying the most admirable practice of wood-engraving as exercised in America to the interpretation of the greatest works of pictorial art, the conductors then collected the successive parts into a whole, the result is equally effective. The reader of the magazine had from time to time the pleasure of a very close acquaintance with single masterpieces, and the buyer of the book [1] in which they are collected may study them in association. It is quite certain that but for the opportunity afforded by magazine publication this masterly series would not have been executed, and it is not the least service rendered by The Century Magazine to general culture in America that such a series should have been for several years familiarizing people with great works of art, and helping to erect those standards which make the appreciation of modern works more sure and more intelligent. This stately volume marks the high water of American engraving skill, and gives an imperishable dignity to engraving on wood. The flexibility of the material has long been recognized, but when Bewick was showing what could be done on another scale, such work as Mr. Cole's was in the hands of the engravers on steel.

It is much to have at this season two such books as this and Mr. Crane's Wonder-Book, not only to register the successes of American book-making, but to point the way to further advance. They are positive contributions to the stock of the world's beautiful things; they are beyond the caprice of fashion, for though Mr. Crane's inventions have a touch of archaism, and archaism may be a fashion as well as contemporaneity, they have beauty and delight in loveliness at their centre. Taste grows by what it feeds on, and a public whose eye has been trained by such examples will fortify publishers in their resolution to put still more thought into the construction of their illustrated books.

cisque Sarcey, Isabel F. Hapgood, W. W. Story, Henry James, Paul Lindau. Illustrated by A. B. Frost, W. Douglas Almond, G. Jeanniot, Ettore Tito, Alexander Zezzos, F. Stahl, Ilya Efimovitch Répin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

[1] *Old Italian Masters.* Engraved by Timothy Cole. With Historical Notes by W. J. Stillman, and Brief Comments by the Engraver. New York: The Century Company. 1892.

PHASES OF THOUGHT AND CRITICISM.

Brother Azarias has undertaken, and has well accomplished, a rare and admirable task.[1] The Catholic of true cultivation and of gracious refinement of intellect, the Catholic who is, moreover, devoted to the technically religious life, may not infrequently express in print his views upon topics which more immediately concern the cause of his church. But in such cases he must usually speak for his own circle, or else with distinctly apologetic purposes. In our day and country, we seldom have occasion to learn how the world of specifically literary interest looks when seen through his eyes. Brother Azarias here writes as a Catholic, and as a member of an educational order of his church, nor does he ever let us quite forget this fact in the course of his book. But he also writes as a man of letters. The methods that he chooses are those of the scholar and the sensitively appreciative critic rather than those of the apologist. The author causes his actual purpose of edification to win its way all the better because he pleasantly veils many of its devices from the reader's consciousness. And it is all the more a recognition of his skill when we find that, while we indeed never forget his clerical attitude, we are throughout kept in such a mood that, even as lovers of pure literature, we would not wholly forget that attitude if we could. The theologian and the man of letters are very seldom, in these pages, unduly divided or confounded, whether in person or in substance. Brother Azarias is confessedly not only an admirer, but in some sense a spiritual child, of Newman. The disciple has learned not ill the master's art. As a consequence, Brother Azarias will remain in our minds as a man whose words may be expected to be well worth hearing, whenever and however he chooses to utter them.

The volume before us contains a series of papers connected by one delicate but never invisible thread of thought. They all illustrate certain "phases," or, otherwise, methods of thought; or again, to speak yet a little more specifically, they briefly characterize certain noteworthy attitudes of mind towards the more "spiritual" problems of life, as these attitudes are illustrated by a few men and books of established literary fame and of very various age. The chief illustrations in question are furnished by Emerson, by Newman, by the author of the Imitation of Christ, by Dante, and by the Tennyson of In Memoriam. The book is opened by a very brief essay, defining a certain Fourfold Activity of the Soul. Then follows a study, On Thinking. Then Emerson and Newman are compared. Thereafter, the Principle of Thought, Literary and Scientific Habits of Thought, the Ideal in Thought, and the Cultivation of the Spiritual Sense are the titles of essays which lead to the culminating papers of the book, namely, those on the Spiritual Sense of the Imitation and on the Spiritual Sense of the Divina Commedia. The paper on In Memoriam has somewhat the effect of an anti-climax. The Conclusion very gracefully gathers into one the various threads of the discourse. The peacefully contemplative air of the whole work is one of its pleasantest features. Our author is indeed not speaking as one in a cathedral, oppressed by the solemnity of the place; but we are constantly aware that he has indeed spent time in such surroundings, and has there learned that art of repose, which, curiously enough, the devout acquire al-

[1] *Phases of Thought and Criticism.* By Brother Azarias, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

most as infrequently, in our modern life, as do the worldlings. The position from which he actually speaks is just now taken at the teacher's desk; but he prefers to be persuasively reasonable in tone rather than authoritative. It is very often impossible to agree with him unless you are a Catholic; it is never possible to disagree with him with any feeling of passionate opposition, however far you are from him in doctrine. In his company you are in no mood to be ardent in controversy. This is the place for taking counsel together, and not for wrangling. Eternity is long, and one is already in sight of its ocean. The view has a gentle and calming effect. Whoever it is that is right in his views, to get at the truth is to be at peace.

The Fourfold Activity of the Soul, with whose characterization the book opens, is defined as constituted by the Reason, the Moral Sense, the Æsthetic Sense, and the Spiritual Sense. These four "may be said to cover the whole of the soul's operations," and "in the harmonious development of all four activities is the complete culture of the soul to be effected." As for the Reason, or the power of thinking (in which Newman's Illative Sense is expressly included by our author), the cultivation of it demands an abandonment of "that mental lethargy in which we are all of us disposed to live." "Routine knowledge," and a "routine manner of imparting that knowledge," are to be condemned. It is especially the "professor" who is too often "under the influence of this spirit." "In the lecture room he is often content with retailing to his class some view of his subject which he adopts from a certain book without taking pains to inquire into its correctness." But "an inquiring mind may one morning awaken to the absurdity of what generations have handed down as a truth not to be gainsaid." A similar acceptance of unreasonable authority is to be found in case of many schools of philosophy and of art criticism. Truth and prejudice must be distinguished. "True criticism, be it in literature or in art, is all-embracing." "Confine not your thoughts in the narrow cell of a petty prejudice or the slough of indolence, when you can roam through the free air of the Infinite. Therefore discipline your minds. Be not too credulous. There is a wise as well as a foolish skepticism."

Meanwhile, however, the Reason which is thus to "roam through the free air of the Infinite" has her own kind of constraint. She is bound to know, and therefore to submit to, the truth, because herein alone she finds her freedom. The "light by which our mind apprehends and pronounces upon truth is in some sense a participation in the Uncreated Light that contains in itself the eternal principles of things." "Such an aspect of our thinking brings us nearer to God. The light of his Divine countenance is stamped upon us. It guides our reason; it strengthens our understanding; it illumines our thoughts." And so, if one must not be credulous, one may not reasonably be agnostic as to divine truth. It is the nature of truth to be thus divine, and of us to know the "Uncreated" truth, whereof some is apprehended by the light of nature, some by revelation. The unity of natural and revealed truth is certain, of course, for our author, *a priori*. Apparent conflicts are themselves due to the "passing phase" of our own inadequate insight.

Meanwhile, the uncreated truth is manifested to us not only through revelation and through human science, but also by means of art, whereof our author, in chapter vi., gives a theory which he illustrates by means of the myth of the Platonic Phædrus. The theory itself is founded on that well-known Platonic-Aristotelian metaphysic whereof Catholic philosophy has long since given its christianized version. "Nature recognizes the ideal. She has her types, and works by them. As genius is a

reality, distinct from and causative of the species, so is each of nature's types a reality, distinct from the concrete thing fashioned after it, and causative thereof. Hence it is that, in the animal, and even in the vegetable world, we daily witness reversions to older types and the reproduction of ancestral traits of character." "The prototype of all created types" we "find existing in the Word. Here is the source and fountain-head of the ideal." "God contemplates these types. By the Word they were made real in the order of created things." Art, therefore, is the portrayal of such types; and "the created ideal in each individual mind is enlightened and vivified by the uncreated ideal dwelling in the Word. This illumination of the ideal is the expression of the beautiful." "It is the mission of the artist to rend the veil of accidents and accessories in which the ideal is shrouded, and present it to us in all its beauty and loveliness. And the beauty reflected therefrom lights up the folds and inner caverns of our souls, and reveals therein a recognition of this ideal, and reflected from our innermost souls is the image of him from whom we come, and who is our Home."

When a man has this sort of opinion about art, its value for his work as a critic lies in the way in which he applies his speculation, and not in the mere profession of it. As applied by Brother Azarias in his literary studies in the present book, this theory above all very naturally sets him looking in each case for his author's fundamental ideas, and particularly for fundamental religious ideas. For the personalities of authors Brother Azarias has in several cases a very warm fondness, and likes to illustrate personal traits by pleasant anecdotes; but the more careful psychological analysis of character detains him little. His method is in fact very remote from the one usually called psychological. He fears whatever looks like merely destructive analysis. Central ideas, however, as embodied in the works of his authors, he tries first of all to define by a pretty careful scholarly analysis of the historical relations of the men in question. The sources used by the author of the Imitation are, for instance, summarily described with much learning and in a very useful way on pages 98 and 99. From sources Brother Azarias is wont to proceed to the analysis of texts, returning from time to time to a mention of sources in a fashion whose erudition is never obtrusive, and yet always large.

Among the principal ideas in whose expression he finds most interest, the distinctively "mystical" conceptions play a large part. Brother Azarias is no stranger to the mystical mood. It is well to come as near as one can to contemplating the Word as it is in itself in the simplicity of its highest form. Where the artist helps one to do this most directly, he most completely fulfills the purpose of art. To be sure, one is all the while a Catholic, and must remember that the Church has well-founded objections to certain forms of mysticism. It is well, then, with all one's gentle tolerance of mood, to remember that outside the Church there have flourished unwise doctrines, — crudities of the cabalists, and the like, — which have pretended to get their warrant from direct insight into eternal mysteries. Art which treats of mystical experiences must therefore be scrutinized with great caution, in case its source is not Catholic, and accepted with perfect confidence only when the Church is quite sure to approve.

Here, of course, our good Brother's personal, or, as one may say without disrespect, his clerical equation makes itself felt. The critic who stands outside of Catholic circles may perhaps fail to grasp the real depth of the religious experiences of the Imitation. To such a critic the mystical contemplation embodied in the famous rhapsody on the

Divine Love will perhaps seem an inactive sort of absorption, with an even dangerous element of hypnotic fascination about it. This critic will therefore call the Love of the Imitation only a one-sided expression of the religious mood of mankind. Brother Azarias, in such a case, will chastise the erring critic's ignorance with a certain beautiful tenderness of earnest rebuke, and will insist that in the Imitation the whole spiritual man is nourished by the direct presentation of the absolute truth (pages 114, 115). But then will come to us Tennyson, and will tell us of his own vision and revelation from the Lord, as the same was granted to him through the mediation of a certain "living soul," which, as he says, was "flashed on mine" during the great night scene in the In Memoriam. Hereupon our Brother (page 227) must in his turn become the doubting critic. Tennyson's experience has somehow not the right flavor. "His trance is not to be confounded with the ecstasies of a Francis of Assisi or a Theresa of Jesus. These are of a supernatural character, and the fruition of grace." Poor Tennyson's trance "is of a purely natural character. It is a psychic fact. One mode of concentrating thought aids another. The fact that the poet had been from his youth in the habit of depolarizing the organs of his brain, and of thus suspending the activity of the sensory nerves, prepared him for similar results by any other mode of concentrating thought."

The only possible comment upon this fashion of comparing "spiritual gifts" is an immediate reference to St. Paul's quite final observations concerning those persons whose good fortune it was to edify themselves, and to speak mysteries in the spirit. The extremely solid, hard sense of those Pauline observations, and the apostle's appeal to the test of spiritual utility to the brethren as the only means for determining whose gift was the more serviceable, can surely do no injustice either to Tennyson, who has served his thousands, or to the author of the Imitation, who has comforted his tens of thousands. And as for so much of the experience or of the expression of either as had to do with the inscrutable inner mystery of each man's soul — well, the apostle's words are final as to that matter also. How vain to consider, then, what particular seer it may be who (one must pardon here the rude comparison) shall have broken the mystical record!

In all the foregoing, we have been, as a fact, quite unable to exemplify or to demonstrate wherein the actual charm of Brother Azarias's work lies. This charm the reader must judge through direct acquaintance with his pages. The views mentioned in the foregoing analysis may seem to some of our readers abstruse enough as well as trite. It is their application and the author's whole person and manner which give them both their character of literary novelty and their strong immediate interest.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Travel and Chorography. The American Siberia, or Fourteen Years' Experience in a Southern Convict Camp, by J. C. Powell. (H. J. Smith & Co., Chicago.) The title of this book is a misnomer. Mr. Powell relates in a straightforward way various incidents that came under his notice while in charge of convicts working on railroads or getting out turpentine. The convicts were sometimes negroes, sometimes whites, and for the most part were guilty of murder. The gangs were treated with harsh disci-

pline, and there is a monotonous succession of escapes, chases, captures, and punishments. The recital is made in a plain, unadorned, and smooth style, but for what purpose it is hard to see. — The German Emperor and his Eastern Neighbors, by Poultney Bigelow. (C. L. Webster & Co.) Mr. Bigelow had the advantage of a schoolboy friendship with the Emperor, and the sketch which opens the volume is a lively account of the boy. Other sketches treat of German affairs, and the author's experience across the Russian frontier and in Roumania. The book is fresh, contemporary, and pungent. — The Gospel of Good Roads, by Isaac B. Potter. (The League of American Wheelmen, New York.) A forcible, homely letter, well illustrated, pointing out the defects in our American road-building, showing what is done to-day in Europe, and suggesting modes of reform. Some of the actual steps taken in different parts of the country are very encouraging. — The Danube, from the Black Forest to the Black Sea, by F. D. Millet ; illustrated by the author and Alfred Parsons. (Harpers.) A more varied picture of life could hardly be found than that to be descried from the flood and the banks of the Danube in its long course, and this book, which is the record of a canoe trip, reflects the successive scenes the more perfectly that it is crowded with animated sketches of human figures, bits of landscape and architecture, and scenes from rural life. The traveler has little to say about Vienna, and there is no historical padding to speak of, but a pleasant narrative of adventure and bright sketches of life. — Spanish Cities, with Glimpses of Gibraltar and Tangier, by C. A. Stoddard. (Scribners.) An unpretentious orderly narrative of travel by a good observer and trained writer, who indulges in few reflections, but occupies himself with telling simply and with little show of emotion what interested him on his leisurely journey. — Holidays in North Germany and Scandinavia. Notes on Hamburg and the Hanseatic Towns ; Rügen and the Baltic Coast, Brunswick, the Harz Mountains, Hildesheim, Berlin, and the Saxon Switzerland ; and a Trip in Denmark and Southern Norway. Edited by Percy Lindley. (The Author, 30 Fleet St., London.) All this in less than a hundred oblong pages, with pictures on nearly every page. It is difficult to see what place it fills in the field of guidebooks. — First Report of the United States Board on Geographic Names. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) It is not often that one takes up so entertaining a government publication. The board was created by President Harrison to bring into some kind of system the great variation in spelling of geographic names in this country. The board has formulated certain general principles by which it is governed, and has adjudicated about two thousand cases. Its decisions will determine governmental usage, and there can be little doubt that the authority will make itself felt in time in popular usage. — A Little Swiss Sojourn, by W. D. Howells. (Harpers.) A light sketch of life in the neighborhood of Vevay, with a mingling of the grave and the gay which comes naturally to a writer who does not forget when he is most serious that there is humor in the situation, nor when he is most trifling that the too too solid earth is not always in a gaseous state. — The West from a Car Window, by Richard Harding Davis. (Harpers.) Mr. Davis is so frank in admitting the limitations under which he reports the frontier line of our civilization that one is prepared at the start to give full credit to him in what he does report, and soon disregards criticism altogether, and takes delight in the companionship of so manly, outspoken a comrade and so skillful a reporter. What a journalist would say cleverly Mr. Davis says with an instinct for genuine literary art, so that his book, rapid as it is, is like the quick sketch of a true painter. — Our Life in the Swiss Highlands, by John Addington Symonds and his Daughter Margaret. (A. & C. Black, Edinburgh.) Mr. Symonds, as is well known, lives summer and winter at Davos, pursuing his historical studies. This volume holds the sketches, long and short, which he has made of the country life about him, the people, the landscape, the homely round of peasant occupations. His daughter's work is sprinkled in, and partakes very much of the character of her father's writing, though it is perhaps less self-conscious. The book is a very agreeable picture of Swiss life as seen familiarly by a resident, who brings to his task a cultivated mind and the foreigner's curiosity. — Play in Provence, being a Series of Sketches

written and drawn by Joseph Pennell and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. (Century Co.) A little volume of light travel, which owes its charm mainly to the bright bits of actual life jotted down in notebooks and expanded in form. Mr. Pennell has the light touch which belongs to such a theme. Mrs. Pennell's work is more deliberately airy. — South-Sea Idyls, by Charles Warren Stoddard. (Scribners.) A new edition of a piquant book of vagrancy which has the air of a later Melville; not so robust as the earlier, but with something of the same charm of lawlessness and art. — A Family Canoe Trip, by Florence Watters Snedeker. (Harpers.) One of the Black and White series, abundantly illustrated with small half-tone camera pictures. The woman of the party describes jauntily the trifling adventures met with on a trip from New York up Lake Champlain. — A Trip to England, by Goldwin Smith. (Macmillan.) A vest-pocket volume, to be read through in a couple of hours, in which an English exile sets out to give the impressions made upon him on a return to his old home; but his desire to be comprehensive leads him into more commonplace than we should have expected. He seems to write for people who do not know England.

Poetry. Summer-Fallow, by Charles Buxton Going. (Putnams.) It is a pleasure to come upon a little book of verse so full of simple content in simple expression of tender, healthy sentiment. There is no strain after the impossible, no frantic clutching at mysteries of life, but pure enjoyment in the best that a fair life gives. — The Dream of Art, and Other Poems, by Espy Williams. (Putnams.) A number of poems which have the appearance of ease and smoothness, but really trip the reader up repeatedly. By the bye, we wonder who the famous poet was whom Mr. Williams saw cross the close-cropped college green in Cambridge, "and round his neck a faded worsted tie." The sonnet is rather interesting, and more direct and vivid than some of the poet's work. — A second edition of Mrs. Moulton's Swallow-Flights (Roberts Bros.) is welcome. Ten new poems are added, and the whole is expressive of this poet's true feeling, of her unusual skill in verse, and, may we not subjoin, of the mortuary tedium which sometimes follows her too persistent choice of one theme. — Songs about Life, Love, and Death, by Anne Reeve Aldrich. (Scribners.) There is much dramatic force in these verses, but it is expended mainly along one line. The moan over life which springs so constantly to the lips of a young writer impresses one as a rather unhealthy note, since it centres so steadfastly in one person, the dramatist's assumed self. But there are frequent gusts of strong passion, and there is much originality in some of the situations, as well as grace in expression. — Poems of Gun and Rod, by Ernest McGaffey; illustrated by Herbert E. Butler. (Scribners.) These poems are at the opposite scale, — the clever, easy versifying by an enthusiastic sportsman of the joys of outdoor life in search of game. Occasionally a line rings out with something of nature's voice in it, and the objective character of the verse comes as a relief to a reader overburdened with the tears of most contemporary poetry.

Philosophy and Science. Among the recent issues of the United States Department of Agriculture (Government Printing Office, Washington) is an account of the investigations at the Rothamsted Experimental Station in the form of six lectures by Robert Warington. The station is the celebrated one established by Sir John Bennet Lawes on his estate, about twenty-five miles north of London, where agricultural experiments are carried on, on a vast scale. The first lecture gives an interesting description of Rothamsted, and the work done there; the remaining lectures are devoted to nitrification, drainage, and similar subjects. Other issues are: The Fermentations of Milk, by H. W. Conn, with special reference to the needs of the dairy industry; and a section of Insect Life, devoted to the Economy and Life-Habits of Insects, especially in their Relation to Agriculture, which has been in course of publication for some time under the editorship of C. V. Riley. This publication is in all but name a miscellany or magazine, containing regular papers, notes, correspondence, proceedings of societies, and the like. The department also issues Organization Lists of the Agricultural Experiment Stations and Agricultural Schools and Colleges in the United States. — The Speech of Monkeys, by R. L. Garner. (Webster.) Mr. Garner has entered with enthusiasm upon the difficult task of understanding and interpreting the speech of

inferior animals, chiefly monkeys, and in this book records his progress thus far. In pursuing his studies, he has been led to the conclusion that the intelligence of these animals is more considerable than has been supposed, and that their range of expression is greater. Inasmuch as he recites his individual experience, the book is in effect a series of interesting encounters with animals, and incidents illustrative of their character and acquirements. — Volcanoes, Past and Present, by Edward Hull. (Imported by Scribners.) A volume in the Contemporary Science series. Mr. Hull's attempt is to bring all volcanoes, extinct, dormant, and active, under a uniform law. Under that law as illustrated by scientific observation, he is disposed to think that not only are we in an epoch of comparatively low volcanic activity, but that volcanic action is likely to become less powerful as the world grows older. The book is well illustrated. — Physics, Advanced Course, by George F. Barker. (Holt.) Professor Barker notes the changed aspect of physical science in the preponderating reference to the phenomena of energy over the phenomena of matter, and is governed accordingly in his treatment of the whole subject. More than half his book is devoted to Æther-Physics, which constitutes the fourth division ; the preceding parts after the Introduction being Mass-Physics and Molecular Physics. His aim has been "to avoid making the book simply an encyclopædic collection of facts on the one hand, or too purely an abstract and theoretical discussion of physical theories on the other."

Economics and Sociology. The Question of Silver, comprising a Brief Summary of Legislation in the United States, together with a Practical Analysis of the Present Situation, and of the Arguments of the Advocates of Unlimited Silver Coinage, by Louis R. Ehrich. (Putnams.) A volume in the Questions of the Day series. Mr. Ehrich is strongly opposed to the free coinage of silver, and advocates a genuine bimetallism. — Commercial Crises in the Nineteenth Century, by H. M. Hyndman. (Imported by Scribners.) A volume in the Social Science series. Mr. Hyndman, who is well known as a vigorous writer, passes in review nine commercial crises, beginning with 1815 and closing with 1890, covering in fact what may hereafter be known as the "age of steam," with its revolutionary change of industrial conditions. His examination leads him to the conclusion that the capitalistic system with its train of competition is responsible, and that the remedy lies in the coöperative system by which labor becomes the equivalent of money. — Farming Corporations, by Wilbur Aldrich. (W. Aldrich & Co., New York.) The reader is attracted at once to this book by the directness with which the author sets about his work, and the freedom from doctrinaire writing displayed. Mr. Aldrich believes that our farms, if they are to be recovered from the blight now on them, must be conducted upon coöperative or associative principles, — that is, that all the farms in any given locality should combine and secure the benefits of saving which come from coöperative methods ; and to make his meaning clear he sketches at once the plan of such a corporation in a somewhat unpromising quarter in Maine with which he, as a farmer's son, is familiar. The book is an eager study, and might profitably be taken up for discussion by farmers' clubs. Its tone is healthy, and whether or no the fertile mind of the author has really developed a practicable scheme, there is a manly character to the book, for the idea is based on work, and not on producing something out of nothing.

History and Biography. History of the New World called America, by Edward John Payne. (Macmillan.) The title of this work, of which we have as yet only the first volume, is significant, for Mr. Payne sets out on no less a task than to relate the rise and growth of the western continent as a congeries of republics destined to a mighty career, and to a new development of the dominant forces of Europe. Hence he studies to connect the discovery of America, which is as far as he gets in this volume, with the historic development of Europe. America is the greatest product of the Renaissance, in his view. Further than this, he undertakes to lay the foundation of American history in an explication of the society existing here, but chiefly in Mexico and the Andes region. Upon these two bases, the greater European transmission and the lesser native American stock, he means to build his structure. His introductory pages show the sweep of his plan. It is pretty big, and Mr. Payne appears to have patience and the philosophic spirit.

His special training seems to have been in an acquaintance with Spanish and adulterated American languages. Some things, as his treatment of the Norse discovery, lead us to think that he has made his theory before he has found all his facts. He is pretty positive where others are content with conjecture, and he is extraordinarily content with obsolete authorities. — America : its Geographical History, 1492–1892. Six Lectures delivered to Graduate Students of the Johns Hopkins University, with a Supplement entitled Was the Rio del Espiritu Santo of the Spanish Geographers the Mississippi ? By Walter B. Scaife. (The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore.) Dr. Scaife applies himself to the same problem which has been discussed by Dr. Winsor and Mr. Fiske, but enlarges the scope of inquiry. He seeks to show how the Atlantic coast was developed in the consciousness of Europeans, and then how, step by step, the whole map of the country was constructed. There is an interesting lecture on the Geographical Work of the National Government, and the supplement gives the author's reasons for distinguishing the Rio del Espiritu Santo from the Mississippi. Barring an occasional flight of rhetorical fancy, the book is readable and bright. — A recent number of Johns Hopkins University Studies is Quakers in Pennsylvania, by Albert C. Applegarth (the Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore), in which Quaker customs, the attitude of Friends toward the Indians and negro slavery, and Quaker legislation are well summarized from a variety of sources. — Assassination of Lincoln. A History of the Great Conspiracy. Trial of the Conspirators by a Military Commission, and a Review of the Trial of John H. Surratt. By T. M. Harris. (American Citizen Co., Boston.) General Harris was a member of the commission, and in this octavo volume, availing himself of stenographic reports and of his own memory and judgment, he reviews the whole subject, with a view to substantiating the charge that the men actually engaged in the plot were planning and working with the knowledge and acquiescence of Davis and his associates. It is a charge which can be but indirectly proved, apparently, upon the testimony which he offers. — Autobiographia, or, The Story of a Life, by Walt Whitman. (Webster.) It is no secret, we believe, that we owe this admirable selection from Whitman's prose writings to Mr. Arthur Stedman, who has deftly woven together the passages which are reminiscential or annalistic into a consecutive narrative. Both the largeness and the tenderness of Whitman's nature are expressed in the pages, and if the reader cannot escape the sense of a certain attitudinizing, why, that is largely the result of prose which does not offer the dramatic screen of poetry. — The Memorial History of the City of New York from its First Settlement to the Year 1892, edited by James Grant Wilson. (New York History Co.) Two volumes of history are before us, constructed upon the general plan adopted by Dr. Winsor when treating of Boston, and bringing the work down to the close of the War for Independence. Two more volumes are to complete the work. — The Autobiography of an English Gamekeeper (John Wilkins of Stanstead, Essex), edited by Arthur H. Byng and Stephen M. Stephens. (Macmillan.) A unique book, and one that has a curious interest as a character-study, even to a reader who cares little for sport, especially under the rather artificial conditions prevailing in England. Poachers have been usually more the objects of popular regard — at least in books — than gamekeepers, and it is well to have the other side of the subject so truthfully and forcibly presented. We can fully trust Wilkins's naive tribute to his own bravery, but his humanity and freedom from vindictiveness in dealing with law-breakers are equally palpable. He gives at some length his experiences as an expert in dog-training, which may be summed up in his dictum that the only successful method to be used in all cases is "kindness, patience, and perseverance." The editors' silly notes, mostly written with humorous intent, could well be spared, as well as all the illustrations except the portrait of the writer. — Gossip of the Century : Personal and Traditional Memories, Social, Literary, Artistic, etc. (Macmillan.) Two big volumes numbering over a thousand pages. The type is large, and easily suggests that the book will be read most satisfactorily by the old. It is not merely that the reminiscences cover many persons and events to be recalled only by the old, but the garrulous style and the rather

pointless character of many of the anecdotes adapt it to those who are not easily impatient in their reading. Croker, Queen Caroline, Wellington, Canning, D'Orsay, Sir William Gore Ouseley, George Eliot, Bulwer, Mrs. Fry, Mrs. Procter, Thomas Day, Lord Erskine, Rubini, Tamburini, Alboni, Mario, Lablache, Fanny Elssler, Paganini, Charles Matthews, Fanny Kemble, Macready, Ristori, Rachel, Eastlake, Raeburn, Landseer, Martin, Rosa Bonheur, Sir Francis Chantrey, Lord Houghton, — these are a few of the crowd which gathers in the two volumes. The portraits have many of them the air of being copies from lithographs. The lack of accent in the pictures frequently corresponds with a similar lack in the characterizations. Nevertheless, one would be a very exacting reader who could not amuse himself for much more than an hour over the work. — Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning, by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. (Harpers.) A delightful volume of humane gossip intermingled with wise and kindly comment. Mrs. Ritchie, to be sure, writes a little as if she were fulfilling an agreeable commission. For her more spontaneous work of a similar sort one must go to her Witches' Cauldron. But if we are to have *personalia* of the living (and Tennyson and Browning are but just dead; the former not dead, indeed, when the papers were first printed), commend us to one of Mrs. Ritchie's good taste. The illustrations are very interesting. — The Messrs. Lippincott have brought out in eight volumes what is the first really good American edition of Agnes Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England. They have followed the text of the revised and enlarged edition, and the books are well printed, with a sufficiently open page. The interesting series of portraits contained in the best English edition are here reproduced, more or less satisfactorily, by a photo-engraving process. It would not have been amiss, in this issue of the work, to add a note in regard to its dual authorship. No less than twenty of the thirty-four biographies it contains were written by Miss Elizabeth Strickland, though she would never allow her name to appear on the title-page. The marked differences in the style and manner of the two sisters must often have puzzled discriminating readers. Notwithstanding the writers' limitations and literary shortcomings, and the Jacobitism which colors all the later memoirs, they had in an eminent degree the historic sense, a genuine passion for historic research, and they collected and edited much valuable and sometimes exceedingly interesting historic material, which no student of English history can afford to overlook. The unusual favor accorded to this work by the general reader has helped to popularize the study to which its authors devoted their lives. — The Career of Columbus, by Charles Elton. With map. (Cassell.) A popular narrative in which a good deal of use is made of contemporary history. Mr. Elton uses all the little incidents which have been connected with Columbus and works them up with interest, but there is considerable of the "we may suppose" style in the treatment of the obscure parts. — Primitive Man in Ohio, by Warren K. Moorehead. (Putnams.) A detailed and fully illustrated survey of the actual results of the investigations among the mounds of the Ohio Valley. Mr. Moorehead has made his studies and collected his facts with no preconceived theory by which to determine the results, and his book thus is a contribution to the subject. Incidentally, he brushes away a good many illusions which have been indulged in regarding the race buried in the mounds. — London, by Walter Besant. (Harpers.) Mr. Besant shows in this book, as in more than one of his novels, in how large a degree he possesses that rare gift, the power of realizing and revivifying the past. He does not attempt to write a continuous history after the ordinary fashion, but to give a series of pictures of the city, and of the life, public and private, of its citizens, from the downfall of the Roman-British Augusta to the London of George II. Where all is so well done it is hard to particularize, but we will note the record of the last days of Augusta by one of its hapless citizens, the wonderfully vivid presentment of mediæval London, and, what is perhaps the most admirable chapter in the book, the story of the day spent with John Stow, a veritable resuscitation of the Elizabethan city. The work throughout is such delightfully easy reading that the reader will be apt to forget the labor and research that went to its making. — The Life and Letters of Charles Samuel Keene, by George Somes Layard.

(Macmillan.) A big volume, plentifully furnished with delightful copies of Keene's illustrations. When one sees these thus brought together, one recognizes the charm and delicacy of Keene's drawing, and what one may choose to call the playfulness rather than the humor of his genius. He was a character-drawer who stopped short of caricature. The text seems to confirm this impression. Many of Keene's letters are printed. They are not especially interesting, being full of his craze for bagpipes or quaint books, but they disclose a friendly nature, a man of somewhat moody, eccentric temper, but an artist through and through. Mr. Layard is not very orderly as a biographer, but he is warmly interested in his subject, and has doubtless brought together all that we are likely to get in the way of illustration of Keene's personality. — Secret Service under Pitt, by W. J. Fitzpatrick, F. S. A. (Longmans.) Mr. Fitzpatrick long ago proved himself an authority on matters relating to the secret history of the Irish conspiracies of the latter part of the last century and the beginning of this. Especially has he taken the brotherhood of spies and informers as his province. That the English government, beset with unexampled difficulties and dangers, and threatened with invasion, should have made use of the information some well-trusted conspirator was always willing to impart, in order to suppress rebellion in the country where a French landing was imminent, is not to be wondered at; but it is needless to say that the great minister whose name is used in the title of this book had no personal connection with such matters. In the innermost councils of disaffection the man who should betray his co-workers and their plots was never wanting, and, as a rule, his treachery remained unsuspected, he lived at ease, and died in the odor of "patriotism." This volume is in some sort a commentary on the works of Lecky and Froude, and Mr. Fitzpatrick has at last fully established the identity of "Lord Downshire's friend," told the true history of Father O'Leary, and given a complete record of the career of that unequaled deceiver, McNally. It is a pity that a book containing the results of so much intelligent and successful research should not have more order and method in its arrangement.

Theology, Ethics, and Ecclesiology. The Church and her Doctrine. (The Christian Literature Co., New York.) Eight discourses by clergymen of the Church of England, of whom Principal Moule and Dr. Wace are the widest known, upon the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Sacraments, the Church, and other fundamental themes. The point of view may roughly be represented as the evangelical, with a disposition to a less hard-and-fast system than formerly was understood by that name. — The Life and Times of Cotton Mather, or, A Boston Minister of Two Centuries Ago, by Rev. A. P. Marvin. (Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, Boston.) A book of nearly six hundred octavo pages, devoted to a detailed annalistic account of a minister of two hundred years ago as if he were a contemporary. There is hardly a line by the author to intimate that there is any difference between the two periods; there is no power of historic imagination and discrimination, though a careful observance of historic facts, — nothing, in short, which serves fairly to interpret the man and his times; only a labored defense at every point of attack by others, and a steady effort to hold Cotton Mather up as a model for ministers to-day. The book, because of its abundant extracts from the unprinted diary, will be of service to historical students, but we can scarcely think of a theological student at Andover, or even at Hartford, diligently reading it. — The Teaching of Jesus, by Hans Hinrich Wendt; translated by John Wilson. In two volumes. Volume I. (Scribners.) The great value of this work lies in the historical treatment by which Dr. Wendt seeks to discover the foundation of the teaching, then the external aspects of the teaching, and, proceeding to the great theme of that teaching, the announcement of the kingdom of God. The fearless manner in which he handles the documents is accompanied by a manly confidence in them, and this temper makes him a most enlightening interpreter. His exegesis of the parables especially is admirable, full of clear sense and fine insight, and very remote from a merely subtle interpretation. His work ought to be of very great service. — West Roxbury Sermons, by Theodore Parker, 1837–1848. From Unpublished Manuscripts. With Introduction and Biographical Sketch. (Roberts.) The volume is edited by Mr. F. B.

Sanborn, and may surprise some by the constructive spirit displayed in it. — The Principles of Ethics, by Borden P. Bowne. (Harpers.) Although on a casual survey Mr. Bowne's book appears to belong to the general class of works which set forth a system of ethics, the closer student soon discovers that its great value lies in its unfailing resort to life, and its freedom from a mere barren dialectic. The clear sense with which the writer, not without the scornful impatience of a strong-minded man, cuts through the entanglements of closet theories, and brushes away the thin webs of superficial dogmatists, is most refreshing. We like especially his treatment of the relation of Christianity to ethics, and his consideration of sociological conditions. The robustness of the thought will be a tonic to idle speculators.

Literature and Criticism. Americanisms and Briticisms, with Other Essays on Other Isms, by Brander Matthews. (Harpers.) There is a good deal of half-boyish snowballing in this bright little volume, but now and then Mr. Matthews gets mad and freezes his snowballs. We shall lose our reputation as an easy-going, good-natured people if we keep up this peppering, but one can take a half-hour's national joy in watching Mr. Matthews's exuberant and aggressive Americanism. — Res Judicatæ, Papers and Essays, by Augustine Birrell. (Scribners.) Mr. Birrell's collection is more distinctly one of literary criticism and characterization than his Obiter Dicta. He treats of Richardson, Gibbon, Cowper, Borrow, Newman, Matthew Arnold, Hazlitt, Lamb, Sainte-Beuve, and one or two general subjects. He is less flippant and more readable in this book. His longer essays show him at his best, for he has time to forget to be smart. — Tales from Ten Poets, by Harrison S. Morris. In three books. (Lippincott.) Mr. Morris writes, in his preface, as a man who recognizes art in literature, and his touch in these prose renderings is deft and careful. Yet we must distinguish between the doing of a thing well and its worth when well done. To give a simple narrative drawn from a complex work like The Ring and the Book is one thing ; some gratitude is due for that. But to turn into prose so lucid and straight-away a narrative poem as Enoch Arden — *cui bono?* In spite of Mr. Morris's intimation that in this age people want a story, but do not want it in verse, we venture to think that it would be the hundredth man who would prefer to read his version to Tennyson's. It is to be noticed, moreover, that Mr. Morris does not avail himself of the novelist's privilege, but attacks his subjects, when dramatic in the original, from the dramatist's point of view. Browning wisely introduces the Blot on the 'Scutcheon by his scene of Gerald and the other retainers watching the pageant, but would a story-teller have gone to work in this fashion? The books are prettily made, and have portraits of the ten poets. — A more strictly legitimate performance of a similar kind is Tales from the Dramatists, by Charles Morris, in four volumes, with portraits. (Lippincott.) Here the non-Shakespearean dramatists are laid under contribution ; not only Shakespeare's contemporaries and immediate successors, but Goldsmith, Sheridan, Colman, Talfourd, Bulwer, Victor Hugo, and others. There is always a story imbedded in a popular play which may be told without prejudice to the effect of the play itself on the reader or spectator. Mr. Morris, however, has not contented himself with an extended argument ; he has resorted to his text for enlivening dialogue. — Shadows of the Stage, by William Winter. (Macmillan.) All intelligent playgoers will be glad that Mr. Winter has made this selection from the hundreds of papers on dramatic subjects which he has written during the last thirty years. His readers may not share all his enthusiasms, but they will always acknowledge and respect his admirable equipment for what has been so large a part of his life-work. His introductory chapter, The Good Old Times, is a comparison, excellent in taste and temper, of the past and present American stage. Many of the greater players of the last three decades and some notable performances serve as subjects of the critical and commemorative papers which follow. In short, the book is a valuable brief chronicle of our dramatic time.

Books of Reference. The Stanford Dictionary of Anglicised Words and Phrases, edited by C. A. M. Fennell. (Macmillan.) This quarto dictionary of 826 pages has been prepared for the syndics of the University Press at the charge of Mr. Stanford, whence its name. More than one half the contents is designed to enable the

English reader to find out the meaning and history of the foreign words and phrases which occur frequently in English literature, as for example "début," "vade mecum." Other purposes kept in view are to register the increase of the English vocabulary directly due to the adoption and naturalization of foreign words since the introduction of printing, — such words, for instance, as "banana," "indigo ;" and also to record all English words of foreign origin which have retained or reverted to their native form, such as "chalet," "memorandum." The editor has been very liberal in his interpretation of the scheme, and he has followed the historical method and cited freely, so that his book is not only very helpful, but even readable. — The Musical Year-Book of the United States. Volume IX. Season of 1891–1892. By G. H. Wilson. (Charles Hamilton, Worcester, Mass.) Besides the general record by cities, arranged alphabetically, which is happily without comment, but very full as to details, the Year-Book contains a list of new American compositions for the year, and a brief but interesting list of works by native and resident American composers, performed abroad. — Wisps of Wit and Wisdom, or Knowledge in a Nutshell, by Albert P. Southwick. (A. Lovell & Co., New York.) One of the helpful little books for puzzled readers who "want to know." Here are 601 questions which as many people might ask, such as, "What was known as the Orphan Stone ?" "Where is Traitor's Hill ?" "Who was Bachelor Bill ?" "For what purpose was the fund Peter's Pence established ?" "To whom was the term Dough-faces applied ?" "When were forks first used ?" etc., — questions which haunt the Notes and Queries column of some evening paper, — and here are the 601 answers by the patient, omniscient editor.

Fiction. Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, by A. Conan Doyle. (Harpers.) Sherlock Holmes, the unofficial detective and specialist in crime, in comparison with whom the regular officers of the law are as babes or imbeciles, continues in this collection of stories his triumphant career, never failing to find the clue in the most mysterious of labyrinths, nor to bring to light the most carefully concealed offenses. The tales are well told, and much ingenuity and skill are often shown in their construction. — Leona, by Mrs. Molesworth. (Cassell.) Mrs. Molesworth is at her best — and how very good that best is ! — in writing of or for children ; but something of the charm of these child-stories is to be found in her novels. Leona is a tale wrought out of the simplest materials, but it is well written and readable ; there is the usual felicitous touch in the young-girl studies, and the book has a refinement of tone and manner which is in itself a distinction. — The Snare of the Fowler, by Mrs. Alexander. (Cassell.) A not unentertaining if rather conventional novel, the interest of which centres more in the cleverly constructed story than in the characters who play their parts therein. It will take a favorable position among Mrs. Alexander's later works, but we once expected far more from the author of The Wooing o't and Her Dearest Foe. — Out of the Jaws of Death, by Frank Barrett. (Cassell.) When we say that the hero of this story is a Russian nobleman of high character and distinguished accomplishments, a latter-day paladin who strives to redress his country's wrongs by becoming a Nihilist ; that the heroine is an utterly uninstructed waif of the London slums, who, after a comparatively brief period of tuition, becomes the refined, intelligent narrator of the tale ; that the villain is an Irishman of infinite resource, who poses as a Nihilist and the hero's dearest friend, but is really a Russian police spy ; and that there are, among the incidents of the story, hairbreadth escapes, kidnappings, deportations to Siberia, and escapes therefrom, we have sufficiently well indicated the character of the book, which, frankly sensational as it is, is a well-constructed and, after its kind, clever tale, that has at least the merit of never being dull. — David Alden's Daughter, and Other Stories of Colonial Times, by Jane G. Austin. (Houghton.) Mrs. Austin is cultivating the field of old colony romance, and this volume of short stories gives her the opportunity of making colonial history, not the cause of story, not wholly the occasion of it, but rather a good excuse for reminding her readers that the life of the times recorded yielded sweets to the sweet as well as the present may.

Books for the Young. The Boy Travellers in Central Europe, Adventures of two Youths in a Journey through France, Switzerland, and Austria, with Excursions among

the Alps of Switzerland and the Tyrol, by Thomas W. Knox. (Harpers.) These boys have been traveling with great persistency for several years, but they are just as young, just as learned, just as inquisitive, and have just as sage companions as when they started. There are over five hundred pages in the book, and lots and lots of pictures. — Fairy Tales of Other Lands, by Julia Goddard. (Cassell.) Ten lively tales, which the reader may look upon as counterparts of familiar fairy tales, if he chooses, or, if skeptically minded, regard as familiar tales masquerading in foreign dress. The young reader will find his entertainment, whether credulous or skeptical.

Æsthetics and Illustrated Books. Several numbers of L'Art (Macmillan) have appeared since our last notice of this bi-monthly magazine of art, one of the two or three magazines of like purpose which maintain an almost even excellence of high merit. The Salon of 1892 is judiciously exemplified. M. Gindriez, director of the museum at Châlon-sur-Saône, writes of a provincial artist of that place, Antonin Richard, with examples of his art; a number of Élie Delaunay's decorative studies are shown; there are copies of ancient tapestry work; an interesting article on Greuze is accompanied by copies of several of his earlier paintings; a paper on the sculpture to be seen at the Abbey of Mozac has a large number of detailed drawings; and among the full-page etchings, of which each number has always one at least, there are copies of paintings by E. L. Weeks and Walter Gay. — Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's tale of Marse Chan, that tender little story which gains in its passage through the old negro's lips, has been issued as a holiday book, with several illustrations by W. T. Smedley. (Scribners.) — The Desire of Beauty, being Indications for Æsthetic Culture, by Theodore Child. (Harpers.) A brief volume of essays, in which a writer who has cultivated his own æsthetic sense finely muses over the process and the result, and generalizes, groping about for laws, and finding some true lines of investigation. — The form and style of the book lead us to place here Mr. Whittier's At Sundown (Houghton), though we suspect that many who buy it to give away as a souvenir, after looking at the dainty etchings by Mr. Garrett, will linger over the autumnal verse, with its playfulness, its delightful leisure, its tender personality.

Minor Morals. The Presumption of Sex, and Other Papers, by Oscar Fay Adams. (Lee & Shepard.) A small volume containing a collection of brief papers vigorously denouncing vices of manners and corruptions of nature in men and women. The arraignment is sharp enough to make itself felt. — Lazy Thoughts of a Lazy Girl. (The Waverly Co., New York.) Dull, insipid talk of a mere book-maker, on Dress, Country Life, Dancing, Love, Afternoon Tea, Watering Places, and the like. — Concerning All of Us, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. (Harpers.) A collection of brief essays which touch gracefully and with a wealth of allusion upon many of the finer relations of men and women. Colonel Higginson has the art of comparing, and his comparison is of things and persons essentially the same, but superficially different. It is this delicate probing of social life which enables him to lay bare unreasonableness and mere conventions with a skill which does not hurt, but helps.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Old Annuals.

ONE alleviation to the slow torture of the small tea-party, from which my callow boyhood suffered, was the Annuals on the centre-table. The small tea-party was an especial trial when I was too young to be left at home, and too old to be sent to bed at sunset. I was not a desirable interlocutor in the general conversation. I was still less so in the dialogue *unter vier Augen*, which chanced when an unmatched guest, in default of other partner, turned to me. In short, I was that unhappy little pitcher whose long ears it was expedient to keep closed, and that *enfant terrible* whose tongue it was expedient to bridle. I knew that I must not talk when so in-

clined, for little boys should be seen and not heard. I was not disposed to speak when I was spoken to, having had painful experience that questions put to me had a concealed sting in their tails, and might lead to unpleasant revelations as to school-standing and to a disadvantageous display of ignorance. Whether pert or shy, I felt sure I should be so in the wrong place.

The small tea-party also involved distressing preliminaries. There was the enforced prompt return from afternoon school (those were the days of two sessions) ; the loss of play, and the reproaches of the other fellows, who could not understand why home should be reached before the six-o'clock tea-hour. Then came the ablutionary trial, the distressful combing and brushing of rebel locks, the misery of being dressed in my best suit at a time of life when fine raiment was a care and a nuisance. There was the loss of an evening which might have been given to naval construction, or the pasting of the next Saturday's kite. All this was also the prelude to a banquet sure to be more or less Barmecidal, since Benjamin, as the youngest guest, was helped last, but not in any fivefold proportion, and propriety, bashfulness, and maternal precaution combined to shut down the floodgates of appetite.

But when the meal was over, and the company had returned to the parlor, after a little while the talk became lively and general, and then the small boy could sidle up to the table on which lay the Annuals.

What was the Annual ?

That part of the community born "since the war" has no knowledge whatever of the article. It has been relegated from the centre-table to the bookcase, from the bookcase to the spare-bedroom closet, from the closet to the garret, and from the garret to dusty oblivion.

The Annual was a gift volume which appeared at Christmas and New Year's tide. It was beautifully bound in the most expensive and ephemeral style of splendor. The more delicate specimens were often inclosed in a sort of pasteboard coffin, and were extracted by the aid of a strip of ribbon which it was a fearful joy to handle. It was filled with steel engravings of the finest sort, and with literary matter of varying degrees of merit. Readers familiar with the history of Arthur Pendennis, Esq., may remember that his first success in authorship was the production of a poem to go with a picture in one of these volumes.

These books were known as Tokens, Keepsakes, Atlantic Souvenirs, Landscape Annuals, Gems, Oriental Annuals, Books of Beauty, The Pearl, The Amethyst, and by other titles which have faded from my memory. Great writers were for a time ready to lend their names to these enterprises. Titled authors shed the lustre of their coronets on their pages. The pictures were of a really high order. If one could make a full collection of these forgotten books, it would be possible to get admirably executed engravings of pictures by Turner, Clarkson Stanfield, Stothard, Sam Prout, J. Skinner Prout, Martin, Frank Stone, Westall, Wilkie, Mulready, Landseer, and others of the best British artists of those days. The letterpress was by no means contemptible. Leitch Ritchie wrote for the Annuals he edited several very clever stories, which he afterward expanded into three-volume novels, the watered stock of which was not improved by the process. Miss Mitford and the Howitts contributed some capital sketches. Byron and Southey, Alaric A. Watts, T. K. Hervey, Tom Hood, Barry Cornwall, Haynes Bayly, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Abdy, Praed, Macaulay, Charles Swain, and others did not disdain the Annual. One device was to give illustrations from the Waverley novels, Pilgrim's Progress, Don Quixote, Shakespeare and Milton, but to have these written up to by nameless and inferior authors. The Oriental and Landscape Annuals were works of real merit. For instance, the Oriental would contain very striking views of Indian landscapes, and a connected and lively outline of some of the great reigns of the emperors, Bâber, Aurung-Zeb, or Jenjis Khan. The Landscape Annual took some Continental region, — France, the Rhine, Switzerland, Italy and Spain, — and devoted its letterpress to legends, historical associations, and descriptive travel. The English Annual had its counterpart in this country. The American volumes got their pictures from across the water, but employed home writers : Catherine Sedgwick, Hawthorne, N. P. Willis, Percival, Peter Parley, Lewis and Willis Gaylord Clark, Isaac McClellan, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Grenville Mellen,

President John Quincy Adams, and possibly Edgar A. Poe. From a complete series of Scott's novels, a very nice set of illustrations might be gathered. I remember the scene from Waverley where Alice gives Waverley the letter; from Guy Mannering, the smugglers' attack on Woodbourne; from Rob Roy, Diana Vernon and Frank in the library; from the Heart of Midlothian, Jeanie Deans in the barn with Madge Wildfire; the post-office scene in The Antiquary; the tournament of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, and Ivanhoe and Rebecca in Front de Bœuf's castle.

Through these books, English and American, were scattered brief stories which still linger in my memory: The Bear of Carniola, The Marsh Maiden, Iola the Heroine of Suli, The Smugglers' Isle, Count Egmont's Jewels, some of Hawthorne's Twice-Told Tales, which the world has not let die, and others whose titles I cannot recall, but which I should gladly reperuse.

Sir Walter wrote for the Keepsake The Laird's Jock, My Aunt Margaret's Mirror, and The Tapestried Chamber. The illustration to this last — I forget whether Scott wrote up to the picture, or the picture was drawn for the story — was one that for years had a weird fascination for me. In boyhood's breezy hour I used to linger over the volume which contained it, half hoping that I might stumble upon it unawares and feel the shock and thrill, and well remember how I used to turn page after page till I came as near to it as I dared, and then, with a hurried dash, skip several leaves at once, so as not to behold that awful spectral face! Charles Lamb did the same thing with the picture of Saul and the Witch of Endor in Stackhouse's family Bible. At any rate, my friend Colonel Percy Osbaldistone, who in the late war led many a gallant cavalry charge, owned to me, in our college days, that the picture affected him precisely as it did me.

The Annual flourished at about 1830. Then the fashion was at its height. But it went out as rapidly as it came in. The specimens of its last days were deplorable, both in art and in literary matter. It became in some way "*infra dig.*" for the larger lights of literature to appear in that galaxy, and when Sirius, Aldebaran, Altair, and the planets go out, fifth and sixth magnitudes do not long stay in. The coronets grew tired of the business, — Lady Blessington was one, — or else hankered after the wider work of full-grown novels, just as water-color beginners secretly pine for oils and canvas. I fancy there were unpleasantnesses in the parlors of publishers. It was no easy matter to ask a peeress kindly to contribute, and then to "decline with thanks," and put in her place a stop-gap from Grub Street; and then the publishers found that they could no longer afford to ruin themselves by extravagant bindings and costly engravings. So the fad vanished as it came. But for a season it was the correct thing for Damon to send Phyllis "the gem of the season," and it cost Damon something less than jewelry and flowers cost him to-day.

The Annual filled a place which wanted filling. There was no cheap literature to speak of, in those days. No magazine had taken up the pictorial dodge (it would have been better for literature if none had done so), and there were no heavy "duffs" palmed off on the public by the array of pictorial plums stuck over them. There was no cheap-novel stand in the railway station, and hardly any railway stations in which to put them. People then bought books to keep, and not to read and fling away when the day's travel was done.

If I remember rightly, the stories of the Annuals were shorter than they would be in the magazine of to-day, which is ever crying for new hands and short stories, while sticking fast to noted names and diluted serials. I am tempted to say, "Messieurs Editors, you pay by the page, and you get — pages. But real ability shone out in those narrower limits. A truly first-class story is all the more striking for being condensed into close quarters." One is nowadays tempted to remember the sarcasm of Wamba when Athelstane said he should tilt in the *mêlée*, and that "it was better to be the best man in an hundred than the best man of two."

To return to the theme on which this improvisation was begun, I recall with a sad pleasure the boy's deep delight over those books which soothed the weariness of what the late Nicholas Biddle described as "milky talk and watery tea." From them the boy won a love of letters of high-bred style and finished surroundings which did him good in after years. For these books,

whatever their defects, were such as could lie conspicuously on drawing-room tables and be found in the virgin bower of beauty, and were studiously free from the slightest taint of impropriety, from aught that savored of the lack of refinement. Their morals might not be deep, but they were sure to be clean and clear.

There is another charm which prompts the longing for those old volumes. They showed the costumes and the manners of a bygone day. Almost every one had portraits of celebrities of the hour, of noble patrons, of distinguished beauties. In fact, the Books of Beauty and Flowers of Loveliness were devoted to this cult, and one would be glad to compare with Du Maurier's lanky aristocracy, his Maypole *jeunesse dorée*, and his belles of "long standing" the pretty and *petite* figures in *gigot* sleeves and raven locks, high towering in bows and puffed curls, with their short waists, their bell-shaped skirts, and their tiny slippers just showing the cross-tie above the instep, which I remember in the Annual's pages.

These were not strange then, for so were arrayed the dames and demoiselles who sat around the tea-tables of my youth. The fair visions of the book were only a glorified and idealized presentment of the common life. How oddly would they look now, could one hunt them up on the dusty back shelves of the second-hand bookstore! I fear this quest would be in vain, though if my Manilla galleon escapes Lord Anson's buccaneers and the Chilian cruisers, and brings me in a goodly invoice of Acapulcan ingots, I shall certainly try it.

They were not books to be resold. They had their brief day. A last year's Annual was not to be thought of as a present, however attractive in itself. Its date betrayed it. They were gifts, and often treasured up as the faded rose and the ivory Malbone miniature of her bridal days are treasured in the matron's cabinet, because they were haunted with the secret and subtle fragrance of bygone memories. If an old Annual could tell its own life-story, and if I could write it down as it should be written, what pages I should proudly aspire to in the best American periodical! But I fear that they are gone, and that my dream of filling a college library shelf with a complete collection of them is only a dream. I write these lines in the lingering hope that, like the sibyl's volumes, a remnant may be brought back from the burning. I think I would gladly pay her the original price of asking, would she vouchsafe me even the third portion.

"Worthy" Fuller's Sermons.

— "Oh, I wish I was dry! Do you think I am dry? Do you think I am dry enough now?" exclaimed a heavy Scotch divine of the last century, the commentator Macknight, who had reached the vestry rain-sodden. Whereupon his colleague, Robert Henry, the historian, replied, "Bide a wee, doctor, and ye 'll be dry eneuch when ye get into the pulpit." Nobody would have expected to find Thomas Fuller dry in the pulpit, yet this is the impression left by fifty-eight of his sermons, delivered between 1631 and 1659, and collected by his erudite and enthusiastic biographer, the late John Eglington Bailey, of Manchester. Fuller, who in all his other works is brimful of wit and oddity, is in his sermons resolutely serious. Spurgeon, when remonstrated with on his pulpit jests, said, "But you don't know how many I keep back." Fuller must have made a still stronger effort, for he keeps back nearly everything. Here and there, indeed, he raises a smile, but in a thousand octavo pages we discover scarcely twenty quaint or facetious sayings. Nor is there even much originality, except in liberality of sentiment and breadth of charity. In theology, like his contemporary Sir Thomas Browne, he "keeps the road," and we must not look to him for any light on the problems of the present day. Fuller was abreast of his age, but not in advance of it, except perhaps when he declares the broomstick rides of witches to be mere dreams. He aims at edifying or convincing, not at amusing; divides his subject into heads, and gives majors and minors, objections and answers, like the dullest preachers of his time. The controversy of Anglicanism with Rome and Geneva was necessarily his main topic, which has little interest for us. I have, however, made a scanty gleaning.

Combating purgatory and transubstantiation, he says: —

"Were purgatory taken away, the Pope himself would be in purgatory, as not knowing which way to maintain his expensiveness."

"No wonder if the Pope zealously main-

taineth purgatory, seeing that purgatory so plentifully maintaineth the Pope."

"He who is so sottish as to conceive that Christ was a material door showeth himself to be a post indeed."

Although Londoners, as Fuller tells us, had given up suppers, gluttony was the national vice : —

"It is said of old men that they are twice children. The same is true of this old doting world. It doth now reveal and relapse into the same sins whereof it was guilty in its infancy. We on whom the ends of the world are come are given to the sins of gluttony as in the days of Noah."

The civil wars naturally made Fuller a pessimist : —

"God now begins to cut England short, — short in men, short in mint, short in money, short in wealth ; so that it is to be feared that Great Britain will be Little Britain, great only in her sins and sufferings."

He collates sometimes what was then the New Version with its predecessor, and quaintly remarks : —

"Let not the two translations fall out, for they are brethren, and both sons of the same parent, the original ; though give me leave to say the youngest child is most like the father."

On fine-weather friends he says : —

"He that believeth that all those that smile on him and promise fair in time of prosperity will perform it in time of his want, may as well believe that all the leaves that be on trees at midsummer will hang there as fresh and as fair on New Year's Day."

Here is a quaint simile for sponsors : —

"I look on godfathers generally as on brass andirons, — standing more for sight than service, ornament than use."

Preaching from Judges xix. 29, he says : "I will not mangle my text as the Levite his wife, with often dividing it."

Condemning the perversity which will never confess to a mistake, Fuller says : —

"Pale faces which otherwise are well proportioned never look so lovely as when they are casually betrayed to a blush, which supplies that color in their cheeks which was wanting before. Good men who once maintained an error never appear more amiable in the eyes of God and the godly than when blushing with shame (not to be ashamed of) at the remembrance of their former faults."

Here is a thoroughly Fullerian whimsicality : —

"Christ sent always his disciples by twos, . . . and this, perchance, was one reason why Christ, in the choice of his apostles and disciples, pitched on an even number, twelve of the one and seventy of the other, that if he should have occasion to subdivide them they should fall out into even couples, and no odd one to lack a companion."

He felicitously compares a family to an orange-tree : —

"A great family is like unto an orange-tree, which at the same time hath buds and blossoms and knobs and green and half ripe and fully ripe oranges on it all together. I mean infants, children, striplings, youths, men of perfect, reduced, decayed ages."

Elsewhere he remarks : —

"Three generations are always at the same time on foot in the world, namely, the generation rising, the generation shining, the generation setting."

He disdained to bid for court favor or for popularity by blind partisanship : —

"All that we desire is to see the king remarried to the state, and we doubt not but as the bridegroom on the one side will be careful to have his portion paid, his prerogative, so the bride's friends entrusted for her will be sure to see her jointure settled, the liberty of the subject."

"Think not that the king's army is like Sodom, not ten righteous men in it ; no, not if righteous Lot himself be put into the number, and the other army like Zion consisting all of saints. No, there be drunkards on both sides, and swearers on both sides, and whoremongers on both sides, pious on both sides and profane on both sides. Like Jeremiah's figs, those that are good are very good, and those that are bad are very bad, in both parties."

Fuller apparently thought that England had no men to spare for colonization : —

"Now if any do demand of me my opinion concerning our brethren which of late [he was preaching in 1631] left this kingdom to advance a plantation in New England, surely I think as St. Paul said concerning virgins he had received no commandment from the Lord, so I cannot find any just warrant to encourage men to undertake

this removal, but think rather the counsel best that King Joash prescribed to Amaziah, 'tarry at home.' Yet as for those that are already gone, far be it from us to conceive them to be such to whom we may not say Godspeed. As it is in Job ii. 10, oh, let us pity them and pray for them, for sure they have no need of our mocks, which I am afraid have too much of their own miseries. I conclude, therefore, of the two Englands what our Saviour saith of the two wines, Luke v. 39 : No man having tasted of the old presently desireth the new, for he saith the old is better."

Fuller did not even count on the evangelization of the Indians : —

"I have not heard of many fish (understand me in a mystical meaning) caught in New England, and yet I have not been deaf to listen, nor they, I believe, dumb to tell of their achievements in that kind."

To close with one of his own endings : —

"These things deserve larger prosecution, but this is none of Joshua's day, wherein the sun standeth still, and therefore I must conclude with the time. . . . Time will await attendance on none."

The "Bard O'Kelly." — The Potter's Field in literature has its Poets' Corner, and the epitaph which chronicles the presence and fate of "Poor McDonald Clarke" might aptly be applied to pathetic scores of subdued and silenced poetasters. Literary longevity, like literary popularity, is a gift by itself, and is therefore not to be inferred from the merit of the work in question. There is little doubt that some of the proletarian verse of George P. Morris will survive in the popular mind most of that written by his statelier partner, the author of Absalom. A like fair fortune befalls the "Bard O'Kelly," in that he is remembered at all, even by this passing "mention," which, if it awake any responsive recollection elsewhere, will doubtless bring to mind The Curse of Doneraile. This doggerel ballad records the loss in that unfortunate village of the author's time-honored chronometer, and is unsparing in its malisons.

> "May every farmer's wife's milk-pail
> Turn always sour at Doneraile !
> May every ship that wafts a sail
> Be freighted with convicts from Doneraile."

It is somewhat humiliating to acknowledge that one's memory may become a vessel for the doctrine of the survival of the unfittest in literature ; but true it is I perfectly recall this unrelieved gibberish, while for the life of me I cannot remember even one line of Clarence Mangan, whom I read, and read admiringly, at the same schoolboy age. But to proceed to that event which proved the great occasion of his career to the "Bard O'Kelly."

During the latter part of the reign of George IV. his Majesty made a visit to Ireland, and was there received with a degree of enthusiasm which was the despair of the "patriots" of that unquiet island. Curran came out in invective strongly characterizing this Anglican and tyrant worship, "and Ireland, like a bastinadoed elephant, kneels to receive her paltry rider !" The poet Moore, having lived long enough in London to become an assenting Englishman, wrote a song entitled The Prince's Day, which, with a grim humor he was either too shallow to perceive or too deep to betray, he affixed to his collection of Irish Melodies, the tune being St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.

Of course his Majesty desired to see the chief curiosities of this remarkable island. Among the celebrities whom he caused to be presented to himself was the distinguished laureate of doggerel, known as the "Bard O'Kelly." This extraordinary creature appears to have led a life of Arcadian simplicity, wandering from hut to hut, and reciting what he called his "pomes" (a pronunciation, by the way, bearing an Old World unction). By some inscrutable process he had acquired the quality of catchiness to such a degree that his effusions lingered in the minds of men when the *poetry* of his contemporary, Clarence Mangan, of whom mention has been made, was neglected or forgotten. However this may be, let us hear how discreetly the "Bard O'Kelly" bore himself on learning of the honor that awaited him from his sovereign : "I went prepared, knowing that something shutable to the occasion would be expected, — I went prepared with a lot of impromtoos." In this interview, his Majesty, observing that the poet was lame, remarked that one of England's greatest bards, namely Byron, also halted in his step, if not in his verse. O'Kelly, who had already caught at the idea that personal deformity might be regarded as a gauge of genius,

promptly rejoined, "And so did Scott, your Majesty." "Ah, indeed," said the king, "and Scotland, too?" "Whereupon," continues the bard, who in the art of explicating his own meaning rivaled Mr. Wegg, "finding it a proper occasion, I recited one of me own impromtoos, the following, right off the reel.

> Three poets for three sister kingdoms born, —
> One for the rose, another for the thorn,
>
> (That's the thistle, your Majesty knows!)
>
> One for the shamrock, which shall ne'er decay,
> While rose and thistle yearly die away."

The elated bard further observes: "Great was the delight of the king at this beautiful impromtoo, and having commended the verses which I had just recited, and having subscribed for fifty copies of me complete works, — which, by the way, to this day he has never sent for, — I was allowed to leave the royal presence, a loyaler and a better man."

A Happy Man.

— I have seen at last a happy man, the happiest I ever knew. He is perhaps forty-five years old, and his happiness has been unbroken for two years or more.

Hear his story. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word. He has means, culture, social position, and a large circle of devoted relatives and friends. He has a fine physique, a handsome face. But we did not call him a happy man, "such a happy man," until two years ago, when the great change came. He has never married, and the Miss X. of whom I am to tell you was no more to him than his lifelong comrade, his best of friends, — an old neighbor, related to him in many ways, but never by the tender tie.

Perhaps he had been more of an invalid than he knew, or than his friends dreamed. One summer day he went to the little lake not far from his native village, a popular inland resort, and spent what he called, upon his return that night, "a perfect day." Skies were never bluer, he said, nor flowers fairer, nor the lake so lovely to him as upon that day. Only he had expected to meet Miss X. there, and to have had their usual sail together. He would go again on the morrow, take her with him, and so double and increase the joy. He went to her house that evening to play whist, as usual. It was Saturday. She had gone to spend Sunday at the lake. He was very glad she had gone, he said; he would join her the next day. During the game he alluded many times to the happy day he had passed. And what is there in life, after all, like a to-morrow full of promise?

That night, after reaching his room, he had a paralytic stroke. Not a severe one, only a slight shock; but it clouded his brain, if we can call that a cloud which fixed forever in his mind the happiness reigning there when it came.

Every day since then has been that happy Saturday to him. He has just returned from the lake, no matter if the snow is drifting, or the rain beating the windows. It has been a perfect day, everything in divine harmony. He will go over to X.'s for a game of whist. Even if Miss X. meets him, he asks if she is at home, as if he were addressing some one else; then he is so glad she is up at the lake; he is going back to-morrow; there is every sign of perfect weather, etc., — all in his old-time charming way. Then he takes up his cards and plays a capital game, and goes home in the sweet expectation of a happy to-morrow.

All else in life seems blank to him. In that one fair niche of memory he sees all of the past, the present, and the future. He appears to be reading oftentimes when the book he holds is upside down. Death means nothing to him. When his friends die, he does not weep, nor question, nor miss them. He has had such a happy day, and he is going to repeat it to-morrow.

Naturally his case is of interest to specialists. He is never troublesome. He goes about the village and exchanges cordial greetings. Nor does he always speak of what is in possession of his mind, unless you hold him too long; then he has excuse for breaking away.

Question: if that last day of his mental balance had been an unhappy one, — say a day black with anguish or remorse, or embittered with rage and revenge, — would he now be the opposite of what he is, a wild beast in toils, the remainder of his life the horrible evolution of an incidental, who knows but an accidental mood?

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OLD KASKASKIA.

IN FOUR PARTS. PART SECOND.

A FIELD DAY.

THE gallery pillars of the Sauciers' house hung full of fragrant vines. The double doors stood hospitably wide, but no one was visible through the extent of hall, though the sound of harp music filled it, coming from a large darkened room. Angelique was playing for her great-grandaunt Angelique, the despot of the Saucier family.

This survivor of a past century had her treasures displayed and her throne set up in the state apartment of the house. The Sauciers contented themselves with a smaller drawing-room across the hall. Her throne was a vast valanced, canopied, gilded bed, decorated with down sacks in chintz covers to keep her warm, high pillows set up as a background for her, and a little pillow for every bone which might make a dint in the feather bed. Another such piece of furniture was not to be found in the Territory. It and her ebony chairs, her claw-footed tables, her harp and dower chest, had come with her from France. The harp alone she had already given to Angelique, who was to inherit all she owned.

From childhood the girl had been this aged woman's constant attendant. Some days, the black servants took their orders at the door, and nobody but Angelique was allowed to enter that room. Then the tyrant would unbend, and receive family and neighborhood visits. Though she had lived a spinster's life, she herself taught Angelique to call her "tante-gra'mère," and this absurd mixture of names had been taken up by the entire family. So tight a grip did she hold on the growing child that Angelique was educated by half-days at the convent; she never had an entire day free from tante-gra'mère. Madame Saucier often rose against such absorption, and craved the privilege of taking the girl's place.

"There is a fête of the children on the bluffs to-day," madame would plead; or, "There is a religious procession, and the mother superior has particularly sent for Angelique."

But tante-gra'mère lifted her thin shout against every plea, and, if pushed, would throw the little pillows at her grandnephew's wife. What were fêtes and processions to her claims?

"I am the godmother of this child," she declared; "it is for me to say what she shall do."

The patriarch of a French family was held in such veneration that it was little less than a crime to cross her. The thralldom did not ruin Angelique's health, though it grew heavier with her years; but it made her old in patient endurance and sympathetic insight while she was a child. She sat pitying and excusing her elder's whims when she should have been playing. The oldest

story in humanity is the story of the house tyrant, — that usurper often so physically weak that we can carry him in our arms, yet so strong that he can tumble down the pillars of family peace many times a day.

There was something monkey-like in the tempers of tante-gra'mère. To see her grasp her whip and beat her slaves with a good will, but poor execution, was to smile self-reproachfully as at the antics of a sick child. Though it is true, for a woman who had no use of her legs, she displayed astonishing reach in her arms. Her face was a mass of puckers burnt through by coal-black eyes. Her mouth was so tucked and folded inward that she appeared to have swallowed her lips. In the daytime she wore a black silk cap tied under the chin, and a dimity short gown over a quilted petticoat. Tante-gra'mère was rich in stored finery. She had inherited brocades, and dozen dozens of linen, including sheets and napkins. Her things were washed by themselves and bleached on their own green, where the family washing never dared intrude.

Fortunately for Angelique, tante-gra'mère's hours were early, and she slept as aged people seldom do. At sunset, summer or winter, she had herself promptly done up in linen, the whip placed near her hand, and her black woman's bed made within reach on the floor. She then went into a shell of sleep which dancing-parties in the house had not broken, and required no further attention until the birds stirred in the morning. Angelique rushed out to evening freedom with a zest which became rapture when she danced. Perhaps this fresh delight made her the best dancer in Kaskaskia.

The autocrat loved to compound her own dinners. She had a salver which Angelique placed before her on the bed; and the old child played in pastry or salads, or cut vegetable dice for her soup. The baking or boiling or roasting was done with rigor at her own fireplace by her blacks, the whiplash in her hand hovering over their bare spots. Silence was the law of the presence-chamber when she labored with her recipes, of which she had many, looking like spider tracks on very yellow paper. These she kept locked up with many of the ingredients for creating them. She pored over them with unspectacled eyes whenever she mixed a cunning dish; and even Angelique dared not meddle with them, though they were to be part of the girl's inheritance.

Angelique now played on the harp to soothe tante-gra'mère's digestion after her midday dinner, while outdoors all Kaskaskia buzzed with excitement. It was a field day in territorial politics. All the girls were at Peggy Morrison's house, watching the processions march by, and making bouquets to send up to the speakers, of whom Rice Jones was chief. Tante-gra'mère had her heavy green shutters closed, to keep out disturbing sights and the noise of fife and drum. Her eyes snapped in the gloom. It was a warm day, and the large apartment looked like a linen bazaar, so many garments had tante-gra'mère discarded on account of the heat, and hung about her. The display made Angelique's face burn when Colonel Menard was announced; but it was one of tante-gra'mère's unshakable beliefs that her linen was so superior to other people's, its exposure was a favor to the public. Any attempt to fold it away would put her into a fury.

The colonel had his hat and riding-whip in his hand. He stood smiling at both the aged woman and the girl, with his comprehensive grasp of all individualities. The slave woman placed a chair for him between the bed and the harp. Angelique loved the harp; but she was glad to let her hands fall in her lap, and leave Colonel Menard to work good nature in her tante-gra'mère. The autocrat tolerated him with as much liking as she could give to any suitor of An-

gelique's. The intentions of the others were discovered only through slaves used as spies; but he came into her state apartment and showed her consideration. She sat up on her broad throne, against the background of pillows, and received his salute upon her hand. Afterwards he bowed over Angelique's fingers.

"I hope the seven children of monsieur the colonel are well," said tante-gra'mère in her tiny scream.

"Four, madame," corrected the visitor. "Thanks, they are very well."

They spoke in French, for although she understood English she never condescended to use it. Their conference begun each time by her inquiry after his seven children.

"And madame, I hope she is comfortable to-day?"

"I neither sleep nor eat," declared tante-gra'mère. "And with the streets full of a shouting rabble, there is no comfort to be had in Kaskaskia."

"We are rather noisy to-day. But we are very earnest in this matter. We want to be separated from the Indiana Territory and be made an independent State."

Tante-gra'mère caught up her whip, and cracked it so suddenly on the back of her little page, who was prying into a wall closet, that he leaped like a frog, and fell on all fours at the opposite corner of the hearth. His grandmother, the black woman, put him behind her, and looked steadily at their tyrant. She sat on the floor like an Indian; and she was by no means a soft, full-blooded African. High cheek-bones and lank coarse hair betrayed the half-breed. Untamed and reticent, without the drollery of the black race, she had even a Pottawatomie name, Watch-e-kee, which French usage shortened to Wachique.

Tante-gra'mère put this sullen slave in motion and made her bring a glass of wine for Colonel Menard. The colonel was too politic to talk to Angelique before her elder, though she had not yet answered his proposal. He had offered himself through her father, and granted her all the time she could require for making up her mind. The colonel knew of her sudden decisions against so many Kaskaskians that he particularly asked her to take time. Two dimpling grooves were cut in his cheeks by the smile which hovered there, as he rose to drink the godmother's health, and she said, —

"Angelique, you may leave the room."

Angelique left the room, and he drew his chair toward the autocrat for the conference she expected.

"It is very kind of you, madame," said Colonel Menard, "to give me this chance of speaking to you alone."

"I do so, monsieur the colonel, because I myself have something to say." The little elfin voice disregarded Wachique and the page. They were part of the furniture of the room, and did not count as listeners.

"You understand that I wish to propose for mademoiselle?"

Tante-gra'mère nodded. "I understand that you are a man who will make a contract and conduct his marriage properly; while these Welsh and English, they lean over a gallery rail and whisper, and I am told they even come fiddling under the windows after decent people are asleep."

"I am glad to have you on my side, madame."

"I am not on your side, monsieur. I am on nobody's side. And Angelique is on nobody's side. Angelique favors no suitor. She is like me: she would live a single life to the end of her days, as holy as a nun, with never a thought of courtship and weddings, but I have set my face against such a life for her. I have seen the folly of it. Here am I, a poor old helpless woman, living without respect or consideration, when I ought to be looked up to in the Territory."

"You are mistaken, madame. Your name is always mentioned with veneration."

"Ah, if I had sons crowding your peltry traffic and taking their share of these rich lands, then you would truly see me venerated. I have thought of these things many a day; and I am not going to let Angelique escape a husband, however such creatures may try a woman's religious nature."

"I will make myself as light a trial as possible," suggested Colonel Menard.

"You have had one wife."

"Yes, madame."

"But she died." The tiny high voice had the thrust of an insect's stinger.

"If she were alive, madame, I could not now have the honor of asking for Mademoiselle Angelique's hand."

The dimpling grooves in his cheeks did not escape tante-gra'mère's black eyes.

"I do not like widowers," she mused.

"Nor do I," responded the colonel.

"Poor Therese might have been alive to-day, if she had not married you."

"Possibly, madame."

"And you have seven children?"

"Four, madame."

"On the whole, I like young men."

"Then you reject my suit?" observed the unmoved wooer.

"I do not reject it, and I do not accept it, monsieur the colonel. I consider it."

This gracious promise of neutrality Colonel Menard carried away with him without again seeing Angelique; and he made his way through the streets of Kaskaskia, unconscious that his little son was following Rice Jones about with the invincible persistence of a Menard.

Young Pierre had been allowed to ride into the capital this thronging day under charge of his father's body-servant and Jean Lozier. The body-servant he sent out of his way with the ponies. Jean Lozier tramped at his young seignior's heels, glad of some duty which would excuse him to his conscience.

This was the peasant lad's first taste of Kaskaskia. He could hardly believe he was there. The rapture of it at first shook him like a palsy. He had risen while the whole peninsula was yet a network of dew, and the Mississippi's sheet, reflecting the dawn, threw silver in his eyes. All thoughts of his grandfather he put resolutely out of his mind; and such thoughts troubled him little, indeed, while that sea of humanity dashed around him. The crash of martial music stirred the man in him. And when he saw the governor's carriage and the magnates of the Territory, heading the long procession; the festooned galleries, on which sat girls dressed in white, like angels, sending their slaves out with baskets of flowers to strew in the way; when he saw floating tableaux of men and scenes in the early history of the Territory, — heroes whose exploits he knew by heart; and when he heard the shouting which seemed to fill the rivers from bluff to bluff, he was willing to wade through purgatory to pay for such a day.

Traffic moved with unusual force. It was the custom for outdwelling men who had something to sell or to trade to reserve it until they came to a convention in Kasky, when they were certain to meet the best buyers. All the up-river towns sent lines of vehicles and fleets of boats to the capital. Kickapoo, Pottawatomie, and Kaskaskia Indians were there to see the white-man council, scattered immovably along the streets, their copper faces glistening in the sun, the buckskin fringes on their leggings scarcely stirring as the hours crept by. Squaws stood in the full heat, erect and silent, in yellow or dark red garments woven of silky buffalo wool, and seamed with roebuck sinews. Few of them had taken to civilized finery. Their barbaric and simple splendor was a rebuke to poor white women.

Many ease-loving old Frenchmen denied themselves the pleasure of following the day's pageant from point to point, and chose the best of the vacant

seats fronting the empty platform in the common meadow. There they waited for speech-making to begin, smoking New Orleans tobacco, and stretching their wooden-shod feet in front of them. No kind of covering intervened betwixt their gray heads and the sky's fierce light, which made the rivers seem to wrinkle with fire. An old Frenchman loved to feel heaven's hand laid on his hair. Sometimes they spoke to one another; but the most of each man's soul was given to basking. Their attitudes said: "This is as far as I have lived. I am not living to-morrow or next day. The past has reached this instant as high-water mark, and here I rest. Move me if you can. I have arrived."

Booths were set up along the route to the common meadow, where the thirsty and hungry might find food and drink; and as the crowd surged toward its destination, a babel of cries rose from the venders of these wares. Father Baby was as great a huckster as any flatboatman of them all. He outscreamed and outsweated Spaniards from Ste. Genevieve; and a sorry spectacle was he to Father Olivier when a Protestant circuit-rider pointed him out. The itinerant had come to preach at early candlelighting to the crowd of sinners which this occasion drew to Kaskaskia. There was a flourishing chapel where this good preacher was esteemed, and his infrequent messages were gladly accepted. He hated Romish practices, especially the Sunday dancing after mass, which Father Olivier allowed his humbler parishioners to indulge in. They were such children. When their week's work was over and their prayers were said, they could scarcely refrain from kicking up their heels to the sound of a fiddle.

But when the preacher saw a friar peddling spirits, he determined to denounce Kaskaskia as Sodom and Gomorrah around his whole circuit in the American bottom lands. While the fire burned in him he encountered Father Olivier, who despised him as a heretic, and respected him as a man. Each revered the honest faith that was in the other, though they thought it their duty to quarrel.

"My friend," exclaimed the preacher, "do you believe you are going in and out before this people in a God-fearing manner, when your colleague is yonder selling liquor?"

"Oh, that 's only poor half-crazy Father Baby. He has no right even to the capote he wears. Nobody minds him here."

"He ought to be brought to his knees and soundly converted," declared the evangelist.

"He is on his knees half the time now," said Father Olivier mischievously. "He 's religious enough, but, like you heretics, he perverts the truth to suit himself."

The preacher laughed. He was an unlearned man, but he had the great heart of an apostle, and was open to jokes.

"Do you think I am riding the wilderness for the pleasure of perverting the truth?"

"My friend," returned Father Olivier, "you have been in our sacristy, and seen our parish records kept here by the hands of priests for a hundred years. You want to make what you call revivals; I am content with survivals, with keeping alive the faith. Yet you think I am the devil. As for me, I do not say all heretics ought to be burned."

The preacher laughed again with Father Olivier, but did not fail to add, —

"You say what I think better than I could say it myself."

The priest left his Protestant brother with a wave of the hand and a smiling shrug, and passed on his way along the array of booths. His presence was a check on many a rustic drinker. His glance, dropped here and there, saved more than one sheep from the shearer. But his own face fell, and he stopped in astonishment, when an awkward figure

was pushed against him, and he recognized his upland lamb.

"Jean Lozier, what are you doing here?" said Father Olivier.

Jean had dodged him many times. The lad stood still, cap in hand, looking down. Nothing could make him sorry he had come to Kaskaskia; but he expected to do penance for it.

"Where is your grandfather?"

"He is at home, father."

"Did you leave that blind old man alone, to wander out and fall over the bluff?"

"I left him, father, but I tied him to a joist in the ceiling with a long rope."

"To hang himself?"

"No, father; it is a very long rope."

"And what will the old man do when he grows hungry?"

"His food for the day is on the table."

"My son, my son!"

"Father," exclaimed the boy with passion, "I was never in Kaskaskia before. And Colonel Menard lent me a pony to ride after my young master. I have no pleasure but watching the lights of the town at night." The great fellow began to sob. "If my grandfather would but come here, I could keep him well. I have been watching how they do things in Kaskaskia. But no, he will stay on the hills. And when I could stand it no more I tied him and came."

Father Olivier had looked into the eyes of soldiers and seen the sick longing for some particular place which neither courage nor resolution seems able to control. He saw even more than this in Jean Lozier's eyes. He saw the anguish of a creature about to be driven back from its element to another in which it cannot develop. The priest had hitherto used Jean's fondness for the capital as means of moral discipline. But the sympathy which gave so many simple natures into his literal keeping enlightened him now.

"My son," said Father Olivier, "I see how it is with you better than I ever did before. You shall come and live in Kaskaskia. I will myself forbid your grandfather to keep you longer on the hills."

"But, father, he says he will die in a great town."

"Then, my son, the crown of a little martyrdom is yours. Will you wear it until this old man ends his days, and then come to Kaskaskia as your reward? Or will you come trampling down your duty, and perhaps shortening the life of your father's father? I will not lay any penance on you for following this strong desire."

Jean's spirit moved through his rough features, and responded to the priest's touch.

"I will wait, father," he said.

"You do right, my son. Now enjoy the remainder of this day, but do not make it too long a trial to the old man dependent on you."

Jean Lozier knew very little about the fierce partisan war raging in the Territory over separation and non-separation, and all the consequences which lay beyond either. But he took his place in a sea of listeners, having a man's object in life to struggle for. He was going to live in Kaskaskia, and have a little house of his own, a cart and two oxen; and when he had made enough by hauling bales from the wharf, he could set up in trade. His breast lifted and fell freely as he looked into this large and possible future. The patience and frugality and self-confidence of the successful man of affairs were born in him.

Rice Jones was on the speaker's platform, moulding the politics of the Territory. His voice reached over the great outdoor audience, compelling and convincing; now sinking to penetrating undertones, and now rising in thrilling music. His irony was so cutting, his humor so irrepressible. Laughter ran in waves across the sea of heads as wind runs across the grass. On many a homeward

road and in many a cabin would these issues be fought over before election day, and Rice Jones's arguments quoted and propagated to the territorial limits. The serious long-jawed Virginia settler and the easy light-minded French boatman listened side by side. One had a homestead at stake, and the other had his possessions in the common fields where he labored as little as possible; but both were with Rice Jones in that political sympathy which bands unlike men together. He could say in bright words what they nebulously thought. He was the high development of themselves. They were proud of him, with that touching hero worship which is the tribute of unlettered men to those who represent their best.

Dr. Dunlap stopped an instant at the edge of the crowd, carrying his saddlebags on his arm. He was so well known to be Rice Jones's political and personal enemy that his momentary lingering there drew a joke or two from his observers. He was exhorted to notice how the speaker could wipe up Kasky with such as he, and he replied in kind. But his face was wearing thin in his deeper and silent struggle with Rice Jones.

He knew that that judicial mind was fathoming and understanding his past relations with Maria upon the evidence he had himself furnished. Every day since their encounter in the college the doctor had armed himself. If he saw Rice Jones appear suddenly on the street, his hand sought his pocket. Sometimes he thought of leaving the Territory; which would be giving up the world and branding himself a coward. The sick girl was forgotten in this nightmare of a personal encounter. As a physician, he knew the danger of mania, and prescribed hard labor to counteract it. Dismounting under the bluff and tying his horse, he had many times toiled and sweated up the ascent, and let himself down again, bruised and scratched by stones and briers.

Very trivial in Dr. Dunlap's eyes were the anxieties of some poor fellows whom he saw later in the day appealing to Colonel Menard. The doctor was returning to a patient. The speeches were over, and the common meadow had become a wide picnic ground under the slant of a low afternoon sun. Those outdwelling settlers, who had other business to transact besides storing political opinions, now began to stir themselves; and a dozen needy men drew together and encouraged one another to ask Colonel Menard for salt. They were obliged to have salt at once, and he was the only great trader who brought it in by the flatboat load and kept it stored. He had a covered box in his cellar as large as one of their cabins, and it was always kept filled with cured meats.

They stood with hands in their pockets and coonskin caps slouching over their brows, stating the case to Colonel Menard. But poverty has many grades. The quizzical Frenchman detected in some of his clients a moneyed ability which raised them above their fellows.

"I have salt," admitted the colonel, speaking English to men who did not understand French, "but I have not enough to make brine of de Okaw River. I bet you ten dollaire you have not money in your pockets to pay for it."

More than half the pockets owned this fact. One man promised to pay when he killed his hogs. Another was sure he could settle by election day. But the colonel cut these promises short.

"I will settle this matter. De goats that have no money will stand on this side, and de sheep that have money will stand on that."

The hopeless majority budged to his right hand, and the confident ones to his left. He knew well what comfort or misery hung on his answer, and said with decision which no one could turn: —

"Now, messieurs, I am going to lend all my salt to these poor men who cannot get it any other way. You fellows

who have money in your pockets, you may go to Sa' Loui', by gar, and buy yourselves some."

The peninsula of Kaskaskia was glorified by sunset, and even having its emerald stretches purpled by the evening shadows of the hills, before Rice Jones could go home to his sister. The hundreds thronging him all day and hurrahing at his merciless wit saw none of his trouble in his face.

He had sat by Maria day after day, wiping the cold dampness from her forehead and watching her self-restraining pride. They did not talk much, and when they spoke it was to make amusement for each other. This young sister growing up over the sea had been a precious image to his early manhood. But it was easier to see her die now that the cause of Dr. Dunlap's enmity was growing distinct to him.

"No wonder he wanted me shot," thought Rice. "No wonder he took all her family as his natural foes at sight."

Sometimes the lawyer dropped his papers and walked his office, determining to go out and shoot Dr. Dunlap. The most judicial mind has its revolts against concise statement. In these boiling moods Rice did not want evidence; he knew enough. But cooler counsel checked him. There were plenty of grounds and plenty of days yet to come for a political duel, in which no names and no family honor need be mixed.

Rice turned back from the gallery steps with a start at hearing a voice behind him. It was only young Pierre Menard at his father's gate. The veins on the child's temples were distended by their embarrassed throbbing, and his cheeks shone darkly red.

"I want, in fact, to speak to you, Monsieur Zhone," stammered Pierre, looking anxiously down the street lest the slave or Jean Lozier should appear before he had his say.

"What is it, colonel junior?" said Rice, returning to the gate.

"I want, in fact, to have some talk about our family."

"I hope you have n't any disagreement in your family that the law will have to settle?"

"Oh, no, monsieur, we do not quarrel much. And we never should quarrel at all if we had a mother to teach us better," said young Pierre adroitly.

Rice studied him with a sidelong glance of amusement, and let him struggle unhelped to his object.

"Monsieur Zhone, do you intend to get married?"

"Certainly," replied the prompt lawyer.

"But why should you want to get married? You have no children."

"I might have some, if I were married," argued Rice.

"But unless you get some you don't need any mother for them. On the contrary, we have great need of a mother in our family."

"I see. You came to take my advice about a stepmother. I have a stepmother myself, and I am the very man to advise you. But suppose you and I agree on the person for the place, and the colonel refuses her?"

The boy looked at him sharply, but there was no trace of raillery on Rice's face.

"You never can tell what the colonel intends to do until he does it, monsieur, but I think he will be glad to get her. The girls — all of us, in fact, think he ought to be satisfied with her."

"You are quite right. I don't know of a finer young woman in Kaskaskia than Miss Peggy Morrison."

"But she is n't the one, Monsieur Zhone. Oh, she would n't do at all."

"She would n't? I have made a mistake. It 's Mademoiselle Vigo."

"Oh, no, she would n't do, either. There is only one that would do." The boy tried to swallow his tumult of palpitation. "It is Mademoiselle Angelique Saucier, monsieur."

Rice looked reproachfully at him over folded arms.

"That's why I came to you about it, monsieur. In the first place, Odile picked her out because she is handsome; Berenice and Alzira want her because she is good-natured; and I want her because I like to sit in the room where she is."

"Young man, this cannot be," said Rice Jones.

"Have you engaged her yourself, monsieur? If you have n't, please don't. Nobody else will suit us; and you can take Mademoiselle Peggy Morrison that you think is such a fine young woman."

Rice laughed.

"You and I are not the only men in Kaskaskia who admire Mademoiselle Saucier, my lad."

"But you are the worst one," said Pierre eagerly. "Odile thinks if you let her alone we may get her."

"But I can't let her alone. I see the force of your claims, but human nature is so perverse, Pierre, that I want her worse than ever."

Pierre dug with his heel in the grass. His determined countenance delighted the rival.

"Monsieur, if you do get her, you have our whole family to beat."

"Yes, I see what odds there are against me," owned Rice.

"We are going to marry her if we can — and my father is willing. He is nearly always willing to please us."

"This is fair and open," pronounced Rice, "and the way for gentlemen to treat each other. You have done the right thing in coming to talk this matter over with me."

"I 'm not sure of that, m'sieur."

"I am, for there is nothing better than fair and open rivalry. And after all, nobody can settle this but Mademoiselle Saucier herself. She may not be willing to take any of us. But, whatever the result, shake hands, Pierre."

The boy transferred his riding-whip, and met the lawyer's palm with a hearty grasp. They shook hands, laughing, and Pierre felt surprised to find how well he liked Rice Jones.

As the wide and capacious Kaskaskia houses were but a single story high, Maria's bedroom was almost in the garden. Sweetbrier stretched above the foundation and climbed her window; and there were rank flowers, such as marigolds and peppery bouncing-betties, which sent her pungent odors. Sometimes she could see her stepmother walking the graveled paths between the vegetable beds, or her father and Rice strolling back and forth together of an evening. Each one was certain to bring her something, — a long-stemmed pink, or phlox in a bunch, like a handful of honeycomb. The gardener pulled out dead vines and stalks and burned them behind a screen of bushes, the thin blue smoke trailing low.

Her father would leave his office to sit beside her, holding the hand which grew thinner every day. He had looked forward to his daughter's coming as a blossoming-time in his life. Maria had not left her bed since the night of her hemorrhage. A mere fortnight in the Territory seemed to have wasted half her little body.

When you have strained to bear your burden and keep up with the world's march, lightly commiserated by the strong, there is great peace in finally giving up and lying down by the roadside. The hour often fiercely wished for, and as often repelled with awe, is here. The visible is about to become invisible. It is your turn to pass into the unknown. You have seen other faces stiffen, and other people carried out and forgotten. Your face is now going to chill the touch. You are going to be carried out. But, most wonderful of all, you who have been so keenly alive are glad to creep close to Death and lay your head in his lap.

There are natures to whom suffering is degradation. Sympathy would burn

them like caustic. They are dumb on the side which seeks promiscuous fellowship. They love one person, and live or die by that love.

"I have borne it by myself so far," Maria would think; "I can bear it by myself the rest of the way."

Yet the sleepy nurse was often roused at dead of night by her sobbing: "Oh, James, that you should be in the same town with me, and never come near to see me die! And I love you, — I love you so in spite of everything."

Sometimes she resolved to tell her brother the whole story. He would perhaps think better of Dr. Dunlap than he now did. Yet, on the contrary, his implacable pride and sense of justice might drive him directly out to kill the man she loved. And again she would burn with rage and shame at Dr. Dunlap's condescension to a legal marriage. He was willing.

"You are not willing," she would whisper fiercely at the night candle. "You do not love me any more."

The old glamour again covering her, she would lie in a waking dream for hours, living over their stolen life together. And she puzzled herself trying to fit the jagged pieces of her experience, and to understand why all these things should happen. The mystery to come is not greater than the mystery which has been, when one lies on a dying bed and counts the many diverse individuals that have lived in his skin and been called by his name.

At other times, all she had lost of common good flashed through Maria in a spark: the deeds to other souls; the enjoyment of nature, which is a continual discovery of new worlds; the calm joy of daily life, that best prayer of thanks to Almighty God.

Maria always thought of these wholesome things when Angelique came in at twilight, a little exhilarated by her escape from the tyrant at home. The nurse would give place, and go out to talk with the other negroes, while Angelique sat down and held Maria's hand. Perhaps invisible streams of health flowed from her, quieting the sick girl. She smiled with pure happiness, on account of general good and comfort; her oval face and dark hair and eyes having a certain freshness of creation. Maria looked at her and wondered what love and sorrow would do to her.

Angelique had one exquisite characteristic which Maria did not at first notice, but it grew upon her during these quiet half-hours when she was spared the effort of talking or listening. It was a fixed look of penetrating sweetness, projecting the girl herself into your nature, and making her one with you. No intrusive quality of a stare spoiled it. She merely became you for the time being; and this unconscious pretty trick had brought down many a long Kaskaskian, for it drove directly through the hearts of men.

The provincial girl sometimes puzzled herself about the method of education abroad which had produced such a repressed yet such an appealing creature as Maria Jones. When she talked to the triangular little face on the pillow, she talked about the outdoor world rather than its people; so that after Angelique went away Maria often fell asleep, fancying herself on the grass, or lying beside the rivers or under the cool shadows of rocks.

As Rice Jones entered the house, after his talk about Angelique with young Pierre Menard, he met her coming out. It was the first time that her twilight visits to his sister had brought them face to face, and Rice directly turned off through the garden with her, inquiring how Maria had borne the noise of the day.

"She is very quiet," said Angelique. "She was indeed falling asleep when I came out."

"I sent my man at noon and at three o'clock to bring me word of her."

There was still a great trampling of horses in the streets. Shouts of departing happy voters sounded from the Okaw bridge, mixing with the songs of river men. The primrose lights of many candles began to bloom all over Kaskaskia. Rice parted the double hedge of currant bushes which divided his father's garden from Saucier's, and followed Angelique upon her own gravel walk, holding her by his sauntering. They could smell the secluded mould in the shadow of the currant roots, which dew was just reaching. She went to a corner where a thicket of roses grew. She had taken a handful of them to Maria, and now gathered a fresh handful for herself, reaching in deftly with mitted arms, holding her gown between her knees to keep it back from the briers. Some of them were wild roses, with a thin layer of petals and effulgent yellow centres. There was a bouquet of garden-breaths from gray-green sage and rosemary leaves and the countless herbs and vegetables which every slaveholding Kaskaskian cultivated for his large household. Pink and red hollyhocks stood sentinel along the paths. The slave cabins, the loom-house, the kitchen, and a row of straw beehives were ranged at the back of the lawn, edging the garden.

Angelique came back to the main walk, picking her way with slipper toes, and offered part of her spoil to Rice. He took some roses, and held the hand which gave them. She had come in his way too soon after his mocking little talk with young Pierre Menard. He was occupied with other things, but that had made him feel a sudden need.

Angelique blushed in the dense twilight, her face taking childlike lines of apprehension. Her heart sank, and she suffered for him vicariously in advance. Her sensibility to other presences was so keen that she had once made it a subject of confession. "Father, I cannot feel any separateness from the people around me. Is this a sin?" "Believe that you have the saints and holy angels also in your company, and it will be no sin," answered Father Olivier.

Though she was used to these queer demonstrations of men, her conscience always rebuked her for the number of offers she received. No sooner did she feel on terms of excellent friendliness with any man than he began to fondle her hand and announce himself her lover. It must be as her tante-gra'mère said, that girls had too much liberty in the Territory. Jules Vigo and Billy Edgar had both proposed in one day, and Angelique hid herself in the loom-house, feeling peculiarly humbled and ashamed to face the family, until her godmother had her almost forcibly brought back to the usual post.

"I love you," said Rice Jones.

"But please, no, Monsieur Zhone, no."

"I love you," he repeated, compressing his lips. "Why 'no, Monsieur Zhone, no'?"

"I do not know." Angelique drew her hand back and arranged her roses over and over, looking down at them in blind distress.

"Is it Pierre Menard?"

She glanced up at him reproachfully.

"Oh, monsieur, it is only that I do not want" — She put silence in the place of words. "Monsieur," she then appealed, "why do men ask girls who do not want them to? If one appeared anxious, then it would be reasonable."

"Not to men," said Rice, smiling. "We will have what is hard to be got. I shall have you, my Angelique. I will wait."

"Monsieur," said Angelique, thinking of an obstacle which might block his way, "I am a Catholic, and you are not."

"Priests don't frighten me. And Father Olivier is too sensible an old fellow to object to setting you in the car of my ambition."

They stood in silence.

"Good-night, Monsieur Zhone," said Angelique. "Don't wait."

"But I shall wait," said Rice.

He had bowed and turned away to the currant hedge, and Angelique was entering her father's lawn, when he came back impetuously. He framed her cheeks in his hands, and she could feel rather than see the power of possession in his eyes.

"Angelique!" he said, and the word rushed through her like flame. She recoiled, but Rice Jones was again in his father's garden, moving like a shadow toward the house, before she stirred. Whether it was the trick of the orator or the irrepressible outburst of passion, that appeal continued to ring in her ears and to thrill.

More disturbed than she had ever been before by the tactics of a lover, Angelique hurried up the back gallery steps, to find Peggy Morrison sitting in her chamber window, cross-legged, leaning over with one palm supporting a pointed chin. The swinging sashes were pushed outward, and Peggy's white gown hung down from the broad sill.

"Is that you, Peggy?" said Angelique. "I thought you were dancing at Vigo's this evening."

"I thought you were, too."

"Mama felt obliged to send our excuses, on account of going to sister's baby."

"How beautiful these large French families are!" observed Peggy; "some of them are always dying or teething, and the girls are slaves to their elders."

"We must be beautiful," said Angelique, "since two of the Morrisons have picked wives from us; and I assure you the Morrison babies give us the most trouble."

"You might expect that. I never saw any luck go with a red-headed Morrison."

Angelique sat down on the sill, also, leaning against the side of the window. The garden was becoming a void of dimness, through which a few fireflies sowed themselves. Vapor blotted such stars as they might have seen from their perch, and the foliage of fruit trees stirred with a whisper of wind.

"I am so glad you came to stay with me, Peggy. But you are dressed; why did you not go?"

"I am hiding."

"What are you hiding from?"

"Jules Vigo, of course."

"Poor Jules."

"Yes, you are always saying poor this and that, after you set them on by rejecting them. They run about like blind, mad oxen till they bump their stupid heads against somebody that will have them. I should n't wonder if I got a second-hand husband one day, taking up with some cast-off of yours."

"Peggy, these things do not flatter me; they distress me," said Angelique genuinely.

"They would n't distress me. If I had your face, and your hands and arms, and the way you carry yourself, I 'd love to kill men. They have no sense at all."

Angelique heard her grind her teeth, and exclaimed, —

"Why, Peggy, what has poor Jules done?"

"Oh, Jules! — he is nothing. I have just engaged myself to him to get rid of him, and now I have some right to be let alone. He 's only the fourth one of your victims that I 've accepted, and doctored up, and set on foot again. I take them in rotation, and let them easily down to marrying some girl of capacity suitable to them. And until you are married off, I have no prospect of ever being anything but second choice."

Angelique laughed.

"Your clever tongue so fascinates men that this is all mockery, your being second choice. But indeed I like men, Peggy; if they had not the foolishness of falling in love."

"Angelique Saucier, when do you intend to settle in life?"

"I do not know," said the French girl slowly. "It is pleasant to be as we are."

Peggy glanced at her through the dark.

"Do you intend to be a nun?"

"No. I have no vocation."

"Well, if you don't marry, the time will come when you 'll be called an old maid."

"That is what mama says. It is a pity to make ugly names for good women."

"I 'll be drawn and quartered before I'll be called an old maid," said Peggy fiercely. "What difference does it make, after all, which of these simpletons one takes for a husband? Were you ever in love with one of them, Angelique?"

Peggy had the kind of eyes which show a disk of light in the dark, and they revealed it as she asked this question.

"No, I think not," answered Angelique.

"You think not. You believe, to the best of your knowledge and recollection, that such a thing has never happened to you," mocked Peggy. And then she made a sudden pounce at Angelique's arm. "What was the matter with you when you ran up the gallery steps, a minute ago?"

The startled girl drew in her breath with surprise, but laughed.

"It was lighter then," hinted Peggy.

"Did you see him?"

"Yes, I saw him. And I saw you coaxing him along with a bunch of roses, for all the world like catching a pony with a bunch of grass. And I saw him careering back to neigh in your face."

"Oh, Peggy, I wish Monsieur Reece Zhone could but hear what you say. Do teach me some of your clever ridicule. It must be that I take suitors too seriously."

"Thank you," said Peggy dryly, "I need it all for my second-hand lot. He is the worst fool of any of them."

"Take care, Peggy, you rouse me. Why is a man a fool for loving me?"

"He said he loved you, then?"

The Saucier negroes were gathering on doorsteps, excited by the day and the bustle of crowds which still hummed in the streets. Now a line of song was roared from the farthest cabin, and old and young voices all poured themselves into a chorus. A slender young moon showed itself under foliage, dipping almost as low as the horizon. Under all other sounds of life, but steadily and with sweet monotony, the world of little living things in grass and thicket made itself heard. The dewy darkness was a pleasure to Angelique, but Peggy moved restlessly, and finally clasped her hands behind her neck and leaned against the window side, watching as well as she could the queen of hearts opposite. She could herself feel Angelique's charm of beautiful health and outreaching sympathy. Peggy was a candid girl, and had no self-deceptions. But she did have that foreknowledge of herself which lives a germ in some unformed girls whose development surprises everybody. She knew she could become a woman of strength and influence, the best wife in the Territory for an ambitious man who had the wisdom to choose her. Her sharp fairness would round out, moreover, and her red head, melting the snows which fell in middle age on a Morrison, become a softly golden and glorious crown. At an age when Angelique would be faded, Peggy's richest bloom would appear. She was like the wild grapes under the bluffs; it required frost to ripen her. But women whom nature thus obliges to wait for beauty seldom do it graciously; transition is not repose.

"Well, which is it to be, Rice Jones or Pierre Menard? Be candid with me, Angelique, as I would be with you. You know you will have to decide some time."

"I do not think Monsieur Reece Zhone is for me," said Angelique, with intuitive avoidance of Colonel Menard's name; Peggy cared nothing for the fate of Colonel Menard. "Indeed, I believe his mind dwells more on his sister now than on any one else."

"I hate people's relations!" cried Peggy brutally; "especially their sick relations. I could n't run every evening to pet Maria Jones and feed her pap."

"I do not pet her nor feed her pap," declared Angelique, put on the defensive. "Don't be a little beast, Peggy," she added in French.

"I see how it is: you are going to take him. The man who needs a bug in his ear worse than any other man in the Territory will never be handed over to me to get it. But let me tell you, you will have your hands full with Rice Jones. This Welsh-English stock is not soft stuff to manage. When he makes that line with his lips that looks like a red-hot razor edge, his poor wife will wish to leave this earth and take to the bluffs."

"You appear to think a great deal about Monsieur Reece Zhone and his future wife," said Angelique mischievously.

"I know what you mean," said Peggy defiantly, "and we may as well have it out now as any time. If you throw him at me, I shall quarrel with you. I detest Rice Jones. He makes me crosser than any other person in the world."

"How can you detest a man like that? I am almost afraid of him. He has a wonderful force. It is a great thing at his age to be elected to the National Assembly as the leader of his party in the Territory."

"I am not afraid of him," said Peggy, with a note of pride.

"No; for I have sometimes thought, Peggy, that Monsieur Reece Zhone and you were made for each other."

Peggy Morrison sneered. Her nervous laughter, however, had a sound of jubilation.

The talk stopped there. They could see fog rising like a smoke from the earth, gradually making distant indistinct objects an obliterated memory, and filling the place where the garden had been.

"We must go in and call for candles," said Angelique.

"No," said Peggy, turning on the broad sill and stretching herself along it, "let me lay my head in your lap and watch that lovely mist come up like a dream. It makes me feel happy. You are a good girl, Angelique."

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

BOOKS AND READING IN ICELAND.

Almost the first building that attracts the eye of a stranger in Reykjavik is the solidly built stone structure that overlooks the little green square in the centre of the town. This is the Althing-House, the only building in Iceland of any architectural pretensions, and one that would do no discredit to Berlin or Paris. The upper story contains the National Museum, the middle story is occupied by the two branches of the Althing, and on the ground floor is the National Library, the largest collection of books in Iceland. Here are between twenty-five and thirty thousand printed books, and thirteen hundred manuscripts. The collection is miscellaneous, with unexpected riches in some directions, and equally unexpected poverty in others. The richest department is naturally that of Icelandic history and literature, though even this is not complete. The British Museum and the

National Library at Copenhagen have more than one Icelandic treasure not found at Reykjavik.

A few steps from the Althing-House, on a gentle grassy slope, is the ugly, barn-like building of the Latin College, where all Icelandic students are prepared for the University of Copenhagen. Near by is an unpretending stone building containing the college library, a general collection of about six or eight thousand volumes. Some smaller private libraries are scattered about Reykjavik, but of these more hereafter. The public libraries in other parts of Iceland are few. The one at Akureyri numbers several thousand volumes, and there are some other isolated collections. These moderate-sized libraries furnish the working capital of Icelandic scholars, except as individuals have gradually accumulated the materials for investigation in their own departments. The mere statement of these facts indicates that great original scholarship can scarcely exist in Iceland. The investigator is hampered at every turn by the lack of the scholarly apparatus necessary for his work. Some of the private libraries are surprisingly large; but as books are dear, and as the largest private incomes in Iceland do not much exceed fifteen hundred dollars, poverty puts a check upon original scholarship, except along certain narrow lines.

A glance at the booksellers and their shops may be suggestive. Nearly every visitor to Iceland begins his acquaintance with the country at the capital, Reykjavik, and I was no exception. A very few minutes after I had been rowed ashore from the little steamer, and had engaged rooms at the hotel, I went in search of a bookseller. I soon learned that the most successful way to find books was to look in unlikely places. Scarcely a dealer keeps a stock of any size, and he seems to hide it as much as possible. The photographer has a few volumes, and the postmaster a few more. One can buy text-books at the office of one of the little newspapers published at Reykjavik; and by going upstairs in a stone schoolhouse and knocking at the proper door, one can find a very tolerable miscellaneous collection of text-books and other works for sale at the published prices — with a slight increase for strangers. One of the largest shops is beside the Althing-House, where I found a greater variety of books and more courtesy than anywhere else in Reykjavik. In fact, the cordiality of the proprietor, who is also a publisher, became slightly embarrassing, after I had made some considerable purchases of him; for toward the close of my stay in Reykjavik I was never sure that I should be able to finish my dinner without being told that the bookseller was waiting to see me. He usually brought a pamphlet or book which he had published, and which he insisted on presenting to me. Among his gifts was an Icelandic translation of Hamlet, — the first ever made, — a volume of travels in England, a book of modern Icelandic poems, and various pamphlets. I may add as an aside that he seemed to care nothing for the payment of my bill, and showed not the slightest hesitation in letting it run till I could send him a draft from America.

The thought that most impresses one, in looking through these little bookshops, is that readers are shut out almost entirely from the inspiration and suggestion of seeing large quantities of new books exposed for sale. Small opportunity is afforded for testing a book before buying it, and nobody except a scholar in constant touch with the outer world can realize what is doing in the various departments of literature and research. The books ordinarily on sale are school-books, isolated specimens of Danish, English, French, and German works, and a number of the better known Icelandic publications. Very popular is a recent reprint, in three volumes, of the shorter Icelandic sagas. Some modern Icelandic poems, a few modern Icelandic romances, and treatises of more or less scholarship

comprise the greater part of the stock. Whenever books are wanted from abroad, they are usually ordered from Copenhagen; but communication with the outside world is slow and expensive, and during certain months impossible.

The number of volumes printed in Iceland is limited; but a few appear every year with "Reykjavik" or "Akureyri" on the title-page. Several newspapers are published at Reykjavik, all ridiculously small in comparison with English or American papers, yet serving to keep up a slender connection with the far-away world, and to chronicle the events of a country where little or nothing happens. One weekly sheet, the Ísafold, has an extensive circulation in the remote country districts. Literary production in Iceland is not large, and until the industrial conditions are radically changed it must always be small.

A glance at these conditions will show how unfavorable they are to the diffusion of books and to literary fertility.

First and foremost, we must note that the country is little better than a desert. The peculiar configuration renders intercourse difficult, and along with the barrenness of the soil makes the conditions of existence strangely hard. People with so little to make life attractive might be pardoned if they were to sink into a stolid indifference to everything but the struggle to keep alive. The size of Iceland is greater than that of Ireland, and the population numbers seventy thousand souls; but the only inhabitable portion is a narrow strip of pasture land extending like a green girdle round the coast and up the deep, narrow fiords. The interior of the country is a howling waste of sand and ice, traversed by darting glacier rivers, and utterly incapable of supporting more than a few scattered inhabitants. Grass is the only considerable crop. The hills and valleys are treeless, and afford at best but scanty pasturage for horses, cows, and sheep. Roads and bridges scarcely exist. A Danish merchant at Reykjavik has a wheeled carriage; but in the interior such a conveyance is unknown, and would be useless if known. The backs of horses are the only means of transportation across country. Small boats carry travelers over dangerous rivers, while the horses swim on ahead. Hardly anything that ministers to comfort, to say nothing of luxury, is produced in Iceland. Every nail in an Icelandic house, every pane of glass, every bit of wooden flooring, every insignificant bit of furniture, has to be transported laboriously from one of the seaports to its destination.

That the Icelanders are poor goes without saying. There is little or no home market; for almost every Icelander has the same products to sell as his neighbor. The circulation of money is therefore very small. If a farmer has direct dealings with the agents for foreign markets, and is sufficiently prosperous to have a little surplus each year, he may handle actual money, but in general the trading at the seaports is literally trading. An Icelander barters a certain number of horses or sheep or rolls of dried fish or balls[1] of hay for a supply of groceries and other necessaries of life. If he buys books under such conditions, he must want them more than do the rural inhabitants of most countries.

All these hindrances would appear to be sufficient to check literary production; but there are still other obstacles. Take, for instance, the writing of novels. The first drawback is that the population is more scattered than almost anywhere else in the world. Even the largest towns are mere villages. The novelist must know his world, and paint it as he sees it. If he lays the scene in Iceland, and is faithful in depicting the people he knows and has studied, he runs the risk of portraying too closely the people whom he has been observing, and who

[1] These balls of hay are two or three feet in diameter, and are slung like panniers on the backs of horses.

have been in turn watching him. His characters, if at all true to life, cannot easily remain unrecognized; and they must be more than human if they enjoy their notoriety. The number of copies that the writer can hope to sell is small; and he may well question whether it is worth while to set the community by the ears for the sake of publishing a probably unsuccessful story. I do not mean that a great writer cannot produce a great novel even under such conditions; but the chances are against him. The few native Icelandic novels thus far written cannot be pronounced an eminent success. The most popular, and perhaps the best of all, is Piltúr og Stúlka, which has been recently translated into English; but even this cannot be called a great novel.

If the novelist deserts actual experience, and introduces abstract and purely ideal types, his work will almost certainly fail to win popularity. If he goes outside of Iceland for his subject, he ceases to be distinctively national and representative. Nor ought we to forget that the Icelandic temper is very sluggish, and that the people are law-abiding. Now of course the material for literature of the highest order is passion. The strongest passions are those that concern the relations of men and women. Passion, when at its strongest, leads to sin and jealousy and remorse. Iceland is by no means a country of Pamelas and Josephs; but Icelandic society as a whole is so simple and peaceable that the complicated plots of crime and adventure which many novelists delight in would appear absurd. The native Icelandic novel must therefore move, I think, along very narrow lines, and it has small chance of reaching the highest excellence.

The drama is still more hopeless. The Icelandic temper is too cold and stolid to enter with quick sympathy into another nature so as to catch its spirit. Genuine dramatists are rare enough in any country, but one may look for them almost anywhere with more prospect of success than in Iceland. The Icelanders are too impassive — I might say, too honest — to be good actors. They are the poorest mimics in the world. An Icelander makes fewer gestures in a month than an Italian in an hour. Moreover, there is no place and no demand for the drama. The largest town, Reykjavik, has only three or four thousand inhabitants, and cannot furnish the public to support a theatre. The actors, if found at all, must be amateurs. Theatricals cost money; and it must be emphasized at every turn that Iceland is poor. In so far, therefore, as the drama exists at all, it must be a book drama. A few plays have been translated into Icelandic, such as King Lear and Hamlet; but even in translation Icelandic dramatic literature makes a very inconsiderable showing.

The modern Icelandic literature takes refuge in poetry; and in this field the best work has appeared. The hymn, the love-song, the idyl, the lines that let us look into a man's own heart, the verses that kindle with patriotism and liberty, — all these have been found possible. Some of the modern work takes very high rank, though lacking the exquisite delicacy of the best Danish poetry, and the fire and abandon of the old songs of the Edda. The Icelandic epic is yet to be written; but the old Edda measures are peculiarly fitted for the loftiness of a great poem, as may be seen in the masterly translation of Milton's Paradise Lost, perhaps the finest version existing in any language.

From this rapid survey we see the natural limitations of literature in Iceland. Personal satire might flourish, were the Icelanders more quarrelsome and more malicious. But they seem to spend their malice in petty gossip, and do not try to elevate their tittle-tattle to the rank of literature. Yet there is considerable literary activity. The critical essay, travel sketches, religious works of various sorts, annotations of old Icelandic

texts, investigations of the history of Iceland and of the Icelandic language and literature, compilations in various departments of science, translations from the leading languages of Europe, in a word useful books of all sorts, seem to have taken the greater part of the literary energy of the country. Great works of creative imagination are, however, as good as non-existent. From their books the Icelanders seem to have absorbed the soothing and restful part of culture, the part that gives help and comfort; but their modern writers appear to have no burning message for the world. Reykjavik is not a Weimar; and the intellectual life there, though attractive and to a certain degree stimulating, does not stir one to the depths.

We have glanced at the general conditions of life in Iceland, and at the number of books collected for the purposes of the scholar. We have found the conditions on the whole unfavorable for great original scholarship or great literary productiveness. But, on the other hand, Iceland can boast an unusually high standard of intelligence, and can justly be called a nation of readers. The people in the remote country districts have caught the reading habit, and during a considerable part of the year they have every excuse for indulging it. In winter they cannot travel, for they are shut in by drifted snow. They may feed the sheep and cows and horses, and attend to the dairy products. They may spin and weave wool. But otherwise they have little to do except to read and talk and play chess. Fortunately, they have no manufacturing and no business; for mental exertion is almost the only activity that they do not dread. Culture is popular in Iceland, and cultivated men receive due recognition. One of the most respected men in the country is Jón Thorkelsson, the accomplished rector of the Latin College. He is emphatically a man of books, and has for long years set the standard of education for the entire country. The people have got into the way of being educated, and they send every year a large contingent of students to the University of Copenhagen, where at least a part of their expenses are paid from the public purse. The tradition of culture is very old in Iceland. Scholars have at no time failed, even in the darkest days of political humiliation. With the historical development of Icelandic culture and education, however, I cannot here deal. More to our immediate purpose is it to consider the extent of the reading habit, and the kind of books that one may find in the little towns and in the more remote country.

Large private libraries are not very common, but several are surprisingly good. Jón Thorkelsson has four thousand volumes on philology, history, and literature. Páll Melsteth, the venerable historian, has perhaps a thousand volumes. During one of my calls on the governor he showed me his books, numbering several hundreds, some of them rare and interesting. The bishop has a number of handsome bookshelves, containing perhaps a thousand volumes. All these are in Reykjavik, which is in comparatively close touch with the outer world.

In the better houses of the towns, books, when once bought, are a possession for a lifetime; but in the country they have to share in the struggle for existence. The Lutheran priest at Stathr, on the coast of the southwestern peninsula, handed me a tattered and mildewed copy of an Icelandic translation of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, with the remark that it was one of sixty or seventy volumes which had been spoiled by the snow and rain. "Bad roofs," said he, "are the greatest enemies of books in Iceland. Worms and insects do little damage. Our climate freezes them to death. Wood is dear, and the turf roofs are spongy and damp. Even where the roofs do not actually leak, the long, wet spring usually turns the books mouldy, so that they rot before one's eyes. That is

one reason why people are discouraged at the thought of making a great collection of books."

Yet in spite of poverty and difficulty of transportation, and the certainty that in most cases the handsome book of to-day will be the mouldy volume of to-morrow, many Icelandic farmers have very creditable libraries. For security against dampness, they frequently keep their books in chests. The Lutheran priests are nearly all farmers, and in many cases their mode of living differs but slightly from that of their parishioners. Some of the priests are desperately poor, and can scarcely furnish bodies to go with their souls. New books are for them a luxury almost unknown. I recall one gaunt, haggard priest who was eking out a pitiful existence on the lava-bound southern coast, and who had only a Bible, a psalm-book, and a handful of other half-decayed volumes. At one corner of the parsonage, where we spent the night, a pile of whale's blubber made the air fragrant, and emphasized the poverty of the possessor. Yet this priest had been educated at the Latin College, and he even knew some English.

While at Reykjavik, I asked the bishop of Iceland what number of volumes the average clergyman would be likely to possess. He hardly ventured to guess, but thought that few priests would have less than fifty or sixty volumes, while many would have from one hundred to eight hundred, or even more. One clergyman in the northwest is said to have a library of several thousand volumes.

One Sunday I spent at Reynivellir, a day's ride from Reykjavik. After the service in the little weather-blackened wooden church, I went over to the priest's house. The hungry and thirsty parishioners were swarming in all the rooms except the parlor, and sipping fragrant coffee. As I was left alone for a moment, I glanced round the pleasant parlor, about twelve or fourteen feet square, the floor covered with oilcloth, and the furniture comfortable. A small glass case containing about forty books stood in one corner. There, side by side, were poems and prose works in Icelandic and Danish, Ibsen's plays in Norwegian, Körner's poems in German, Channing's essays in English. After a little, the priest conducted me across the narrow entry and through a bedroom to his study. He pointed to about four hundred volumes on the shelves, and as many more in great wooden chests. He had a good selection of the Greek and Latin classics, a long list of the Icelandic sagas, several Icelandic histories, his professional theological treatises, some miscellaneous works, and a fair sprinkling of English books. Shakespeare, Milton, and some other standard poets he handed down one after another, expressing his admiration of each as he took them from the shelf. An octavo volume in black he held out with the remark, "Here is an author I greatly admire, your American Channing." He showed me also an English Unitarian journal which he read with great interest. This priest has some reputation as an author, and has written two or three books on Icelandic history.

At Thingvellir I inspected another clergyman's library. The room where I slept contained two beds, and at the foot of one of them were half a dozen well-filled bookshelves. Many of the books were bound magazines, religious and general, but there were also historical works on Iceland, a copy of the Diplomatarium Islandicum from the year 834 A. D. to 1264 A. D., lives of the Icelandic bishops, collections of the sagas, a book on political economy, an Icelandic translation of the Vicar of Wakefield which figured as Presturinn á Vökuvöllum, and so forth. This collection was evidently nothing but the overflow library, stored in the guest-chamber for the sake of saving space. One book that interested me contained the records of the little school that used to be kept at Thingvellir. Each of the pupils was carefully graded, and the ex-

act amount that each knew about reading, writing, arithmetic, and religion was neatly recorded in figures.

One naturally expects the clergy to be more or less educated, and to have books as a necessary accompaniment, but one hardly dares to expect much of the ordinary farmers of so poor a land as Iceland; yet in spite of all drawbacks the Icelandic farmer manages to have at least a few books, and sometimes a remarkable number. On my trip to Hecla and Krísuvík, I omitted no opportunity of looking over the books in the farmhouses. Sometimes I found nothing but the Bible and the psalm-book, or an old treatise on farming, or some practical religious work, but a little inquiry usually brought out a few volumes of the old sagas. At a farmhouse almost under the shadow of Hecla, I found, on the chest of drawers in my bedroom, several schoolbooks, — one for learning Danish, — a volume of tales, and the usual psalm-book. Against the wall hung a portfolio partly filled with Icelandic newspapers. The members of the family appeared to be very intelligent, and by no means to have limited their reading to the few books in sight. A day or two later we were at Skúmstathir, on the southern coast. As we had just come from some of the places most famous in Icelandic story, I asked our host if he had a copy of the Njálssaga. He was a tall, shrewd-looking man of over sixty, with a strong face, a mighty, hawklike nose, a little fringe of beard under his chin, and sharp, penetrating eyes. He thought there was a copy in the house, and presently returned with a well-worn volume published in Copenhagen in 1772, having a part of the title-page printed in vermilion. Other books were lying about the room. A bunch of newspapers published at Reykjavik hung against the wall, and the first number of a new religious newspaper was handed about as a specimen copy.

Books turn up in unexpected corners. While we waited for the wind to subside, so that our horses could safely swim the Olfusá, we stayed at the house of the ferryman. He opened a bottle of port wine for us; and when I asked for a book to while away the time, he brought a small armful for me to choose from. My guide told me that he was worth sixty thousand crowns, though I should never have suspected such wealth from the appearance of the house or the owner.

One day, as I was busily at work in Reykjavik, just after my Icelandic teacher had gone, I heard a knock at the door. A moment later a large man entered, dressed in farmer's costume, — untanned pointed shoes, homespun woolen coat and trousers, and a fringed brown woolen neckcloth. "Good-morning," said he, offering his hand. It was not so clean as I could have wished, but I looked at his enormous frame, his great head with its shaggy mane of tawny hair and beard, and I shook hands with him, at the same time offering him a seat. He tossed into a chair his black felt hat, which had strings for tying it under the chin, and sat down. "I understand," began he in a deep voice, "that you are learning Icelandic." I admitted the charge, and he continued. He talked slowly, but very well, on a variety of topics, and told me all about himself. He lived three or four days' ride from Reykjavik, and came up once or twice a year. In 1873 he was guide for William Morris, the poet. He told me that Morris spoke very good Icelandic, and had been twice in Iceland, each time for about two months. Suddenly my visitor turned the conversation, and began to ask about the pronunciation of a few English words he knew, such as "judge," "general," "George," which he struggled to pronounce. Then, without warning, he seized his great black hat and started for the door, saying as he rolled out, "I 'll come back soon." A quarter of an hour later he reappeared with several books. One of them was Jules Leclercq's La Terre de Glace. The

old man had been the Frenchman's guide, also, and he pointed out with great pride the passage in which the author had described him as a possible descendant of Gunnar. Three other books by William Morris, — his translation of Virgil, the Grettir Saga, and Three Northern Love Stories, — all bearing the autograph of the poet, he held up for inspection, and offered for sale. I bought two of them. The old man shook my hand heartily, and at my request wrote his name on the fly-leaf of each. He had over a hundred volumes at home, he said, mostly Icelandic and Danish, but he now needed money more than books.

My story is growing long, but I must take space enough to tell of the books in the farmhouse where I spent more than a fortnight. Háls is a single farmhouse, distant a day's ride on horseback from Reykjavik. Behind the house rises a naked, precipitous ridge of basalt, a quarter of a mile high, sweeping in a magnificent unbroken curve from the bold headland that juts into the sea to the upper waters of the Laxá. Before the house stretches the long, narrow fiord, swarming with sea-birds that circle endlessly about the double cascade foaming down from the river into the sea. Before going to Háls I had only the vaguest notions of the kind of life to be expected on an Icelandic farm; and it was with some misgiving that I set out, three days after my arrival in Reykjavik, for this out-of-the-way corner of the country. Many of the details of the farm life are exceedingly interesting, but I can take space for nothing but the part that books played in the household.

My chief purpose in leaving Reykjavik was to secure a complete Icelandic environment, so as to acquire the language rapidly. Very shortly after my arrival, the farmer picked up a volume of old Icelandic tales, and began to look over the book with me. He did not know a word of any language but Icelandic. We got on very well, with the help of some pantomime. After a half-hour I was left to myself, and to the bookshelves. Imagine my surprise on finding, as I began to count, more than a hundred and fifty volumes in Icelandic, Danish, and English. The list was so interesting that I took down the titles of the entire collection. Icelandic books were naturally in the majority, — textbooks on physics, chemistry, astronomy, Icelandic law books, modern Icelandic poems, two or three modern Icelandic romances, books of travel, English grammars, reading-books, and lexicons, and a number of volumes of old sagas. One ancient book proved to be the entire Laxdælr Saga copied in a hand almost like copperplate. Especially interesting were the translations from English into Icelandic. One little unpretending book was Shakespeare's King Lear; another was Herbert Spencer's tract on Education; and still another was John Stuart Mill's essay On Liberty. Robinson Crusoe appeared in condensed form, while Samuel Smiles's Thrift was translated and printed without abridgment.

The farmer's daughter had spent a year in Copenhagen, and had a considerable number of Danish books. Many of these were translations of novels from English, French, and Russian. There were Marryat's Peter Simple and Trollope's Marion Fay, George Sand's Valentine and Daudet's L'Immortel. Zola, Guy de Maupassant, Turgenieff, Tolstóy, were each represented by one or more volumes.

A list of books so varied as these cannot be duplicated in most American farmhouses that I am acquainted with, though I believe there are many farmhouses in Iceland with a collection at least as large. These books, as I soon learned, were not merely for show. After the language began to lose some of its terrors, I asked endless questions of the farmer and his family about the books that I saw and about the old Icelandic tales, and was constantly surprised at their familiarity

with history and literature and the world in general. And little wonder that they were well informed; for most of the spare minutes seemed to be given to reading. Time and again, a little before dinner, the farmer would come in from the hay-field, with spears of dried grass still tangled in his hair, and, without waiting to make a toilet, drop into a convenient seat and lose himself for a half-hour in a book. He knew most of the old Icelandic tales. The Saga of Eric the Red he had at his tongue's end, and he was ready to discuss the probability of the Icelandic discovery of America. His conversation was an engaging mixture of good nature, shrewdness, and simplicity such as the peculiar conditions of existence in a country like Iceland could alone produce. The great development of America was a constant wonder to him, but he never lost his balance at any marvels I ventured to recount.

The daughter was not brilliant, but respectably well read and sensible. With her I read the story of Burnt Njál and some of the other sagas. She made no preparation for instruction, and had had no experience in teaching, but she rarely failed to know the meaning of the words of the old literature, and to appreciate the better passages. Cultured in some degree she certainly was, though not exactly according to our standards.

The second son was in attendance at the Latin College at Reykjavik, and was making his way through Latin and one or two modern languages. He was reasonably slow in his motions and his thinking, but he had some taste for reading and music, and used to play chess with his sister by the hour. When he was dressed for Sunday, he appeared much like a New England country boy.

A visitor to Iceland naturally falls into the way of comparing these isolated folk with the rest of the world. He asks: Have they caught the modern spirit? Or do they measure the world by the standard of their own barren island, and are they still living in the Middle Ages? These questions are capable of very different answers according to the matter to which they are applied, and if answered in full would compel a study of Icelandic culture as a whole.

In material things the Icelanders are far behind the rest of the world. One may question whether, in most parts of the island, counting out a few of the towns, the material civilization was not on as high a plane a thousand years ago. On any other assumption, one can scarcely understand the old sagas, with their tales of the long ships with dragon prows; of feasts in the great halls, through which marched warriors and queenly women to the carved high seats; and of the glitter of gold and precious stones on garments of red and purple and blue. Barbaric display is certainly not the crying sin of the Icelander of to-day. He is contented with a surprisingly short list of the necessaries of life. Diogenes and Thoreau would have felt at home in Iceland, though Diogenes would have been cold in his tub, and Thoreau might have tired a little of dried codfish.

Politically and socially, the Icelanders are working out their own salvation. They are so far from the sweep of modern political and social questions that they are not perplexed with socialism and anarchism; but the liberal party is progressive, and is now urging the complete emancipation of women. Icelanders appear for the most part to have little appreciation of foreign politics. Those who have been abroad and have returned to Iceland rapidly lose their grasp of current facts; while those who have remained at home have never had the facts to lose. The great majority of the people have so few facts to deal with at any one time that they do not generalize well on the world at large. Nearly every one with whom I talked had singular ideas concerning England, Germany, France, Italy, to say nothing about America. The standard is lacking for measuring a country like

the United States. The income of our government for a single day would support the government of Iceland for ten years. Other comparisons would yield a similar result. A civilization so simple as the Icelandic does not furnish the rudimentary data for understanding an organism so wonderfully complex as a great modern city like Berlin or Paris or London. Books of the sort that Icelanders can afford to buy can give no adequate idea of the outside world. The false impressions are in few cases corrected by travel; and the natural result is a distorted view of the un-Icelandic world. Yet I hasten to add that the Icelander has a more correct idea of America than most Americans have of Iceland; for the average Icelander has at least a glimmer of the truth about America, while the average American takes for granted an imaginary Iceland, as unlike the real one as possible.

The great and almost necessary defect in the reading of most Icelanders is that it is too fragmentary. As already observed, books in most families are an accidental possession, and have not been accumulated according to any guiding principle. The chances are that most of the books are instructive, but somewhat out of date. If thoroughly mastered, they may give a sound basis for intelligent opinions on a variety of topics, so that one may pass for a man of tolerably correct information. But the desultory way in which books are gathered leads to desultory reading rather than to scholarship. In many cases, the educated priests have kept up their reading in the ancient classics and become excellent scholars of the second class; that is, of the class that absorbs and enjoys, but does not produce. Within the last five generations there have been scores of Icelandic priests able to converse with ease in Latin; but not one has contributed anything of marked value to Latin scholarship. The possession of a few good books naturally leads an eager student to study them in every way possible with the helps at his disposal; but he has little stimulus to attempt, with his scanty apparatus, to do work imperfectly that has already been done well. One thing he can do, if he has received a critical training: he can master the old Icelandic literature, and make accessible to his less scholarly neighbors the wealth of the older poetry. This work is necessary enough; for except among the most carefully educated the old poetry is scarcely read. The songs of the Edda fall on dull ears, for the old poems are too difficult to be understood without long, patient study. The old prose sagas are universally read, but the *vísur*, or short poems, with which they are thickly sprinkled, are slurred over with only a half-understanding. A few Icelanders have made a life study of the old poetry, and have won a reputation far outside of their own country. But the vast majority of the Icelanders who read much are in no sense students. They have a respectable acquaintance with matters within the range of their reading and experience, and they are agreeable if not demonstrative companions; but they are not leaders of thought, unless it may be in their own little communities.

We may, as we take leave of them, divide the people of Iceland into classes, according to their attitude toward books. In the first group stand a few genuine scholars, who would be recognized as such in any country. A considerable proportion of these live at Reykjavik, or are in tolerably close connection with the capital. The younger generation of scholars has been educated in the University of Copenhagen, and under more favorable conditions could place Iceland well to the front among the competitors for recognition in Europe. A much larger body consists of those who have been well educated, but who have never been distinctively recognized as scholars. The majority of the clergy and the magistrates, the physicians and the members of the Althing, — many of whom

are clergymen, — would be included in this class. Still more numerous are those farmers who have received only a moderate education in the schools, but have grown up with an inherited liking for books. On some farms there can be very little reading. The fishermen-farmers of the southern coast are generally too wretchedly poor to be able to own any but chance volumes. I suspect that throughout Iceland a large proportion of the farm servants, both men and women, read very little. They have slight inducement to improve their minds, and they show no disposition to thwart nature by forcibly dispossessing the beneficent stupidity in which they have been reared. The towns contain a population that in winter, at least, can find leisure enough for reading. This they do according to their lights, but under the limitations that I have more than once pointed out.

When all deductions have been made, the surprise is, not that the Icelanders have little acquaintance with books, but that an intelligent appreciation of literature and of the value of learning is so universally diffused. Scarcely any country can parallel the tenacity with which the Icelanders have struggled to become familiar with "the best that has been thought and said in the world." We may estimate a little more fairly how well they have solved the problem of culture by asking a single question: How many cities of seventy thousand inhabitants have we in America that surpass Iceland in literary production and acquaintance with recognized classics of the world's literature? To be perfectly just, we ought to compare the Icelanders with the inhabitants of our remotest and most inaccessible country districts. When we have made such a comparison, we cannot but wonder that, in spite of poverty and famine and pestilence and earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, the inheritance and tradition of culture should be what they are. That the Icelanders are not the leaders of European thought and culture is exactly what we might expect; but that they should constantly strive to make that thought and culture their own may excite more than a passing surprise.

William Edward Mead.

PENELOPE'S ENGLISH EXPERIENCES.

IN TWO PARTS. PART SECOND.

THE COUNTRY.

XIV.

WEST BELVERN, HOLLY HOUSE,
August, 189–.

I AM here alone. Salemina has taken her little cloth bag and her notebook and gone to inspect the educational and industrial methods of Germany. If she can discover anything that they are not already doing better in Boston, she will take it back with her, but her state of mind regarding the outcome of the trip might be described as one of incredulity tinged with hope. Francesca has accompanied Salemina. Not that the inspection of systems is much in her line, but she prefers it to a solitude *à deux* with me when I am in a working mood, and she comforts herself with the anticipation that the German army is very attractive. Willie Beresford has gone with his mother to Aix-les-Bains, like the dutiful son that he is. They say that a good son makes a good — But that subject is dismissed to the background for the present, for we are in a state of armed neutrality. He has agreed to

wait until the autumn for a final answer, and I have promised to furnish one by that time. Meanwhile, we are to continue our acquaintance by post, which is a concession I should never have allowed if I had had my wits about me.

After paying my last week's bill in Dovermarle Street, including fees to several servants whom I knew by sight, and several others whose acquaintance I made for the first time at the moment of departure, I glanced at my ebbing letter of credit and felt a spell of economy setting in upon me with unusual severity; accordingly, I made an experiment of coming third class to Belvern. I handed the guard a shilling, and he gave me a seat riding backwards in a carriage with seven other women, all very frumpish, but highly respectable. As he could not possibly have done any worse for me, I take it he considered the shilling a graceful tribute to his personal charms, but as having no other bearing whatever. The seven women stared at me throughout the journey. When one is really of the same blood, and when one does not open one's lips or wave the stars and stripes in any possible manner, how do they detect the American? These women looked at me as if I were a highly interesting anthropoidal ape. It was not because of my attire, for I was carefully dressed down to a third-class level; yet when I removed my plain Knox hat and leaned my head back against my traveling-pillow, an electrical shudder of intense excitement ran through the entire compartment. When I stooped to tie my shoe another current was set in motion, and when I took Charles Reade's White Lies from my portmanteau they glanced at one another as if to say, "Would that we could see in what language the book is written!" As a traveling mystery I reached my highest point at Oxford, for there I purchased a small basket of plums from a boy who handed them in at the window of the carriage. After eating a few, I offered the rest to a dowdy elderly woman on my left who was munching dry biscuits from a paper bag. "What next?" was the facial expression of the entire company. My neighbor accepted the plums, but hid them in her bag; plainly thinking them poisoned, and believing me to be a foreign conspirator, conspiring against England through the medium of her inoffensive person. In the course of the four hours' journey, I could account for the strange impression I was making only on the theory that it is unusual to comport one's self in a first-class manner in a third-class carriage. All my companions chanced to be third class by birth as well as by ticket, and the Englishwoman who is born third class is sometimes deficient in imagination.

Upon arriving at Great Belvern (which must be pronounced "Bevern") I took a trap, had my luggage put on in front, and started on my quest for lodgings in West Belvern, five miles distant. Several addresses had been given me by Hilda Mellifica, who has spent much time in this region, and who begged me to use her name. I told the driver that I wished to find a clean, comfortable lodging, with the view mentioned in the guidebook, and with a purple clematis over the door, if possible. The last point astounded him to such a degree that he had, I think, a serious idea of giving me into custody. (I should not be so eccentrically spontaneous with these people, if they did not feed my sense of humor by their amazement.) We visited Holly House, Osborne, St. James, Victoria, and Albert houses, Tank Villa, Poplar Villa, Rose, Brake, and Thorn villas, as well as Hawthorn, Gorse, Fern, Shrubbery, and Providence cottages. All had apartments, but many were taken, and many more had rooms either dark and stuffy or without view. Holly House was my first stopping-place. Why will a woman voluntarily call her place by a name which she can never pronounce? It is my landlady's misfortune that she

is named 'Obbs, and mine that I am called 'Amilton, but Mrs. 'Obbs must have rushed with eyes wide open on 'Olly 'Ouse. I found sitting-room and bedroom at Holly House for two guineas a week; everything, except roof, extra. This was more than, in my new spirit of economy, I desired to pay, but after exhausting my list I was obliged to go back rather than sleep in the highroad. Mrs. Hobbs offered to deduct two shillings a week if I stayed until Christmas, and said she should not charge me a penny for the linen. Thanking her with tears in my eyes, I requested dinner. There was no meat in the house, so I supped frugally off two boiled eggs, a stodgy household loaf, and a mug of ale, after which I climbed the stairs, and retired to my feather bed in a rather depressed frame of mind.

XV.

Visions of Salemina and Francesca driving under the linden-trees in Berlin flitted across my troubled reveries, with glimpses of Willie Beresford and his mother at Aix-les-Bains. At this distance and in the dead of night, my sacrifice in coming here seemed fruitless. Why did I not allow myself to drift forever on that pleasant sea which has been lapping me in sweet and indolent content these many weeks? Of what use to labor, to struggle, to deny myself, for an art to which I can never be more than the humblest handmaiden? I felt like crying out, as did once a braver woman's soul than mine, "Let me be weak! I have been seeming to be strong so many years!" The woman and the artist in me have always struggled for the mastery. So far the artist has triumphed, and now all at once the woman is uppermost. I should think the two ought to be able to live peaceably in the same tenement; they do manage it in some cases; but it seems a law of my being that I shall either be all one or all the other.

The question for me to ask myself now is, "Am I in love with loving and with being loved, or am I in love with Willie Beresford?" How many women have confounded the two, I wonder?

In this mood I fell asleep, and on a sudden I found myself in a dear New England garden. The pillow slipped away, and my cheek pressed a fragrant mound of mignonette, the selfsame one on which I hid my tear-stained face and sobbed my heart out in childish grief and longing for the mother who would never hold me again. The moon came up over the Belvern Hills and shone on my half-closed lids; but to me it was a very different moon, the far-away moon of my childhood, with a river rippling beneath its silver rays. And the wind that rustled among the poplar branches outside my window was, in my dream, stirring the pink petals of a blossoming apple-tree that used to grow beside the bank of mignonette, wafting down sweet odors and drinking in sweeter ones. And presently there stole in upon this harmony of enchanting sounds and delicate fragrances, in which childhood and womanhood, pleasure and pain, memory and anticipation, seemed strangely intermingled, the faint music of a voice, growing clearer and clearer as my ear became familiar with its cadences. And what the dream voice said to me was something like this; —

"If thou wouldst have happiness, choose neither fame, which doth not long abide, nor power, which stings the hand that wields it, nor gold, which glitters but never glorifies; but choose thou Love, and hold it forever in thy heart of hearts; for Love is the purest and the mightiest force in the universe, and once it is thine all other gifts shall be added unto thee. Love that is passionate yet reverent, tender yet strong, selfish in desiring all yet generous in giving all; love of man for woman and woman for man, of parent for child and friend for friend, — when this is born in the soul,

the desert blossoms as the rose. Straightway new hopes and wishes, sweet longings and pure ambitions, spring into being, like green shoots that lift their tender heads in sunny places; and if the soil be kind, they grow stronger and more beautiful as each glad day laughs in the rosy skies. And by and by singing birds come and build their nests in the branches; and these are the pleasures of life. And the birds sing not often, because of a serpent that lurketh in the garden. And the name of the serpent is Satiety. And he maketh the heart to grow weary of what it once danced and leaped to think upon, and the ear to wax dull to the melody of sounds that once were sweet, and the eye blind to the beauty that once led enchantment captive. And sometimes, — we know not why, but we shall know hereafter, for life is not completely happy since it is not heaven, nor completely unhappy since it is the road thither, — sometimes the light of the sun is withdrawn for a moment, and that which is fairest vanishes from the place that was enriched by its presence. Yet the garden is never quite deserted. Modest flowers, whose charms we had not noted when youth was bright and the world seemed ours, now lift their heads in sheltered places and whisper peace. The morning song of the birds is hushed, for the dawn breaks less rosily in the eastern skies, but at twilight they still come and nestle in the branches that were sunned in the smile of love and watered with its happy tears. And over the grave of each buried hope or joy stands an angel with strong comforting hands and patient smile; and the name of the garden is Life, and the angel is Memory."

XVI.

North Belvern.
At Mrs. Bobby's cottage.

I have changed my Belvern, and there are so many others left to choose from that I might live in a different Belvern each week. North, South, East, and West Belvern, New Belvern, Old Belvern, Great Belvern, Little Belvern, Belvern Link, Belvern Common, and Belvern Wells. They are all nestled together in the velvet hollows or on the wooded crowns of the matchless Belvern Hills, from which they look down upon the fairest plains that ever blessed the eye. One can see from their heights a score of market towns and villages, three splendid cathedrals, each in a different county, the queenly Severn winding like a silver thread among the trees, soft-flowing Avon and gentle Teme watering the verdant meadows through which they pass. All these hills and dales were once the Royal Forest, and afterwards the Royal Chase, of Belvern, covering nearly seven thousand acres in three counties; and from the lonely height of the Beacon no less than

"Twelve fair counties saw the blaze"

of signals, when the country was threatened by a Spanish invasion. As for me, I mourn the decay of Romance with a great R; we have it still among us, but we spell it with a smaller letter. It must be so much more interesting to be threatened with an invasion, especially a Spanish invasion, than with a strike, for instance. The clashing of swords and the flashing of spears in the sunshine are so much more dazzling and inspiring than a line of policemen with clubs! Yes, I wish it were the age of chivalry again, and that I were looking down from these hills into the Royal Chase. Of course I know that there were wicked and selfish tyrants in those days, before the free press, the jury system, and the folding-bed had wrought their beneficent influences upon the common mind and heart. Of course they would have sneered at Browning Societies and improved tenements, and of course they did not care a penny whether woman had the ballot or not, so long as man had the bottle; but I

would that the other moderns were enjoying the modern improvements, and that I were gazing into the cool depths of those deep forests where there were once "good lairs for the wolf and wild boar." I should like to hear the baying of the hounds and the mellow horns of the huntsman. I should like to see the royal cavalcade emerging from one of those wooded glades: monarch and baron bold, proud prelate, abbot and prior, belted knight and ladye fair, sweeping in gorgeous array under the arcades of the overshadowing trees, silver spurs and jeweled trappings glittering in the sunlight, princely forms bending low over the saddles of the court beauties. Why, oh why, is it not possible to be picturesque and pious in the same epoch? Why may not chivalry and charity go hand in hand? It amuses me to imagine the amazement of the barons bold and belted knights, could they be resuscitated for a sufficient length of time to gaze upon the hydropathic establishments which dot their ancient hunting-grounds. It would have been very difficult to interest the age of chivalry in hydropathy.

Such is the fascination of historic association that I am sure, if I could drag my beloved but conscientious Salemina from some foreign soup kitchen which she is doubtless inspecting, I could make even her mourn the vanished past with me this morning, on the Beacon's towering head. For Salemina wearies of the age of charity sometimes, as every one does who is trying to make it a beautiful possibility.

XVII.

The manner of my changing from West to North Belvern was this. When I had been two days at Holly House, I reflected that my sitting-room faced the wrong way for the view, and that my bedroom was dark and not large enough to swing a cat in. Not that there was the remotest necessity of my swinging cats in it, but it is always a useful figure of speech. Neither did I care to occupy myself with the perennial inspection and purchase of raw edibles, when I wished to live in an ideal world and paint a great picture. Mrs. Hobbs would come to my bedside in the morning and ask me if I would like to buy a fowl. When I looked upon the fowl, limp in death, with its headless neck hanging dejectedly over the edge of the plate, its giblets and kidneys lying in immodest confusion on the outside of itself, and its liver "tucked under its wing, poor thing," I never wanted to buy it. But one morning, in taking my walk, I chanced upon an idyllic spot: the front of the whitewashed cottage embowered in flowers, bird-cages built into these bowers, a little notice saying "Canaries for Sale," and an English rose of a baby sitting in the path stringing hollyhock buds. There was no apartment sign, but I walked in, ostensibly to buy some flowers. I met Mrs. Bobby, loved her at first sight, the passion was reciprocal, and I wheedled her into giving me her own sitting-room and the bedroom above it. It only remained now for me to break my projected change of residence to my present landlady, and this I distinctly dreaded. Of course Mrs. Hobbs said, when I timidly mentioned the subject, that she wished she had known I was leaving an hour before, for she had just refused a lady and her husband, most desirable persons, who looked as if they would be permanent. Can it be that lodgers radiate the permanent or transitory quality, quite unknown to themselves?

I was very much embarrassed, as she threatened to become tearful; and as I would not give up Mrs. Bobby, I said desperately, "I must leave you, Mrs. Hobbs, I must indeed; but as you seem to feel so badly about it, I 'll go out and find you another lodger in my place."

The fact is, I had seen, not long before, a lady going in and out of houses, as I had done on the night of my ar-

rival, and it occurred to me that I might pursue her, and persuade her to take my place in Holly House and buy the headless fowl. I walked for nearly an hour before I was rewarded with a glimpse of my victim's gray dress whisking round the corner of Pump Street. I approached, and, with a smile that was intended to be a justification in itself, I explained my somewhat unusual mission. She was rather unreceptive at first; she thought perhaps I was to have a percentage on her, if I succeeded in capturing her alive and delivering her to Mrs. Hobbs; but she was very weary and discouraged, and finally fell in with my plans. She accompanied me home, was introduced to Mrs. Hobbs, and engaged my rooms from the following day. As she had a sister, she promised to be a more lucrative incumbent than I; she enjoyed ordering food in a raw state, did not care for views, and thought purple clematis vines only a shelter for insects: so every one was satisfied, and I most of all when I wrestled with Mrs. Hobbs's itemized bill for two nights and one day. Her weekly account must be rolled on a cylinder, I should think, like the list of Don Juan's amours, for the bill of my brief residence beneath her roof was quite three feet in length, each of the following items being set down every twenty-four hours: —

Apartments.
Ale.
Bath.
Kidney beans.
Candles.
Vegetable marrow.
Tea.
Eggs.
Butter.
Bread.
Cut off joint.
Plums.
Potatoes.
Chops.
Kipper.
Rasher.
Salt.
Pepper.
Vinegar.
Sugar.
Washing towels.
Lights.
Kitchen fire.
Sitting-room fire.
Attendance.
Boots.

The total was seventeen shillings and sixpence, and as Mrs. Hobbs wrote upon it, in her neat English hand, "Received payment, with respectful thanks," and applied the usual penny stamp, she remarked casually that service was not included in "attendance," but that she would leave the amount to me.

XVIII.

Mrs. Bobby and I were born for each other, though we have been a long time in coming together. She is the pink of neatness and cheeriness, and she has a broad comfortable bosom on which one might lay a motherless head, if one felt lonely in a stranger land. No raw fowls visit my bedside here; food comes as I wish it to come when I am painting, like manna from heaven. Mrs. Bobby brings me three times a day something to eat, and though it is always whatever she likes, I always agree in her choice, and send the blue dishes away empty. She asked me this morning if I enjoyed my "h'egg," and remarked that she had only one fowl, but it laid an egg for me every morning, so I might know it was "fresh as fresh." It is certainly convenient: the fowl lays the egg from seven to seven thirty, I eat it from eight to eight thirty; no haste, no waste. Never before have I seen such heavenly harmony between supply and demand. Never before have I been in such visible and unbroken connection with the source of my food. If I should ever desire two eggs, or if the fowl should turn sulky or indolent, I suppose Mrs. Bobby would have to go half a mile to the nearest shop, but as yet everything has worked to a charm.

The cow is milked into my pitcher in the morning, and the fowl lays her egg almost literally in my egg-cup. One of the little Bobbies pulls a kidney bean or a tomato or digs a potato for my dinner, about half an hour before it is served. There is a sheep in the garden, but I hardly think it supplies the chops; those, at least, are not raised on the premises.

My interior surroundings are all charming. My little sitting-room, out of which I turned Mrs. Bobby, is bright with potted ferns and flowering plants, and on its walls, besides the photographs of a large and unusually plain family, I have two works of art which inspire me anew every time I gaze at them: the first, a Scriptural subject, treated by an enthusiastic but inexperienced hand, Susanne dans le Bain, surprise par les Deux Vieillards; the second, The White Witch of Worcester on her Way to the Stake at High Cross. The unfortunate lady in the latter picture is attired in a white lawn wrapper with angel sleeves, and is followed by an abbess with prayer-book, and eight surpliced choir-boys with candles. I have been long enough in England to understand the significance of the candles. Doubtless the White Witch had paid four shillings a week for each of them in her prison lodging, and she naturally wished to burn them to the end.

One has no need, though, of pictures on the walls here, for the universe seems unrolled at one's very feet. As I look out of my window the last thing before I go to sleep, I see the lights of Great Belvern, the dim shadows of the distant cathedral towers, the quaint priory seven centuries old, and just the outline of Holly Bush Hill, a sacred seat of magic science where the Druids investigated the secrets of the stars, and sought, by auspices and sacrifices, to forecast the future and to penetrate the designs of the gods.

It makes me feel very new, very undeveloped, to look out of that window. If I were an Englishwoman, say the fifty-fifth duchess of something, I could easily glow with pride to think that I was part and parcel of such antiquity; the fortunate heiress not only of land and titles, but of historic associations. But as I am an American with a very recent background, I blow out my candle with the feeling that it is rather grand to be making history for somebody else to inherit. When I am at home, I generally prefer to date myself back to 1776, but I think now that I shall take 1584, "for that day, three hundred and seven years ago, one hundred and eight English folk, under Ralph Lane, colonized Roanoke in Virginia."

XIX.

I am almost too comfortable with Mrs. Bobby. In fact, I wished to be just a little miserable, so that I could paint with a frenzy. Sometimes, when I have been in a state of almost despairing loneliness and gloom, the colors have glowed on my canvas and the lines have shaped themselves under my hand independent of my own volition. Now, tucked away in a corner of my consciousness is the knowledge that I need never be lonely again unless I choose. When I yield myself fully to the sweet enchantment of this thought, I feel myself in the mood to paint sunshine, flowers, and happy children's faces; yet I am sadly lacking in concentration, all the same. The fact is, I am no artist in the true sense of the word. My hope flies ever in front of my best success, and that momentary success does not deceive me in the very least. I know exactly how much, or rather how little, I am worth; that I lack the imagination, the industry, the training, the ambition, to achieve any lasting results. I have the artistic temperament in so far that it is impossible for me to work merely for money or popularity, or indeed for anything less than the desire to express the best that is in me without fear or favor. It would never occur to me to slight work,

to trade on present approval and dash off unworthy stuff while I have command of the market. I am quite above all that, but I am distinctly below that other mental and spiritual level where art is enough; where pleasure does not signify; where one shuts one's self up and produces from sheer necessity; where one is compelled by relentless law; where sacrifice does not count; where ideas throng the brain and plead for release in expression; where effort is joy, and the prospect of doing something enduring lures the soul on to new and ever new endeavor: so I shall never be rich or famous.

What shall I paint to-day? Shall it be the bit of garden underneath my window, with the tangle of pinks and roses, and the cabbages growing appetizingly beside the sweet-williams, the woodbine climbing over the brown stone wall, the wicket gate, and the cherry-tree with its fruit hanging red against the white-washed cottage? Ah, if I could only paint it so truly that you could hear the drowsy hum of the bees among the thyme, and smell the scented hay-meadows in the distance, and feel that it is midsummer in England! That would indeed be truth, and that would be art; though still the soul of the interpreter must be in you who look at my picture as well as in me who paint it. All the art in the universe cannot brighten eyes that are dull when they look on nature's pictures. Shall I paint the Bobby baby as he stoops to pick the cowslips and the flax, his head as yellow and his eyes as blue as the flowers themselves; or that bank opposite the gate, with its gorse bushes in golden bloom, its mountain ash hung with scarlet berries, its tufts of harebells blossoming in the crevices of rock, and the quaint low clock tower at the foot? Can I not paint all these in the full glow of summer time, and paint them all the better because it is summer time in my secret heart whenever I open the door a bit and admit its life-giving warmth and beauty? I think I can, if I can only quit dreaming.

I wonder how the great artists worked, and under what circumstances they threw aside the implements of their craft, impatient of all but the throb of life itself? Could Raphael paint Madonnas the week of his betrothal? Did Thackeray write a chapter the day his daughter was born? Did Plato philosophize freely when he was in love? Were there interruptions in the world's great revolutions, histories, dramas, reforms, poems, and marbles when their creators fell for a brief moment under the spell of the little blind tyrant who makes slaves of us all? It must have been so. Your chronometer heart, on whose pulsations you can reckon as on the precession of the equinoxes, never gave anything to the world unless it were a system of diet, or something quite uncolored and unglorified by the imagination.

XX.

There are many donkeys owned in these nooks among the hills, and some of the thriftier families keep donkey-chairs (or "cheers," as they call them) to let to the casual summer visitor. This vehicle is a regular Bath chair, into which the donkey is harnessed. Some of them have a tiny driver's seat, where enthroned a small lad drives, encourages, beats, and berates the donkey for the incumbent (generally a decrepit dowager from London), who sits in solitary state behind. Other chairs are minus this absurd coachman's perch, and this is the sort in which I take my daily drives. I hire the miniature chariot from an old woman who dwells at the top of Gorse Hill, and who charges one and fourpence the hour. (A little more when she fetches the donkey to the door, or when the weather is wet, or the day is very warm, or there is an unusual breeze blowing, or I wish to go round the hills; but under ordinary circumstances, which

may at any time occur, but which never do, one and four the hour. It is only a shilling if you have the boy to drive you; but of course, if you drive yourself, you throw the boy out of employment, and have to pay extra.)

It was in this fashion and on these elastic terms that I first met you, Jane, and this chapter shall be sacred to you! Jane the long-eared, Jane the iron-jawed, Jane the stubborn, Jane donkier than other donkeys, — in a word, *mulier!* It may be that Jane has made her bow to the public before this. If she has ever come into close relation with man or woman possessed of the instinct of self-expression, then this is certainly not her first appearance in print, for no human being could know Jane and fail to mention her.

Pause, Jane, — and this you will do gladly, I am sure, since pausing is the one accomplishment to which you lend yourself with special energy, — pause, Jane, while I sing a canticle to your character. Jane is a tiny — person, I was about to say, for she has so strong an individuality that I can scarcely think of her as less than human — Jane is a tiny, solemn creature, looking all docility and decorum, with long hair of a subdued tan color, very much worn off in patches, I think, by the offending toe of man.

I am a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and I hope that I am as tender-hearted as most women; nevertheless, I can understand how a man of weak principle and violent temper, or a man possessed of a desire to get to a particular spot not favored by Jane, or a wish to reach any spot by a certain hour, — I can understand how such a man, carried away by helpless wrath, might possibly ruffle Jane's sad-colored hair with the toe of his boot.

Jane is small, yet mighty. She is *multum in parvo;* she is the rock of Gibraltar in animate form; she is cosmic obstinacy on four legs. When following out the devices and desires of her own heart (or resisting the devices and desires of yours), she can put a pressure of five hundred tons on the bit. She is further fortified by the possession of legs which have iron rods concealed in them, said iron rods terminating in stout grip-hooks, with which she takes hold on mother earth with an expression that seems to say, —

> "This rock shall fly
> From its firm base
> As soon as I."

When I start out in the afternoon, Mrs. Bobby frequently asks me where I am going. I always answer that I have not made up my mind, though what I really mean to say is that Jane has not made up her mind. She never makes up her mind until after I have made up mine, lest by some unhappy accident she might choose the very excursion that I desire myself.

XXI.

For example, I wish to visit St. Bridget's Well, concerning which there are some quaint old verses in a village history: —

> "Out of thy famous hille,
> There daylie springyeth,
> A water passynge stille,
> That alwayes bringyeth
> Grete comfort to all them
> That are diseased men,
> And makes them well again
> To prayse the Lord.
>
> "Hast thou a wound to heale,
> The wyche doth greve thee;
> Come thenn unto this welle;
> It will relieve thee;
> Nolie me tangeries,
> And other maladies,
> Have there theyr remedies,
> Prays'd be the Lord."

St. Bridget's Well is a beautiful spot, and my desire to see it is a perfectly laudable one. In strict justice, it is really no concern of Jane's whether my wishes are laudable or not; but it only makes the case more flagrant when she interferes with the reasonable plans of a

reasonable being. Never since the day we first met have I harbored a thought that I should wish to conceal from Jane (would that she could say as much!); nevertheless she treats me as if I were a monster of caprice. As I said before, I wish to visit St. Bridget's Well, but Jane absolutely refuses to take me there. After we pass Belvern churchyard we approach two roads: the one to the right leads to the Holy Well; the one to the left leads to Shady Dell Farm, where Jane lived when she was a girl. At the critical moment I pull the right rein with all my force. In vain: Jane is always overcome by sentiment when she sees that left-hand road. She bears to the left like a whirlwind, and nothing can stop her mad career until she is again amid the scenes so dear to her recollection, the beloved pastures where the mother still lives at whose feet she brayed in early youth!

Now this is all very pretty and touching. Her action has, in truth, its springs in a most commendable sentiment that I should be the last to underrate. Shady Dell Farm is interesting, too, for once, if you can swallow your wrath and dudgeon at being taken there against your will; and you feel that Jane's parents and Jane's early surroundings must be worth a single visit, if they could produce a donkey of such unusual capacity. Still, she must know, if she knows anything, that a person does not come from America and pay one and fourpence the hour (or thereabouts) merely in order to visit the home of her girlhood, which is neither mentioned in Baedeker nor set down in the local guidebooks as a feature of interest.

Whether, in addition to her affection for Shady Dell Farm, she has an objection to St. Bridget's Well, and thus is strengthened by a double motive, I do not know. She may consider it a relic of popish superstition; she may be a Protestant donkey; she is a Dissenter, — there 's no doubt about that. But, you ask, have you tried various methods of bringing her to terms and gaining your own desires? Certainly. I have coaxed, beaten, prodded, prayed. I have tried leading her past the Shady Dell turn; she walks all over my feet, and then starts for home, I running behind until I can catch up with her. I have offered her one and tenpence the hour; she remained firm. One morning I had a happy inspiration; I determined on conquering Jane by a subterfuge. I said to myself: "I am going to start for St. Bridget's Well, as usual; several yards before we reach the two roads, I shall begin pulling, not the right, but the left rein. Jane will lift her ears suddenly and say to herself: 'What! has this woman fallen in love with my birthplace at last, and does she now prefer it to St. Bridget's Well? Then she shall not have it!' Whereupon Jane will start madly down the right-hand road for the first time, I pulling steadily at the left rein to keep up appearances, and I shall at last realize my wishes."

This was my inspiration. Would you believe that it failed utterly? It might and would have succeeded with an ordinary donkey, but Jane saw through it. She obeyed my pull on the left rein, and went to Shady Dell Farm as usual.

Another of Jane's eccentricities is a violent aversion to perambulators. As Belvern is a fine healthy growing country, with steadily increasing population, the roads are naturally alive with perambulators; or at least alive with the babies inside the perambulators. These are the more alarming to the timid eye in that many of them are double-barreled, so to speak, and loaded to the muzzle with babies; for not only do Belvern babies frequently appear as twins, but there are often two youngsters of a perambulator age in the same family at the same time. To weave that donkey and that Bath "cheer" through the narrow streets of the various Belverns without putting to death any babies, and

without engendering the outspoken condemnation of the screaming mothers and nursery maids, is a task for a Jehu himself. Of course Jane makes it more difficult by lunging into one perambulator in avoiding another, but she prefers even that risk to the degradation of treading the path I wish her to tread.

I often wish that for one brief moment I might remove the lid of Jane's brain and examine her mental processes. She would not exasperate me so deeply if I could be certain of her springs of action. Is she old, is she rheumatic, is she lazy, is she hungry? Sometimes I think she means well, and is only ignorant and dull; but this hypothesis grows less and less tenable as I know her better. Sometimes I conclude that she does not understand me. Perhaps it takes an American donkey to comprehend an American woman, and this difference in nationality troubles her, though she does not convey the slightest impression of having been born and educated in a monarchy; no servility about Jane, and precious little civility, for that matter. Yet I cannot bring myself to drive any other donkey; I am always hoping to impress myself on her imagination, and conquer her will through her fancy. Meanwhile, I like to feel myself in the grasp of a nature stronger than my own, and so I hold to you, Jane, and buy a photograph of St. Bridget's Well!

XXII.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, and I suddenly heard a strange sound, that of our fowl cackling. Yesterday I heard her telltale note about noon, and the day before just as I was eating my breakfast. I knew that it would be so! The serpent has entered Eden. That fowl has laid before eight in the morning for three weeks without interruption, and she has now entered upon a career of wild and reckless uncertainty which compels me to eat eggs from twelve to twenty-four hours old, just as if I were in London.

Alas for the rarity
Of regularity
Under the sun!

A hen, being of the feminine gender, underestimates the majesty of order and system; she resents any approach to the unimaginative monotony of the machine. Probably the Confederated Fowl Union has been meddling with our little paradise where Labor and Capital have dwelt in heavenly unity until now. Nothing can be done about it, of course; even if it were possible to communicate with the fowl, she would say, I suppose, that she would lay when she was ready, and not before; at least that is what an American hen would say.

Just as I was brooding over these mysteries and trying to hatch out some conclusions, Mrs. Bobby knocked at the door, and, coming in, curtsied very low and said, "It 's about namin' the 'ouse, miss."

"Oh, yes. Pray don't stand, Mrs. Bobby; take a chair. I am not very busy; I am only painting prickles on my gorse bushes; so we will talk it over."

Mrs. Bobby bought this place only a few months ago, for she lived in Cheltenham before Mr. Bobby died. The last incumbent had probably been of Welsh extraction, for the cottage had been named "Dan-y-Cefn." Mrs. Bobby declared, however, that she would n't have a heathenish name posted on her house, and expect her friends to pronounce it when she could n't pronounce it herself. She seemed grieved when at first I could not see the absolute necessity of naming the cottage at all, telling her that we named only grand places in America. She was struck dumb with amazement at this piece of information, and failed to conceive of the confusion that must ensue in villages where streets were scarcely named or houses numbered. I confess it had never occurred to me that our manner of doing was highly inconvenient, if not impossible, and I approached the subject of the

name with more interest and more modesty.

"Well, Mrs. Bobby," I began, "it is to be Cottage; we 've decided that, have we not? It is to be Cottage, not House, Lodge, Mansion, or Villa. We cannot name it after any flower that blows, because they are all taken. Have all the trees been used?"

"Thank you, miss, yes, miss, all but h'ash-tree, and we 'ave no h'ash."

"Very good, we must follow another plan. Family names seem to be chosen, such as Gower House, Marston Villa, and the like. 'Bobby Cottage' is not pretty. What was your maiden name, Mrs. Bobby?"

"Buggins, thank you, miss, 'Elizabeth Buggins, Licensed to sell Poultry,' was my name and title when I met Mr. Bobby."

"I 'm sorry, but 'Buggins Cottage' is still more impossible than 'Bobby Cottage.' Now here 's another idea: where were you born, Mrs. Bobby?"

"In Snitterfield, thank you, miss."

"Dear, dear! how unserviceable!"

"Thank you, miss."

"Where was Mr. Bobby born?"

"He never mentioned, miss."

(Mr. Bobby must have been expansive, for they were married twenty years.)

"There is always Victoria or Albert," I said tentatively, as I wiped my brushes.

"Yes, miss, but with all respect to her Majesty, them names give me a turn when I see them on the gates, I am that sick of them."

"True. Can we call it anything that will suggest its situation? Is there a Hill Crest?"

"Yes, miss, there is 'Ill Crest, 'Ill Top, 'Ill View, 'Ill Side, 'Ill End, H'under 'Ill, 'Ill Bank, and 'Ill Terrace."

"I should think that would do for Hill."

"Thank you, miss. 'Ow would 'The 'Edge' do, miss?"

"But we have no hedge." (She shall not have anything with an *h* in it, if I can help it.)

"No, miss, but I thought I might set out a bit, if worst come to worst."

"And wait three or four years before people would know why the cottage was named? Oh, no, Mrs. Bobby."

"Thank you, miss."

"We might have something quite out of the common, like 'Providence Cottage,' down the bank. I don't know why Mrs. Jones calls it Providence Cottage, unless she thinks it 's a providence that she has one at all; or because, as it 's right on the edge of the hill, she thinks it 's a providence it has n't blown off. How would you like 'Peace' or 'Rest' Cottage?"

"Begging your pardon, miss, it 's neither peace nor rest I gets in it these days, with a twenty-five pound debt 'anging over me, and three children to feed and clothe."

"I fear we are not very clever, Mrs. Bobby, or we should hit upon the right thing with less trouble. I know what I will do: I will go down in the road and look at the place for a long time from the outside, and try to think what it suggests to me."

"Thank you, miss; and I 'm sure I 'm grateful for all the trouble you are taking with my small affairs."

Down I went, and leaned over the wicket gate, gazing at the unnamed cottage. The bricked pathway was scrubbed as clean as a penny, and the stone step and the floor of the little kitchen as well. The garden was a maze of fragrant bloom, with never a weed in sight. The fowl cackled cheerily still, adding insult to injury, the pet sheep munched grass contentedly, and the canaries sang in their cages under the vines. Mrs. Bobby settled herself on the porch with a pan of peas in her neat gingham lap, and all at once I cried: —

"'Comfort Cottage'! It is the very essence of comfort, Mrs. Bobby, even if there is not absolute peace or rest. Let

me paint the signboard for you this very day."

Mrs. Bobby was most complacent over the name. She had the greatest confidence in my judgment, and the characterization pleased her housewifely pride, so much so that she flushed with pleasure as she said that if she 'ad 'er 'ealth she thought she could keep the place looking so that the passers-by would easily h'understand the name.

XXIII.

It was some days after the naming of the cottage that Mrs. Bobby admitted me into her financial secrets, and explained the difficulties that threatened her peace of mind. She still has twenty-five pounds to pay before Comfort Cottage is really her own. With her cow and her vegetable garden, to say nothing of her procrastinating fowl, she manages to eke out a frugal existence, now that her eldest son is in a blacksmith's shop at Worcester and is sending her part of his weekly savings. But it has been a poor season for canaries, and a still poorer one for lodgers; for people in these degenerate days prefer to be nearer the hotels and the mild gayeties of the larger settlements. It is all very well so long as I remain with her, and she wishes fervently that that may be forever; for never, she says eloquently, never in all her Cheltenham and Belvern experience, has she encountered such a jewel of a lodger as her dear Miss 'Amilton, so little trouble, and always a bit of praise for her plain cooking, and a pleasant word for the children, to whom most lodgers object, and such an interest in the cow and the fowl and the garden and the canaries, and such kindness in painting the name of the cottage, so that it is the finest thing in the village, and nobody can get past the 'ouse without stopping to gape at it! But when her American lodger leaves her, she asks, — and who is she that can expect to keep a beautiful young lady who will be naming her own cottage and painting signboards for herself before long, likely? — but when her American lodger is gone, how is she, Mrs. Bobby, to put by a few shillings a month towards the debt on the cottage? These are some of the problems she presents to me. I have turned them over and over in my mind as I have worked, and even asked Willie Beresford in my weekly letter what he could suggest. Of course he could not suggest anything; men never can. All at once, one morning, a happy idea struck me, and I ran down to Mrs. Bobby, who was weeding the onion bed in the back garden.

"Mrs. Bobby," I said, sitting down comfortably on the edge of the lettuce-frame, "I am sure I know how you can earn many a shilling during the summer and autumn months, and you must begin the experiment while I am here to advise you. I want you to serve five o'clock tea in your garden."

"But, miss, thanking you kindly, nobody would think of stoppin' 'ere for a cup of tea once in a twelvemonth."

"You never know what people will do until you try them. People will do almost anything, Mrs. Bobby, if you only put it into their heads, and this is the way we shall make our suggestion to the public. I will paint a second signboard to hang below 'Comfort Cottage.' It will be much more beautiful than the other, for it shall have a steaming kettle on it, and a cup and saucer, and the words 'Tea Served Here' underneath, the letters all intertwined with tea plants. I don't know how tea plants look, but then neither does the public. You will set one round table on the porch, so that if it threatens rain, as it sometimes does, you know, in England, people will not be afraid to sit down; and the other you will put under the yew-tree near the gate. The tables must be immaculate; no spotted, rumpled cloths and chipped cups at Comfort Cottage, which is to be a strictly first-class tea station. You

will put vases of flowers on the tables, and you will not mix red, yellow, purple, and blue ones in the same vase" —

"It 's the way the good Lord mixes 'em in the fields," interjected Mrs. Bobby piously.

"Very likely; but you will permit me to remark that the good Lord can manage things successfully which we poor humans cannot. You will set out your cream jug that was presented to Mrs. Martha Buggins by her friends and neighbors as a token of respect in 1823, and the bowl that was presented to Mr. Bobby as a sword and shooting prize in 1860, and all your pretty little odds and ends. You will get everything ready in the kitchen, so that customers won't have long to wait; but you will not prepare much in advance, so that there 'll be nothing wasted."

"It sounds beautiful in your mouth, miss, and it surely would n't be any 'arm to make a trial of it."

"Of course it won't. There is no inn here where nice people will stop (who would ever think of asking for tea at The Retired Soldier?), and the moment they see our sign, in walking or driving past, that moment they will be consumed with thirst. You do not begin to appreciate our advantages as a tea station. In the first place, there is a watering-trough not far from the gate, and drivers very often stop to water their horses; then we have the lovely garden which everybody admires; and if everything else fails, there is the baby. Put that faded pink flannel slip on Jem, showing his tanned arms and legs as usual, tie up his sleeves with blue bows as you did last Sunday, put Tommy's white tennis cap on the back of his yellow curls, turn him loose in the hollyhocks, and await results. Did I not open the gate the moment I saw him, though there was no apartment sign in the window?"

Mrs. Bobby was overcome by the magic of my arguments, and as there were positively no attendant risks we decided on an early opening. The very next day after the hanging of the second sign I superintended the arrangements myself. It was a nice thirsty afternoon, and as I filled the flower vases I felt such a desire for custom and such a love of trade animating me that I was positively ashamed. At three o'clock I went upstairs and threw myself on the bed for a nap, for I had been sketching on the hills since early morning. It may have been an hour later when I heard the sound of voices and the stopping of a heavy vehicle before the house. I stole to the front window, and, peeping under the shelter of the vines, saw a char-a-bancs, on the way from Great Belvern to the Beacon. It held three gentlemen, two ladies, and four children, and everything had worked precisely as I intended. The driver had seen the watering-trough, the gentlemen had seen the tea sign, the children had seen the flowers and the canaries, and the ladies had seen the baby. I went to the back window to call an encouraging word to Mrs. Bobby, but to my horror I saw that worthy woman disappearing at the extreme end of the lane in full chase of our cow, who had broken down the fence, and was now at large, with some of our neighbor's turnip tops hanging from her mouth.

XXIV.

Ruin stared us in the face. Were our cherished plans to be frustrated by a marauding cow, who little realized that she was imperiling her own means of existence? Were we to turn away three, five, nine thirsty customers at one fell swoop? Never! None of these people ever saw me before nor would ever see me again. What was to prevent my serving them with tea? I had on a pink cotton gown, — that was well; I hastily buttoned on a clean painting-apron, and seizing a freshly laundered cushion cover lying on the bureau, a square of lace and embroidery, I pinned it on my

hair while descending the stairs. Everything was right in the kitchen, for Mrs. Bobby had flown in the midst of her preparations. The loaf, the bread knife, the butter, the marmalade, all stood on the table, and the kettle was boiling. I set the tea to draw, and then dashed to the door, bowed appetizingly to the visitors, showed them to the tables with a winning smile (which was to be extra), seated the children on the steps and laid napkins before them, dashed back to the kitchen, cut the thin bread and butter, and brought it with the marmalade, asked my customers if they desired cream, and told them it was extra, went back and brought a tray with tea, boiling water, milk, and cream. Lowering my voice to an English sweetness, and dropping a few *h*'s ostentatiously as I answered questions, I poured five cups of tea, and four mugs for the children, and cut more bread and butter, for they all ate like wolves. They praised the butter. I told them it was a specialty of the house. They requested muffins. With a smile of heavenly sweetness tinged with regret, I replied that Saturday was our muffin day: Saturday, muffins; Tuesday, crumpets; Thursday, scones; and Friday, tea-cakes. This inspiration sprang into being full grown, like Pallas from the brain of Jove. While they were regretting that they had come on a plain-bread-and-butter day, I retired to the kitchen and made out a bill for presentation to the oldest man of the party.

	s.	*d.*
Nine teas	3	6
Cream		3
Bread and butter	1	0
Marmalade		6
	5	3

Feeling five and threepence to be an absurdly small charge for five adult and four infant teas, I destroyed this immediately, and made out another, putting the cream fourpence more, and the bread and butter at one and six. I also introduced ninepence for extra teas for the children, who had had two mugs apiece, very weak. This brought the total to six shillings and tenpence, and I was beset by a horrible temptation to add a shilling or two for candles and attendance. There was one young man among the three who looked as if he would have understood the joke. The father of the family looked at the bill, and remarked quizzically, "Bond Street prices, eh?"

"Bond Street service," said I, curtsying demurely.

He paid it without flinching, and gave me sixpence for myself. I was very much afraid he would chuck me under the chin; they are always chucking barmaids under the chin in old English novels, but I have never seen it done in real life. As they strolled down to the gate, the second gentleman gave me another sixpence, and the nice young fellow gave me a shilling; he certainly had read the old English novels and remembered them, so I kept with the children. One of the ladies then asked if we sold flowers.

"Certainly," I replied.

"What do you ask for roses?"

"Fourpence apiece for the fine ones," I answered glibly, hoping it was enough, "thrippence for the smaller ones; sixpence for a bunch of sweet peas, tuppence apiece for buttonhole carnations."

Each of the ladies took some roses and mignonette, and the gentlemen, who did not care for carnations in the least, weakened when I approached modestly to pin them in their coats, *à la* barmaid.

At this moment one of the children began to tease for a canary.

"Have you one for sale?" inquired the fond mother.

"Certainly, madam." (I was prepared to sell the cottage by this time.)

"What do you ask for them?"

Rapid calculation on my part, excessively difficult without pencil and paper.

A canary is three to five dollars in America, — that is, from twelve shillings to a pound; then at a venture, "From ten shillings to a guinea, madam, according to the quality of the bird."

"Would you like one for your birthday, Margaret, and do you think you can feed it and take quite good care of it?"

"Oh, yes, mamma!"

"Have you a cage?" to me inquiringly.

"Certainly, madam; it is not a new one, but I shall only charge you a shilling for it." (Impromptu plan: not knowing whether Mrs. Bobby had any cages, or if so where she kept them, to remove the canary in Mrs. Bobby's bedroom from the small wooden cage it inhabited, close the windows, and leave it at large in the apartment; then bring out the cage and sell it to the lady.)

"Very well, then, please select me a good singer for about twelve shillings; a very yellow one, please."

I did so. I had no difficulty about the color; but as the birds all stopped singing when I put my hand into the cages, I was somewhat at a loss to choose a really fine performer. I did my best, with the result that it turned out to be the mother of several fine families, but no vocalist, and the generous young man brought it back for an exchange some days afterwards.

The party finally mounted the char-a-bancs, just as I was about to offer the baby for twenty-five pounds, and dirt cheap at that; meanwhile, I gave the driver a cup of lukewarm tea, for which I refused absolutely to accept any remuneration.

I had cleared the tables before Mrs. Bobby returned, flushed and panting, with the guilty cow. Never shall I forget that good dame's astonishment, her mild deprecations, her smiles, — nay, her tears, — as she inspected my truly English account and received the silver.

	s.	*d.*
Nine teas	3	6
Cream		7
Bread and butter	1	6
Extra teas		9
Marmalade		6
Three tips	2	0
Four roses and mignonette	1	8
Three carnations . . .		6
Canary	12	0
Cage	1	0
	24	0

I told her I regretted deeply putting down the marmalade so low as sixpence; but as they had not touched it, it did not matter so much, as the entire outlay for the entertainment had been only about a shilling. On that modest investment, I considered one pound three shillings a very fair sum to be earned by an inexperienced "licensed victualer" like myself, particularly as I am English only by adoption, and not by birth.

XXV.

I essayed another nap after this exciting episode. I heard the gate open once or twice, but a single stray customer, after my hungry and generous horde, did not stir my curiosity, and I sank into a refreshing slumber, dreaming that Willie Beresford and I kept an English inn, and that I was the barmaid. This blissful vision had been of all too short duration when I was awakened by Mrs. Bobby's apologetic voice.

"It is too bad to disturb you, miss, but I 've got to go and patch up the fence, and smooth over the matter of the turnips with Mrs. Gooch, who is that snorty I don't know 'owever I can pacify her. There is nothing for you to do, miss, only if you 'll kindly keep an eye on the customer at the yew-tree table. He 's been here for 'alf an hour, miss, and I think more than likely he 's a foreigner, by his actions, or may be he 's not quite right in his 'ead, though 'armless. He has taken four cups of

tea, miss, and Billy saw him turn two of them into the 'olly'ocks. He has been feeding bread and butter to the dog, and now the baby is on his knee, playing with his fine gold watch. He gave me a shilling and refused to take a penny change; but why does he stop so long, miss? I can't help worriting over the silver cream jug that was my mother's."

Mrs. Bobby disappeared. I rose lazily, and approached the window to keep my promised eye on the mysterious customer. I lifted back the purple clematis to get a better view.

It was Willie Beresford! He looked up at my ejaculation of surprise, and, dropping the baby as if it had been a parcel, strode under the window.

I (gasping). How did you come here?

He. By the usual methods, dear.

I. You should n't have come without asking. Where are all your fine promises? What shall I do with you? Do you know there is n't a hotel within four miles?

He. That is nothing; it was four hundred miles that I could n't endure. But oh, give me a less grudging welcome than this, though I am like a starving dog that will snatch any morsel thrown to him! It is really autumn, Penelope, or it will be in a few days. Say you are a little glad to see me.

(The sight of him so near, after my weeks of loneliness, gave me a feeling so sudden, so sweet, and so vivid that it seemed to smite me first on the eyes, and then in the heart; and at the first note of his convincing voice Doubt picked up her trailing skirts and fled forever.)

I. Yes, if you must know it, I am glad to see you; so glad, indeed, that nothing in the world seems to matter so long as you are here.

He (striding a little nearer, and looking about involuntarily for a ladder). Penelope, do you know the penalty of saying such sweet things to me?

I. Perhaps it is because I know the penalty that I 'm committing the offense. Besides, I feel safe in saying anything in this second-story window.

He. Not unless you wish to see me transformed into a nineteenth-century Romeo, to the detriment of Mrs. Bobby's vines. I can look at you forever, dear, in your pink gown and your purple frame, unless I can do better. Won't you come down?

I. I like it very much up here.

He. You would like it very much down here, after a little. So you did n't "paint me out," after all?

I. No; on the contrary, I painted you into every twig and flower, every hill and meadow, every sunrise and every sunset.

He. You must come down. The distance between Belvern and Aix when I was not sure that you loved me was nothing compared to having you in a second story when I know that you do.

I. Suppose we compromise. My sitting-room is on the floor below; will you walk in and look at my sketches until I come? — Oh, Mrs. Bobby, this gentleman is an American friend of mine. Mr. Beresford, this is Mrs. Bobby, the kindest landlady in England. The reason Mr. Beresford was so thirsty, Mrs. Bobby, was that he had walked here from Great Belvern, so we must give him some supper before he returns.

Mrs. B. Certainly, miss, he shall have the best in the 'ouse.

He. Don't let me interfere with your usual arrangements. I don't seem to be hungry for food. I shall do very well until I get back to the hotel.

I. Indeed you will not, sir! Billy will pull some tomatoes and lettuce, Tommy will milk the cow, and Mrs. Bobby will make you a savory omelet that Delmonico might envy. Hark! Is that our fowl cackling? It is, — at half past six! She heard me mention omelet, and she must be calling, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

. . . . . .

There are no more experiences to relate at present. We are making history very fast, Willie Beresford and I, but it is sacred history, and much of it I cannot chronicle for any one's amusement.

Mrs. Beresford is here, or at least she is in Great Belvern, a few miles distant. I am not painting, these latter days. I have turned the artist side of my nature to the wall just for a little, and the woman side is having full play. I do not know what the world will think about it, if it stops to think at all, but I feel as if I were "right side out" for the first time in my life; and when I take up my brushes again, I shall have a new world within from which to paint, — yes, and a new world without.

Good-by, dear Belvern! Autumn and winter may come into my life, but when I think of you it will always be summer in my heart. I shall hear the tinkle of the belled sheep on the hillside; inhale the fragrance of the purple clematis that climbed in at my cottage window; remember the days when Love and I first walked together, hand in hand. Dear days of utter idleness; of early confidences; of dreaming dreams and seeing visions; of long morning walks over the hills; of "bread and cheese and kisses" at noon, with kind Mrs. Bobby hovering like a plump guardian angel over the simple feast; afternoon tea under the friendly shade of the yew-tree, and parting at the wicket gate when it seems, after six or seven hours together, as if we could not bear to say good-by. I can see him pass the clock tower, the little green-grocer shop, the old stocks, the green pump; then he is at the turn of the road where the stone wall and the hawthorn hedge will presently hide him from my view. I fly up to my window, push back the vines, catch his last wave of the hand. I would call him back, if I dared; but it would be no easier to let him go the second time, and there is always to-morrow. Thank God for to-morrow. And if there should be no to-morrow? Then thank God for to-day. I have lived and loved.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

THE ENGLISH CAMBRIDGE IN WINTER.

THE familiar position of Great Britain on the map of the northern hemisphere naturally suggests the existence of alternating seasons. That the winter, however, can be any colder than the proverbial "English summer," or the English spring which Coleridge once spoke of as having "set in with its usual severity," may seem incredible to most travelers. I am obliged to own that the existence of any essential difference in their relative inclemency was not fully made clear to me until the winter of 1890–91. Previous years had left it a nicely balanced question, belonging to the domain of casuistry rather than to that of experience.

Cambridge and its colleges under the snow! Not for an hour or two in the morning, but for whole days, and even weeks. Roofs, towers, and pinnacles, venerable fronts and gateways, pleasant courts of weather-worn brick and stone, the grass plots in the gardens and the smooth lawns of the beautiful and famous "backs," with all their leafless trees and shrubbery, several inches deep in feathery whiteness; the stout but rather dissipated and rowdy-looking figure of bluff King Hal, over the fine old gateway of Trinity, wearing a most reverend and snowy beard, and the gracious form of his grandmother, Lady Margaret, over the portal of St. John's, ar-

rayed in soft ermine. This, of course, is a somewhat different picture from the Cambridge of May term, — the Cambridge of smooth lawns, leafy groves, and fresh flowers, of boat races and festivities, of parental visitation, and of uncomfortable-looking youths in cap and gown doing university honors with proud fathers and mothers and pretty, awestruck young sisters.

My own first visit to this "other fair fount of learning" was in the latter flowery if sometimes rather frigid season, and after enduring several months of metropolitan fog. As the train neared Cambridge and the level fen country, the landscape grew visibly flatter, and the inevitable comparison with Oxford presently suggested itself, — not a little to the disadvantage of the former town in the matter of natural surroundings, though less so as to the colleges themselves. Oxford, beautiful city, at first appears more venerable and much more dilapidated; the buildings more crumbled and blackened, with a larger number of statues without heads or noses, and of Gothic pinnacles and ornaments which appear to have melted and run down like wax candles. Cambridge at first seems comparatively modern; the outskirts, indeed, and the new quarter west of the Cam resembling the later suburbs of London. More of the colleges, too, have new fronts, and there appears to be a greater variety of building materials employed, — many shades of light and dark stone, and much red brick pleasantly tempered by time, — while even the older colleges look in better outward repair. This impression of relative modernness, however, soon wears off. A little study of the curious and ancient corners in the courts of Trinity, Jesus, Peterhouse, Pembroke, and other colleges, and of the older churches and the many quaint and picturesque houses in the town itself, firmly establishes the conviction that there is little to choose between the rival universities in the matter either of beauty or of antiquity.

At Cambridge, also, as at Oxford, one discovers the young British "barbarians all at play," especially in the "May week," which, in a characteristic English fashion, for the last few years has come off in June. A stranger arriving in the place during this season of festivities finds it as near an earthly paradise as it is possible for a merely terrestrial university town to be. Neither pen nor pencil can express the full charm of these ancient, half-monastic buildings amid their immemorial groves and lawns, as they appear in the intervals of sunshine between the light, quick-passing showers of early summer. Flowers bloom everywhere, the fairest, freshest, most brilliant, one would think, that the English soil ever brought forth. They flourish on the borders of the velvety grass plots, in the secluded gardens of the Fellows, and in long boxes, covered with bark, fastened in the college windows, where they glow against the dark, time-blackened walls like clusters of many-hued stars. The effect which these hanging flower-beds produce upon the mind of a visitor — the gold and white of the marguerites and the flaming scarlet of the geraniums mingled with many finer shades of color — is curious, and not easily described. They flash on "the inward eye" long after other impressions have grown dim, and suggest by a pleasing analogy the relation which the undergraduate himself bears to his venerable Alma Mater. The young Cantab, it is true, would probably resent the comparison, yet the resemblance is not merely fanciful. The flora of Cambridge is not more brilliant than is its fauna.

It is difficult to conceive of a more diversely costumed and picturesque creature than the modern undergraduate, especially during the May term, when perhaps he is in his highest state of plumage. First, of course, he must

have the ordinary garments common to the world at large; then the always dignified and becoming cap and gown, whereof not the wearing only, but the manner of wearing, also, is prescribed, sundry placards at the different halls warning him that the practice of carrying the gown over the arm or around the neck is evasive of statutes and inimical to his welfare. At chapel, on Sundays and holydays, he must be draped in the flowing white surplice redolent of sanctity; and if a boating man or a tennis player, he must possess a miscellaneous variety of light garments contrived principally for ease of movement, and distinguished by an airy coolness and a brightness of effect, of which the coat of many colors, or "blazer" (literally a blazer), is the most striking. Although, like the flowers in his window, he is himself an ephemeral, he forms with them an indispensable part of the university picture. A pleasant moving picture it is, — the same picture that Wordsworth saw when he first alighted at the "famous Hoop," over a hundred years ago: —

> "Gowns grave, or gaudy, doctors, students, streets,
> Courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, gateways, towers."

Indeed, it is hard to imagine a sight more interesting in its kind than that which the winding, narrow thoroughfares of this ancient academic city present on a fine evening in June, particularly on Saturday, the Cambridge market day. A continuous stream of townsmen, gownsmen, and sturdy country folk, with the usual proportion of womankind, passes and repasses, with quick, echoing tread, many of them walking in the middle of the clean asphalt streets. The shops are lighted up brilliantly, as in most provincial towns, though twilight at this season lasts nearly all night. In either of the main arteries of travel, — Trumpington Street, with its clear rivulets flowing at either curb, which becomes King's Parade, Trinity Street, and St. John's before uniting with the other, Regent Street, St. Andrew's, Sidney Street, etc., — and in the narrow crossway, the Petty Cury, one meets this tide at the full. The undergraduate is necessarily conspicuous, walking alone, or two and two, or three or four abreast, the *toga virilis* lightly depending from his shoulders, sometimes in the last stage of dilapidation, and streaming from his person in tags and ribbons. Mostly he is slight, good looking, youthful, and beardless, or perhaps with an incipient mustache; seldom very ruddy, but at the worst of a healthy paleness. Naturally, it is among the lightly clad groups striding in from the boats or the cricket fields that one sees the best specimens of physique. These, indeed, are often admirable, though hardly so striking in appearance as is commonly supposed; yet if any one doubts the virility of these young Englishmen, a short walk or row with one of them will quickly convince him of his error. One very pleasant feature of the streets is the decorum usually prevailing among the students, in former times (and in some quarters of the world even now) an unruly and turbulent element of the community. They walk together, conversing almost inaudibly in the dulcet "Cambridge tone," which "men" from all parts of the island are said to contract soon after "coming up." Singing, loud talking, or shouting among them is rarely heard out of doors, though sounds of a mildly Bacchanalian type sometimes issue from college or lodging-house windows. This creditable street behavior is doubtless due to "Cambridge tone" as much as to vigilant proctorizing; yet even in the cricket field and among the boating crews (except the musical "Well rowed!" at the races) the undergraduate is rarely vociferous. The English still take their sports "sadly," and on the whole silently.

My purpose, however, being to pre-

sent a picture of this historic seat of learning as it appeared during a protracted species of English "blizzard," a very much milder affair than the genuine American visitation of that name, I must not expand the tempting topic of May term and its festivities. That these are not of a Saturnalian character need hardly be said. A published list of the "May term festivities for 1891" begins with a service in King's College chapel, followed by the Church Missionary Society's "Sale of Work," and Congregation at the Senate House, none of which diversions is necessarily of a disorderly kind. Music holds a prominent place among the entertainments; and English music, especially vocal music, is good. In the different college chapels, particularly those of King's, Trinity, and St. John's, there are choral services of a high order, and a number of admirable concerts are given in the Guildhall and elsewhere by university and college musical societies. The list includes, moreover, "university sermons" and theatrical performances, with of course an abundance of cricket matches, lawn tennis and garden parties, pastoral plays, and several balls, with a large horticultural show; the aquatic events being the often-described boat races and procession at the college "backs," and a swimming race on the Granta; the enumeration concluding with the admission to B. A. degrees at the Senate House. As most of these dissipations would seem to be directly opposed to the legitimate pursuits of the cloister, one cannot wonder at the regretful admission of an old university man, that "it requires an iron will to do any reading at Cambridge;" but any want of application during the Easter term may be atoned for in the Long Vacation, during which period of quiet and comparative solitude grass, by a slightly exaggerated figure, is said to grow in the Cambridge streets.

With this term, indeed, her glory begins to wane. The dewy freshness of her flowers and lawns, the wealth of spring blossoms in her orchards and gardens, and the finely graduated colors in her groves and arbors give place to the tamer uniformity of midsummer; leaves begin to fall rather early, and the brooks, canals, and other small waterways of the neighborhood — and even the classical Cam — gather a disagreeably suggestive scum, called by the irreverent "mint sauce." Cambridge, it is true, can never be otherwise than beautiful; but during this portion of summer, while she is exchanging her spring for her autumn garments, it is hardly more than courtesy to absent one's self for a time, if only for the pleasure of returning in October, when the process may be regarded as complete. October, indeed, is here a busy and an interesting month. The "men" are "coming up" for Michaelmas term, the prospective freshmen for "Little-go" and matriculation; while the scattered instructors and college functionaries are returning to their duties. Chapels begin to fill, and the streets and sombre courts are again brightened with flitting figures in cap and gown, and with fresh young faces, — the perennial stream of youthful scholars which has not ceased to flow for seven or eight hundred years. As the resident undergraduates in October, 1890, according to a published list, numbered 3469, and the new arrivals 865, the total aggregate of persons *in statu pupillari* exceeded 4300, — more, I am told, than are now at Oxford, although, until recent years, that university is said to have had the greater numbers. Eight thousand youths just on the verge of manhood are of course a large number to be able to absent themselves from productive labor during the three years necessary for a degree (and during preparatory years as well), yet they form but a part of the large body of persons undergoing tuition at different places in the kingdom. It is possible, under the

socialistic rule which is supposed to be impending, that this more or less studious but otherwise unprofitable army may be measurably diminished; but meanwhile the numbers grow, new colleges and halls, not always beautiful, are built, and the two great universities expand and flourish.[1]

Among the many surprises awaiting the visitor from abroad who arrives at the beginning of the October term — especially if he comes from one of the more southern colonies — is the small amount of daylight enjoyed by the student of mathematics and optics at the ancient seat of those sciences. He will be puzzled to divine how Newton secured enough light to make his famous discoveries in that medium; and even transatlantic visitors, at this time of the year, are struck with the rapid disappearance of the sun from the field of human vision. The fifty-second parallel is not a high latitude, and with the clear atmosphere of New England the mere difference between sunrise and sunset would not be so noticeable; but Cambridgeshire has not the American skies. Fogs, mists, and other watery fen products lie low on the surrounding plain, and materially diminish the light of the heavenly bodies. Perhaps the October of 1890 was exceptional here in this respect; yet I do not mean to imply that it was gloomy. The long afternoon and evening walks in the frosty half-twilight were especially pleasant, — to the pretty thatched cottages of ancient Grantchester and Trumpington, or to the well-known Gogmagog or the Madingley hills; from which latter slight eminence the low outline of Ely Cathedral could sometimes be seen to the northward, rising above the far-stretching fens as it formerly rose above the shallow waters covering them. At every turn in the smooth roads and footpaths one met the ubiquitous undergraduate in walking costume, — small cap, short coat, and knickerbockers, — taking his five, ten, or fifteen mile constitutional before dinner in hall, though usually keeping in view the long-drawn roof and short corner pinnacles of the chapel of King's College, or that more recent landmark, the light and slender spire of the new Roman Catholic cathedral. This year, however, the charms of the English autumn were somewhat abruptly exchanged for those of winter, — frost and snow, with other concomitants not charming. The blizzard began about November 15, and the "cold snap" lasted two months, that period being the severest known in England for seventy years, and Cambridge enjoying the honor of being the coldest place in the kingdom. Snow, I think, covered the ground during the whole interval, nor was there any general thaw. Of the quality of English cold one cannot speak but with respect. It is a "nipping and eager" air which penetrates all wraps and freezes the bones. One pities the Roman invaders, who, it is well known, could not exist in their British villas without systems of hot-air flues; and one feels for the studious Erasmus shivering in his cold room at Queen's, and for the early Huguenot refugees from across the Channel. Foreigners, however, have seldom found England a genial place; their opinions, for the most part, agreeing with that of the Constable of France, in Henry V., when he contemptuously exclaims of the English soldiery: —

"Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull;
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale?"

With the approach of winter, frozen fogs became of frequent occurrence. Rarely

[1] An assessment of the different colleges at Cambridge, for "university purposes," in October, 1890, showed the income of Trinity, the largest, to be £45,489 15*s.* 11*d.*; that of St. John's, the next in size, to be £30,912 9*s.* 4*d.*; and that of King's, £22,912 14*s.* 8*d.*; while several others possessed annual revenues of over £10,000, — the total income of the seventeen colleges being set down at the liberal figure of £216,409 16*s.* 4*d.*

have I seen such wonders wrought on the face of town and country, or the miracle of frostwork so prolonged. It lasted for several weeks, every tree and bush, every paling and iron rod, becoming a mass of pure crystals. If any portion melted during the day, it was replaced by a fresh deposit of congealed vapor during the night; and when the sun did shine forth, which after all was not seldom, the picture of the colleges amid their almost arctic environment was one of indescribable beauty, — a beauty equal to that of summer, and of an even more striking character.

But this exceptional weather, though an important item of conversation at the time, did not seriously interrupt the established order of things. The university, it is needless to say, did not suspend its functions. Fluttering figures in academical garb moved about the streets as usual, but in a decidedly frost-bitten state, and walking very fast; lectures and examinations went on, and morning chapel was not relaxed in deference to the elements. Social events, also, and the concerts, public lectures, readings, and other entertainments which make an autumn and winter in an English university town so enjoyable, followed one another in tolerable abundance. At the Union, the undergraduates' parliament, the affairs of the empire, with other weighty concerns, were duly discussed. A good deal of mild fun has been made of these young statesmen, both here and at Oxford, but when compared with the larger and perhaps more important body at Westminster, I do not think they suffer. They have, for one thing, the dignity of senatorial robes; they are quite as much in earnest, equally patriotic, and usually a good deal more entertaining. They are also adepts at all kinds of parliamentary fence, and use the sharp weapons of ridicule, sarcasm, derision, etc., like old hands, — or rather, perhaps, like very young ones. The courtesies of debate are by no means disregarded, but urbanity and a lenient construction of an opponent's views and motives are hardly the distinguishing features of the house. When one considers the immature character of the body, however, and the highly inflammatory topics chosen for debate (such, for example, as "whether the course of the present government with regard to Ireland does not call for a change of ministry," or the proposition "that the University of Cambridge is a vastly overrated institution") one cannot wonder at the animus displayed.

In the musical entertainments of the winter, the undergraduate bears a prominent part. Besides the more classical concerts by the different musical societies already referred to, a series of a popular kind are given in the Guildhall by the University Penny Popular Concert Association. These democratic entertainments, conducted by members of the several colleges, and known colloquially as "penny pops," draw large and demonstrative audiences, always ready to applaud their favorite pieces, but, I regret to say, sometimes given to hissing those which do not please their fastidious taste; this portion of the British public evidently holding that an entrance fee, however small, confers the free right of criticism. For the most part, however, the performers' efforts are enthusiastically received. Less demonstratively critical, but equally appreciative, are those who attend the many lectures given in public. One would say it must be an agreeable task to address Cambridge audiences. They certainly do not demand oratory, and usually appear well content with a modicum of palatable information discoursed in well-bred monotone, without rhetorical emphasis or adornment; though in case of the more abstruse themes a considerable infusion of humor seems to be necessary to insure acceptance. These popular lectures and addresses cover a somewhat wide range, but in a town like Cambridge

the interest taken in pressing social questions of the day is not surprising. A practical student of the relations of capital and labor, from East London, presented the dockers' grievances to a large and sympathetic gathering; the widow of a distinguished minister of state described the growing evils of infant life insurance; and an ex-professor of poetry pointed out the seamy side of modern socialism. On Sunday evenings, also, at Great St. Mary's, a number of learned theologians discussed the always delicate subject of Church and multifarious Dissent, while the Salvation Army set forth their own version of the matter in an adjoining square. Other lectures were given on subjects more closely connected with educational themes or scientific research, and on matters of local archæology; the audience being of a general character, with, however, a fair sprinkling of gowns, and commonly a deputation of ladies from Girton and Newnham. Most of these entertaining and profitable discourses, always held in cheerful, well-lighted rooms, were introduced by a short speech from the chairman, promising the company an unexampled treat, and were concluded by another from some one else, assuring them that they had had it, — a pleasant practice a little suggestive of grace before and after meat.

Among these winter festivities, as among those of the May term, might also be included the regular services at the different college chapels, to several of which the public have free access. Of the chapel of King's, with its "high embowed roof,"

> "Where light and shade repose, where music dwells,"

nothing new by way of criticism can possibly be said: it is now universally admitted to be the most beautiful ecclesiastical building of its kind in England, although many of the Cambridge chapels have their incidental merits. The daily choral services within its walls, led by the "scanty band of white-robed scholars" for whose predecessors the vast structure was originally framed, are well attended by townspeople and strangers; and whether performed with the adjuncts of afternoon sunlight pouring in through the great west window, or the "branching self-poised roof" dimly illuminated by some scores of tall wax candles, they possess a full measure of the impressiveness which belongs inseparably to the long-drawn aisle, and to the pealing organ and "full-voiced quire," with "service high and anthems cleare," and which will always belong to them, unless religion and poetry are destined to lose their power over men. The chapel of Trinity, however, has the advantage of numbers, and here, on Sunday mornings, the ecclesiastical, not to say the religious side of university life can best be seen. It is a long and lofty room, of the Renaissance rather than Gothic, richly ornamented with much carved oak and cornice gilding, and with the benign presences of famous and pious persons — Henry VIII. and holy Herbert, Barrow and Bacon, Whitgift, Pearson, Cowley, Dryden, and many others — looking down in resplendent robes from the admirably stained windows. As the army of white-surpliced figures, each with "mortar board" in hand, pours in from the ante-chapel ("where the statue stands of Newton, with his prism and silent face"), and the seemingly endless current of fine linen, brightened here and there by the scarlet of a doctor's hood, flows past the black-coated "markers," and parts right and left to the raised benches on either hand, one has an excellent opportunity for observing the modern undergraduate on his Sunday behavior. This, let it be said, is always reverent, and usually devout; but the total effect of this sea of human faces and Apocalyptic vestments, with the accompaniments of music and vocal response, is at first too curious and too suggestive of Patmos visions to permit the study of individualities. Still, one

cannot but note the appearance of firm health before spoken of, the good looks, and in particular the fact that nearly all the heads are plentifully adorned with their natural capillary covering, — a pleasant feature in these days of bald assemblies, — with the further item that every one appears to have been fortunate in his laundress. The general aspect of cleanness and moral innocency, indeed, is so marked that the occasionally pointed tone of the sermon seems uncalled for, and a little presumptuous as addressed to so celestial looking a company.

Libraries, university and other, reading-rooms, museums, and laboratories open their doors freely to the sojourner, or can easily be induced to do so. One may wander at will through courts and cloisters, in many of the gardens, and in rural and semi-rural lanes without number, enjoying in imagination the goodly and numerous fellowship of the great poets who have formerly walked in them. One may linger on the bridges spanning the "willowy Camus," if one choose, from morning till night, though in winter this would not be advisable; the bridge of King's probably affords the fairest picture, that of the west front of the chapel, and the low, symmetrical façade of Clare College, with the river, the lawn, and the overarching trees, — a picture perhaps enlivened by the procession of choir-boys returning from five-o'clock service, a queer little white-faced regiment of miniature men, in large chimney-pot hats, wide linen collars, and black gowns, marching in solemn order, unless a sudden shower comes on, when a general scamper ensues. Or one may behold other interesting processions walking two and two from the young ladies' schools of the neighborhood. And one may dine in hall, if fortunate, at the Fellows' table, where, as at afternoon tea with the family of some hospitable don, a taste may be had of that fine and curious fruitage, university gossip, — the gossip of a mediæval seat of learning which has largely modernized itself, has even married to a very considerable extent, and in a fashion, at least, has even admitted womankind to a share of its honors.

It is impossible, however, to speak in detail of all the interests and social events, from large political demonstrations to meetings of the Ethical Society, which brighten the winter nights of this city of colleges. In spite of cold, snow, and the general opacity, out-of-door sports, also, were largely engaged in, especially skating. The fens, with their shallow waters, were the original training-school of Englishmen in this admirable art, and here to-day is to be seen a high degree of proficiency in its practice. Large crowds gathered in the mechanically flooded fields, at night lighted by electricity, to enjoy the exercise, and to witness contests of speed between different champions of renown, among them a well-known American amateur.

With the general exodus at the Christmas vacation, however, the town again relapsed into a state of somnolence resembling that of midsummer, and it was not until the beginning of the Lent term (about the middle of January), when the mills of wisdom resumed their grinding, that the tide of life and activity returned. But by this time the "back of winter" was broken. Daylight came in with a speed equaled only by the rapidity of its departure, snow and ice disappeared, and the long, slow-coming English spring, which faintly dawns with the earliest tinges of color in the midwinter woods, and only merges into summer by the middle of June, had fairly begun, though the winter of 1890–91 did not release its grasp without struggles lasting far into May.

It is not my purpose to discuss at any length the present status of this great "knowledge shop," or "Latin and Greek factory," as Emerson called it. That it is still a centre of intellectual and moral influence, by the power of its manifold

agencies still beneficently moulding the lives of thousands of young Englishmen, need not be doubted, in spite of much popular opinion to the contrary. A glance at the array of subjects in the list of triposes, classical, mathematical, historical, theological, languages, etc., — the catalogue is much too formidable to give in its entirety, — shows that the "Chancellor, Masters, and scholars of the University of Cambridge" may still be regarded as an "incorporation of students in all and every of the liberal arts and sciences," great as the number of these has now become. If modern science has broken the ancient reign of mathematics, it is only a sign of the times; and if the greatly shortened terms during which Fellowships are now held, with their smaller emoluments, have made them prizes of much less worth than formerly, and have effaced many of their original characteristics, this too is a sign of the times not less significant. Another important change, though one not so greatly affecting its interior affairs, is the object of the present strenuous efforts to relieve (or rather to deprive) the university of an onerous function which it has performed for several hundred years, that of general policeman and guardian of morals in the town at large. But the greatest innovation, though one now of some eighteen years' standing, is the movement known as University Extension, the attempt to place university benefits within reach of the middle and "occupied" classes. This experiment, of which several analogous agencies exist in America, has thickly dotted the map of England and Wales with "local centres," representing the outposts of the different learned camps, Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, and others, and is believed to be carrying into practical effect the original intention of the pious founders of the colleges: "the intent that knowledge, a pearl of great price, might be spread abroad beyond their walls to give light to them that walk in the dark byways of ignorance," — if the British shopkeeper, clerk, and artisan can be held to come under that uncomplimentary designation.

It is of course urged by many that even with favored individuals of the unoccupied class the benefits of university training are not always apparent; that the life is not wholly salutary for the many youths who, with no especial aptitude for study, — or for morals either, if one may so speak, — are sent up for the somewhat vaguely conceived advantages of university residence; that the modicum of "pass Greek" required for "Little-go" is a possession of doubtful value to its owners; and that degrees are rapidly becoming empty honors. These, however, with a long list of similar objections, are criticisms of the day with which the modern defenders of the learned faith must be left to deal; but the universities are not of the day nor of the hour. Still wearing the sober garments of scholastic antiquity, and touched by the spirit of the old religious houses, Augustinian, Franciscan, Dominican, and Carmelite, on whose foundations they stand, these "noble nurseries of English youth" will always influence, always instruct. "Look upon us," they seem almost pathetically to say, "and upon the antique beauty of our towers and courts, our Gothic halls and chapels: is it of your scientific, mechanical, modern age, or of the fair mediæval time? We would gladly teach you, inarticulate stones as we are, some of the secrets of those fast-vanishing days, the secrets of repose, of religion, and of beauty; but between us there is a gulf fixed which we cannot pass. You must come to us, and in some faint measure become even as we are ourselves, before you can hope to understand the mystery which we have in our keeping."

Albert Gillette Hyde.

UNDER THE FAR-WEST GREENWOOD TREE.

Ten miles from a new Western mill town, ten miles up a tortuous river full fed and brackish with salt of the Pacific, lay Macky's logging camp. Last year it did not exist as a camp, and next year it will be burned over, leaving a stump-blackened waste like those that lie in hideous desolation in several places along the bayou-like river, — timber claims which in other years have been "logged over," as this will be before the short Washington summer ends.

A bend in the olive river, dark with reflected evergreens, brought us to a floating raft of freshly cut logs, held near the river's bank by great boom-sticks coupled together lengthwise, forming a flexible inclosure for the raw logs that move restlessly in their crowded confinement, heaving with the lift of the tide and never still. The steep bank of the river above the boom, worn to a bald smoothness, marked the place where the logs are "shot" into the river, and beside it a narrow trail climbed the hill. As we followed the steep trail, we saw the logging road beyond leading into the forest; it was an ordinary roadway, across which, corduroy fashion, half-imbedded logs, "skids," lay at intervals of several feet, forming a raised track over which logs are hauled on their way to the boom. As we climbed upward, the clanking of iron chains, the harsh groaning of yokes, and the voice of a man raised in the angry command and expostulation of the "bull-puncher" prepared us for the procession that the lift of the hill showed advancing toward us down the skid road. First came the bulls, ten of them yoked in pairs, a swaying, creaking caravan, the wide-spreading brass-tipped horns of the leaders springing in noble curves from their massive heads; the hanging skin of the throat, from the head down to the short, close forelegs, swaying from side to side, as they planted cautious, sprawling hoofs upon the rounding skids. Haltingly, deliberately, they moved, with something fine in their stolid indifference to the voluble activities of the ranting driver, darting from one to the other, abusing, exhorting, prodding with his round, blunt goad, keeping the wavering line straight. At the flank of the last bull walked the "skid-greaser," lazily dipping a long-handled brush into a pail of melted grease which he carried, and halting at every two steps to grease the worn skid over which the logs were about to pass. Then the load itself, three logs tandem, coupled with chains, slid over the greased skids with a gliding, majestic motion, — great fir logs, skinned smooth beneath to offer little resistance along the roadway, each with its harsh bark uppermost. Upon the last a red-shirted logger rode, dangling his feet far above the ground. We stood aside to let them pass, and as they plodded slowly by all the air was full of a sweet milking-time odor. We climbed on up the logging road to where the air was still warm with the slow passage of the bulls' great bodies and cud-sweet breath. Just ahead was their rough shelter, open at the sides, — merely a roof resting upon the trunks of forest trees sawn to a uniform height, the thatch lying lightly on its deeply rooted supports; within, bundles of straw, near the troughs, lay ready for feeding-time. Beyond were the unpainted shanties of the camp itself, the open door of the bunk-house showing a wild disorder of blankets and scattered clothing. The whole little settlement had a look of raw discomfort, with its rough-hewn boards and careless débris of oil-cans and grocery-boxes. All about the shanties the timber had been "slashed" for breathing and moving space, and lay tossed about in cyclonic

confusion. From the evergreen depths beyond the pleasant resonance of axes called us. Soon we could hear the slow grate of the saw and the dull strokes of the axes upon felled trees, but more clearly than all else the finely timed alternate strokes of two choppers, as the ringing impact of their blows thrilled up the great length of a standing tree. If we had known the woods, we could have counted the men by the sounds which reached us; but there was no need for that, as in another moment we were in sight of most of the gang at work near a prostrate giant, which lay across the road, its great body broken from the fall. Ah, the majesty of a fallen fir-tree! Two hundred feet of clean shapely trunk without limb, knot, or blemish, stretching across the road and far into the tangle of underbrush beyond; all the proud top torn and broken, lying shattered among tons of the tossed débris of its own green plumes. As we looked, an active logger, with shirt open on a sun-baked hairy chest, vaulted upon the log, and, with a fearlessness born of custom and steel-spiked boots, ran the length of the tree, to return presently with his eight-foot saw and bottle of coal oil. Then this Lilliputian set to work to divide the felled fir into logs. Back and forth went his saw, and the loose sound of the half-idle teeth changed into the steady grate of real work, as the saw sank into the bark and caught the firm wood beneath. From time to time the logger paused to jerk some oil from the half-corked bottle into the crevice down which the laboring saw worked its slow way. Near by four loggers stood upon one log, chipping the bark off with a quick, careless motion, each double-bitted axe, with blade back and front, held in one hand, and swung in fearful proximity to the logger just behind. This "stick of timber" was nearly ready to be hauled out by the team, the "barkers" swiftly clearing off the bark that it might glide upon the skids. A second team of bulls stood waiting for work, breathing from their backs, where two dints showed on either side of their spines clear through to their breasts, and seeming to shorten and their bellies to broaden with each deep-taken breath. We could not help noticing the strong individuality that marked them. Within easy touch stood one with the short, thick head and heavy horns of a buffalo, telling of some ancient wild strain in his blood, while his yoke-mate, an immense surly brute, had the dry wrinkled hide of an elephant; and still another had great lumps behind the ears, like the protuberances that give an added touch of the hideous to the hippopotamus. One was a beauty, sleekly covered by the smooth flexible skin of youth, red beneath, overlaid irregularly with creamy hair; in the sunshine the whole skin took on a softly dappled look that in itself suggested the delicate play of light and shade. His long, tasseled tail snapped the flies away with swift precision. But his beauty did not spare him; for, as we filled our eyes with his sleek fairness, the blunt goad descended. "Haw! You, back! There! You Mormon!" bellowed the driver, and slowly, reluctantly, as though each foot were glued to the ground, the bulls began to move. They seemed to take the quietly superior enjoyment of absolutely phlegmatic beings in the presence of absurd excitability. Without haste and with an infinite number of pauses, the team was prodded, sworn, and cajoled into position. Meanwhile, an ingeniously simple tackle of pulleys and wire cables was thrown into place, and fastened upon neighboring trees and stumps. The "dogs" — half-hooks of steel — were driven deeply into the back of the log that was to be jerked out of its bed into the roadway, and the chain from the team was attached to the cables. The heaviest part of the labor of the camp falls upon the "hook-tender" and his assistant. The log, being generally deeply imbedded from its fall, has to be

thrown out upon the roadway, often over the roughest stump-covered ground, and a considerable amount of rude science is required to arrange the pulleys and tackle to accomplish this without accident or waste of time. At this moment, when every man stands ready, if need be, to lend a hand in shifting tackle or flinging aside impediments, one is struck by the discipline of the camp. Scarcely an order is heard except the ceaseless stream of language from the driver; nor do the men collide or interfere with one another. This is the result of the specialization of the gang. Each man, being hired for a definite purpose, as chopper, hook-tender, barker, sawyer, bull-puncher, or skid-greaser, keeps closely to his own job, except at such a moment when equally definite service is required of a different sort.

Once upon the skids of the roadway, the log is easily manageable, and ten could be hauled with less effort than is required in getting one into place. As before, however, three logs chained tandem constituted the load, and we vaulted upon the last log for a ride to the boom. It was a pleasant motion, gliding along more than a hundred feet behind the last bull, with now and then a rolling joggle to turn one off upon the road. When the logs reached the precipitous bank above the river, the team was detached by unhooking the hauling-chain. The end of this chain, when not in use, is heaped upon the off quarter of the last bull, where the breadth of his back easily retains it. As the skid-greaser, driver, and team crawled back up the road, one man was left to "shoot" the logs into the boom. After measuring the length and diameter of each log with a rude yardstick, and chalking the figures on a tally-board, he pried out the dogs, and, taking an axe with a misshapen blade, gave the smooth-sawn end of the log a number of sharp pecking blows, each stroke leaving a clear S imprinted in the wood. To saw off the end of a log bearing its distinctive mark is tantamount to horse-stealing, a sin for which there is no absolution. After the measuring and marking comes the slow business of "hand-logging" the "stick of timber" into the boom, forty feet below. One feels, in watching this tedious process, that the log might be rolled the foot or two required to send it down the hill by throwing the whole weight against it; but the logger knows better than to try any such futile straining. Setting his jackscrew behind the log, with its edge caught in the bark, he turns the handle, and as the screw creeps up the log starts faintly to move. When the screw is out its whole length, it is left slightly lifting the log, while a fresh jackscrew is set close beneath and advances the log another hair's-breadth toward turning. After the logger has shifted his screws a dozen times or more, the log gives a heavy roll, like a half-roused sleeper, and then plunges down the hill with furious speed. Striking some impediment, it leaps the track, and lands with a terrific crash full upon the back of a log in the boom beneath. The spray, beaten upward, dashes into our faces, and all the boomful of logs plunge about madly. The whole river is stirred; the evergreen reflections near the other bank blur their olives with the reds of the turning huckleberry, and even the small gnats, that circle endlessly in the cool of the bank where the maidenhair ferns hang, break rank and scatter. As we stand watching the last log swimming uneasily about among its fellows, a pert blue jay flings past us, and, lighting on a charred stump, against whose blackness his coat shines like the blue of tempered steel, jerks his crested head from side to side in snappish inquiry. It is at such moments that the wonderful silence of these Washington forests is borne in upon the mind. Even the breeze upon the evergreens makes scarce a rustle. The intense dampness in the woods the greater part of the year keeps ani-

mal life at a low ebb, and the multitudinous insect-buzz and bird-calls of sunlit Eastern woods are strangely absent. The solemn stillness of the dark forest seems ever waiting for some great event. The attention is strained as upon the eve of tragedy. It is a relief when up the side of a fallen log near us a chipmunk darts, advancing by a series of quick flashes, his golden-brown sides making a warm note on the violet gray of the weather-blanched log. It is strange how so silent a creature can so irresistibly suggest gayety. In watching the joyous sprite, the heart of man enters the little body, and darts in swift content upon those tiny feet. But even as we stood in the broad sunshine of the roadway the stillness took a far rhythmic pulse. It was the choppers once more at work upon a standing tree.

We followed the sound, keeping to the fork of the skid road that led into the deeper forest, passed beyond the main group of loggers and the deep-breathing team, until we could hear the voices of the choppers. As we came up, the two men paused, and one said good-humoredly, "That's right! Come to see us fall this tree?" Then the axes swung again. Each man stood lifted up on a spring-board, whose end was slipped into a notch cut in the base of the tree four or five feet from the ground. They always work above the ground this way, in order to escape the increased work of cutting through the great swell at the base. Standing with feet apart upon the springy perches, they were "under-cutting" the tree on the side toward which they wanted it to fall. The axes sent their pleasant reverberation up the straight limbless trunk, communicating only a quiver to the plumed limbs two hundred feet above. Clean white chips were cleared out from the ∠ shaped cleft of the under-cut, and after a little measuring and squinting along the tree the men dropped down, and shifted their boards to notches in the opposite side of the tree from the under-cut. Then the long saw with a handle at each end came into use. The men started carefully, holding the saw quite true that later it might not wedge. They drew it back and forth cautiously at first, until it penetrated the rough bark evenly and the teeth caught on the wood. A thin shower of pale sawdust floated down from either side, as the saw grated in and out, and the loggers swayed slightly from hip to hip, their red-shirted arms moving with the iron regularity of piston-rods. Back and forth, back and forth, went the handle of the saw. It seemed an endless business for those two men to drive that edge of steel through twelve feet of solid, flawless wood. There is the dull monotony of machine-work in the sawing, different from the spirited rise and fall of the axes, and the sharp cracking away, beneath the telling blows, of great white chips, and our eyes wandered beyond the workers to the green stillness. Little clearing had been done at this point. The whole upper growth was of evergreens, and so dense that no speck of sky could be seen beyond their exalted tops, — so dense that in this virgin forest the running elk throws his antlered head backward and from side to side to pass through the close phalanx of trees, and is sometimes wedged between their bodies and slowly perishes. Beneath the lofty canopy, supported upon its close, shaftlike columns, grew a matted tangle of underbrush and man-high elk fern, the pale green of the small-leafed huckleberry and salmonberry making a delicious note of freshness beneath the sombre grandeur of the dull green vault above. So dense is the overshadowing of the evergreens that the air is moisture-laden in midsummer, and is seen through the vista of endless columns a vaporous blue, as of drifting incense. Upon the rough ground muscular with plaited roots, mats of heavy moss, vividly green during the rainy season, lay in yellow patches.

The saw labored heavily as the weight

of the tree began to settle upon the deeply imbedded blade; two steel wedges were driven a little way into the cleft, but although the weight was lifted the saw still moved hard. The men paused again, and one took the adjustable handle from his end of the saw, while the other drew the toothed blade half its length out toward him and spattered a liberal supply of kerosene oil from his bottle upon it; then, pushing it back, the handle was readjusted. The men jerked up their trousers, wiped the sweat from their foreheads, and jumped heavily on their springboards to jar them back into place.

"All set!" called the older man, and once more the even grating, the piston-rod arms, and the drifting drizzle of pale gold sawdust. Then the sound of the saw suddenly changed from the dry grate to a dull, soft mumble.

"Pitch!" exclaimed both men in a tone of deep disgust; and as they spoke, through the fine cleft the saw had made oozed a thick sluggish stream of turpentine, and crept down the side of the tree to the ground.

"There 's barrels of it in this tree, and it 's as slow as molasses in January."

But they settled themselves once more for work. The saw, gummed with pitch, moved with heavy resistance, and the steady ooze of the turpentine increased in volume.

"You 'd better get the can, Jim," said the older man, and the other dropped from his perch into the underbrush and started for the road.

"Jest as well try to saw through a stick of taffy candy as this kind of a tree," explained the waiting logger. "He 's gone for the water-can, and we 'll see if we can get through this vein."

Jim came back presently, carrying a leaky oil-can heavy with water. A wedge was driven into the tree well above the saw, and the can hung upon the wedge, so that the water leaked down upon the saw as it worked in and out.

"What good does it do?" I asked incredulously.

"Don' know," returned Jim, laboring at the saw, "but it makes awful easy sawing."

"Sort o' freezes the pitch," said the other philosophically.

As a matter of fact, the saw did move more freely, drawing in a little cold water each time, and the "frozen" pitch mixed with water frothed out in a white foam. After a long time of heavy sawing, the teeth began to catch more firmly, and a few more moments' work brought the saw very near to the "under-cut."

No message of its coming fall has reached the far top, now that the body of the tree is nearly severed; the branches stir less than at the first blows of the axe. The fir stands beautifully erect. The loggers squint up its length, and say oracularly which way it will fall; they move the axes and water-can out of harm's way, and spring back to their perches. We stand on a fallen tree, a few yards behind the loggers, and wait expectantly. There is an irresistible sense of excitement; even these men to whom it is such an old story feel it. Who can say what sudden wind will snatch the tree and throw it suddenly backward upon us? The brooding silence of the forest is absolute, save for the steady grate of the saw in and out, like stertorous breathing. Erect and motionless the tree waits.

The men nod to each other; the sawing ceases; one handle is slipped off, and the saw drawn all the way through and laid back of the tree; one man springs down and lifts his perch out, and hands a great mallet to the other, who still stands upon his springboard. The mallet is lifted, and a loud sonorous chant rings through the stillness: "All clear ahead! Timber!" Then the mallet falls, once, twice, thrice, upon the heads of the wedges. There is a slight creaking, the logger flings the mallet aside and rushes backward, the cleft widens,

the great green head stirs; then, with a rushing, thundering roar, mingled with the sound of the rending fibres of the trunk, the giant tears its mighty arc through the air; a cloud of blackness envelops the fall; the air is dark with dust and moss and flying fragments. The roar is superb as the tree crashes its way through the underbrush, louder than cannon, but with no harshness; more like some mighty breaker that has climbed ten thousand miles of sea to beat its heart out on a lonely shore.

Before the air had cleared, and while the neighboring trees still oscillated violently, we mounted the springboard to look at the stump. The pitch was pumping from a slight gap as blood from a wound, and we could see that the tree, in falling, had leaped forward a clear twenty feet from the bole. Climbing up on the log, so lately a tree, we walked two hundred feet before we came to the first limb; that first limb, only now so infinitely removed, lay beneath our feet.

"We were too quick with that," said Jim to us, as he dragged from his pistol pocket a large silver watch. "But it 's too late to fall another. We 're goin' to a dance down the river to-night. It don't do to work too hard Saturdays." He grinned at us very amiably. "We 'll jest set here and clean up some." He reached for the kerosene bottle where it was stuck against a tree by the hook tied to its neck, and jerked that cosmetic lavishly upon his pitch-blackened hands. "Say!" he added, with sudden inspiration, "ain't you folks going to the dance?"

We looked down at our coarse moss-strewn clothes, and my comrade said, "We have no party clothes with us, and they would n't let us come in these things."

"You bet they would!" he ejaculated, with the pleasantest friendliness; and I longed to go. But it was my weary partner, not I, who had pulled ten miles up the river that morning.

Presently the long-drawn toot of the first horn for supper sounded, and when we got back to camp most of the men were gathered about the bench in front of the bunk-house, cleaning themselves as fast as tin basins of water and large bars of laundry soap could be made to do the work. One of the men had reached the combing stage, and was arranging hair sticky with soap, water, and perspiration by the aid of a small warped mirror hanging outside of the bunk-house. As they splashed and sputtered, they called to each other about the dance.

"Wear?" laughed one, pausing, towel in hand, to look down at his faded blue overalls and flannel shirt. "These here 's my party clo'es."

"You can have my white flannel shirt, if it ain't shrinked too bad. I 'm going to wear my black silk shirt," said the man who was wiping on the other end of the same towel.

"I 'll have to get into something pretty quick. My girl lives five miles up the river, to the forks, and I 'll have to buck the tide the whole way." I recognized in the enterprising speaker the hard-worked hook-tender.

We borrowed a towel and bar of soap, and washed at the long cattle trough; when the ripples had subsided, its surface made a mirror by which I arranged my hair, and we were ready for supper when the muzzle of the long horn was leveled out of the eating-house window and blown at us. We all sat down together at the long table, and wholesome, palatable food was served by the gay young dish-washer who squeaked about in tight party shoes.

After supper, the younger men hurried back to the bunk-house to finish their toilets for the dance, while we returned to the woods to find a place for our night's lodging. The great overarching evergreens tempted us, but we knew, if we slept beneath them, that the hemlock worms which were just then ravaging the trees would measure us all

night; so we chose an open place on the skid road, in the shelter of a felled tree, and began the delicate work of making a woodman's bed. Plenty of material lay at hand in the shattered top of a spruce, and in the woods beyond endless quantities of dried moss. We stripped the smaller branches from the spruce boughs and cast them into a great heap upon the ground, which afterwards we leveled into a deep springy mattress; on top of this we piled great double armfuls of dried moss. It took many trips back and forth into the rough tangle of underbrush and felled trees to gather the moss, and as we worked the long twilight deepened. The sweet balsam of our bed filled the air, and the primal nest-building instinct awoke, elating us with an idyllic pleasure. In a return to nature there is the joy of a home-coming, and we felt the blood of our nomadic ancestry astir in the sweet familiarity of our homely task. When we had at last plucked and moulded the moss and twigs into harmony with our notions, and stood off to appreciate the crowning effect of our woolen and rubber blankets, the light was almost gone, and our desire turned toward a camp fire.

Our foolish wish to "roost" in the woods, when we might have been under shelter, was looked upon with tolerant amusement by our host of the cooking-house, and now he came with additional blankets to see how we were making out. We had just succeeded in getting a sulky little flame astart, at which he smiled scornfully. He at once set to work selecting and discarding material for our fire with the air of a connoisseur, and then with skillful hands built dried bark into the shape of an Indian tepee around our small beginning. The flames were soon lashing their way through the cracks in hot fury, and the sprays of green spruce we threw on top cast up volleys of snapping sparks.

In the drowsy comfort of the fire the long day of incessant activity made itself felt, and the delicious languor of animal fatigue made us glad to draw off our heavy shoes and creep between the blankets. Just over us and through the cleared strip of the roadway we saw the sky, but on all other sides only the sentinel evergreens drawn close about, with their martial cloaks around them. As we lay thus, facing the innumerable white stars, the heavens seemed to withdraw until they became inconceivably distant; even the trees, whose tops during the day pierced the blue at remotely measurable height, were now immeasurably remote. The majesty of the pageant of the deepening night presses upon the spirit with the solemnity of a great religious ceremony. What wonder that primitive man worshiped! His eyes and spirit were not ceiled to earth by yards of colorless plaster. The heart grows great in striving to people with high thoughts the empty cup of night, lit from above by millions of mild eyes. And so from sweet and solemn dreams we slipped through soft degrees to dreamless sleep.

I waked suddenly with a curious tickling sensation on my face. Putting my hand up, I found it was drizzling an almost imperceptibly fine, steady mist; our rubber top blanket was heavily dewed with standing drops, and our shoes, as I thrust them under cover, were clammy to the touch. The last faint star was blurred out by the mist and the first gray of dawn. In the dim light and through the sifting mist, the trees looked miles away and of the most indescribably soft gray. The whole landscape, as I sat up, seemed a great moss agate; the nearest trees forming the darkest tracery, and those more remote graded off to an impalpable shadow of smoke. In a tree that last night was very near I heard

"The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds."

Then through the mist a large bird swirled close over our heads, uttering a long, hungry cry. Suddenly from the camp came a raucous cheering, answered

far down the river. For a moment I thought it was the dancers returning, as usual, at daybreak; but after the sound cut again and again through the mist, with always the same far-answering response, I knew that it must be the first cock's crow of the morning, and that the answer came from some rancher's shack far down the river.

Turning about in the nest my weight had hollowed in the moss, with the cheery voice dulled by the blankets to only a suggestion of home and comfort near at hand, I slept once more.

Louise Herrick Wall.

THE FEUDAL CHIEFS OF ACADIA.

II.

On the 12th of June, 1643, the people of the infant town of Boston saw with some misgiving a French ship entering their harbor. It chanced that the wife of Captain Edward Gibbons, with her children, was on her way in a boat to a farm, belonging to her husband, on one of the islands in the harbor. One of La Tour's party, who had before made a visit to Boston, and had been the guest of Gibbons, recognized his former hostess. A boat was towed astern of the St. Clement, and he, with La Tour and a few sailors, cast off from the ship and went to speak to her. Mrs. Gibbons, seeing herself chased by a boatload of outlandish foreigners, took refuge on the island where Fort Winthrop was afterwards built, and which was then known as the "Governor's Garden," as it had an orchard, a vineyard, and "many other conveniences." The islands in the harbor, most of which were at that time well wooded, seem to have been favorite places of cultivation, as sheep and cattle were there safe from those pests of the mainland, the wolves. La Tour, no doubt to the dismay of Mrs. Gibbons and her children, landed after them, and was presently met by the governor himself, who, with his wife, two sons, and a daughter-in-law, had apparently rowed over to their garden for the unwonted recreation of an afternoon's outing. La Tour made himself known to the governor, and, after mutual civilities, told him that a ship bringing supplies from France had been stopped by his enemy, D'Aunay, and that he had come to ask for help to raise the blockade and bring her to his fort. Winthrop replied that before answering he must consult the magistrates. As Mrs. Gibbons and her children were anxious to get home, the governor sent them to town in his own boat, promising to follow with his party in that of La Tour, who had placed it at his disposal. Meanwhile, the people of Boston had heard of what was taking place, and were in some anxiety, since, in a truly British distrust of all Frenchmen, they feared lest their governor might be kidnapped and held for ransom. Some of them accordingly took arms, and came in three boats to the rescue. In fact, remarks Winthrop, "if La Tour had been ill-minded towards us, he had such an opportunity as we hope neither he nor any other shall ever have the like again." The castle, or fort, which was on another island hard by, was defenseless, its feeble garrison having been lately withdrawn, and its cannon might easily have been turned on the town.

Boston, now in its thirteenth year, was a straggling village, with houses principally of boards or logs, gathered about a plain wooden meeting-house which formed the heart or vital organ of the place. The rough peninsula on which

the infant settlement stood was almost void of trees, and was crowned by a hill split into three summits, whence the name of Tremont, or Trimount, still retained by a neighboring street. Beyond the narrow neck of the peninsula were several smaller villages with outlying farms; but the mainland was for the most part a primeval forest, still possessed by its original owners, wolves, bears, and rattlesnakes. These last undesirable neighbors made their favorite haunt on a high rocky hill called Rattlesnake Hill, not far inland, where, down to the present generation, they were often seen, and where good specimens may occasionally be found to this day.[1]

Far worse than wolves or rattlesnakes were the Pequot Indians, a warlike race who had boasted that they would wipe the whites from the face of the earth, but who, by hard marching and fighting, had lately been brought to reason.

Worse than wolves, rattlesnakes, and Indians together were the theological quarrels that threatened to kill the colony in its infancy. Children are taught that the Puritans came to New England in search of religious liberty. The liberty they sought was for themselves alone. It was the liberty to worship in their own way, and to prevent all others from doing the like. They imagined that they held a monopoly of religious truth, and were bound in conscience to defend it against all comers. Their mission was to build up a western Canaan, ruled by the law of God, to keep it pure from error, and, if need were, purge it of heresy by persecution; to which ends they set up one of the most detestable theocracies on record. Church and state were joined in one. Church members alone had the right to vote. There was no choice but to remain politically a cipher, or embrace, or pretend to embrace, the extremest dogmas of Calvin. Never was such a premium offered to cant and hypocrisy; yet in the early days hypocrisy was rare, so intense and pervading was the faith of the founders of New England.

It was in the churches themselves, the appointed sentinels and defenders of orthodoxy, that heresy lifted its head and threatened the state with disruption. Where minds different in complexion and character were continually busied with subtle questions of theology, unity of opinion could not be long maintained; and innovation found a champion in one Mrs. Hutchinson, a woman of great controversial ability and inexhaustible fluency of tongue. Persons of a mystical turn of mind, or with a natural inclination for dissent and contrariety, were drawn to her preachings, and the church of Boston, with three or four exceptions, went over to her in a body. "Sanctification," "justification," "revelations," the "covenant of grace," and the "covenant of works" mixed in furious battle with all the subtleties, sophistries, and venom of theological war, while the ghastly spectre of Antinomianism hovered over the fray, carrying terror to the souls of the faithful. The embers of the strife still burned hot when La Tour appeared to bring another firebrand.

As a "papist" or "idolater," though a mild one, he was sorely prejudiced in Puritan eyes, while his plundering of the Plymouth trading-house, some years before, and killing two of its five tenants, did not tend to produce impressions in his favor; but it being explained that all five were drunk, and had begun the fray by firing on the French, the ire against him cooled a little. Landing with Winthrop, he was received under the hospitable roof of Captain Gibbons, whose wife had recovered from her fright at his approach. He went to church on Sunday, and the gravity of his

[1] Blue Hill in Milton. "Up into the country is a high hill which is called rattlesnake hill, where there is great store of these poysonous creatures." (Wood, New England's Prospect.) "They [the wolves] be the greatest inconveniency the country hath." (Ibid.)

demeanor gave great satisfaction, a solemn carriage being of itself a virtue in Puritan eyes. Hence he was well treated, and his men were permitted to come ashore daily in small numbers. The stated training-day of the Boston militia fell in the next week, and La Tour asked leave to exercise his soldiers with the rest. This was granted, and, escorted by the Boston trained band, about forty of them marched to the muster field, which was probably the Common, a large tract of pasture land, in which was a marshy pool, the home of a colony of frogs perhaps not quite exterminated by the sticks and stones of Puritan boys. This pool, cleaned, paved, and curbed with granite, preserves to this day the memory of its ancient inhabitants, and is still the Frog Pond, though bereft of frogs.

The Boston trained band, in steel caps and buff coats, went through its exercise, and the visitors, we are told, expressed high approval. When the drill was finished, the Boston officers invited La Tour's officers to dine, while his rank and file were entertained in like manner by the Puritan soldiers. There were more exercises in the afternoon, and this time it was the turn of the French, who, says Winthrop, "were very expert in all their postures and motions." A certain "judicious minister," in dread of popish conspiracies, was troubled in spirit at this martial display, and prophesied that "store of blood would be spilled in Boston," a prediction that was not fulfilled, although an incident took place which startled some of the spectators. The Frenchmen suddenly made a sham charge, sword in hand, which the women took for a real one. The alarm was soon over; and as this demonstration ended the performance, La Tour asked leave of the governor to withdraw his men to their ship. The leave being granted, they fired a salute and marched to the wharf where their boat lay, escorted, as before, by the Boston trained band. During the whole of La Tour's visit he and Winthrop went amicably to church together every Sunday, the governor being attended, on these and all other occasions while the strangers were in town, by a guard of honor of musketeers and halberd men. La Tour and his chief officers had their lodging and meals in the houses of the principal townsmen, and all seemed harmony and good will.

La Tour, meanwhile, had laid his request before the magistrates, and produced among other papers the commission to Mouron, captain of his ship, dated in the last April, and signed and sealed by the vice-admiral of France, authorizing Mouron to bring supplies to La Tour, whom the paper styled lieutenant-general for the king in Acadia; La Tour also showed a letter, genuine or forged, from the agent of the Company of New France, addressed to him as lieutenant-general, and warning him to beware of D'Aunay: from all which the Boston magistrates inferred that their petitioner was on good terms with the French government,[1] notwithstanding a letter sent them by D'Aunay the year before, assuring them that La Tour was a proclaimed rebel, which in fact he was. Throughout this affair one is perplexed by the French official papers, whose entanglements and contradictions in regard to the Acadian rivals are past unraveling.

La Tour asked only for such help as would enable him to bring his own ship to his own fort, and, as his papers seemed to prove that he was a recognized officer of his king, Winthrop and the magistrates thought that they might permit him to hire such ships and men as were disposed to join him.

La Tour had tried to pass himself as

[1] Count Jules de Menou, in his remarkable manuscript book now before me, expresses his belief that the commission of the vice-admiral was genuine, but that the letter of the agent of the Company was a fabrication.

a Protestant, but his professions were distrusted, notwithstanding the patience with which he had listened to the long-winded sermons of the Reverend John Cotton. As to his wife, however, there appears to have been but one opinion. She was approved as a sound Protestant "of excellent virtues;" and her denunciations of D'Aunay no doubt fortified the prejudice which was already strong against him for his seizure of the Plymouth trading-house at Penobscot, and for his aggressive and masterful character, which made him an inconvenient neighbor.

With the permission of the governor and the approval of most of the magistrates, La Tour now made a bargain with his host, Captain Gibbons, and a merchant named Thomas Hawkins. They agreed to furnish him with four vessels; to arm each of these with from four to fourteen small cannon, and man them with a certain number of sailors, La Tour himself completing the crews with Englishmen hired at his own charge. Hawkins was to command the whole. The four vessels were to escort La Tour and his ship, the St. Clement, to the mouth of the St. John, in spite of D'Aunay and all other opponents. The agreement ran for two months, and La Tour was to pay £250 sterling a month for the use of the four ships, and mortgage to Gibbons and Hawkins his fort and all his Acadian property as security. Winthrop would give no commissions to Hawkins or any others engaged in the expedition, and they were all forbidden to fight except in self-defense; but the agreement contained the significant clause that all plunder was to be equally divided, according to rule in such enterprises. Hence it seems clear that the contractors had an eye to booty; yet no means were used to hold them to their good behavior.

Now rose a brisk dispute, and the conduct of Winthrop was sharply criticised. Letters poured in upon him concerning "great dangers," "sin upon the conscience," and the like. He himself was clearly in doubt as to the course he was taking, and he soon called another meeting of magistrates, in which the inevitable clergy were invited to join; and they all fell to discussing the matter anew. As every man of them had studied the Bible daily from childhood up, texts were the chief weapons of the debate. Doubts were advanced as to whether Christians could lawfully help idolaters, and Jehoshaphat, Ahab, and Josias were brought forward as cases in point. Then Solomon was cited to the effect that "he that meddleth with the strife that belongs not to him takes a dog by the ear;" to which it was answered that the quarrel did belong to us, seeing that Providence now offered us the means to weaken our enemy, D'Aunay, without much expense or trouble to ourselves. Besides, we ought to help a neighbor in distress, seeing that Joshua helped the Gibeonites, and Jehoshaphat helped Jehoram against Moab with the approval of Elisha. The opposing party argued that "by aiding papists we advance and strengthen popery;" to which it was replied that the opposite effect might follow, since the grateful papist, touched by our charity, might be won to the true faith and turned from his idols.

Then the debate continued on the more worldly grounds of expediency and statecraft, and at last Winthrop's action was approved by the majority. Still, there were many doubters, and the governor was severely blamed. John Endicott wrote to him that La Tour was not to be trusted, and that he and D'Aunay had better be left to fight it out between them, since if we help the former to put down his enemy he will be a bad neighbor to us.

Presently came a joint letter from several chief men of the colony, Saltonstall, Bradstreet, Nathaniel Ward, John Norton, and others, saying in substance: We fear international law has been ill

observed; the merits of the case are not clear; we are not called upon in charity to help La Tour (see 2 Chronicles xix. 2, and Proverbs xxvi. 17); this quarrel is for England and France, and not for us; if D'Aunay is not completely put down we shall have endless trouble; and "he that loses his life in an unnecessary quarrel dies the devil's martyr."

This letter, known as the "Ipswich letter," touched Winthrop to the quick. He thought that it trenched on his official dignity, and the asperity of his answer betrays his sensitiveness. He calls the remonstrance "an act of an exorbitant nature," and says that it "blows a trumpet to division and dissension." "If my neighbor is in trouble," he goes on to say, "I must help him;" he maintains that "there is great difference between giving permission to hire to guard or transport and giving commission to fight," and he adds the usual Bible text, "the fear of man bringeth a snare, but he that trusteth in the Lord shall be safe."[1]

In spite of Winthrop's reply, the Ipswich letter had great effect, and he and the Boston magistrates were much blamed, especially in the country towns. The governor was too candid not to admit that he had been in fault, though he limits his self-accusation to three points: first, that he had given La Tour an answer too hastily; next, that he had not sufficiently consulted the elders, or ministers; and lastly, that he had not opened the discussion with prayer.

The upshot was that La Tour and his allies sailed on the 14th of July. D'Aunay's three vessels fled before them to Port Royal. La Tour tried to persuade his Puritan friends to join him in an attack; but Hawkins, the English commander, would give no order to that effect, on which about thirty of the Boston men volunteered for the adventure. D'Aunay's followers had ensconced themselves in a fortified mill, whence they were driven with some loss. After burning the mill and robbing a pinnace loaded with furs, the Puritans returned home, having broken their orders and compromised their colony.

In the next summer, La Tour, expecting a serious attack from D'Aunay, who had lately been to France, and was said to be on his way back with large reinforcements, turned again to Massachusetts for help. The governor this time was John Endicott, of Salem. To Salem the suppliant repaired, and as Endicott spoke French the conference was easy. The rugged bigot had before expressed his disapproval of "having anything to do with these idolatrous French;" but, according to Hubbard, he was so moved with compassion at the woeful tale of his visitor that he called a meeting of magistrates and ministers to consider if anything could be done for him. The magistrates had by this time learned caution, and the meeting would do nothing but write a letter to D'Aunay, demanding satisfaction for his seizure of Penobscot and other aggressions, and declaring that the men who escorted La Tour to his fort in the last summer had no commission from Massachusetts, yet that if they had wronged him he should have justice, though if he seized any of their trading-vessels they would hold him answerable. In short, La Tour's petition was not granted.

D'Aunay, when in France, had pursued his litigation against his rival, and the royal council had ordered that the contumacious La Tour should be seized, his goods confiscated, and he himself brought home a prisoner; which decree D'Aunay was empowered to execute, if he could. He had returned to Acadia the accredited agent of the royal will. It was reported at Boston that a Biscayan

[1] Winthrop's Answer to the Ipswich Letter about La Tour (no date), in Hutchinson Papers, 122. Bradstreet writes to him on the 21st of June, "Our ayding of Latour was very grievous to many hereabouts, the design being feared to be unwarrantable by dyvers."

pirate had sunk his ship on the way; but the wish was father to the thought, and the report proved false. D'Aunay arrived safely, and was justly incensed at the support given by the Puritans in the last year to his enemy. But he too had strong reasons for wishing to be on good terms with his heretic neighbors. King Louis, moreover, had charged him not to offend them, since, when they helped La Tour, they had done so in the belief that he was commissioned as lieutenant-general for the king, and therefore they should be held blameless.

Hence D'Aunay made overtures of peace and friendship to the Boston Puritans. Early in October, 1644, they were visited by one Monsieur Marie, "supposed," says the chronicle, "to be a friar, but habited like a gentleman." He was probably one of the Capuchins who formed an important part of D'Aunay's establishment at Port Royal. The governor and magistrates received him with due consideration; and along with credentials from D'Aunay he showed them papers under the great seal of France, wherein the decree of the royal council was set forth in full, La Tour condemned as a rebel and traitor, and orders given to arrest both him and his wife. Henceforth there was no room to doubt which of the rival chiefs had the king and the law on his side. The envoy, while complaining of the aid given to La Tour, offered terms of peace to the governor and magistrates, who replied to his complaints with their usual subterfuge that they had given no commission to those who had aided La Tour, declaring at the same time that they could make no treaty without the concurrence of the commissioners of the United Colonies. They then desired Marie to set down his proposals in writing, on which he went to the house of one Mr. Fowle, where he lodged, and drew up in French his plan for a treaty, adding the proposal that the Bostonians should join D'Aunay against La Tour. Then he came back to the place of meeting and discussed the subject for half a day, sometimes in Latin with the magistrates, and sometimes in French with the governor, that old soldier being probably ill versed in the classic tongues. In vain they all urged that D'Aunay should come to terms with La Tour. Marie replied that if La Tour would give himself up his life would be spared, but that if he were caught he would lose his head as a traitor; adding that his wife was worse than he, being the mainspring of his rebellion. Endicott and the magistrates refused active alliance; but the talk ended in a provisional treaty of peace, duly drawn up in Latin, Marie keeping one copy and the governor the other. The agreement needed ratification by the commissioners of the United Colonies on one part, and by D'Aunay on the other. What is most curious in the affair is the attitude of Massachusetts, which from first to last figures as an independent state, with no reference to the king under whose charter it was building up its theocratic republic, and consulting none but the infant confederacy of the New England colonies, of which it was itself the head. As the commissioners of the confederacy were not then in session, Endicott and the magistrates took the matter provisionally into their own hands.

Marie had made good dispatch, for he reached Boston on a Friday and left it on the next Tuesday, having finished his business within three days, or rather two, as one of the three was "the Sabbath." He expressed surprise and gratification at the attention and courtesy with which he had been treated. His hosts supplied him with horses, and some of them accompanied him to Salem, where he had left his vessel, and whence he sailed for Port Royal, well pleased.

Just before he came to Boston, that town had received a visit from Madame de la Tour, who, soon after her husband's successful negotiation with Winthrop in the past year, had sailed for France in

the ship St. Clement. She had labored strenuously in La Tour's cause; but the influence of D'Aunay's partisans was far too strong, and, being charged with complicity in her husband's misconduct, she was forbidden to leave France on pain of death. She set the royal command at naught, escaped to England, took passage in a ship bound for America, and after long delay landed at Boston. The English shipmaster had bargained to carry her to her husband at Fort St. Jean; but he broke his bond, and was sentenced by the Massachusetts courts to pay her £2000 as damages. She was permitted to hire three armed vessels then lying in the harbor, to convey her to Fort St. Jean, where she arrived safely and rejoined La Tour.

Meanwhile, D'Aunay was hovering off the coast, armed with the final and conclusive decree of the royal council, which placed both husband and wife under the ban, and enjoined him to execute its sentence. But a resort to force was costly and of doubtful result, and D'Aunay resolved again to try the effect of persuasion. Approaching the mouth of the St. John, he sent to the fort two boats, commanded by his lieutenant, who carried letters from his chief promising to La Tour's men pardon for their past conduct and payment of all wages due them, if they would return to their duty. An adherent of D'Aunay declares that they received these advances with insults and curses. It was a little before this time that Madame de la Tour arrived from Boston. The same writer says that she fell into a transport of fury, "behaved like one possessed with a devil," and heaped contempt on the Catholic faith in the presence of her husband, who approved everything she did. And he further affirms that she so berated and reviled the Récollet friars in the fort that they refused to stay, and set out for Port Royal in the depth of winter, taking with them eight soldiers of the fort who were too good Catholics to remain in such a nest of heresy and rebellion. They were permitted to go, and provided with an old pinnace and two barrels of Indian corn, with which, unfortunately for La Tour, they safely reached their destination.

On her arrival from Boston, Madame de la Tour had given her husband a piece of politic advice. Her enemies say that she had some time before renounced her faith to gain the favor of the Puritans; but there is reason to believe that she had been a Huguenot from the first. She now advised La Tour to go to Boston, declare himself a Protestant, ask for a minister to preach to his men, and promise that if the Bostonians would help him to master D'Aunay and conquer Acadia he would share the conquest with them. La Tour admired the sagacious counsels of his wife, and sailed for Boston to put them in practice, just before the friars and the eight deserters sailed for Port Royal, thus leaving their departure unopposed.

At Port Royal both friars and deserters found a warm welcome. D'Aunay paid the eight soldiers their long arrears of wages, and lodged the friars in the seminary with his Capuchins. Then he questioned them, and was well rewarded. They told him that La Tour had gone to Boston, leaving his wife with only forty-five men to defend the fort. Here was a golden opportunity. D'Aunay called his officers to council. All were of one mind. He mustered every man about Port Royal and embarked them in the armed ship of three hundred tons that had brought him from France; he then crossed the Bay of Fundy with all his force, anchored in a small harbor a league from Fort St. Jean, and sent the Récollet Père André to try to seduce more of La Tour's men, an attempt which proved a failure. D'Aunay lay two months at his anchorage, during which time another ship and a pinnace joined him from Port Royal. Then he resolved to make an attack. Meanwhile,

La Tour had persuaded a Boston merchant to send one Grafton to Fort St. Jean in a small vessel loaded with provisions, and bringing also a letter to Madame de la Tour containing a promise from her husband that he would join her in a month. When the Boston vessel appeared at the mouth of the St. John, D'Aunay seized it, placed Grafton and the few men with him on an island, and finally supplied them with a leaky sail-boat to make their way home as they best could.

D'Aunay now landed two cannon to batter Fort St. Jean on the land side, and on the 17th of April, having brought his largest ship within pistol-shot of the water rampart, he summoned the garrison to surrender.[1] They answered with a volley of cannon-shot, then hung out a red flag, and, according to D'Aunay's reporter, shouted, "A thousand insults and blasphemies!" Towards evening a breach was made in the wall, and D'Aunay ordered a general assault. Animated by their intrepid mistress, the defenders fought with desperation, and killed or wounded many of the assailants, not without severe loss on their own side. Numbers prevailed at last; all resistance was overcome; the survivors of the garrison were made prisoners, and the fort was pillaged. Madame de la Tour, her maid, and another woman, who were all of their sex in the place, were among the captives; also Madame de la Tour's son, a mere child. D'Aunay pardoned some of his prisoners, but hanged the greater part, "to serve as an example to posterity," says his reporter. Nicolas Denys declares that he compelled Madame de la Tour to witness the execution with a halter about her neck, but the more trustworthy accounts say nothing of this alleged outrage. On the next day, the 18th of April, the bodies of the dead were decently buried, an inventory was made of the contents of the fort, and D'Aunay set his men to repair it for his own use. These labors occupied three weeks or more, during a part of which Madame de la Tour was left at liberty, till, being detected in an attempt to correspond with her husband by means of an Indian, she was put into confinement; on which, according to D'Aunay's reporter, "she fell ill with spite and rage," and died within three weeks, after, as he tells us, renouncing her heresy in the chapel of the fort.

III.

Having triumphed over his rival, D'Aunay was left free to settle his accounts with the Massachusetts Puritans, who had offended him anew by sending provisions to Fort St. Jean, having always insisted that they were free to trade with either party. They on their side were no less indignant with him for his seizure of Grafton's vessel and harsh treatment of him and his men.

After some preliminary negotiation and some rather sharp correspondence, D'Aunay, in September, 1646, sent a pinnace to Boston bearing his former envoy, Marie, accompanied by his own secretary and by one Monsieur Louis.

It was Sunday, the Puritan Sabbath, when the three envoys arrived, and the pious inhabitants were preparing for the

[1] The site of Fort St. Jean, or Fort La Tour, has been matter of question. At Carleton, opposite the present city of St. John, are the remains of an earthen fort, by some supposed to be that of La Tour, but which is no doubt of later date, as the place was occupied by a succession of forts down to 1763. On the other hand, it has been assumed that Fort La Tour was at Jemsec, which is about seventy miles up the river. Now, in the second mortgage deed of Fort La Tour to Major Gibbons, May 10, 1645, the fort is described as "*situé près de l'embouchure de la rivière de St. Jean.*" Moreover, there is a cataract just above the mouth of the river, which, though submerged at high tide, cannot be passed by heavy ships at any time; and as D'Aunay brought his largest ship of war to within pistol-shot of the fort, it must have been below the cataract.

afternoon sermon. Marie and his two colleagues were met at the wharf by two militia officers, and conducted through the silent and dreary streets to the house of Captain, now Major Gibbons, who appears to have taken upon himself in an especial manner the office of entertaining strangers of consequence.

All was done with much civility, but no ceremony, for the Lord's Day must be kept inviolate. Winthrop, who had again been chosen governor, now sent an officer with a guard of musketeers to invite the envoys to his own house. Here he regaled them with wine and sweetmeats, and then informed them of "our manner that all men either come to our publick meetings or keep themselves quiet in their houses." He then laid before them such books in Latin and French as he had, and told them that they were free to walk in his garden. Though the diversion offered was no doubt of the dullest, since the literary resources of the colony then included little besides arid theology, and the walk in the garden promised but moderate delights among the bitter pot-herbs provided against days of fasting, the victims resigned themselves with good grace, and, as the governor tells us, "gave no offence." Sunset came at last and set the captives free.

On Monday both sides fell to business. The envoys showed their credentials, but as the commissioners of the United Colonies were not yet in session nothing conclusive could be done till Tuesday. Then, all being assembled, each party made its complaints of the conduct of the other, and a long discussion followed. Meals were provided for the three visitors at the "ordinary," or inn, where the magistrates dined during the sessions of the General Court. The governor, as their host, always sat with them at the board, and strained his Latin to do honor to his guests. They, on their part, that courtesies should be evenly divided, went every morning at eight o'clock to the governor's house, whence he accompanied them to the place of meeting; and at night, he, or some of the commissioners in his stead, attended them to their lodging at the house of Major Gibbons.

Serious questions were raised on both sides, but, as both wanted peace, explanations were mutually made and accepted. The chief difficulty lay in the undeniable fact that, in escorting La Tour to his fort in 1643, the Massachusetts volunteers had chased D'Aunay to Port Royal, killed some of his men, burned his mill, and robbed his pinnace, for which wrongs the envoys demanded heavy damages. It was true that the governor and magistrates had forbidden acts of aggression on the part of the volunteers, but, on the other hand, they had had reason to believe that their prohibition would be disregarded, and had taken no measures to enforce it. The envoys clearly had good ground of complaint, and here, says Winthrop, "they did stick two days." At last they yielded so far as to declare that what D'Aunay wanted was not so much compensation in money as satisfaction to his honor by an acknowledgment of their fault on the part of the Massachusetts authorities; and they further declared that he would accept a moderate present in token of such acknowledgment. The difficulty now was to find such a present. The representatives of Massachusetts presently bethought themselves of a "very fair new sedan" which the viceroy of Mexico had sent to his sister, and which had been captured in the West Indies by one Captain Cromwell, a corsair, who gave it to "our governour." Winthrop, to whom it was entirely useless, gladly parted with it in such a cause, and, the sedan being graciously accepted, the discussion ended. The treaty was signed in duplicate by the commissioners of the United Colonies and the envoys of D'Aunay, and peace was at last concluded.

The conference had been conducted

with much courtesy on both sides. One small cloud appeared, but soon passed away. The French envoys displayed the fleur-de-lys at the masthead of their pinnace, as she lay in the harbor. The townsmen were incensed, and Monsieur Marie was told that to fly foreign colors in Boston harbor was not according to custom. He insisted for a time, but at length ordered the offending flag to be lowered.

On the 28th of September the envoys bade farewell to Winthrop, who had accompanied them to their pinnace with a guard of honor. Five cannon saluted them from Boston, five from "the castle," and three from Charlestown. A supply of mutton and a keg of sherry were sent on board their vessel, and then, after firing an answering salute from their swivels, they stood down the bay till their sails disappeared among the islands.

La Tour had now no more to hope from his late supporters. He had lost his fort, and, what was worse, he had lost his indomitable wife. Throughout the winter that followed his disaster he had been entertained by Samuel Maverick at his house on Noddle's Island. In the spring he begged hard for further help, and as he begged in vain he sailed for Newfoundland to make the same petition to Sir David Kirke, who then governed that island. Kirke refused, but lent him a pinnace and sent him back to Boston. Here some merchants had the good nature or folly to entrust him with goods for the Indian trade to the amount of £400. Thus equipped, he sailed for Acadia in Kirke's pinnace, manned with his own followers and five New England men. On reaching Cape Sable, he conspired with the master of the pinnace and his own men to seize the vessel and set the New England sailors ashore, which was done; La Tour, it is said, shooting one of them in the face with a pistol. It was winter, and the outcasts roamed along the shore for a fortnight, half frozen and half starved, till they were met by Micmac Indians, who gave them food and a boat, in which, by rare good fortune, they reached Boston, where their story convinced the most infatuated that they had harbored a knave. "Whereby," solemnly observes the pious but much-mortified Winthrop, who had been La Tour's best friend, "it appeared (as the Scripture saith) that there is no confidence in an unfaithful or carnal man."

When the capture of Fort St. Jean was known at court, the young king was well pleased, and promised to send D'Aunay the gift of a ship; but he forgot to keep his word, and requited his faithful subject with the less costly reward of praises and honors. After a preamble reciting his merits, and especially his "care, courage, and valor" in "taking by our express order, and reducing again under our authority, the fort on the St. John which La Tour had rebelliously occupied with the aid of foreign sectaries," the king confirmed D'Aunay's authority in Acadia, and extended it on paper from the St. Lawrence to Virginia, empowering him to keep for himself such parts of this broad domain as he might want, and grant out the rest to others, who were to hold of him as his vassals. He could build forts and cities at his own expense; command by land and sea; make war or peace within the limits of his grant; appoint officers of government, justice, and police; and, in short, exercise sovereign power, with the simple reservation of homage to the king, and a tenth part of all gold, silver, and copper to the royal treasury. A full monopoly of the fur trade through all his dominion was conferred on him, and any infringement of it was to be punished by confiscation of ships and goods and 30,000 livres of damages. On his part, D'Aunay was enjoined to "establish the name, power, and authority of the king, subject the nations to his rule, and teach them the

knowledge of the true God and the light of the Christian faith." Acadia, in brief, was made a hereditary fief, and D'Aunay and his heirs became lords of a domain as large as a European kingdom.

D'Aunay had spent his substance in the task of civilizing a wilderness. The king had not helped him; and though he belonged to a caste which held commerce in contempt, he must be a fur trader or a bankrupt. La Tour's Fort St. Jean was a better trading-station than Port Royal, and it had woefully abridged D'Aunay's profits. Hence an ignoble competition in beaver skins had embittered their quarrel. All this was over. Fort St. Jean, the best trading-stand in Acadia, was now in its conqueror's hands, and his monopoly was no longer a mere name, but a reality.

Everything promised a thriving trade and a growing colony, when the scene was suddenly changed. On the 24th of May, 1650, a dark and stormy day, D'Aunay and his valet were in a birch canoe in the basin of Port Royal, not far from the mouth of the Annapolis. Perhaps neither master nor man was skilled in the management of the treacherous craft that bore them. The canoe overset; D'Aunay and the valet clung to it and got astride of it, one at each end. There they sat, sunk to the shoulders, the canoe, though under water, having buoyancy enough to keep them from sinking farther. So they remained an hour and a half. At the end of that time D'Aunay was dead, not from drowning, but from cold, for the water still retained the chill of winter; the valet was alive. And in this condition they were found by Indians and brought to the north shore of the Annapolis, whither Father Ignace, the superior of the Capuchins, went to find the body of his patron, brought it to the fort, and buried it in the chapel, in presence of his wife and all the soldiers and inhabitants.

The father superior highly praises the dead chief, and is astonished that the earth does not gape and devour the slanderers who say that he died in desperation, as one abandoned of God. He admits that in former times cavilers might have found wherewith to accuse him, but declares that before his death he had amended all his faults. This is the testimony of a Capuchin, whose fraternity he had always favored. The Récollets, on the other hand, whose patron was La Tour, complained that D'Aunay had ill used them, and demanded redress.

The dead chief seems to have been a favorable example of his class; he was loyal to his faith and his king, tempering pride with courtesy, and generally true to his cherished ideal of the *gentilhomme français*. In his qualities as in his birth he was far above his rival, and his death was the ruin of the only French colony in Acadia that deserved the name.

At the news of his enemy's fate a new hope possessed La Tour. He still had agents in France interested to serve him, while the father of D'Aunay, who acted as his attorney, was feeble with age, and his children were too young to defend their interests.

There is an extraordinary document, bearing date February, 1651, less than a year after D'Aunay's death. It is a complete reversal of the above-named decree in his favor. La Tour suddenly appears as the favorite of royalty, and all the graces before lavished on his enemy are now heaped upon him. The lately proscribed "rebel and traitor" is confirmed as governor and lieutenant-general in New France. His services to God and the king are rehearsed "as of our certain knowledge," and he is praised with the same emphasis and almost in the same words as those used towards D'Aunay in the decree of 1647. The paper goes on to say that he, La Tour, would have converted the Indians

and conquered Acadia for the king if D'Aunay had not prevented him.[1]

Unless this document is a fabrication in the interest of La Tour, as there is some reason to believe, it suggests strange reflections on colonial administration during the minority of Louis XIV. Genuine or not, La Tour profited by it, and after a visit to France, which proved a successful and fruitful one, he returned to Acadia with revived hopes. The widow of D'Aunay had eight children, all minors, and their grandfather, the octogenarian René de Menou, had been appointed their guardian. He sent an incompetent and faithless person to Port Royal to fulfill the wardship of which he was no longer capable.

The unfortunate widow and her children needed better help. D'Aunay had employed as his agent one Le Borgne, a merchant of Rochelle, who now succeeded in getting the old man under his influence and inducing him to sign an acknowledgment, said to be false, that D'Aunay's heirs owed him 260,000 livres. Le Borgne next came to Port Royal to push his schemes, and here he inveigled or frightened the widow into signing a paper to the effect that she and her children owed him 205,286 livres. It was fortunate for his unscrupulous plans that he had to do with the soft and tractable Madame D'Aunay, and not with the high-spirited and intelligent Amazon, Madame La Tour. Le Borgne now seized on Port Royal as security for the alleged debts, while La Tour, on his return from his visit to France, induced the perplexed and helpless widow to restore to him Fort St. Jean, conquered by her late husband. Madame D'Aunay, beset with insidious enemies, saw herself and her children in danger of total ruin. She applied to the Duc de Vendôme, grand master, chief, and superintendent of navigation, and offered to share all her Acadian claims with him, if he would help her in her distress; but from the first Vendôme looked more to his own interests than to hers. La Tour was not satisfied with her concessions to him, and perplexing questions rose between them touching land claims and the fur trade. To end these troubles she took a desperate step, and on the 24th of February, 1653, married her tormentor, the foe of her late husband, who had now been dead not quite three years.[2] Her chief thought seems to have been for her children, whose rights were guarded, though to little purpose, in the marriage contract. She and La Tour took up their abode at Fort St. Jean. Of the children of her first marriage, four were boys and four were girls. They were ruined at last by the harpies leagued to plunder them, and sought refuge in France, where the boys were all killed in the wars of Louis XIV., and at least three of the girls became nuns.

Now follow complicated disputes without dignity or interest, and turning chiefly on the fur trade. Le Borgne and his son, in virtue of their claims upon the estate of D'Aunay, which were sustained by the French courts, got a lion's share of Acadia; a part fell also to La Tour and his children by his new wife; while Nicolas Denys kept a feeble hold on the shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence as far north as Cape Rosiers.

War again broke out between France and England, and in 1654 Major Robert Sedgwick, of Charlestown, Massa-

[1] Confirmation de Gouverneur et Lieutenant Général pour le Roy de la Nouvelle France, à la Coste de l'Acadie, au Sr. Charles de Saint-Étienne, Chevalier de la Tour, 27 Février, 1651. A copy of this strange paper is before me. Count de Menou, and after him his follower, Moreau, doubt the genuineness of the document, which, however, is alluded to, without suspicion, in the legal paper entitled Mémoire in re Charles de Saint-Étienne, Seigneur de la Tour (fils), et ses Frères et Sœurs, 1700. This Mémoire is in the interest of the heirs of La Tour, and is to be judged accordingly.

[2] Rameau, i. 120. Menou and Moreau think that this marriage took place two or three years later.

chusetts, who had served in the civil war as a major-general of Cromwell, led a small New England force to Acadia under a commission from the Protector, captured Fort St. Jean, Port Royal, and all the other French stations, and conquered the colony for England. It was restored to France by the Treaty of Breda, and captured again in 1690 by Sir William Phips. The Treaty of Ryswick again restored it to France, till in 1710 it was finally seized for England by General Nicholson.

When, after Sedgwick's expedition, the English were in possession of Acadia, La Tour, not for the first time, tried to fortify his claims by a British title, and, jointly with Thomas Temple and William Crown, obtained a grant of the colony from Cromwell, though he soon after sold his share to his copartner, Temple. He seems to have died in 1666. Descendants of his were living in Acadia in 1830, and some of his race may probably still be found there. As for D'Aunay, no trace of his blood is left in the land where he gave wealth and life for France and the Church.

Francis Parkman.

COUNT RUMFORD.

In 1871, I prepared for the American Academy of Arts and Sciences a Memoir of Count Rumford, to accompany an edition of his writings. During the twenty years which have elapsed since its publication very many interesting additional papers have come into my hands, either written by or relating to Count Rumford, some of which I may now put to use. As this article, however, may find readers who know little or nothing about the remarkable man here recalled, it may be well to inweave the new material into a summary of his life.

Our concern is with Rumford first as Benjamin Thompson. He came of the yeoman stock of the first company of the Massachusetts colonists under the lead of Winthrop. He was born March 26, 1753, under his grandfather's roof, in a modest but substantial farmhouse, still standing, in what is now North Woburn. His father died when he was but twenty months old, and when he was three years old, his mother marrying again, he was taken to his stepfather's home. There he was treated even indulgently, with wise and friendly oversight and guardianship. His early lot was that of the children of farmers with frugal means, whether orphaned or not, who, as soon as they could do any kind of helpful work about house or farm, did it as a matter of course. The law, in those simple times, in our village communities, took wise heed for the fatherless and the widowed, and secured to them kindly provision even from slender inheritances. Through the many years of separation from his mother, whom he never saw after he left her in early manhood, he preserved for her the tenderest affection, writing to her as a grateful child, and, through an early friend with whom he was in correspondence in his prosperity, sending to her the most generous remittances for her comfort and ease. Like all Massachusetts boys, he was entitled to and received "a grammar school education," which was supplemented not only by private tuition, which he paid for by labor in the woods, but by kindly offices of many friends whom he won to himself. For from his boyhood he showed the proclivities of genius in some erratic eccentricities, in discursive reading, in a keen inquisitiveness, and in ingenuity with tools and experiments. He put

every one around him who could add to his gain of knowledge to some helpful service to him. He was soon found to be fitted for something better than the "chores" of a farmhouse, and in his thirteenth year was apprenticed for three years, 1766–69, to Mr. John Appleton, of Salem, a merchant in the miscellaneous local traffic of those days. Here, as at home, he was something of a puzzle to observers, as he busied himself, under the counter as well as upon it, with his fiddle and his experiments, once receiving severe injuries from the explosion of some rockets which he was making. Here, too, as at every period of his earlier life, his affable, engaging, and inquisitive traits won him friends. The minister of Salem fostered and aided him.

Among the papers which have come to my hands since I first wrote the Memoir of Count Rumford are some relating to this period in the life and work of the future count. They were found among the papers of Dr. Levi Hedge, professor in Harvard College 1811–27, the father of the late Dr. F. H. Hedge, and they show the interest attaching here to the early years of Rumford when his fame had been established in Europe.

SALEM, 25 *March*, 1817.

LEVI HEDGE, ESQ.:

MY DEAR SIR, — You have probably learned the death of my aged and very worthy father. It took place on the 4th inst.

Benjamin, Count Rumford (family name Thompson) was, while a lad, a clerk in my late father's store. Enclosed are a few papers relative to that circumstance, and as he is called a liberal benefactor to Harvard University you may think them worthy of being preserved among its curiosities.

Your friend, etc., etc.,

J. SPARHAWK APPLETON.

You know that Count Rumford's first wife was the widow Rolfe, Paul's mother.

On the cover of a "Memorandum Book of Goods," in Thompson's own hand, is written, "B. Thompson came to Mr. J. Appleton's to Apprentice, Oct. 14, 1766."

BOSTON, 11*th October*, 1769.

MR. JOHN APPLETON.

I understand that you have had a young Ladd not long since, that lived with you named Benja. Thompson. He now offers himself to live with me, saying that he was sick was the occasion of his comeing away from you, and that now Business is Dull you don't want him. I should be greatly obliged to you if you will Inform me by the first oppertunity. If he be clear from you or not, if he is, please to give me his True Character, as to his Honesty, Temper and Qualifications, as a Shop-Keeper. Such a Ladd will suit me if he can be well Recommended, and as he is a Stranger to me, I know of nobody Else that can be so good a Judge of him as you: Which I hope you will favour me, till which I am your most obedient Humble Servt

HOPESTILL CAPEN.

The writer dealt as a merchant in miscellaneous traffic in Union Street, Boston. It appears by the letter of the "Ladd" which follows that he received a good character, and was taken into service by Capen. He was there a fellow-apprentice with Samuel Parkman, afterwards a most prosperous Boston merchant, who left a numerous progeny of Tuckermans, Blakes, Sturgises, and Shaws. The boy's spelling and punctuation are retained in this letter, addressed to "Mr. John Appleton, Merch't, Salem."

BOSTON, *Oct.* 19*th*, 1769.

SIR, I take this oppertunity to inform you that I am come to Live with Mr. Hopestill Capen. I like him and his Family very well as yet. I am Greatly obliged to you for your kind Recommendation of me to Mr. Capen, and

shall always retain a Gratefull Sense of the many other Kindnesses I always Received whilest I remained with you. Never shall I live at a place again that I delighted so much as at your house, nor with a Kinder Master. My Guardian says he will come to Salem and pay you some money very soon, which he expects dayly. Sir, I would beg of you not to Give yourself any Concern or Trouble about it, as you may depend upon having the Money very soon.

Sir, if you would give yourself the Trouble to send Round my things that remain at your house, I shall [be] obliged to you, and if you will send down the 2 trunks which I improved whilest at your house and charge them to me I will send you the money; please to put up all my small things you can find, viz! scales, paint-box, some Blue paper, a box of Crayons, or dry Colours, some Books, together with all my things remaining at your house; please to stow them in the Trunk that stands in the Kitchen Chamber, and please to put that, that stands in the Garret on Board Mr. West with it, and desire him to bring them down on the first oppertunity. I shall come to Salem the first that I can be spared. Heartily Wishing you all Prosperity and Happiness, I remain your much obliged Humble Servant,

BENJAMIN THOMPSON.

It must have required some time and patience on the part of Mr. Appleton to hunt up and pack the curious gathering of tools, implements, artistic and scientific materials, which this volatile and inquisitive boy had collected when he was in his earliest teens, and which he had left behind when going home. The minister of Salem and his son, the schoolmaster, discerning the gifts and zeal of the youth, had initiated him in algebra, geometry, astronomy, and the higher mathematics. While at Mr. Capen's, Thompson took lessons in French.

It is evident that the situation of a shopboy was not suited to the fancy or the health of the youth, so in 1771 we find him at home, absorbed in very many tentative occupations. He made an electrical machine. He studied anatomy and medicine, and obtained permission to attend the philosophical lectures of Professor Winthrop, walking to and from Cambridge. His companion and friend in these walks and in all his diverse ingenuities was Loammi Baldwin, afterwards the eminent civil engineer, who was also his devoted admirer and correspondent through his later life.

Thompson's strange versatility and restlessness made him a perplexity to his guardian and his rural associates. But he was never idle, however inconstant in his scattering occupations. While not eighteen years old, he was probably better fitted than his competitors for the employment which engaged him for two years as a teacher in two or three country schools. His good repute led to his being invited to a higher and permanent position as such to the then flourishing town, now the capital of New Hampshire, which at various periods in its history has borne the names of Penacook, Rumford, and Concord. It was from the second of these names, given to it by some of its early settlers coming from Romford in England, that Thompson, from a prompting of gratitude, chose his title when ennobled by the elector of Bavaria. In Rumford he had found his start in life.

The two foremost men in the town were the Reverend Timothy Walker, its first minister, an able man, distinguished for public service, and Benjamin Rolfe, the squire of the village, the wealthiest citizen, with a large estate, who built, in 1764, a fine provincial mansion, still standing. Rolfe had married the daughter of Walker, half his own age, and in two years had left her a widow with a son to inherit his property. His wife died in his house in January, 1792, at the age of fifty-two, but not as his widow.

The young schoolmaster, handsome and of winning manners, found the way made easy for him by the widow of one year, and, as he afterward stated the case, "she married him rather than he her" in November, 1772. He had not reached his twentieth year, and she was thirty-three. A daughter, Sarah, afterwards allowed to take the title of countess, was born October 18, 1774. After several visits to and residences in Europe, she returned to die in the house in which she was born. She had become the heiress of her childless stepbrother, Paul Rolfe, who died in 1819.

Of course the young husband dropped his school-teaching, and gave himself for two happy years to the oversight of a large farm and other property. But with his prosperity began his troubles, which were those of the distracted Revolutionary times.

Thompson, with his fine presence, had the manners and polish of a gentleman, and his acquisitions gave him superiority over most of those around him. After his engagement and before his marriage, Mrs. Rolfe had taken him on the sixty-mile journey to Boston, in the curricle of her late husband, the only one in the village, sharing the hospitality of friends on the way. In the town she purchased for him the outfit of a gentleman, putting him in the hands of hairdresser and tailor, who set him in gay array, his favorite color being scarlet. On the return journey, the pair stopped at the house of Thompson's mother in Woburn. She, not being aware of the relation into which her son had entered, looked somewhat dubiously upon the lady, and chided her son thus: "Why, Ben, my son, how could you go and lay out all your winter's earnings in finery?" The bridal tour was made to agree with a military display in Portsmouth, then a wealthy and flourishing place, where the wife had acquaintances. The royal governor of the province, Wentworth, struck by the fine appearance of the young man on horseback, and pleased with his address on an introduction, at once took a fancy to him, and by mere favoritism commissioned him as major in a vacancy in the second provincial regiment. This was the beginning of Thompson's woes, as it at once roused against him the pique, jealousy, and enmity of veterans, his superiors, proud of their rank and titles, as this seeming upstart, who in their view "put on airs," was not of legal age, and had no military training and experience. Thus began an intimacy with the royal governor which proved prejudicial to Thompson in the breach soon to open; for though the governor had strong sympathies with the patriot cause, he remained loyal to his king.

In the summer of 1773 and for the year following, Thompson devoted himself to experimental farming, sending to England for seeds. Like many older and wiser men than himself, he looked dubiously upon the vigorous outbursts and measures, especially the mobs and riots evoked by the rising spirit of liberty; and by word or deed, though no particular charges in either case are on record, he had evidently laid himself open to suspicion and distrust. One of the more characteristic incidents in the fomenting of the opening acts of our Revolution was the coming into prominence in political and social influence of popular leaders, so called, a class of persons in private, generally in humble life, not before noticeable in public affairs, but who suddenly and spontaneously asserted themselves; and the method then imposed by popular tribunals for clearing a suspected person from the charge of enmity to the cause of liberty was very humiliating to one of an independent spirit. The only offense on record against Thompson is one that might easily have been misunderstood and exaggerated. While carrying on his farm in the summer of 1773, among the laborers he employed were four deserters from the British army in Boston, who

he found were very desirous of getting back into the ranks. With his wife he had made occasional visits to Boston, and had shared the hospitality of Gage and other British officers. He solicited the general to allow these deserters to return unharmed, concealing, however, his agency in the matter. When challenged for this act, he justified it on the ground of simple humanity. But the time had come when neutrality or any friendly relations with the enemy, open till the closing in of Boston by the siege after the affairs of Concord and Lexington, were unallowable.

In the summer of 1774, Major Thompson was summoned before a self-constituted committee in Concord, and charged with being "unfriendly to the cause of liberty." He denied the charge, and as no proof was alleged he was dismissed. But he was still under a cloud; for in November, 1774, his house was surrounded by a mob with threatening demonstrations. Having been warned of this proceeding, he had just left the town, and his wife and brother-in-law addressing the mob, it dispersed. The experience was harassing and irritating to this young man of twenty-two. He looked for a speedy subsidence of the excitement, and offered to return home if he could be assured against indignity and violence. In the mean while he went to his mother's in Woburn, where his wife with her infant joined him temporarily. During her visit occurred the skirmishes at Concord and Lexington. Thompson was occasionally with friends in Charlestown, busying himself with military affairs as a study. But suspicion and odium still pursued him. In May, 1775, he was put under arrest at Woburn, and, courting a free public examination, passed through the process under a committee which in form, but not effectually, acquitted him; his friend Baldwin standing loyally by him, and endeavoring, at his request, to obtain service for him in the patriot army, but in vain.

Thompson, wounded in spirit and exasperated as he was, still showed nothing of vengefulness. It would seem that as he soon left Woburn it was without any settled plan for the future. He was to be guided by circumstances. Those circumstances, rather than a purpose, led him to commit himself to the side of the king. He remained in Woburn two months after he had determined to leave the country, paying dues and collecting debts, taking leave of neighbors and making deliberate preparations for his departure. On October 13, 1775, in a country vehicle, accompanied by a fondly attached stepbrother, son of his mother by her second husband, he was driven to the shore of Narragansett Bay, and taken by a boat to the British frigate Scarborough, in Newport harbor. Thompson's friends were for a time uncertain of his whereabouts, till a rumor came in February, 1776, that he was acting as clerk to some military officer in Boston. Doubtless, with his ability and activity, he made friends, but he could not have been in the town quite four months before its evacuation by the British army, of which humiliating event he carried the official tidings to Secretary Lord George Germaine, May 3, 1776. Thompson was proscribed as a refugee by the New Hampshire legislature in 1778, and his little property in Massachusetts was confiscated.

The marked characteristic of this seeming adventurer all through his remarkable career was his facility in turning opportunity to the best account. His first interview with Germaine made an impression which put him at once upon eminent and rewarding service. Floundering in bewildered ignorance as British officials, civil and military, then were as to the conditions of the warfare they had undertaken against the colonies, they gladly welcomed and availed themselves of any seemingly trustworthy information coming thence at first hand. The affability, self-possession, intelli-

gence, and ready communicativeness of Thompson at once won him attention, confidence, and further opportunity. A place was found for him in the secretary's office as a clerk, and all his faculties and accomplishments were at once engaged in advancing, by some form of appreciated service, the situation secured by the hap of having made a pleasant impression. There were much wiser men in London than he, who could have given the wholly incompetent secretary judicious advice and useful information, but the charming manners of his clerk led to his rapid advancement in position and influence. He took his meals at the lodgings of Germaine in the city, and was a favored guest at his country house. The worst advisers which the secretary and the administration had, and whose advice, though misleading, had a prevailing influence, were some of the Crown officers and other refugees who cherished a vengeful spirit from having been driven with insults from the colonies, with confiscation of their estates. Many of these had held the highest social position. Thompson's official position and known influence naturally brought him into embarrassing and often delicate relations with many of these importunate refugees, who came to him for sympathy, advice, or direct help, though very few of them could have been personally known to him. They were variously received, and the estimate which they formed of the sympathy or sincerity of this always affable if sometimes plausible young man depended for the most part upon the pecuniary result of their appeals. I have given in the Memoir of the count some individual cases of his intercourse with these keen solicitants. One of them, perhaps the only one who had had personal acquaintance with Thompson, was the melancholy exile Judge Curwen, of the admiralty in Salem, who, in his journal, which when published attracted the notice of Dickens, quaintly refers to Thompson as once a shopboy in the store of his neighbor Appleton. In the recently published journal, written in England, of the greatly misjudged Governor Hutchinson of Massachusetts, are references to his intercourse with Thompson. In the additional papers which have come to my notice are some which reflect severely upon Thompson. Among the Trumbull Papers in the Massachusetts Historical Society are some letters written to his father by the painter Colonel John Trumbull, who in 1777 had resigned in the American army an office corresponding to that held in the British army by the unfortunate Major André. Having sailed from America on a French armed ship in May, 1780, he had ventured to make his way to London, to become a pupil in art of Benjamin West. He says he had secured through his friend Sir John Temple, British consul in New York, an assurance from Lord George Germaine that if he chose to visit London for purposes of art, though he would be carefully watched, his military career would be unnoticed, and he would not be molested if he abstained from all political intermeddling. He was occupying in London lodgings with a fellow-passenger, Major Tyler, of Boston, also of the American army, when tidings came, November 15, 1780, of the execution of Major André. Intense excitement and passion followed. The jealousy of some of the resident refugees had already been turned against the immunity of the two lodgers, and Germaine was warned of the presence of a plausible and dangerous man, "doubtless a spy," in the person of Tyler, who was arrested. Trumbull charges that Thompson gave additional information against him as perhaps the more dangerous of the two. His papers were therefore searched, and on a Sunday, at midnight, he was committed to a lock-up, sleeping in the same bed with a highwayman. Frankly avowing, on his examination, who he was, and referring to his understanding with Germaine, he most unwisely, in his indigna-

tion, threatened that Washington would retaliate on some in his power for any ill treatment of himself. He was kept in prison for seven months. Benjamin West interceded in his behalf with the king, who, though expressing pity on his account, and promising safety to his life, said the law must take its course. Finally, through the influence of powerful friends, including Fox, Burke, Rockingham, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Copley, he was liberated by warrant, June 12, 1781; West and Copley giving bonds for £200 that he should leave the kingdom in thirty days. Trumbull accuses Thompson, "a Woburn lad," with stopping and reading his letters to Germaine, with trying to prevent his being set at liberty, and with telling West that he was injuring himself by his interference. After his release he says, "I remained only ten days to settle my affairs, in which time I saw Mr. Thompson, who treated me now with as much politeness as he had insolence before, and returned me most of my papers."

In the mean while, the "Woburn lad" had been made secretary of the province of Georgia. He steadily pressed himself into personal, social, and professional relations with persons of acquirements and station. He drew notice to himself for that interest in science and philosophy which had been so helpful to Franklin, the most distinguished of all Americans in Europe. He busied himself with economical, utilitarian, and military investigations in naval artillery and naval architecture. He introduced bayonets for the fusees of the horse guards, experimented in explosives, and devised a system of sea signals. He made himself favorably known by communications to Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society, of which, as a result, he was chosen a Fellow in 1779, as "a gentleman well versed in natural knowledge and many branches of polite learning." This was good advancement for one twenty-six years of age. He constantly attended the meetings, and was a zealous working associate.

In 1780 Thompson was made undersecretary of state for the Northern Department, in which office, signing all official papers, he continued for thirteen months, in charge of all details for recruiting, equipment, transport, and victualing of the British forces. He was never charged with greed or accumulation, was economical and simple in personal habits, and lavishly generous with his honest means.

The blunders and failures in the conduct of the war foreboded the disaster which closed it. Germaine, now Lord Sackville, about to fall from place and power, finding Thompson desirous of doing military service (he had always retained his title of major), obtained for him a commission as lieutenant-colonel in command in America of a body of provincial loyalists, with the purpose of raising a cavalry corps of such on Long Island. Thompson's pay was to be twenty-four shillings and sixpence a day. We have no space and little interest to follow him in this bootless and one might wish to believe uncongenial errand in behalf of an object already doomed to failure. The surrender of Cornwallis, which substantially closed the war, occurred while he was on his passage here, and became known to him on his arrival at Charleston, South Carolina, in January, 1782, where he performed some desultory but useless service. This was continued in that and early in the following year, till peace came, on Long Island. The distance of three thousand miles which had separated him from his deserted family and friends was reduced while he was here to less than three hundred, but there is no evidence that he opened any communication with them, withheld either by indifference or alienation. Resumption of intercourse, and that of the heartiest kind, was to be left to a later and more serene period of his life. He had so approved himself to General Carleton, in

command at New York to close up the strife, as to obtain from him leave of absence, April 11, 1783, to return to England, with high recommendations to the king. He was advanced to a colonelcy on the permanent British establishment, from which he drew half-pay for the remainder of his life.

Having conceived a temporary ambition for military service, even if under another power, he obtained special permission from the king to visit the Continent, September, 1783, with a view to be a volunteer in the Austrian army in a war against the Turks. With the singular felicity of what seemed luck in so many incidents of his extraordinary career, while attending a military parade at Strasburg he drew the notice, the curious interest, and then the proffer of hospitality, of the French field marshal, Prince Maximilian of Deux-Ponts, in 1799 made elector, and in 1805 king, of Bavaria. This was the decisive hour in Thompson's splendid fortune. The prince asked him to visit Munich with a letter to his uncle, Elector Charles Theodore, who proved, till his death in 1799, the devoted admirer, constant friend, and grateful patron of Thompson. The elector invited the handsome and accomplished officer of the age of thirty years, trained in workshop, cabinet, and field, to enter his service, both military and civil, at a most critical period in the condition of Bavaria, which was a prize in contest by the then contending imperial Continental powers. Thompson needed to obtain the permission of his sovereign, and, on a visit to England for the purpose, he not only received it, but also the honor of knighthood, February 23, 1784. With the prestige of honors, title, and his half-pay, this soldier of fortune, in the best sense of the epithet, returned to Bavaria; his abilities, marvelous versatility, and high ambition, accompanied by fidelity and unwearied zeal in most exacting labors for works of reform and improvements, adapting him to the elector's pressing needs in his own imperiled and convulsed dominion. It may be that Thompson had the repute of the then deceased Franklin to inspire him, if he needed anything beyond the capacities and purpose found in himself. Radical and extensive reforms, all excellent in intent and effect; sage devices and schemes of homely benevolence curiously connected with severely scientific inventions and experiments; shrewdly sagacious measures for grappling with the evils and frauds of tramps and mendicancy and the mischiefs of a standing army; the invention and first practical and successful trial of plans for dealing with poverty and almsgiving, which have since been adopted, and are now followed to such purpose in every well-ordered community, — these, briefly and most inadequately stated in condensed summary, were the directions of Thompson's zeal and transcendent success. To these he gave eleven years of the closest application, exhaustive of his own fine constitution, before he made another visit to England. He mastered the French and German languages, was regarded as a man of rare and universal accomplishments, and by his prudence and affability conciliated the jealousy of those who might grudge the trusts and honors bestowed on a foreigner. The elector's confidence and gratitude knew no bounds. He gave Thompson a palatial edifice, a military staff, servants and blood-horses, and constituted him major-general of cavalry, privy councilor, chamberlain, and head of the war and police departments. When, in an interval of vacancy, the elector was Vicar of the Empire, he made Sir Benjamin Count of the Holy Roman Empire, with the order of the White Eagle. It is pleasant to repeat that Thompson, whom we must now call Count Rumford, should have chosen for title the name of the modest New England village where his first advancement came to him as a rural schoolmaster. He was also laden with titular, civic, and academic honors.

As he was exhausted by his manifold and severe labors, the elector released him for sixteen months of travel on the Continent in 1793–94, in which he visited and introduced his ingenuities and improvements in many cities, as in Verona, Naples, and Florence.

Among other employments, Thompson had written, in Munich, his first series of essays. By leave of the elector, — to whom he most gratefully dedicated them, — he left Munich in September, 1795, to publish them in England, where, his fame and success being widely current, they gained popularity and interest.

It is cheering, at this point, to renew the connection of this eminent man with his deserted American home, where his signal career and honors were well known. There are evidences that, availing himself of some transient visitors, he had sent messages and pecuniary remittances to those whom he had not forgotten. He was now in correspondence, most hearty and genial on both sides, with his early and ever-constant friend Baldwin, through whom he made generous provision for his again widowed mother, with four additional children. For her he expressed the very tenderest affection and gratitude. His wife, at Concord, having died in 1792, he had sent for his motherless daughter, at the age of twenty-two, to meet him, as she did, on this his visit to London. The meeting was at first rapturous, and more than satisfactory on both sides; but the satisfaction was largely qualified, also on both sides, on intimate relations and intercourse revealing each to the other their very marked individualities and idiosyncrasies. The daughter accompanied her father back to Munich, and, having spent three and a half years abroad, returned home, to join him afterwards under changed circumstances.

During this errand to England, which occupied less than a year, the count's presence was marked in the honors and visits which he received, and in the exercise of his benevolent and ingenious activity. He regulated hundreds of smoking chimneys and ill-devised kitchens for hospitals and for nobles and peasants, and gave directions for the preparation of economical and nutritive food, even himself assuming the garb and functions of a cook. His most signal service, which will always perpetuate his fame as a man of science and a philanthropist, was the endowment of the Royal Society of London and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences each with a fund of $5000, the income to be awarded, in premium or medal, once in two years to him who, on either continent or its islands, should make and publish an invention or discovery in the application of light or heat to useful ends. It should be mentioned here that during the count's absence from Munich, and without his knowledge, his grateful and admiring friends had erected that fine monumental tribute to him, of such interest to American visitors, in the "English Gardens," or Park, which Rumford had redeemed from a bog.

In August, 1796, the count and his daughter, by a circuitous route, and with many embarrassing difficulties and annoyances, reached Munich. The whole continent was distracted by war. Bavaria was endeavoring to maintain its neutrality between the French and the Austrians. The elector himself, abandoning his capital, left all the measures for its defense in the hands of the count, whom he put in command of the military. By his successful strategy the count saved the city, increasing the gratitude of the elector, but drawing upon himself the jealousy and enmity of others in place and power which finally impaired his popularity and influence. For two years and a half father and daughter lived here together, indulging their quite different tastes and habits, and learning, without conforming themselves to, each other's strong wills and alienating tem-

peraments. The count seemed intent, by espionage and discipline, on guarding his daughter from some of the dubious conformities in which he himself indulged. Her most frank and communicative journal, from which I have drawn largely in the Memoir, has in it many charming touches, naive and suggestive, of the qualities of her early girlhood, as she was trying to get used to certain "ways of the world" around her. She gives us what we have from no other source, curious disclosures of her father's private habits, his martinet stiffness of order and discipline, his domestic routine, and the formalities and dignities of his official administration. He detected, or at least suspected, some gallantries of intercourse between her and a nobleman, one of his aids, for which, she tells us weepingly, he "boxed her ears," and sent off the aid to other service.

The daughter, meanwhile, was having her full share in the game of life. She was allowed to take the title of countess, and received a life pension of about £200 a year. She had learned some things which she ought not to have known, and perhaps was glad, though with the renewed difficulties and annoyances of travel, through scenes of war, to return with her father to London in September, 1798. The count had been appointed by the elector his minister to the British court, but was most grievously and bitterly disappointed that, being a British-born subject, the king would not receive him in a diplomatic capacity. But he found a most congenial and exacting subject for his untiring zeal in inventiveness and large schemes for extended usefulness, and in planning and establishing what he regarded as the great enterprise of his life, the Royal Institution of London, which has now for nearly a century been a centre of diffusive influence in the highest ranges of science and popular advancement. The conception of this Institution had been formed by him in Munich, and he had corresponded concerning it with those in London whose coöperation he desired.

While giving his energies of ingenuity and practical scheming to the Institution, and seeing it generously supported, chartered, and beginning most hopefully its work, the count provided a residence for himself and daughter at Brompton, near London. This private dwelling became an object of curious interest to visitors. It was planned by the count, and in all its details, architectural, domestic, ornamental, and in all the materials, shapes, and devices of its furnishing, and especially its culinary arrangements, it showed the ingenuity, the love of method and order, and, it must be added, the eccentricities of the count.[1]

Sarah, during this last year of the three and a half years of her first visit to her not always approbatory father, was finding high enjoyments of her own in social intimacy with people of rank. She had another suitor in Sir Charles Blagden, a friend and correspondent of her father and herself, then and after her return to America. Many of the letters are in my hands. But the count, not approving, told Sarah something which, though not revealed in her journal, had the effect of a warning. She was then twenty-five years of age.

Before leaving Munich the count had a vague intention of visiting America, and even of providing for himself a residence there. Afterward, when he was in England, a rumor had been spread that he had left the service of Bavaria, and had been invited by the United States government to return to his native country, with the promise of official position there. By the action of both New Hampshire and Massachusetts, Rumford

[1] There has come into my possession a little book, written by his own hand, containing a full inventory of every article in this house, and in itself also an inventory of many of the qualities and notions of the count.

was a proscribed and banished citizen. Although, smarting under his rejection as the minister of Bavaria, a visit to America might have been agreeable to him, his absorption in his Institution precluded it. By an initiative letter of Rumford to his friend Rufus King, our minister in England, and by subsequent correspondence with officials of our government, the way had been made easy and attractive to the count to return and find honored employment in the United States. Rumford sent some valuable military models to our Secretary of War, and had many correspondents in this country. Recalled by necessary business to Munich, and not wishing to take his daughter there again, he parted with her the last of August, 1799, and sent her home. Twelve years were to elapse before she should, under quite different circumstances, rejoin him in Europe. In the interval, father and daughter were in frequent correspondence. But she had in this interval a most wise and faithful counselor in her unsuccessful suitor, Sir Charles Blagden. Though from some real or fancied ill treatment Blagden afterwards ceased all intercourse with the count, he took the place of a guardian and most discreet adviser to the daughter, wholly disinterested and sincere, and gave her cautious counsels as to some of her many suitors of whom she wrote him. I cannot but infer from letters in my hands that he was a more judicious guide than was her father.

Leaving Munich after discharging his public duties there and renewing order in his various establishments, which had suffered from the lack of his close supervision, the count made his first visit to Paris in October, 1801. He was received in Paris with warm and demonstrative enthusiasm, and was visited and applauded by men of science and the highest of the nobility, which of course ministered to whatever of weakness of vanity and self-conceit was justly charged against him. Here, too, he first met the lady, the rich, accomplished, and admired widow of the eminent chemist Lavoisier, with whom his subsequent married life was to prove so uncongenial. During the earlier years of the count's residence in Paris, when both the non-intercourse between England and the Continent enforced by war and the honors paid in France to Rumford roused suspicions and ill feelings in his English associates, his course seemed inexplicable. In occasional letters, which with difficulty crossed the sea, he had expressed his desire and intention to return to England and look to his Institution. While the Memoir was in progress, the writer, having knowledge that the count retained his friendly relations with Sir Joseph Banks, inferred that letters to him from the count would probably explain what was mysterious or suspicious in this matter. These letters, not then within my reach, have since become available, and yield the desired information. It seems that Bonaparte had given Rumford permission to reside in France, and had allowed him to retain his Bavarian pension of £1200, on condition of his keeping aloof from all political intermeddling.

I copy here a letter of the count to Banks: —

HOTEL DE CARAMAN, PARIS,
November 11, 1801.

MY DEAR SIR JOSEPH, — I arrived here from Munich about a fortnight ago, and I purpose staying here three weeks longer. My reception has been very flattering, and I find many interesting objects of curiosity that engage my attention. I have already made the personal acquaintance of most of the men of eminence in science, and I have attended several of the meetings of the National Institute. At the last meeting of the mathematical and physical class the First Consul came in, and, fortunately for the complete gratification of my curiosity, he happened to come and seat himself very near me. One person only

(Lagrange) was between us. He stayed about an hour, — till the meeting was over. Volta read a memoir on galvanism, and explained his theory of the action of the voltaic pile or battery. His opinion is that all the appearances that are called galvanic are owing to the action of an electric fluid, and he says that the simple tact of two metals — silver and zinc, for instance — is sufficient to set the electric fluid in motion; and if the metals are insulated, one of them will become electrified positively, and the other negatively. This assertion was proved by an experiment which was made before the assembly, and this fact is the foundation on which his explanation of the phenomena of the galvanic pile is established. After Volta had finished his memoir, the First Consul demanded leave from the president to speak, which being granted, he proposed to the meeting to reward M. Volta with a gold medal, and to appoint a committee to confer with M. Volta on the subject of his experiments and investigations respecting galvanism, and to make such new experiments as may bid fair to lead to further discoveries. He delivered his sentiments with great perspicuity, and displayed a degree of eloquence which surprised me. He is certainly a very extraordinary man, and is possessed of uncommon abilities. The expression of his countenance is strong, and it is easy to perceive by his looks that he can pronounce the magic words "Je le veux" with due energy. I was presented to him by the Bavarian minister at his last public audience, and was received by him with marked attention. He gave me to understand that he knew me by reputation very well, and intimated that the French nation had adopted several of the improvements I had recommended. A few minutes after I came home from the audience, I received a note from him, inviting me to come and dine with him that day. The foreign ministers dined with him, but no other stranger except myself was invited; consequently, my being invited was considered as a marked distinction. It was the next day that I saw him again at the National Institute.

I have had opportunities of making the acquaintance of several of the most distinguished characters now in power in this country. I am very intimate with Chaptal, the Minister of the Interior, and frequently see Talleyrand, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. I have dined with both of them, and visit them often. La Place and Berthollet are very civil and attentive to me, and have each of them given me a dinner, where I met most of the men of science of the first distinction in Paris. Fourcroy has also given me a dinner. In short, I am treated with the utmost civility, and I spend my time very agreeably and very usefully.

I hope to see you in London about the 6th or 8th of December.

Ever yours most faithfully,

RUMFORD.

This was soon followed by another: —

PARIS, *November* 22, 1801.

MY DEAR SIR JOSEPH, — I do wrong, perhaps, but I cannot help telling you that your name is at the head of the list of those ten persons whom the class of mathematics and physics have resolved to present to the National Institute at their next general meeting, in order to their being elected foreign members of the Institute. You were proposed to the class by the section of botany. Your name is followed by those of Maskelyne, Cavendish, Herschel, Priestley, Pallas, Volta, and three others. I was present when the ballot of the class was taken, and had the satisfaction to see that all the votes agreed in placing your name at the head of the list. I was politely told that my name would have been near that of my friend, had it not been that the second class of the Institute had claimed me as belonging to them, and had placed

me on their list. The three first names on that list are, I am told, Mr. Jefferson, President of the United States, Count Rumford, and Major Rennell; the others I did not learn.

I was proposed to the class by the section of political economy. The classes propose to the Institute; and the Institute elects at a general meeting. The number of foreign members is limited to twenty-four. As the election will not take place for some weeks to come, I beg you would make the most prudent use of the information I have given you. I shall not mention the subject to anybody but yourself.

I hope to see you in London in about three weeks from this time.

My health is much improved, and is still improving every day. My stay in Paris has afforded me much amusement, but I begin to be impatient to see my friends in England. I hope everything is going on well at the Royal Institution.

I am, my dear Sir Joseph, with unalterable esteem and attachment, yours most faithfully, RUMFORD.

After this pleasant life in Paris, the count returned to his home in Brompton, December 20. He left England, for the last time, as it proved, May 9, 1802. From this date, the count's interest and concern in the Institution, for which he had labored with such energy and zeal, of which he had been the master spirit and acknowledged head, and which had been so richly endowed, popular, and successful, with noble and fashionable patrons, ceased, though the Institution had passed but two years of its existence. The matter seems inexplicable. But there were reasons that throw light upon it. His daughter, in her infirm old age, destroyed a large package of letters from her father, written during this period, and giving full details of the opposition and conflicts which he had encountered. But we have glimmers of light from other sources. The plan of the Institution, from its first working, proved impracticable, because of its combination of purely scientific with mechanical and utilitarian objects, mechanism, model rooms and workshops. The scheme was too comprehensive and diffusive. A genius like Davy, in his conspicuous and wonderful service of it, though he was put in place by Rumford, turned it within the two years from its original design. Then, too, friction, lack of harmony, variance of purpose soon rising to discord, alienated from Rumford, one by one, nearly all his first associates. His temperament and proclivity led him to wish to be not only leader, but dictator. He was opinionative and imperious. Though he had exercised such almost absolute authority and individual administrative power in Bavaria, he could not, even with his affability and persuasiveness, override the differing judgments of men socially influential and individually tenacious of their own rights and opinions. His best friends began at this time to allege that he was irritable and irascible. Of this something may be said in extenuation. His bodily health and vigor were now seriously and, as it proved, hopelessly impaired. He was dyspeptic, splenetic, and consequently regarded as hypochondriacal. He was abstemious, notional, and whimsical in his self-imposed regimen and diet. It was a matter of marvel, and even of humor, among his intimates, that one who had written with such minuteness of detail and with such Apician skill about relishing and appetizing food as, it was said, provoked a craving for banqueting in his readers, would never partake of such viands, nor more than raise his glass to his lips. Visiting watering-places, he made that morbid study of symptomatic feelings and those testing experiments in dieting which seem about equally to indicate and to induce a failure of healthful vitality. This irritability of temper first manifested itself under the disappointment and mortification of

his rejection as Bavarian minister to England. It may have been that the extreme prostration which he had suffered from overwork and exhaustion at Munich, when he himself expected that his life was closing, had caused a chronic cerebral weakness. Nor was the count, laden as he had been with success, eulogy, and applause, by any means insensible to the stings of ridicule to which he and his scientific associates were mischievously subjected. As the Royal Society had, from its origin through its subsequent course, been the butt for all sorts of satires, gibes, and badinage, for the freaks of nature and oddities in its collections, and for its unintelligible scientific discussions, so the Royal Institution furnished rich provocatives to such merriment. Gillray, perhaps the most ingenious of England's unbroken line of caricaturists, made frequent sport of the Institution. In his number 459, issued June 12, 1800, is a plate, the indecency of which will not allow of its description, in which Rumford figures in an experiment on air, with the following text: "It is hardly necessary to state that Count Rumford is one of the most remarkable pretenders to science of his time, though not deficient in ingenuity, as his stoves and his various contrivances for the improvement and simplifying of kitchen operations proved. Peter Pindar has well recorded his fame: —

'Knight of the dish-clout, wheresoe'er I walk,
I hear thee, Rumford, all the kitchen talk:
Note of melodious cadence on the ear,
Loud echoes, "Rumford" here, and "Rumford" there.
Lo! every parlor, drawing-room, I see,
Boasts of thy stoves, and talks of naught but thee.'"

It was said that "this portrait of the titled inventor of stoves gave great amusement to the original." This statement may be doubted, for Rumford was extremely sensitive and "touchy." The caricature number 520, issued May 23, 1802, is, "Scientific Researches! New Discoveries in Pneumatics! Or an Experimental Lecture on the Powers of Air." This is a burlesque on the Royal Institution. Many figures are the portraits of the more distinguished members. The gentleman ludicrously and indecently experimented upon is Sir J. C. Hippesley; the operator is Dr. Garnett; young Humphry Davy holds the bellows; Count Rumford, D'Israeli, Earl Gower, Lord Stanhope, Earl Pomfret, etc., appear. I find in one of Rumford's letters to Banks from Paris that the latter had sent this coarse caricature to the count, drawing from him the following reply: "The print you sent me has afforded me much amusement, and, even more than that, it has given me real satisfaction. It is just that 'those who take up the sword should perish by the sword.' I never had a doubt who was the author of another print which certainly was not designed to give me pleasure. Although it has long been said, and I believe with truth, that those who render themselves conspicuous by their superior genius, their talents, and above all by their usefulness to society must necessarily be exposed to the shafts of envy and to the hatred of all bad men; yet, much as I am desirous of deserving the approbation of mankind, so far from feeling any secret satisfaction at seeing myself distinguished by those miscreants who may justly be considered as the vermin of society, I lament that I am not permitted to finish my days in peace and quietness. But the established order of things cannot be changed and I must endeavor to support with patience and dignity all those evils which cannot be avoided."

He speaks in this letter of the many objects of pleasure and interest which he finds in Paris, and of the congenial and instructive delights which are afforded him by his membership and attendance upon the meetings of the Institute. Of one of these occasions, the subject being a proposed canal from Cambray to St. Quentin, he says: "The First Consul was present, and took a very

active part in the debate. He displayed very uncommon abilities. He is indeed a very extraordinary man. He hears with patience and with the utmost attention every argument opposed to his own opinions, and he states the question in dispute in so clear a light, and divests it so completely from every consideration that is not essential, that every difficulty seems to be removed, and the decision rendered quite plain and obvious. I was at the public audience on the 14th of July, and dined with the First Consul, and also stayed and spent the evening at the Tuileries. We sat down to table about two hundred and forty persons, and about sixty or eighty of the company stayed and spent the evening. There were a few card-tables, not more than four or five. The First Consul did not play, but walked about and talked to the company. He went out two or three times upon an elevated terrace to see the illuminations of the gardens. As often as he appeared the crowd below saluted him by clapping hands. He went to the opera the next evening, and instead of occupying his private box, which is *grillé*, he went and took his place in front of Madame Bonaparte's box, where he was exposed to the view of the whole house. The applause he received was quite enthusiastic, and lasted near a quarter of an hour. 'Vive Bonaparte!' was heard from every part of the theatre, and the actors were obliged to stop for some time. He came to the meeting of the Institute on Saturday without any guards," etc.

I have letters from Sir Charles Blagden — not yet alienated from the count — in which he informs Banks of their visit in company to Bavaria, and of the "respect and affection with which Rumford is treated by all ranks of people. I do not mean to say that he is without enemies, for surely he has many, but all, as far as I can learn, from envy, jealousy, or competition of interests. The great mass of the people consider him as a public benefactor, and would rejoice to see the government of the country thrown into his hands. We called at a convent in Bavaria, and it was surprising to see how much attachment the monks show to him, though they must consider him as a heretic. In spite of the religious differences, he has found the means to persuade them of his general good intentions. The elector and every person in his family behave to the count with great respect," etc. Blagden says the count declined all public trusts, and wished to be "simply the elector's friend." This elector was the nephew of the count's original and deceased patron.

The count still professed his intention of returning to England to look after his Institution. He wrote from Bavaria that he had been refused permission to go there through France. Blagden says that this was through fear "that he would act the spy," a charge that had been alleged against Blagden. I suspect that the breach between the two once-attached friends arose from Blagden's suspicion that the count had not effectually vindicated him from this charge.

Through the whole period of the count's agreeable experiences in France and Bavaria, as well as in the sharp domestic troubles which followed, he continued diligently and ardently his studies and experiments in light and heat, and his economical and benevolent ingenuity and zeal in a large variety of subjects. While on a tour in Switzerland he wrote his paper on the Glaciers of Chamouni.

It would be pleasant if one might here close a sketch of the career of this remarkable man. In 1804 the new elector had settled upon him an additional pension, and though his health and flesh and cheerfulness were reduced by his splenetic habit, he seemed to have the prospect of many years of usefulness and enviable privileges. As already stated, among the strong attachments felt by the count

on first coming to Paris was that for Madame Lavoisier, whom he then described in glowing terms, even if she was not to be regarded as handsome. Four years were to pass before they were married. In the interval, by constantly increasing intercourse and intimacy, and by making the tour of Switzerland together, he had had the fairest and fullest opportunity for understanding as well as appreciating her brilliant qualities, her tastes, habits, and views of life, and for knowing her strong social cravings and preferences in entertaining at dinner and tea parties and in her Salon men and women of talents and distinction. His own letters and those of Sir Charles Blagden, — who seems at the time to have been keeping a close watch on him, — written to the daughter and preserved by her, are now before me. Blagden did not believe the intimacy would result in a match, and he regarded ominously the consummation, for he well understood the peculiarities and the self-assertive imperiousness of the count, fixed in his temperament and in his independent bachelor life. Even the count, in his first infatuation, although avowing his admiration of the lady in the warmest terms, gave expression to some misgivings as to the wisdom and the possible results of the venture. The marriage took place October 24, 1805, he being fifty-two and she forty-seven years of age. The count's first prompting was to send for his daughter to make her home with him. "But madame did not wish to have a stepdaughter." She sent Sarah some very rich and costly presents of jewelry and laces, which are still to be seen. Only two months had passed when the count informed his daughter that he feared he had acted unwisely. On June 30, 1809, three and a half years after the marriage, a period shorter than that of the previous acquaintance of the discordant couple, an amicable separation was arranged by friends, though occasional intercourse was maintained between them by visits. On each anniversary of their wedding, till the rupture, the count wrote an especial letter to Sarah, in which, with increasing bitterness of tone and with sharply objurgatory epithets, he relates his miseries and wrongs in a "hornet's nest," tormented by "a female dragon."

Among the materials which have come to my hand since the composition of the Memoir is the charming autobiography of the eminent botanist De Candolle.[1] In this there is a piquant reference to Count Rumford, both while living with and after his separation from madame. De Candolle was interested in the same inventive and philanthropic objects as the count, for whom, he says, he had conceived the highest admiration and veneration, as a philosopher and benefactor. On his arrival in Paris, De Candolle and his friend Delessert eagerly sought out Rumford. "The sight of him," writes De Candolle, "very much reduced our enthusiasm. We found him a dry, precise man, who spoke of beneficence as a sort of discipline, and of the poor as we had never dared to speak of vagabonds.[2] It was necessary, he said, to punish those who dispensed alms; we must compel the poor to work, etc. Our amazement was great on hearing such maxims. M. de Rumford established himself in Paris, where he married Madame Lavoisier, the widow of the celebrated chemist. I had relations with each of them, and never saw a more bizarre connection. Rumford was cold, calm, obstinate, egotistic, prodigiously occupied with the material element of life and the very smallest inventions of detail. He wanted his chimneys, lamps, coffee-pots, windows, made after

[1] Mémoires et Souvenirs de Augustin-Pyramus de Candolle, etc. Genève, Cherbuliez, 1862.

[2] This reproach of the count is in keeping with the seemingly paradoxical estimate of him pronounced by Guizot, that though Rumford's life was devoted to beneficence, he had acknowledged that he did not *love* his fellow-men.

a certain pattern, and he contradicted his wife a thousand times a day about the household management. Madame Lavoisier-Rumford (for so she was called during his life, and did not begin to bear the name of Rumford till after his death) was a woman of a resolute and willful character. A widow during twelve or fifteen years, she had the habit of following her own inclination, and with difficulty bore opposition. Her spirit was high, her soul strong, her character masculine. Her second marriage was very soon vexed by the most grotesque scenes. Their separation was more of a blessing to both of them than was their union."[1]

The lady outlived her husband twenty-two years, continuing her former mode of life as the centre around which gathered a distinguished circle, charmingly described by Guizot. She died in 1836, aged seventy-eight.

Before purchasing a house at Auteuil, the count had intended to return to England, to his house at Brompton, which had been leased. His wife released her legal rights in that estate in favor of his daughter. But the war impeded his movements, and even interfered with the regular transmission of his half-pay. So he wrote to his daughter to join him at Auteuil. She gladly responded, and, facing the perils of the sea with the added dangers of war and capture upon it, sailed from New York on July 24, 1811. The vessel, being captured as a suspected blockade runner, was carried into Plymouth, England, September 7, the countess being deprived of her jewels and other property. Sir Charles Blagden came to her advice and relief. After many difficulties, she reached Auteuil in December, 1811. She had a qualified comfort and happiness with her father in his pleasant surroundings, and formed cordial relations with his "separated wife." The father had his changing moods, and continued to make elaborate communications to the Institute and the Royal Society. But his life was soon to close, for he died August 21, 1814, his daughter being absent at the time. The many tributes, with a variety of tone and estimate, paid to him are given in the Memoir. In view of the many conspicuous services he had rendered to Bavaria, King Maximilian, at his own charge, erected in 1867, in the finest street in Munich, a superb bronze statue in commemoration of the count.[2]

The countess remained abroad in England and France till 1844, when she returned to America. I recall her, from occasional interviews with her, as an interesting rather than an attractive person. Though burdened with infirmity, she had been making preparations again to visit Europe, when her life closed, December 2, 1852, in her seventy-ninth year. She died in the house in which she was born, and which now, with an adequate fund for its support, provided in her will, serves as the "Rolfe and Rumford Asylum" for the poor, especially women and girls.

George E. Ellis.

[1] Another very serviceable reference to husband and wife I have found in an Autobiography of A. B. Granville, M. D., F. R. S., being Eighty-Eight Years of the Life of a Physician. King & Co., London, 1874.

[2] The noble public library in the city of Woburn stands in a park which seems to invite a memorial of the most eminent person born in that place. By proper application to the authorities at Munich, I had sought and had obtained permission for a replica of that statue, which was to be provided for by a generous citizen, whose sudden death occurred as he was about to execute his will. It is to be hoped that the project will yet be successful.

THE EAVESDROPPER.

In a still room, at hush of dawn,
My love and I lay side by side,
And heard the roaming forest wind
Stir in the paling autumntide.

I watched her earth-brown eyes grow glad
Because the round day was so fair;
While memories of reluctant night
Lurked in the blue dusk of her hair.

Outside, a yellow maple-tree,
Shifting upon the silvery blue
With small innumerable sound,
Rustled to let the sunlight through.

The livelong day the elvish leaves
Danced with their shadows on the floor;
And the lost children of the wind
Went straying homeward by our door.

And all the swarthy afternoon
We watched the great deliberate sun
Walk through the crimsoned hazy world,
Counting his hilltops one by one.

Then, as the purple twilight came
And touched the vines along our eaves,
Another Shadow stood without
And gloomed the dancing of the leaves.

The silence fell on my love's lips;
Her great brown eyes were veiled and sad
With pondering some maze of dream,
Though all the splendid year was glad.

Restless and vague as a gray wind
Her heart had grown, — she knew not why.
But hurrying to the open door,
Against the verge of western sky

I saw retreating on the hills,
Looming and sinister and black,
The stealthy figure swift and huge
Of One who strode and looked not back.

Bliss Carman.

ALEX RANDALL'S CONVERSION.

Mrs. Randall was piecing a quilt. She had various triangular bits of calico, in assorted colors, strung on threads, and distributed in piles on her lap. She had put on her best dress in honor of the minister's visit, which was just ended. It was a purple, seeded silk, adorned with lapels that hung in wrinkles across her flat chest, and she had spread a gingham apron carefully over her knees, to protect their iridescent splendor.

She was a russet-haired woman, thin, with that blonde thinness which inclines to transparent redness at the tip of the nose and chin, and the hand that hovered over the quilt patches, in careful selection of colors for a "star and chain" pattern, was of a glistening red, and coarsely knotted at the knuckles, in somewhat striking contrast to her delicate face.

Her husband sat at a table in one corner of the spotless kitchen, eating a belated lunch. He was a tall man, and stooped so that his sunburned beard almost touched the plate.

"Mr. Turnbull was here," said Mrs. Randall, with an air of introducing a subject rather than of giving information.

The man held a knife-load of smearcase in front of his mouth, and grunted. It was not an interrogative grunt, but his wife went on.

"He said he could 'a' put off coming if he 'd known you had to go to mill."

Mr. Randall swallowed the smearcase. His bushy eyebrows met across his face, and he scowled so that the hairs stood out horizontally.

"Did you tell him I could 'a' put off going to mill till I knowed he was coming?"

His thick, obscure voice seemed to tangle itself in the hay-colored mustache that hid his mouth. His tone was tantalizingly free from anger.

"I wish you would n't, Elick," said his wife reproachfully; "not before the children, anyway."

The children, a girl of seven and a boy of four, sat on the doorstep in a sort of dazed inertia, occasioned by the shock of the household's sudden and somewhat perplexing return to its week-day atmosphere just as they had adjusted themselves to the low Sabbatic temperature engendered by the minister's presence.

The girl had two tightly braided wisps of hair in varying hues of corn silk, curving together at the ends like the mandibles of a beetle. She turned when her father spoke, and looked from him to her mother with a round, blue-eyed stare from under her bulging forehead. The boy's stolid head was thrown back a little, so that his fat neck showed two sunburned wrinkles below his red curls. His gingham apron parted at the topmost button, disclosing a soft, pathetic little back, and his small trousers were hitched up under his arms, the two bone buttons which supported them staring into the room reproachfully, as if conscious of the ignominy of belonging to masculine garb under the feminine eclipse of an apron.

Mrs. Randall bent a troubled gaze upon her offspring, as if expecting to see them wilt visibly under their father's irreverence.

"Mary Frances," she said anxiously, "run away and show little brother the colts."

The girl got up and took her brother's hand.

"Come on, Wattie," she said in a small, superior way, very much as if she had added: "These grown people have weaknesses which it is better for us to pretend not to know. They are going to talk about them."

Mrs. Randall waited until the two little

figures idled across the dooryard before she spoke.

"I don't think you ought to act the way you do, Elick, just because you don't like Mr. Turnbull; it ain't right."

The man dropped his chin doggedly, and fed himself without lifting his elbows from the table.

"I can't always manage to be at home when folks come a-visiting," he said, in his gruff, tangled voice.

"You was at church on Sabbath when Mr. Turnbull gave out the pastoral visitations: he knew that as well as I did. I could n't say a word to-day. I just had to set here and take it."

"No, you did n't, Matilda: you did n't have to stay any more than I did."

"Elick!"

The woman's voice had a sharp reproof in it. He had touched the Calvinistic quick. She might not reverence the man, but the minister was sacred.

"Well, I can't help it," persisted her husband obstinately. "You can take what you please off him. I don't want him to say anything to me."

"Oh, he did n't *say* anything, Elick. What was there to say?"

"He does n't gener'ly keep still because he has nothing to say."

The man gave a muffled, explosive laugh, and pushed back his chair. Mrs. Randall's eyelids reddened. She laid down her work and got up.

"I guess I 'll take off this dress before I clear up the things," she said, in a voice of temporary defeat.

Her husband picked up the empty water-pail as he left the kitchen, and filled it at the well. When he brought it back there was no one visible.

"Need any wood, Tildy?" he called toward the bedroom where she was dressing.

"No, I guess not." The voice was indistinct, but she might have had her skirt over her head. Alex made a half-conciliatory pause. He preferred to know that she was not crying.

"How you been feelin' to-day?"

"Middlin'."

She was not crying. The man gave his trousers a hitch of relief, and went back to his work.

There had been a scandal in Alex Randall's early married life. The scattered country community had stood aghast before the certainty of his guilt, and there had been a little lull in the gossip while they waited to see what his wife would do.

Matilda Hazlitt had been counted a spirited girl before her marriage, and there were few of her neighbors who hesitated to assert that she would take her baby and go back to her father's house. It had been a nine days' wonder when she had elected to believe in her husband. The injured girl had been an adopted member of the elder Randall's household, half servant, half daughter, and it was whispered that her love for Alex was older than his marriage. Just how much of the neighborhood talk had reached Matilda's ears no one knew. The girl had gone away, and the community had accepted Alex Randall for his wife's sake, but not unqualifiedly.

Mrs. Randall had never been very strong, and of late she had become something of an invalid, as invalidism goes in the country, where women are constantly ailing without any visible neglect of duty. It had "broke her spirit," the women said. Some of the younger of them blamed her, but in the main it was esteemed a wifely and Christian course that she should make this pretense of confidence in her husband's innocence for the sake of her child. No one wondered that it wore upon her health.

Alex had been grateful, every one acknowledged, and it was this fact of his dogged consideration for Matilda's comfort that served more than anything else to reinstate him somewhat in the good opinion of his neighbors. There had been a good deal of covert sympathy for Mrs. Randall at first, but as years went

by it had died out for lack of opportunity to display itself. True, the minister had made an effort once to express to her his approval of her course, but it was not likely that any one else would undertake it, nor that he would repeat the attempt. She had looked at him curiously, and when she spoke the iciness of her tone made his own somewhat frigid utterances seem blushingly warm and familiar by contrast.

"It would be strange," she said, "if a wife should need encouragement to stand by her husband when he is in trouble."

Alex had hated the minister ever since, and had made this an excuse for growing neglect of religious duties.

"It is no wonder he dreads to go to preachin', with that awful sin on his conscience," the women whispered to one another. They always whispered when they spoke of sin, as if it were sleeping somewhere near, and were liable to be aroused. Matilda divined their thoughts, and fretted under Alex's neglect of public service. She wished him to carry his head high, with the dignity of innocence. It appalled him at times to see how perfectly she apprehended her own part as the wife of a man wrongfully accused. He was not dull, but he had a stupid masculine candor of soul that stood aghast before her unswerving hypocrisy. She had never asked him to deny his guilt; she had simply set herself to establish his innocence.

Small wonder that she was tried and hampered by his failure to "act like other people," as she would have said if she had ever put her worry into words. It had been one of many disappointments to her that he should go to mill that day, instead of putting on his best coat and sitting in sullen discomfort through the pastor's "catechising." She had felt such pride in his presence at church on Sabbath; and then had come the announcement, "Thursday afternoon, God willing, I shall visit the family of Mr. Alexander Randall." How austerely respectable it had sounded! And the people had glanced toward the pew and seen Alex sitting there, with Wattie on his knee. And after all he had gone to mill, and left her to be pitied as the wife of a man who was afraid to face the preacher in his own house!

Matilda slipped the rustling splendor of her purple silk over her head, and went back to the limpness of her week-day calico with a sigh.

When Alex came in for the milk-pail, she was standing by the stove, turning the long strips of salt pork that curled and sizzled in the skillet. Her shoulders seemed to droop a trifle more in her working-dress, but her face was flushed from the heat of the cooking.

"There was n't any call to get a warm supper for me, Tildy. I ain't hungry to speak of."

"Well, I guess anyway I 'd better make some milk gravy for the children; I did n't have up a fire at noon, see'n' you was away. It ain't much trouble."

Her voice was resolutely cheerful, and Alex knew that the discussion was ended. But after the supper things were cleared away, she said to Mary Frances, "Can't you go and let your pa see how nice you can say your psa'm?"

And the child had gone outside where Alex was sitting, and had stood with her hands behind her, her sharp little shoulders moving in unison with her sing-song as she repeated the verses.

"'That man hath perfect blessedness
Who walketh not astray
In counsel of ungodly men,
Nor stands in sinners' way,
Nor sitteth in the scorner's chair:
But placeth his delight
Upon God's law, and meditates
On his law day and night.'"

The child caught her breath with a long sigh, and hurried on to the end.

"'In judgment, therefore, shall not stand
Such as ungodly are;
Nor in th' assembly of the just
Shall wicked men appear.

For why? The way of godly men
Unto the Lord is known;
Whereas the way of wicked men
Shall quite be overthrown.'"

Then she stood still, waiting for her father's praise.

He caught her thin little arm and drew her toward him, where she could not look into his face.

"You say it very nice, Mary Frances, — very nice indeed."

And Mary Frances smiled, a prim little satisfied smile, and nestled her slim body against him contentedly.

Ten years drifted away, and there was a new minister in the congregation at Blue Mound. The Reverend Andrew Turnbull had died, and his successor had come from a Western divinity school, with elocutionary honors thick upon him. Under his genial warmth the congregation had thawed into a staid enthusiasm. To take their orthodoxy with this generous coating of zeal and kindliness and graceful rhetoric, and know that the bitterness that proclaimed it genuine was still there, unimpaired and effective, was a luxury that these devout natures were not slow to appreciate. A few practical sermons delivered with the ardor and enthusiasm of a really earnest youth stamped the new-comer as a "rare pulpiter," and a fresh, bubbling geniality, as sincere as it was effusive, opened a new world to their creed-encompassed souls. Not one of them thought of resenting his youthful patronage. He was the ambassador of God to them, and while they would have been shocked beyond measure at his appearance in the pulpit in a gray coat, they perceived no incongruity between the brightness of his smile and the gloom of his theology.

This man came into Alex Randall's house with no odor of sanctity about him, and with no knowledge of an unhappy past. Matilda had grown older and stooped more, and her knot of sandy hair was less luxuriant than it had once been, but there were no peevish, fretful lines on her face. It began to grow young again now that she saw Alex becoming "such friends with the minister." Mary Frances was a tall, round-shouldered girl, teaching the summer school, and Wattie was a sturdy boy in roundabouts, galloping over the farm, clinging horizontally to half-broken colts, and suffering from a perpetual peeling of the skin from his sunburned nose. Matilda was proud of her children. She hoped it was not an ungodly pride. She knelt very often on the braided rug, and buried her worn face in the side of her towering feather bed, while she prayed earnestly that they might honor their *father* and their mother, that their days might be long in the land which the Lord their God had given them. If she laid a stress upon the word "father," was it to be wondered at? And the children did honor their father so far as she knew. If he would only join the church, and share with her the responsibility of their precious souls! It had been hard for her, when Wattie was baptized, to stand there alone and feel the pitying looks of the congregation behind her. Her pulse quickened now at every announcement of communion, and she listened with renewed hopefulness when Mr. Anderson leaned forward in the pulpit and gave the solemn invitation to those who had sat under the kindly influence of the gospel for many years untouched to shake off their soul-destroying lethargy, and come forward and enroll themselves on the Lord's side.

It was the Friday after one of these appeals that Alex came into the kitchen and said awkwardly, —

"I guess I 'll change my clothes, Matildy, and go over t' the church this afternoon and meet the session."

She felt the burden of years lifted from her shoulders. She said simply, —

"I 'm real glad of it, Elick. You 'll find two shirts in the middle drawer. I think the under one 's the best."

Matilda went back to her work, and thought how the stain would be wiped away. "They 'll have to give in that he 's a good man now," she said to herself. She fought with the smile that would curve her lips. The minister would announce it on Sabbath. "By letter from sister congregations," and then the names; and then, "On profession of faith, Alexander Randall." She tried to stifle her pride. It must be pride, she said, — it must be something evil that could make her so very, *very* happy.

It was late when Alex came home, and he did the chores after supper. Mary Frances and Wattie had gone to singing-school, and Matilda was alone in the kitchen when her husband came in. He sat down on the doorstep, with his back to her and his head down, and stuck the blade of his jackknife into the pine step between his feet. There was a long silence, and when he spoke his voice had a husky embarrassment.

"There 's something I suppose I 'd ought to have talked to you about all this time, Matildy, but somehow I could n't seem to do it. I had a talk with Mr. Anderson, and he brought it up before the session, and they did n't seem to think anything more need to be said about it. It 's all dead and gone now, and of course you know I 've been sorry time and time and again. I don't suppose I ought to say it, but it was n't altogether my fault. She never did act right, but then, of course" —

"*Elick!*"

The man heard his name in a quick gasp behind him. He turned and looked up. Matilda was standing over him, with a white, distorted face.

"Do you mean — to tell me — that it was *true?*"

She got the words out with an effort. Her chin worked convulsively. She looked an old, old woman.

"True?"

The man lifted a dazed, questioning face to hers. He groped his way back through twenty years. This woman had believed in him all the time! He saw her take two or three steps backward and fall into a chair. They sat there until the room grew dark. The wind began to blow through the house, and Alex got up and put out the cat and shut the door. Then he went to his wife's side.

"Don't you think you 'd better go to bed, Matildy?"

She shook her head.

"I suppose there 's such a thing as repentance," he went on, with a rasp in his voice, "and a blotting out of sins, is n't there, Matildy?"

She put out her hand and pushed him away. He went into the bedroom and shut the door.

She could hear him pulling off his boots on the bootjack. Then he walked about a little in his stocking feet, and presently the bed-cord squeaked, and she knew he was in bed. Later, she could hear his heavy breathing. She sat there in the dark until she heard Wattie whistling; then she got up and lit a candle, and opened the door softly. The boy came loping up the path.

"Mary France 's got a beau!" he broke out, with a little snort of ridicule.

His mother laid her hand on his arm.

"Wattie," she said, "I want you to go out to the barn and harness up old Doll and the colt. I want you to go with me and Mary Frances over to grandfather Hazlitt's."

The boy's mouth and eyes grew round.

"To-night?"

"Yes, right away. I don't want you to ask any questions, Wattie. Mother never yet told you to do anything wrong. Just go out and get the team, and be as quiet as you can."

The boy "hunched" his shoulders, and started with long, soft strides toward the barn. His mother heard him begin to whistle again and then stop abruptly. She stood on the step until she heard voices at the gate, and Mary Frances

came up the walk between the marigolds and zinnias and stood in the square of light from the door. She met her mother with a pink, bashful face.

"I want you to go upstairs, Mary Frances, and get your other cloak and my blanket shawl. Wattie 's gone to fetch the horses. You and him and me 's goin' over to grandfather Hazlitt's."

"To grandfather Hazlitt's this time o' night! Is anybody sick?"

"No, there 's nobody sick. I don't want you should ask any questions, Mary Frances. Just get on your things, and do as mother says; and don't make any more noise than you can help."

The young girl went into the house, and came out presently with her mother's shawl and bonnet. They could hear the wagon driving around to the gate.

Matilda went into the kitchen and blew out the candle. Then she closed the door quietly, and went down the walk with her daughter.

Matilda Randall was not at communion on the next Sabbath. She was "down sick at her father's," the women said, and they thought it hard that she should be absent when Alex joined the church.

"I don't doubt it 's been quite a cross to her, the way he 's held out," one of them remarked, "and it seems a pity she could n't have been there to partake with him the first time."

But the weary woman, lying so still in her old room in her father's house, had a heavier cross.

Her mother tiptoed into the room, the morning after her arrival, and stood beside her until she opened her eyes.

"Elick is outside, Matildy. Shall I tell him to come in?"

She shook her head, and closed her eyes again wearily.

The old woman went out, and confronted her gray-haired husband helplessly.

"It beats me, Josiah, what he could 'a' said or done that she 's took to heart so, after what she 's put up with all these years."

Mr. Anderson preached the funeral sermon very touchingly, when it was all over. The tears came into his young eyes, and there were treacherous breaks in his rhetoric as he talked.

"This sister in Israel, whose lovely and self-sacrificing life has just ended so peacefully, lived to see the dearest wish of her heart gratified, — the conversion of the husband of her youth to the faith of her fathers. We are told that some have died of grief, but if this frail heart ceased to beat from any excess of emotion, it must have been, my friends, from the fullness of joy, — the joy 'that cometh in the morning.'"

But Alex Randall knew better.

Margaret Collier Graham.

THE COURAGE OF A SOLDIER.

"Ay, by my valor!" quoth the belted knight. It was his favorite invocation, whether he were one of Arthur's table round or hieing him to Syria for the last crusade. In this invocation was comprised all that he held most dear, as well as all that his companions did most value in him; while for the defeated there was but one phrase expressive of human sympathy without the withdrawal of respect; it was, "All 's lost but honor." It meant, "All that courage could do has been done; the rest is with fate."

When the followers of William Penn gave utterance to the belief that now the words of their Master, the Prince of Peace, should find literal interpretation in that the blessed peacemakers should

inherit the earth, little they thought how a century or so later the Pennsylvania mother in Quaker garb would be sending forth her sons to battle for a cause, while the tremulous blessing which fell from her faltering voice to the gesture of uplifted hands was couched in the "plain language."

The appreciation of courage has no era, and is of all nationalities. There is probably no race of savages that we know of which does not assign a high place to this most needful virtue, while the most mawkish French novel seeks to vindicate its right to serious consideration by making its scorbutic villain die game in the inevitable French duel.

The art of war, although the oldest of which we have any record, and although its progressiveness as an art has been most certain and inevitable, is yet singularly primitive in its methods and its practices. The column closed in mass is scarcely much of an improvement upon the Macedonian phalanx. The mysteries of the commissariat have evolved only the meat sausage within twenty years! Anything more ineffective than the shelter tent could hardly have been devised by Xerxes himself; while at critical moments it has been a favorite device to ignore Friar Bacon, and "give 'em the steel," as at Inkerman and Magenta, — in which latter juncture, it may be remarked, the bayonet is a poor substitute for the lance. But through all these changes, backwards as well as forwards, one absolutely necessary qualification has held the foremost place among the requirements of war, — the courage of a soldier.

The question is often asked, Are people less brave now, in these advanced times, than formerly, or is civilization on the whole inimical to the warlike spirit, and inclined to view with distrust any victories except those of peace? Individual gallantry must play a less conspicuous part in the colossal wars which now decide the destinies of nations than was the case in the olden days when the struggle was hand to hand and man to man, before the invention of gunpowder. All that part of physical courage which consisted of conscious strength coupled with a firm reliance upon defensive armor must be of little use to a man who seldom sees his enemy; who fires always at the smoke of his adversary's guns. It is easy to see that as the range of warlike projectiles increases, the fighters will by natural law be farther and farther apart. It has been remarked that the Spaniards were the bravest and best soldiers in Europe so long as weapons were made of steel and wielded by strong arms; but when the introduction of firearms forced a respect and consideration for unseen influences, the sceptre passed from the Spaniards to other hands, and in due time their own colonies declared independence, and successfully revolted.

We are told by that ruthless cynic, — who so often proves to be right, — Rochefoucauld, that jealousy lives on doubt, and dies upon a certainty. Whether this statement be true or not, it is quite certain that fear thrives upon suspense. I have more than once seen a man whose agony of terror when under fire was most pitiful stand up calmly to be shot on execution, the latter being a certainty. Indeed, I fail to recall any notable exhibition of fear at a military execution, of which I have witnessed many. We are told that even Admiral Byng, of the British navy, who was shot for cowardice, met his fate with composure. Desperation of the most reckless kind and of a sincerity that travesties bravery is often only a temporary reaction against the dominion of terror. One night, on the picket-line, a stolid-looking German soldier showed such signs of apprehension at the picket-firing as to draw a sharp reprimand from his captain, who had forced him back to his place on the line. On making the rounds an hour later, this man was found dead at his post. He had taken off his shoe,

and had pulled the trigger of his musket with his toe, having taken the muzzle into his mouth. This man preferred a certainty.

One may be courageous because, from temperament, he feels no fear; another, because his morale keeps down the rising tide of apprehension. I have in mind a celebrated Federal officer, of great military endowment, who was obliged to benumb a too sensitive organization by the use of opium, under the influence of which he faced the greatest danger coolly, and preserved intact the presence of mind as well as the tactical proficiency that eventually made him deservedly famous. This officer was never known to resort to the device mentioned except on occasions of unusual peril, and he even learned to apportion the dose to the need of the hour. Some who were in the secret were wont to stigmatize the habit as a proof of timidity. Others, knowing how deliberately his purpose was maintained, how unflinchingly the awful risk was assumed, regarded the artifice as showing the highest order of courage. It may be added that the dignity of his character and the severity of his habits precluded the usual slang about "Dutch courage."

There are those who assert that physical courage is only deficient imagination. To this conclusion they are misled, doubtless, by the occasional coincidence of recklessness and shiftlessness. They would argue that a brave man is one who takes no thought for the morrow, or, as D'Artagnan puts it, "A man is brave because he possesses nothing." They conclude hastily that a lack of anxiety as to the future must be an inherent quality in one who, having no imagination, can picture to himself no alarms nor impending dangers. Many, indeed, when the inexorable logic of events has shown that, instead of a heart of steel, they possessed but the usual measure of chronic apprehension, have laid the foregoing consideration as a flattering unction to their souls. The interests of truth, as well as justice to the many brave men who have written poems and painted pictures, require that this fiction be disallowed. Biography is frequent and eloquent in their vindication. What true boy has not thrilled with admiration at the youthful prowess of the daring Defoe, the future author of Robinson Crusoe? Was not the most noted characteristic of young Keats his remarkable courage as a boy? Has not the same characteristic been imputed, and with reason, to Byron and Burns and Scott, and even to Tom Moore when he stood up before Jeffrey's pistol, which was not leadless, like his own? The highest order of courage, that which combines the moral and physical, is attributed to Shelley. The picturesque figure of Daniel O'Connell, whose imagination so often fired the Irish heart, is frequently cited to prove the converse of all this; yet although his valor was questioned in one of the best epigrams in the English language, and although he was elsewhere alluded to as one who "showed more appetite for words than war," be it remembered he stood up before the deadliest pistol in Europe, that of D'Esterre, and to some purpose. When Goethe rode upon the skirmish-line in battle, he analyzed his sensations, but felt no fear. Körner, one of the noblest of lyrists, met his death in battle; and in most of those struggles for liberty which form the staple reading of history some young poet has sung of the sword and perished by the sword. To pass to the poets of earlier days, Calderon, Lope de Vega, and Cervantes were all soldiers, and honored ones. Camoëns lost an eye in the service of his king as gallantly as Cervantes lost a hand at Lepanto. It is an undisputed fact that during the siege of Paris there was scarcely a painter or poet or sculptor or musician who did not enlist in the army and do battle for his country at bitter need, and that, too, in the gay, indolent, self-indulgent capital of France.

On one occasion, when I had been rather discouraged to find how few they were, the smoky and dusty handful remaining after an assault, I went for sympathy and counsel to the ablest soldier I knew. He had been an officer of great renown in the Mexican war, where he had served on General Scott's staff, and army gossip credited him with numerous feats of successful daring in actions where his companions were Robert E. Lee, Peter G. Beauregard, George B. McClellan, and others of equal fame. As, in addition to sound claims of a military character, this man was reputed to be shrewd and to possess an abundance of common sense, I felt the more confidence in his views. He heard me with an indulgent smile, and replied as follows: "My boy, you will find that in an assault most men are damned cowards" (I am afraid he said *all* men), "and you were lucky if you could get a third of your men up at all." Somewhat taken aback, I ventured to question further, when there fell from the lips of this military pessimist such a tale of hurried pedestrianism and frequent retreat in Mexico as made my blood run cold. "Why, did we not conquer?" "Yes, in the long run, thanks to our flying artillery and the masterly strategy of Scott; but the federal army did a deal of tall running which never got into the newspapers." Somewhat bewildered by the pessimistic views of my informant, I proceeded to ask if he considered the Mexicans braver than our men. "In many respects," he replied. "A Mexican or an Indian is more ready to risk his life than any of our folks. A contempt for human life or human suffering — their own and others' — is the chief virtue of the sincere among them, and the affectation of all others; and it may be that people who have so little to lose may be readier for the risk." I thought of Machiavelli, who attributes the same sentiment to Castruccio-Castracani; also of the wholesale abandonment of human life which characterized the closing scenes in the Spanish conquest of Mexico.

The phrase *nascitur non fit* is of course applicable to many arts besides that of poetry, — indeed, probably to all; and yet I think its illustration is always a surprise. A very large proportion of those whose physical courage has been of service to the state have acquired that valor which makes their uniform sit jauntily upon them by the combined influences of several moral and some physical agencies.

Self-respect has a great deal to do with a soldier's willingness to stand fire. The scene in which he is an actor, even if a subordinate one, is to him not only a stage, but all the world. The first sweets of fame, those slight rewards for good conduct and proficiency in military exercise, are very dear to him because of the increased consideration he enjoys thereby among his fellow-soldiers. This consideration will become still further increased if he can add to his other claims a reputation for coolness under fire. The morale of English or American armies does not often require at the hands of any individual evidences of extravagant daring or dramatic recklessness; but it does require that he shall do his duty. English literature, especially that part of it which deals with Jack Tar and Tommy Atkins, is *piqué* with allusions to Nelson's favorite signal. For all purposes of garrison duty, for the march, or even for a stray skirmish here and there, this merely staple quality of courage will usually suffice. But when the exigencies of the service require a call for volunteers to attempt some desperate deed, whose failure would smell like murder, and whose success would seem nearly as fatal, then comes an opportunity for the "born" soldier. At this time, there will arise from unexpected places, nay, even from the purlieus of the non-combatants, — the meek-eyed denizens of the commissariat, from hos-

pital or wagon-train, — men who will offer their lives so freely and so inexplicably that one is led to suspect they have waited for the occasion. A reputation for bravery once established is reluctantly foregone, a fact which many leaders of men have used for their own purposes. Such was the policy of Napoleon, whose custom it was to decorate his heroes liberally, praise them unstintedly, and keep them so busy fighting that promotion was frequent, for vacancies came thick and fast.

Why are guards so often selected for their stature? This preference for large and strong men is most easily understood as regards warriors of a former day. That such should have been the case before steel was superseded by gunpowder would seem natural enough; whereas now that a large, powerful frame only incurs the greater risk of being killed, the selection must be accounted for on the score of survival of tradition. Yet not only do kings and their congeners derive great comfort and moral stay from the presence of a body-guard of giants, as witness Russia and England, but the admiration for large men has passed into English literature, especially, as shown by authors of the unwarlike sex. I fail to recall a fiction hero of woman's make, from Adam Bede to Ouida's Stalwarts, who would not be an ornament to the Broadway squad of police.

At sea it has always been a maxim that for all purposes of seamanship the middle-sized man is the best, and the preference for a figure which, as Cooper states it, is a happy combination of activity and strength would seem most reasonable, when the object of such choice is to battle with the elements on swinging cordage and slippery decks. Likewise, it seems to me, the hulking giant must be at a disadvantage either in the McClellan saddle, or when ploughing through muddy roads or powdering over dusty ones. As for the dwarf, he is ruled out by that inexorable statute of limitations, the standard of height.

Well, then, if we cannot tell a brave man by his stature, are there any signs by which he may be recognized, or at least inferred as a probability? Marveling upon this theme, I one day attended a festival at Harper's Ferry, near the close of the war. General Sheridan had ordered that on this occasion all who had captured battle flags or performed any remarkable feat of daring should repair to the parade ground to receive such decoration as they deserved; which was done to the accompaniment of martial music and many cheers. I looked with great pride upon the motley collection of the bravest of braves, and with no little interest; for I hoped to discern among the elect some sign which would segregate these companions-in-arms from their congeners of lesser renown. Alas! they were of every hue and shape, and almost of every nationality, the American types predominating (for we were four to one against all other nationalities). They were for the most part a quiet-looking body of young men, displaying as much coolness in this the supreme hour of triumph as had been shown on the occasions which had led to it. One type of soldier was conspicuous by its absence, — I mean the stalking, self-conscious, more-than-erect sort of person, having the practiced frown and quick flash of the dark eye, the ideal soldier in time of peace. But there were present some picturesque-looking fellows of the Buffalo Bill kind, presumably from the plains. All were clad in Uncle Sam's uniform of blue and Virginia's uniform of swarthy tan. All looked hardy and weather-worn, and, as they passed in review before General Max Weber's headquarters, the one distinguishing characteristic of these youths was expressed by a Virginia lady who stood near me, and who, as the reigning belle of Harper's Ferry, doubtless considered that she spoke *ex cathedra*: "What a handsome group of boys,

Yanks though they be!" Not many moons before this, a writer who sees so clearly that his veriest prose knocks at our hearts with the magic privilege of poesy, had remarked upon the woman's mouth so often found upon the face of the youth whose courage made sure martyrdom. Yes, the French philosopher has with truth said that where bravery amounts to madness there is always something womanish about the face and bearing. I bethink me now of the masculine comeliness of our own Argonauts of '49, so much insisted on by Bret Harte, and I can only repeat what I said then, "Is this all?"

That human courage has no nationality, but is to be found in every clime and often in most unexpected places, must be freely admitted; but the differentiation as to the varying qualities of the same, as well as the widely diverse ways dissimilar peoples have of displaying their warlike qualities, has passed into a proverb. Some who find comfort and finish in the tripedal form of this condensed wisdom are wont to say, "Spaniards to build a fortress, French to attack it, and English to defend it;" and that proverbial pluck varies in different nationalities I shall endeavor to illustrate.

During the last days of the occupancy of Malvern Hill and Harrison's Landing, the Irish brigade was found posted on an extreme outpost, in view of the church steeples of Richmond. It was drawn up in skirmishing order near a small brook, on the other side of which crouched the pickets of the enemy. The younger officers of this brigade were wont to while away the hours of enforced idleness by a rather dangerous pastime, by them called "bantering." This was a momentary exposure of the person to the rifles of the watchful foe. They would carry on this amusement all the afternoon, enjoying with boyish glee the occasional sensation of a stray bullet through the hair or uniform or canteen. They were seldom wounded, and appeared to experience the gay delight of schoolboys who, during a thaw, venture farther and farther, in emulative bravado, upon what they call rotten ice, until somebody "slumps in." A little to the left, I noticed some officers of a Massachusetts regiment similarly disposed along the bank. These lay still, anxious, pale, discontentedly resolute, and I could see the cold sweat of something worse than anxiety trickle down the faces of several of them; casual death from a sharpshooter, death without the *éclat* of intrepid daring, they evidently dreaded. This serious behavior was in marked contrast with the boyish levity displayed by the men before mentioned. That night there was a sudden and fierce attack on this position, and while the "boys" of the Irish brigade fled precipitately, and were with difficulty reformed, the men of the Massachusetts regiment grimly held their ground. A few days later, the men of both organizations stood side by side under a shattering fire, with equal fortitude and suffering an equal mortality.

A writer well skilled in the recital of all the accidents that pertain to the chances of war avers that "all large-brained races are superstitious," especially their soldiers and sailors. As he fails to tell us whether he refers to the gamblers' superstitions which deal with the proverbial blindness of Fortune, or to the larger fatalism of those who complain of strange prodigies, we are forced to refer the answer to a committee on definitions. Certain it is, however, that the soldier derives great comfort from his cheerful fatalism. I well remember how, one beautiful September day, which was devoted to one of the fiercest battles as yet known, the color-guard of a conspicuous regiment had been repeatedly shot down and replaced, until sixteen men had fallen, most of them mortally hurt. At this juncture, a captain of gigantic stature, the largest among ten thousand men, seized the colors, and continued to wave them defiantly until the

position was carried. He escaped untouched, even to his uniform, while away in the rear rank, in the least exposed position on the line, a little Irish fish-peddler, known as "Mickey the fish," received two serious wounds. Mickey was a dwarf, whose enlistment had been regarded as a capital joke, and whose immunity was taken for granted. Somewhat puzzled by the elation shown by the comrades of giant and dwarf, I inquired concerning their blithe confidence, and found that they regarded the double event as clear proof that all casualties were foreordained; and I am well assured that out of this tranquilizing belief grew a great peace in many hearts, which served them well when the storm of battle shut out all ordinary means of refuge. In illustration of a kind of fatalism more serious than the foregoing, I will relate the following.

We were at Snicker's Gap. The eighth corps, under the White Wolf (as the Indians loved to call General Crook), had crossed the Shenandoah at Island Ford. No serious opposition was encountered,—a fact which was viewed with suspicion by those who knew what was in front of us. The water was little more than waist-deep most of the way over, as just at this place the river wound around an island. A goodly portion of the afternoon was spent in effecting a crossing, which was cautiously done, although it seemed impossible that any considerable force could be in front of us. It was a beautiful summer afternoon in July, breezy and cool for that climate, and the many hundreds who then looked their last upon the sunlighted landscape certainly witnessed as enchanting a spectacle as wood and mountain, river and sky, could afford even in that most picturesque region. The sun went down in a sea of delicious crimson, and even the most cautious were so influenced by the metaphor of peace suggested by the heavenly stillness that they began to regard as needless the precautions taken by our chief, the White Wolf. Fires were lighted on the river bank; coffee, the soldier's elixir of life, was prepared and drunk. The twilight crept slowly on, and was deepening into the gloaming, when a staff officer rode down from an old farmhouse in front of us with a report that General Gallatin Jenkins was advancing upon us with a heavy force. A few minutes later, there was a scattering fire as of pickets, and a mounted officer was ordered to call in our skirmish-line. Just before mounting, the young fellow detailed for that purpose turned to me, saying: "I feel strangely to-day. I wish you 'd do this for me. I cannot explain my reluctance; but none who know me will think me afraid." His face was ashy white; his lips looked dry. I saw that he was ill. Mounting his horse, I rode rapidly to the skirmish-line and gave the order to fall back. On my return, I found this young officer seated at the foot of a tree, propped up against it. His eyes were fixed on the sky above him, and between his parted lips was a bubble of crimson foam. A bullet had passed through his chest, and he had but a few moments to live. What premonition had possessed him, from what mistaken motive he had chosen this place of safety, which proved so treacherous, will never be known. He was killed by a sharpshooter from such a distance that his death might be considered accidental.

Meanwhile, the sounds of strife increased, and in the deepening darkness could be seen the flashing of musketry fire seemingly all around us; for the enemy had crossed the river both above and below, with the purpose of cutting off all the fugitives. Soon the reverberations of cannon on both sides added terror to the scene; for the sixth corps, having come up on the heights behind us, were cannonading our position, being unable, amid the deepening night, to discriminate friend from foe. The loyal Virginia regiments under Crook and

Thoburn now formed behind a stone wall which skirted the river, and these, with stubborn courage, for a time seemed to stem the torrent of attack, until a goodly proportion of the forces were conveyed across the river in orderly retreat. Just as the crash and chaos of the scene were at their height, I noticed a soldier stealing from the rear rank and making for the river. The eyes of his captain discovered the movement, and, catching the fugitive by the neck, he dragged him back to his place on the line, with a bitter expletive, exclaiming, "You deserted us once in Baltimore; you sha'n't do it again." The youth stood still for a moment, and I noticed in the gathering gloom that his eyes had a wild look, which I attributed to fear. He began to tremble, and, dropping his musket, fell forward slowly on his face. On attempting to raise him, I perceived that he was hurt. He sank back to a kneeling position, muttering some incoherent words, while with his right hand he fumbled in the breast-pocket of his blouse, from which he presently drew a handful of torn paper, already soaked with clotted blood. "Dear captain," said he hoarsely, "this is my bounty. I 'm afraid it 's too far gone to pass. Throw it away. Good-night." And a little fainter came, "This desertion is none of my doing. So long." Then came the "Rebel yell," the too familiar sounds of a successful charge, and we were all swept into the river, a bleeding, struggling, writhing mass. And now it was dark.

The question is frequently asked, "Why do not men more often acknowledge the fact of fear? Why must it nearly always be inferred from circumstantial evidence or unintentional admission?" The reply is simple. Such is the popular admiration of courage, especially in time of war, that no brave man can find it to his profit to confess what every coward will deny, namely, that all men are more or less frightened when the danger is imminent and real. That all soldiers are at some time liable to panic was often asserted by Napoleon, and as often proved by the "Brigands of the Loire" who served under him. Both he and Cæsar needed the force of example to reinforce the *verguenza negra* which kept the Spanish knight from retreating. A frequent remark of our own day (in confidence) was, "I was badly scared, but did n't dare to run." And indeed it would require a certain amount of moral courage to enable one to face the obloquy which would follow the act of desertion in the presence of comrades. Most persons would prefer a moderate risk of sudden death to the certainty of the contempt of all among whom they were obliged to live.

A few, a very few men may be found who are wholly without either enthusiasm or apprehension of any kind; to whom bereavement brings nothing but loneliness, and to whom the most violent of deaths is a mere tragic inconvenience. Some there are who affect to feel — some, moreover, who really do feel — on the subject of death the insatiable curiosity, the morbid interest, cultivated by the agnostics among the German students. Even Shelley, when he speaks of the "slow necessity of death," in Queen Mab, depicts the subject of such necessity as

> "Calm as a voyager to some distant land,
> And full of wonder, full of hope as he."

I am by no means sure that it is always a normal sign to be without some mild measure of apprehension when under the menace of serious danger. Sailors tell us that perfect immunity from seasickness is rarely enjoyed by persons whose health is perfect, while consumptives and most other sufferers from mortal disease seldom experience this malady; in short, it would seem that it is natural and wholesome for one to be seasick when the centre of gravity is constantly being disturbed. May we not likewise safely infer that it is an

indication of a healthy, if not of an heroic organization, when the hesitation to encounter unknown peril can be put aside only by some moral effort? The risking of life wantonly and for no cause beyond the gratifying of personal vanity has long been held to be the characteristic of a very dubious civilization; and the gentleman who in his country's Senate asserted that he "was born insensible to fear" betrayed more of the provincial rhetorician than of the bravo, even if he spoke the truth.

All the world wondered when a regiment which represented the rampant rowdyism of New York city broke and ran at the first fire. Another force of pseudo-bravoes, made up of professional criminals, behaved similarly in Santa Rosa Island. But grateful as are these facts to those who would fain regard physical courage as a manly virtue, the possession of which would imply noble and heroic qualities, nevertheless it would be folly to deny that the vast hordes of military adventurers and soldiers of fortune who inundate history are usually made up of men possessed of no virtues save those which go to strengthen courage and to maintain a merciless energy; while a goodly proportion of those braves who defend our frontier, and of the toughs who adorn our cities, are deficient in no vice save that of cowardice. The sententious inhibition imposed by Sir Lucius O'Trigger on the sentiment of Ireland, "Never turn your back on a friend in distress nor on a foe in fight," might, if put in coarser garb, be cited as the decalogue of the dangerous classes; and indeed, I am told by one much experienced in that kind of folk lore that ingratitude and fear are the only two faults to which a convict will plead guilty never! Is the creed of our red man much broader?

In conclusion, we must infer that courage is a certain hardihood of spirit, a quality quite by itself; at least not of necessity implying the possession of any other admirable traits. More than one person whose bravery is the property of history has shown that this gift can stand unaided by kindred virtues, and is quite often the accompaniment of much unscrupulousness, perfidy, and every cowardly vice.

In all these considerations concerning the influence of courage upon the understanding and conduct of life, the most of our illustrations have been drawn from the barrack and the camp fire. The every-day *régime* of the army when at rest is monotonous, the chief ills with which men in these situations are afflicted being camp fever and homesickness; that is to say, after the first novelty of out-of-door life, picnicking and roughing it, has worn off, people are apt to turn with something like regret to thoughts of home and that security which comes of a regular life. I will not stop to speak of *Heimweh*, that homesickness of the soul which even affects the body, and makes some melancholy-mad. The military romance is so much taken up with the jollity of the mess-room, the picturesqueness of the march, and the drama of battle that those who are experiencing their first campaign find themselves in an unknown world, concerning the dreary details of which literature is silent. The wearisome miseries of a soldier's life, when actually encountered, are apt to strike the recruit with surprise. You never know how much it rains the year round until you come to live without shelter. You never know how much tough meat there is in the world until you bring a soldier's appetite to bear; you never know, indeed, how little meat a man can live upon until, during some hunger-bitten campaign, you are compelled to chew bitter leaves to assuage your hunger, as I have often done. You never know what thirst is like until you take your place, with battered canteen, among hundreds who are struggling for a dip in the muddy pool, and scrambling like beasts for a drop of the water.

I have seen a squad of cavalry fight their fiercest with a small force of the enemy (simply because that enemy was in possession of water), until, as one grim enumerator remarked, "there was a dead man for every quart that we obtained." The mere recruit could scarcely divine that in the sunny South, during the fighting season, the thermometer was 90° in the shade, and we were always in the sun! Nor could he divine that on the march or the picket, almost everywhere during the campaign, the soldier

> "sleeps with head upon the sword
> His fevered hand must grasp in waking," —

which merely means that the accoutrements must be placed where you can find them in the dark. The common soldiers, of the same necessity, sleep by order, their heads within or against the musket-stocks. From all is required not reasonable, but implicit obedience; hence small tyrannies are a matter of course. When at last, after much tribulation, the enemy is sighted and the column halted, let us see what the soldier will be called upon to face, and what will be the strain imposed upon his courage and his fortitude. I will now state what for the first two years of the war was a frequent, in fact an almost invariable experience, even where the total result was a victory for our side, — the manner of an attack and a retreat.

On the morning of the battle the soldiers are wakened very quietly by the non-commissioned officers. The long roll and the other signals are limited to safety camps and bomb-proof positions in the rear. Everything is done with secrecy, silence, and dispatch, the purpose being to conceal our movements and all sign thereof from the enemy. Slowly and noiselessly the men form in line, and proceed along the dusty country road in a sort of oppressive silence. The moral atmosphere is murky with misgiving; the officers of the higher rank have a troubled look, and are anxiously scanning the horizon with field-glasses. The column halts frequently. Presently, having gone so far without accident that we are beginning to feel reassured, there comes the heavy boom of a cannon; a score of voices, mostly those of the younger officers, exclaim, "The ball is open!" The cavalry, who have hitherto preceded us, begin to pass to the rear, filling the air with yellow dust. There is a halt. The fences are thrown down, and the infantry begin to file off over the field to the right and left of the road. Orders are given with a certain concentrated, hushed intensity. Gaudily dressed aids-de-camp galloping over the ground in many directions add life and color to the scene: they are mostly West Point officers, just graduated, possessing all a boy's enthusiasm for the romance of war. Watching the faces of the men, you will see but little of that delighted enthusiasm and *gaudia certaminis* which are so universal in military novels. Depend upon it, the soldier of real life loves battles no more than the sailor (out of a novel) loves storms. Some of them — many, indeed — are affected physically, violent cramps being a prominent symptom. Almost all are more or less nervous; and in the pinched features, white lips, and wandering eye of even the brave who stand fast you will see evidence of much perturbation. The surgeon is usually beset with applications for tonics and other remedies. The officers busy themselves with the details of their charges, with ill-concealed anxiety, but as if glad to have something to do. Presently there is a crash of many wheels, a rush, and the artillery is hastening up to take position on a hill near by.

After the noise of the cannon has become continuous, its effects are better borne, to use a medical phrase; and here let me remark that the artillery, according to the observations of the most experienced veterans I have met, did comparatively little damage to the *phy-*

sical foe, but the noise which accompanied it was found to be exceedingly demoralizing. The cavalry trusted even more to moral influences, as is shown by the fact that all through the war a sabre wound was a curiosity in a military hospital. After several hours spent in loitering and wondering and speculating, a staff officer gallops along the line enshrouded in a cloud of dust, and, in a voice as hoarse as his young throat can command, orders up some particular battalion or brigade. By this time the men are somewhat seasoned, and while here or there may be observed the wandering eye and haggard look of one brave on principle only, in the main the men have come to accept fate with reasonable cheerfulness. If a shell happens to drop near us, throwing up the earth and frightfully mutilating a dozen or more of our comrades, there is a sickening pause, relieved by the hoarse call of the sergeants to "close up." We pass on, and the maimed are left behind. Our movements are nearly always made running, — what the soldiers call "on the double-quick," celerity being a prime necessity on the field, — the commanding officers being on horseback. When the allotted position is reached, we are told to lie down. We never *see* the enemy. When we fire, we fire at the smoke two or three fields away. We continue firing "by file," as it is called, in contradistinction to volley; all the time wondering how many are in front of us, what we are going to do next, and what will be the outcome of all this.

While waiting for the firing to commence, I notice many of the young men taking from their breast-pockets letters or other tokens, frequently photographs. The soldier in line being usually a boy in his early twenties, it is his mother whose photograph is drawn from his breast. The field officer, who, a little farther back, sits on his horse, is an older man, and it is his children whose pictures are taken out and furtively kissed.

Meanwhile, the booming of the cannon has changed in position, and is farther off. We are told to rise and advance. There is again a whirl of wheels; the battery is being established, and we are told to support it. We lie down, while the bullets sing and whistle as they pass over us, for at this juncture we are but little exposed. More hours of this dreary lying in the dust, waiting for we know not what, while one by one our comrades are carried softly to the rear, bleeding and moaning. A few refuse to leave the line, though wounded, and remain where they are, with a handkerchief knotted sternly over the maimed limb. After some hours, the delirium, or intoxication, which has made us willing victims seems to have spent itself. The noise of conflict draws nearer; the enemy's cannon seem to have got our range, and every discharge pours destruction upon our battery. There is a faint cheer; the men grow whiter; a staff officer gallops up with orders for us to "limber up." A confused noise as of many voices comes now to be mingled with the heavy boom of the artillery, which is in front of us and drawing nearer. There are a few moments of bewildering suspense; at last we see that for some time the men of our battalion have been dropping to the rear, — some on the pretense of carrying wounded comrades, some going for water, some feigning to be, and some really, sick. The field behind us grows black with fugitives. Presently we hear the command to "fall back," which gives to the brave, who stood fast, the warrant to follow the example of the fugitives. Then comes the awful scene of a retreat, a panic, in which our whole army, or what we can see of it, seems stricken with the storms and thunderbolts of inevitable destruction. Now fear becomes canonized! Men who but a few hours ago had nerved themselves for death can be seen lost to all sense of shame, conscious of nothing but the overpowering

sense of deadly peril, fleeing disunitedly, officers and all. Here and there an effort is made to halt the panting fugitives and re-form the shattered lines, — an effort seldom successful, the most that can be hoped being the preservation of some form of organization, and a remnant of the discipline which but this morning was so absolute. Yet at times, after all this storm of disaster, after having been driven for miles upon miles, our forces have been grasped by a strong hand and led back to overwhelming victory. So frequent and inexplicable are the alternations of advance and retreat, so incessant is the commotion, that to the dizzied eyes of the common soldier or the subaltern there seems to be nothing in defeat but ruinous flight, nothing in victory but the beginning of another march.

Whether the young patriot has served his country as Jacob served for love of Rachel, or whether the sense of patriotic duty enlisted him for "three years or the war," when peace is declared and he sets his face homeward, he must not be disappointed to learn that the enthusiasm of his friends at home is somewhat war-worn; to find that those subjects so long of vital importance to him have lost interest for the non-combatant, who, by the way, has been replacing him in every field of industry. He will return in faded uniform, listless from malaria, only too happy if he find that his place is not wholly filled, and content that the honor of saving the republic must be divided with thousands of his countrymen who carried arms, and with many and many who did not. He will remember that the State owes him nothing, can owe him nothing, for he was a volunteer. The name and number of his regiment will soon cease to be; and some years later he will be a sadder man to know that, although at Gettysburg some five thousand New Yorkers perished, the only monument erected to the New York soldiers is dedicated to a militia regiment that never fired a shot. But the soldier has merged his individuality for the general good, and that element of the heroic which has been made his own by hunger and vigil and danger must now be ignored by him almost as completely as by the comrade left upon the field of battle.

"And when the wind in the treetops roared,
The soldier asked from the deep dark grave,
'Did the banner flutter then?'
'Not so, my hero,' the Wind replied:
'The fight is done, but the banner is won;
Thy comrades of old have borne it hence, —
Have borne it in triumph hence!'
Then the soldier spake from the deep dark grave,
'I am content.'"

S. R. Elliott.

WHITE MOUNTAIN FORESTS IN PERIL.

An area of mountain and forest in the northern part of New Hampshire, commonly called the White Mountains, is rightly described as the Switzerland of America. East of the Rocky Mountains there are many noteworthy high peaks and clusters of peaks in the Alleghany Range, but there is no group, from Texas to Maine or from the Rockies to the Atlantic, that presents the same attractions, unique and individual, that are furnished by the White Mountain region. These peaks are clothed with forests, which in many cases cover their summits, though the peaks that reach above the tree line, like Mounts Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Lafayette, and Moosilauke, are so high that their sum-

mits rise above the limits of vegetation. By common consent, great numbers of people turn yearly to this region for the enjoyment of natural scenery, and for free recreation among the eternal hills. It is easily accessible from all parts of the country, and is the leading feature of the great national park which Mr. Murray has outlined as the future resort of the American people. It comprises an area of thirty square miles, and a large part of it is still a virgin forest. In 1867, Governor Harriman was induced to part with this domain, then in the possession of the State of New Hampshire, for the paltry sum of twenty-six thousand dollars. It was bought by speculators, who have used the forests for the cutting of the mature lumber, in order to pay taxes and obtain a proper interest upon the investment, and a large part of the region has hardly changed hands since the State disposed of it; but in recent years the increasing scarcity of spruce lumber and the existing tariff on building materials have brought such pressure to bear upon those who own this property to cut the trees below the line of their maturity that, though extensive lumbering operations have been going on all through the section for the last half-century, there has been no time when these mountain forests were threatened with extermination to the extent that they are threatened now.

Besides the temptations already mentioned, the manufacture of paper from wood pulp has induced some owners of the forest adjacent to the White Mountain district to cut down the spruce-trees as well as the poplar and the birch to mere saplings, so that the forest will require at least twenty-five years to renew itself; while other owners have cleared off the trees so entirely that, after the fire has run over the denuded forest, not only is all vegetation consumed, but the vitality of the soil to reproduce trees is also destroyed. A ready illustration of these methods of lumbering is furnished to any one who goes from Fabyan's to the base of Mount Washington, and overlooks what was once a magnificent wilderness, but where now the axe and the fire have combined to leave what looks like a frightful desolation. All along the banks of the Ammonoosuc, from its rise in the Presidential Range until it flows into the Connecticut, one sees the same frightful slaughter of forest, the trees cut off entirely, and the land growing up with birch and cherry bushes, which show that the soil has been ruined, and that what ought to be enchanting scenery along a great railway has been ruthlessly laid waste by the lumbermen and by fire. If you take the Wing road, and go up to Whitefield, and thence to Jefferson, you find that the entire stretch of lowland in this region — soil that is comparatively worthless for any other purpose — has been despoiled of its forests. The Brown Lumber Company has cut off the trees as the locusts in Egypt destroyed the blades of grass in the days of Pharaoh. There is nothing left; and in Gorham, which is described by Starr King as one of the loveliest sections of the White Mountains, and around Berlin Falls, which is in the same region, the destruction of the forests is equivalent to the desolation of the country. It looks as if it had been forsaken and condemned. The condition of the Zealand valley is as striking an instance as can be named of unwise and barbarous lumbering in this region. Mr. Henry and his sons, who have reduced this section to its present desolation, were the first to cut off the marketable timber. Then they started coal kilns, and consumed the remaining trees which could not be cut up and sold for firewood in the towns below. The result was a clean sweep; and later a disastrous fire — not Mr. Henry's fault, but his misfortune — broke out, and burnt up everything that was left, including the soil. The youngest child of to-day will be gray or in his grave before this section is reafforested.

These are well-known instances in the cutting of the forests where destruction has been the result. The evident aim was to wrest the last dollar from the land and leave it barren. It is hardly worth paying the taxes on for many years to come.

The present condition of these forests indicates that the lumbermen are taking yearly about six hundred million feet of rough timber from the White Mountain region and the sources of the Connecticut. Either every valuable tract of timber land has been bought by lumbermen, in order to take from it all its valuable spruce timber, or it is held by the original owners who have signed contracts for the cutting of the timber under certain conditions of stumpage. The hotel landlords have protected the mountain scenery within view of their hotels from molestation by actual purchase, but under present circumstances there is not a stick of timber of marketable size that is likely to escape cutting. The lumbermen have had their eyes upon every valuable and available tract, and are competing as eagerly for the ownership of these sections as operators in Wall Street are watching for opportunities to make a corner in stocks. This is one of the great forest regions which is within easy reach of the market, and, until the duty is taken off from Canadian lumber, a strong temptation is forced upon the great owners of forests in New Hampshire to push their best lumber into the market with all possible speed. No one can blame them for this; but, under the constant cutting, the forest trees in the State are unable to grow timber fast enough to supply what is taken away. This is the land for the growing of trees, and there is no such thing as the entire denuding of the mountains; but it is freely admitted by the inhabitants of the region and by the lumbermen that within a dozen years they will be so badly hacked that one will hardly know them as they exist to-day.

Mr. Henry and his sons, who with Mr. George Van Dyke are the largest owners in the forest district, have purchased the very heart of the mountain region, one hundred thousand acres of forest, embracing the finest timber lands, as yet untouched, within the inside range of the mountains, and including at least one slope of all the great peaks from the base of Mount Washington to the open country at North Woodstock, and taking in the entire sweep of the Pemigewasset wilderness. They have it in their power, if they shall cut this forest as they have cut the forest in Zealand valley, to spoil the whole White Mountain region for a period of fifty years, to dry up the east branch of the Pemigewasset, to reduce the Merrimac to the size of a brook in summer, and to bring about a desolation like that which surrounds Jerusalem in the Holy Land. It is not intimated that Mr. Henry and his sons intend to do this. It will take them twenty years to go over this extensive domain and cut off the available timber; but it is what they possess the right to do, though it is believed that they would gladly submit to certain restrictions of stumpage, if the State should adopt a forestry law that applied equally to all the White Mountain lands. Even the lumbermen who have done most to destroy these noble forests have a certain sentiment with regard to them, and are not to be counted as entirely outside of sympathy with the present efforts for their protection and preservation. They have looked at them chiefly on their financial side, and have been compelled to use measures to turn them into money; but they are as ready as any to accept or devise measures which may be agreed upon for their protection. Beyond this tract which Mr. Henry and his sons now own, the Russell Paper Company has bought the forests in the town of Waterville, with the intention of cutting nothing below twelve inches at the butt; extensive lumbering operations are going on in the Albany Intervale along the Swift River; the

Saco Valley Lumber Company has purchased the right to cut down to ten inches at the stump in the Mount Washington valley; and there are perhaps from fifty to a hundred firms engaged in lumbering in smaller ways in different parts of the White Mountain region. Wherever a stick of timber larger than twelve inches in diameter at the butt is to be found, it is almost certain to be cut down. It is the same passionate desire to whack at trees that formerly possessed the inhabitants of Nantucket. When nearly all the original trees on the island had been cut off, the selectmen ordered that the few remaining out on the sand-mole protecting the harbor should be allowed to remain, imposing a heavy fine on any one who destroyed them. This so aroused the people as an infringement upon their liberty that they quickly cut them down in the night-time, out of spite to the authorities. The same resistless spirit of destruction seems to possess the people who own the White Mountain forests. They are eager to cut down all the spruce timber to be found, utterly regardless of the fact that spruce is becoming daily more expensive and more valuable for the building of houses; that, with the limited supply now left in the country, it is more likely to increase in value than any other product of the forest; and that the careful cutting of the spruce timber, so that the younger trees shall not be destroyed, is the only wise course to be taken. Some of the large forest owners are beginning to see this, and will not allow their woodlands to be cut at a point below the size of twelve inches at the stump.

The situation has so far been described chiefly as it is related to the lumbermen and their interests, and in the light in which they regard it; but every New Englander has a wider interest in this matter. It is a question with some whether the continual and rapid removal of the forest trees does not decrease the rainfall and the supply of water to the streams. Where the trees grow thickly together, as the spruces and the pines do, the soil beneath is porous, like a sponge, and soaks up a great deal of water from the showers and the melting snows, which trickles down into the streams drop by drop when the showers are over and the snows have disappeared. This sponginess of soil is not retained when the sunlight strikes through the foliage and dries it up. The rainfall may be the same, but the power of the soil to hold the water is impaired. Then, again, if the woods are open, the ground freezes early, and when the heavy storms come the water rushes down in torrents over this hard surface into the streams below, and becomes a freshet; but if the forests are left practically in their original condition, the freshet will be greatly lessened, and a continuous water supply from the forests covering the watersheds can be maintained. It is in this light that the cutting of heavy timber in the White Mountain forests ought to be regarded. The Saco has been so much diminished by the cutting of the forests near its source that the ability of the land to hold the water back has been lessened within the memory of the oldest inhabitants. Even the mill owners along the Merrimac have been obliged to build a dam, at a heavy expense, at Lake Port, to hold back the water supply of the Winnepesaukee, in order to be sure of a proper supply for the summer season; and fifty years hence, when Boston goes to this lake for its water supply, the demands upon it will be so extensive that its tributary streams in the White Mountains will be among the most valuable property in the country. It is only when one takes into view these growing interests of the future that the New Hampshire forests, even in the light of our industries and utilities, assume their proper importance.

The outside interests in the White Mountains have been quite too much overlooked by tourists and pleasure-seek-

ers, who fail to recognize that these forests belong to other people, and that the use of them is a privilege which they have enjoyed "without money and without price." It is plain that in the future, if these great domains are to be maintained in their substantial integrity and wholeness, there must be some other arrangement for their protection and preservation than now exists, so that the charm of the region as a great national park may not be lost, and the rights of private owners, who have purchased this property in good faith and are entitled to revenues from it, may be preserved. The question is, What shall this protection be? and it is more easily asked than answered. It is rather for the forest owners to reply than for the summer tourists; at the present time the lumber barons are the only persons who hold the decision in their hands, and the only straight reply is that nothing can be done until every stick of marketable timber has been cut throughout the whole of the White Mountain region. This seems like a sweeping statement, but it is limited by what these land owners may be induced to agree upon as the limitation of their cutting of the trees. Under favorable conditions, the forest reproduces itself in twenty-five years. In the present condition of the ownership, it is for the proprietors to consent to an arrangement by which the trees shall not be cut below a designated size; this means the retention of trees which have a certain market value as wood, and all the young growth. Much is yet to be learned in this matter. In many cases, the proprietors have yet to be made to understand that it is quite as profitable to take out the ripe timber and leave the younger trees to grow up to maturity as it is to strip the forests clean and let the future take care of itself. The State of New Hampshire is without a single line on its statute book relating to the wooded districts. It is the same as if they did not exist; and although there has been a Forestry Commission for about ten years, neither in its report in 1885, nor its second report in 1891, has there been anything beyond excellent essays on the different conditions of the mountain forests. They have supplied important information, but they have contributed almost nothing to the solution of the question. This has been, not from the lack of ability to deal with the issue, but from a lack of authority. The commission has been without power, and it has not gone beyond its limitations.

The time has come for something more definite and more practical, which shall not only initiate the efficient protection of the forests in New Hampshire, but shall treat them constructively. It has been generally agreed by all parties that the first thing to be done is to secure the appointment of a permanent Forestry Commission. At a meeting of persons interested in forestry, held in Concord, New Hampshire, in December last, it was agreed that this commission should consist of five members, of whom the acting governor should be chairman; and that it should be a body with powers to investigate forest conditions, to purchase lands under advisement, to act in the interest of the State if necessary, and to receive trust funds for the purchase of forest lands in the mountain region and around the head-waters of the streams. It is essential that such a commission should represent the interests of the State in dealing with the whole forest country, — not simply the White Mountain region, but the forests around the head-waters of the Connecticut; and that, while it should not be allowed to commit the State to heavy expenditures, it should have certain discretionary authority to enable it to act with decision and promptness in important matters. This is the starting-point of any adequate protection of the forests. It is necessary that this body of men should be very carefully chosen, with a view to the highest interests of the State, and entirely outside

of any political considerations. They must be men who know New Hampshire thoroughly, who have experience in forestry matters, and who have as much regard for the lumbering interests as they have for the national position of New Hampshire, which has done more than anything else to give this problem a unique and special character. No subject has come up in New Hampshire with a larger outreach, or that more requires far-sighted men to handle it properly. This commission must not only take into consideration all the interests concerned, but must devise a *modus vivendi* by which the forests may be preserved, the rights of the lumbermen protected, and the State prevented from the wasteful investment of the public funds in forest lands where the timber has been partially removed.

The question of a forestry law is beset with many difficulties. How can the State of New Hampshire regulate the cutting of the trees in the great forests, when it does not own a single acre of land? In Canada, the government refuses to allow the trees to be cut below ten inches in size at the stump; but the government owns the forest lands, and sells the right to cut at its own will. There is no one to question the constitutionality of its regulation. But in New Hampshire the passage of a forestry law forbidding the cutting of trees below ten inches would interfere with private rights. Thousands of farmers would say that it prevented the clearing of their land, and even the cutting of firewood, and many of the great lumber owners would say that it interfered with their business, and prevented the securing of such a profit from the forests as they had arranged for. No such law could be enacted without compensatory grants to those who are injured by it from the limitations introduced into fresh contracts; but in a reasonably short time such a regulation would naturally adjust itself, and neither buyers nor sellers of forest timber would receive any injury from its limitations. They would make all their arrangements under the conditions of this regulation. The result would be that the forests would be maintained in nearly their full foliage, that the streams would be but slightly diminished in their supply of water, and that the spongy soil in the dense thickets would still retain its moisture, and allow the water to trickle down the hills as before. This arrangement would not be the seizure of the forest lands by the right of eminent domain; it would not hinder the lumbermen from their customary work; it would not greatly injure the mountain scenery; and it would be a bond of obligation that would preserve these great domains in their integrity, without depriving their owners of the freedom to deal as they pleased with their own property.

The condition is a little peculiar; the position of these forest lands is a unique one. There is a public interest in them throughout the nation which is not to be denied, and is not likely to grow less, and the demand exists that the White Mountain region shall be in some way regarded as public property. No forestry law can be adopted without the yielding of some points on the part of the lumber barons, or without the willingness of the American people to recognize and respect the private ownership of these domains. When looked at in a wider sense, the lumber barons have quite as much at stake in preserving or protecting the forests as they have in cutting them off. In a larger light, the White Mountains with their forests are worth infinitely more for the purposes of a great national park than for the temporary supply of lumber which they may furnish to the market. The railroads have a deep interest in this question. Originally, they were extended to the mountains in order to carry the lumber to the market. Quite incidentally they have become the carriers of the

American people to this section as pleasure-seekers; and in the time to come the winter business of transporting lumber will be less and less, while the summer business of transporting travelers will be more and more. The railroads have a personal interest in preserving the forests in their integrity, and the only way in which this can be done is to introduce a limitation of the cutting of trees, so that the mountain scenery shall not be impaired by the operations of the lumbermen. Some of the paper companies, who are compelled to look out for supplies for their pulp mills for years to come, have been forced to adopt the highest principles of forestry simply as a part of the wise administration of their business. The Russell Paper Company, which owns the mountains that slope into the valley of Waterville, enforces the regulation that no tree shall be cut below twelve inches at the butt, and it proposes to cut the forests so carefully that a yearly supply of lumber shall be furnished to their mills without in any way impairing the integrity or the beauty of the landscape.

If Mr. Henry and his sons, who hold the future treatment of the White Mountain region in their hands, should see their way to adopt a similar regulation with their hundred thousand acres, which they do not expect to cut short of twenty years, they would render the greatest possible aid to the adoption of a wise forestry law that could be applied to all the great forest districts of New Hampshire. If Mr. George Van Dyke, who is regarded as the largest lumber dealer in New Hampshire, should accept a regulation for limiting the size of the lumber, for all the operations which he now controls, it would practically settle the whole matter. There might be some individual owners who would stand out in the interests of personal obstinacy, if any protective measure should be adopted; but if the permanent Forestry Commission were created by the legislature, and the chief lumbermen should rise to the wisest consideration of this question, there is no doubt that the State of New Hampshire would soon be in a position to act intelligently and wisely for the protection of that portion of its domains which is the joy and pride of the whole nation.

This ought not to be a difficult matter to arrange, but no settlement is likely to be made that is unfair to any party. The forest owners are not to be interfered with except on principles of justice; the people of the State are not to be taxed in order to provide a tramping-ground for the tourists of the country; the mill owners, who have invested millions of capital with the understanding that the streams shall not be tampered with, are not to be deprived of the supplies of water on which they depend; and the tourists, who think the White Mountains furnish the most attractive scenery in the United States, should not be unwilling to make a proper compensation for the privileges which they demand. It is a matter of kindly agreement all around, and he will be a wise man and a considerable statesman who shall take these interests in hand and formulate a rule of action that shall be recognized as fair and just to all parties. One who has given this subject more careful thought than perhaps any one else, and who is in a position to deal fairly with all the interests involved, and who has not a penny at stake in the result, suggests the following regulation as perhaps nearer to a settlement of the issue than anything which has yet been devised. In his view, it is for the State to reach a final point of arbitration that shall stop the destruction of the forests, and give them the protection which is essential to their preservation; and this is to be done by purchasing an agreement with the present owners of the lumber regions that neither they nor their heirs nor their assigns shall ever cut a tree of less size than that deter-

mined on. It would be understood, in that case, that the State acquired no title to the land, that the owner reserved to himself all the mature timber that might ever grow upon it, that the State had no other care for the forest than to see that the contract was executed, and that thereby the reservoirs of the streams and the attractiveness of the scenery would be preserved. This could be done at a less sum than the State would expend if it sought the same object in any other way.

It is a practicable plan, and it could be entered upon at once; it does not require the immediate expenditure of large sums of money, and it can be greatly assisted by means of personal contributions. To purchase at once the right of control would require, no doubt, not less than two or three million dollars; but the passage of such a law as we have outlined would arrest immediately nearly all the dangers which now threaten the simultaneous cutting of the forests at a hundred different points in the White Mountains, to their injury. It is not necessary that this sum should be raised immediately, and there is no reason why it should not be assisted by private subscriptions, by which parties who are interested in preserving sections that have great natural beauty might purchase this right and hold it as a lasting bond of protection. The State could grant from year to year certain donations to be used for this purpose, and many of the original owners would be glad to contribute their share to extend over the whole region the protection which such an agreement would insure. Undoubtedly this plan has its defects, but it goes far to make possible a plan of protection that would combine two features essential to its success: it would unite state aid and authority with individual benefactions. The State would have a certain right of control, and could devise a more efficient system of fire wardens than could be obtained by any private arrangement. While the personal ownership of these lands would not change, the owners themselves, under such a provision, would feel that their property was even more secure from fire than it is now, and that their control of the property for business purposes was not in the least impaired. There might be nearly as much lumbering in northern New Hampshire as there is now, but it would be conducted on the principles of wise forestry, and in the end the owners of this property would probably find that their gains were quite equal to what they are now.

These White Mountain forests have the nature of a perpetual estate. They must be preserved, like the old farmhouse, like ancient traditions, and it is possible, by some such arrangement as this, to maintain them in their integrity, and still insure to their owners an excellent return on the investment, without impairing their value to the State or the nation. It is of the greatest importance that interested parties should study them in an unselfish light; not putting forward one consideration to the exclusion of another, but so playing off the one against the other that the subject may be seen in all its varied aspects and regarded as a consistent whole. Much depends upon the attitude of outside people toward the White Mountain region. If the public spirit of men of wealth should be aroused, and large contributions should be made to secure the protection of these forests for all time, it might result in a popular movement that would not only preserve the integrity of these mountain forests, but make them immensely more popular to multitudes of people than they have ever been before. But the time has come when these different measures require immediate action, when some one must espouse them, when the New Hampshire legislature must take the initiatory steps in legislation, when a permanent Forestry Commission must be empowered to mediate between different parties and formulate action on constructive lines. The recent agitation of this sub-

ject in the daily press has been timely and judicious. It has not presented an overdrawn picture of the dangers, and it has not failed to point out how the solution of the problem may be reached. It is a far larger subject than it appears to be when first considered, and unites so many and so varied interests that no drastic measures for the protection of the forests can be adopted with success. The New Hampshire people have washed their hands of all responsibility in the matter since Governor Harriman bargained the birthright of the commonwealth for a handful of lintels, but the time has now come when the sturdy farmers of the State, its capitalists, and all the people who possess public spirit ought to unite in methods which shall protect and preserve the forests at the same time that they protect the interests of those who have put their money into them. The more one studies this forestry problem, the more he sees the variety of its interests and realizes the possibility of their fair adjustment. The dangers which threaten the forests can be overcome, and the people of New Hampshire should be the first to remove them.

The forestry question in that State is in some respects not different from what it is in other States, in or out of New England, and the call for a New England Forestry Commission is not unwise or incapable of realization. Maine is as reckless in the destruction of its great forests as New Hampshire is, and Massachusetts is just beginning to realize that certain public reservations are closely connected with the welfare of its different communities. In Vermont the forestry question may be in present abeyance, but with the farms growing up into woodland, and these woodlands constantly acquiring larger value as forests, there is need of forestry laws both for their preservation and for treating them to advantage. New Hampshire enjoys the unique distinction of having a domain which nature has pointed out for a great public park; not a sportsman's preserve, such as Mr. Austin Corbin has established in New Hampshire as a private inclosure, but a people's hunting and tramping ground, where the domain is as free as the air, and where every American feels that the endowments of nature are as permanent and secure as the Constitution. It is this great and noble domain that is to-day in the hands of the spoiler; and though nature has decreed that when a tree is cut down another shall take its place, it is not able to resist when the will and the greed of man have it in their power to add slaughter and fire to the ordinary agencies of destruction. The White Mountain forests constitute one of the finest natural preserves on this continent, and the appeal goes forth to every patriotic American that their beauty and utility and integrity shall be kept inviolate amid all the dangers which threaten their existence.

Julius H. Ward.

HEGESIAS.

The soul of its own sorrow crucified,
The universal sorrow shall not wound:
No home grief slays the soul that hath descried
The total grief which wraps this earth around.

Edith M. Thomas.

SHAKESPEARE AND COPYRIGHT.

PROBABLY the majority of students of Shakespeare have been curious to know why his plays were entered on the Stationers' Register when they were printed. Who were the Stationers? What was their Register? Did it afford any protection like copyright to the author? If not, did he have protection from any other source for his productions? This article will try to answer some of these questions as simply as possible.[1]

Copyright had its origin, not in any desire to protect the rights of authors, but simply in a device of the Tudors to maintain a strict censorship of the press, which they did by establishing a monopoly of printing in the hands of a corporation called the Stationers' Company.

The first book printed in England was struck off in 1471. Prior to that time copyright was of no value, owing to the great expense of reproducing manuscripts; but with printing came cheaper books, and with cheaper books more readers and a demand for more books, so that very shortly the right to print certain classes of books which were in great request became valuable.

In 1518, for the first time, a book was published "cum privilegio;" that is, the king forbade any one to reprint it in England for two years, or to import it from any foreign country. After this, the granting of such privileges became quite common, and so monopolies were frequently given to different printers of producing certain classes of books, especially Bibles, prayer-books, and other volumes used in religious services; also translations of the classics.

The next step was the monopoly granted to the Stationers' Company. In 1556 Philip and Mary issued a charter incorporating this company, by which ninety-seven persons, printers, booksellers, and others of kindred pursuits, were invested with the monopoly of printing in the realm of England, and in return for this privilege were authorized and enjoined to hunt up and destroy all heretical, seditious, or treasonable books, and all books not issued by the Stationers' Company. "The Company of Stationers," says Justice Yates in Millar *vs.* Taylor, "were made a kind of literary constables to seize all books that were printed contrary to the statute," etc., with a monopoly of printing for their reward. They kept at their hall, for their own use, a register containing the titles of books issued by themselves, the names of the respective proprietors (who must be members of the Company), and the successive transfers of ownership. This volume was the Stationers' Register. The increasing jealousy with which the government regarded the power and the freedom of the press caused further restrictive measures, which culminated in the Star Chamber decree of 1585, compelling the examination and licensing of all books before printing. This decree confirmed the printing monopoly of the Stationers' Company, but required that all books, before being printed, should be examined by the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Bishop of London, and by him licensed for publication. After this date, the Stationers' Register contains the titles of such books as were licensed, the names

[1] The following authorities, among others, have been consulted in gathering material for this inquiry: on questions of law and legal history, Morgan's Law of Literature, Drone on Copyright, and the well-known cases of Millar *vs.* Taylor, and Donaldson *vs.* Beckett; on matters especially relating to Shakespeare and his works, Halliwell's Outlines, Elze's William Shakespeare, and the various Introductions to the Facsimile Quartos; on other contemporaneous writers, Arber's republications, — to all of which I would fully acknowledge my indebtedness.

of the publishers, and the records of all transfers of ownership. Sometimes books were thus entered on the Register which were never printed; sometimes they were "stayed" after being licensed, — that is, held back by the authorities from publication.

This was the situation when Shakespeare entered the field of literature. No book could be printed in England except by the Stationers' Company, and then only after being licensed by the authorities. This monopoly constituted a sort of copyright, which, however, had to be in the name of some member of the Company, a printer or bookseller, and not of the author.

In 1593 Shakespeare wanted to publish his well-known poem Venus and Adonis, and made some arrangement with a printer named Richard Field, who is said to have come from Stratford-on-Avon. Field obtained a license from the Archbishop of Canterbury, entered the poem on the Stationers' Register "as his copy," and published it. The book bore no author's name on the title-page, but contained a dedication to Lord Southampton over Shakespeare's signature. From the scrupulous accuracy of the printing, it has been supposed that the author himself supervised the proof-reading. The next year Field assigned his interest in the work to "Master Harrison, Senior," which transfer also appears on the Register. The original entries are as follows (Halliwell's Outlines): —

	xviij° Aprilis.
Richard Field	Entred for his copie under thandes of the Archbisshop of Cant. and Mr. Warden Stirrop a book intuled Venus and Adonis.
Assigned over to Mr. Harrison Sen, 25 Junij 1594.	

"Copie" here means copyright, or the sole right to print, publish, and sell; "thandes" is a contraction for "the hands;" "intuled" is a clerical error for "intituled."

On the 9th of May, 1594, Master Harrison, Senior, "entered for his copy" Shakespeare's second poem, Lucrece, which also contained a dedication signed by the author, and was undoubtedly published with his consent, his friend Field being the printer of this as well as of the Venus. These two poems were perhaps the only portion of his works in whose publication he took any part.

Now, what personal rights or privileges, if any, had grown up in connection with these transactions? The first thing to observe is that the Star Chamber decree of 1585 was only a police regulation to check the publication of any kind of obnoxious books. It simply declared that all works, before being printed, must be licensed, and that when licensed they could be printed only by members of the Stationers' Company. It did not give the Stationer to whom the book had been licensed any exclusive right to print it. The law merely confined the right of printing to the Company, leaving that body to regulate the claims of its members, which seem to have been determined by custom, without any by-law or formal rule. From the time when the Company was organized and the Register first established, in 1556, it had been the invariable custom of the Company to recognize the right of copy as vested in those members in whose names a book was registered, and this practice continued after the licensing was made compulsory, in 1585. Such copyright could be transferred on the Register, which transfer was respected as a valid conveyance; and members violating these copyrights were punished by fines or otherwise.

In the great case of Millar *vs.* Taylor (1769), the verdict found, among other facts, that "it was usual to purchase from authors the perpetual copyright of their books, and to assign the same from hand to hand for valuable considerations, and

to make the same the subject of family settlements for the provision of wives and children." Justice Willes said, in his opinion: "Mr. Blackstone argued very materially from the books of the Stationers' Company, and read many entries. And from the extract of them it appears that there is no ordinance or by-law relative to copies till after the year 1640; and yet from the erection of the Company copies were entered as property, and pirating was punished. Their first charter was in 1556; their second in 1558. In 1558, and down from that time, there are entries of copies for particular persons. In 1559, and downward from that time, there are persons fined for printing other men's copies. In 1573 there are entries which take notice of the sale of the copy and the price. In 1582 there are entries with an express proviso 'that if it be found any other has right to any of the copies, then the license touching such of the copies so belonging to another shall be void.'"

In Donaldson *vs.* Beckett (1774) it is stated that "in 1681 a by-law [of the Stationers' Company] declares that where a book was entered to any member, such person, by ancient usage of the Company, has been reputed and taken to be the proprietor."

Now we are prepared to answer the questions raised above. When Field was licensed to print Shakespeare's Venus, the Star Chamber decree gave him no exclusive personal copyright. But here the ancient custom of the Stationers' Company stepped in to aid him; that custom recognized his ownership, and would have punished any violation of it. So much for Field's rights; now let us ask what rights or privileges Shakespeare had in the matter. None whatever. He could not appear in the transaction, for, not being a member of the Stationers' Company, he could not take out a license to print, and any benefit he might receive from the publication of his works could come to him only through a contract with Field or some other member of the Company.

To understand the indifference shown in those times to the ownership of literary work, we must consider the historical surroundings. In the middle of the sixteenth century printing was new and books were expensive; literary works of considerable magnitude still circulated freely in manuscript, were copied from hand to hand, and went through a wide circle of readers in that form. Dr. Arber says, in a preface to Francis Meres's well-known sketch of English literature in 1598: "Many of the English works referred to in this sketch existed at the time only in manuscript. A number of them did not come to the press for years, some for many years afterwards, and some not at all, and are now lost."

This indifference to printing was regretted by Puttenham in his Art of English Poesie (1589). He says such of the nobility or gentry as are skilled in "poesie" have no courage to write; or if they have, yet they are loath to be known for their skill. "I know very many notable gentlemen in the court that have written commendably and suppressed it again, or else suffered it to be published without their own names to it; as if it were a discredit for a gentleman to seem learned and to show himself amorous of any good art." Literary gentlemen of that day wrote their songs and sonnets, their canzonets and eclogues, and allowed their friends to copy them from hand to hand, but forbade their publication. Anthologies were compiled from this material floating about in written form, such as Tottel's Miscellany, England's Helicon, and Bodenham's Belvedere, to which we are indebted for many literary gems which would otherwise have perished. Bodenham, giving the sources of his collection, mentions "private poems obtained by favor of copying;" and speaking of the well-known poets of the day, he says many of their works were "kept

in private" and "held back from publishing."

The Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt had been dead many years when Tottel, in 1557, brought out their poems in his Miscellany; and, coming down nearly to Shakespeare's time, Sir Philip Sidney's books circulated freely in manuscript, and were not printed for several years after his death, in 1586. His Astrophel and Stella remained unpublished till 1591, when it was surreptitiously printed by Thomas Newman, who testifies in his dedication that it had been "spread abroad in written copies and carried general commendation." So with Sidney's Defence of Poesy, which Professor A. S. Cook says must have been extensively circulated in manuscript before its publication in 1596, as many quotations from it are found in contemporary writers. His Arcadia, too, was copied freely in an imperfect form for years before it was printed, for which we have the testimony of his friend Fulke Greville.

Different motives may have contributed to this unwillingness to print. Men are the votaries of fashion, and the old established style of manuscript circulation among one's friends was still the time-honored custom, sanctioned by good society. Very likely, too, authors felt an aversion to encounter the attacks of the virulent critics and pamphleteers of that day. As printing became cheaper and more common, another sentiment came in to check a disposition to print: the very cheapness and commonness of a printed book gave it a plebeian air, and "the nobility and gentry," as Puttenham has it, shrank from being put on the level of the common herd. Besides this, printing smelt of the shop; there was a money profit in it, and the publisher was working for that. The dilettante gentleman of Elizabeth's time might write sonnets or poems for the delight of his friends, and loan them his manuscripts, but it was bad form to print them, and called for some kind of apology. Thus, when Greville writes to Walsingham offering to superintend the publication of Sidney's Arcadia, he scorns the idea of any profit from what he calls "the mercenary printing." "Gain there will be no doubt to be disposed [of] by you; let it be to the poorest of his servants." This sentiment lingered in the realm of letters when the poet Gray left the profits of his poems to his publisher, and perhaps a trace of it may be seen in the case of Edward Fitzgerald.

The dislike to print had in a great measure worn away by the close of Shakespeare's life. The publication of the works of such men as Spenser, Sidney, and Shakespeare, and the remarkable group of minor poets and dramatists at the end of the sixteenth century, had removed the stigma connected with printing, while the mass of readers had become so large that it was an object worth catering for to meet their approval. In the mean time, however, there was an eager search in every direction for manuscript poems which were floating about, to put them into print. The publishers of those days were as anxious for literary novelties as are the men of to-day for the journal of the most recent African traveler or Tennyson's latest poem. Nor were they at all scrupulous about the feelings of the author; holding, perhaps, that the fact of circulation in manuscript justified printing. Whenever they could lay hands on such material, they snatched it up and printed it, utterly regardless of any claim of ownership on the part of the writer. Thus Newman's first edition of Astrophel and Stella was undoubtedly quite unauthorized by Sidney's friends, and moreover included thirty-five sonnets and songs by other persons, of which Daniel afterwards claimed and republished nineteen, complaining in the epistle prefixed to his Delia (1592) that his work had been confounded with that of other men, and his verses corrupted by

the carelessness of copyists. The second edition of Constable's Sonnets in 1594, itself unquestionably piratical, was made up of seventy-five sonnets, of which Sidney's friends afterwards laid claim to eight as his. W. Percy, in 1594, printed his Cœlia with a prefatory epistle to the reader, in which he says: "Whereas I was fully determined to have concealed my sonnets as things privy to myself, yet, of courtesy having lent them to some, they were secretly committed to the press and almost finished before it came to my knowledge. Wherefore making, as they say, a virtue of necessity," he submits to his fate. There may be some affectation in Percy's case, but it illustrates the prevailing feeling about this literary flotsam.

The instances above cited show pretty clearly what was the probable condition of Shakespeare's "sugred sonnets among his private friends," from the time when Meres wrote, in 1598, till the time of their publication, in 1609. They were copied and admired "among his private friends." Two of them fell into the hands of the piratical Jaggard, and helped to stuff out the meagre form of his Passionate Pilgrim. Finally Thomas Thorpe pounced upon them, and thought he could make a few shillings out of Shakespeare's popularity by printing them together with The Lover's Complaint; and Shakespeare seems to have had no remedy. However, but for Thorpe's unscrupulous disregard of the author's rights we probably should never have seen any of these well-known poems.

The case of the stage play was quite different. It was written for profit, and when finished was sold to the theatre manager. Indeed, most of the playwrights were directly connected with one of the leading theatrical companies in London. The same rigid censorship was maintained in the production of dramas upon the stage as in the printing of other literature. They must first be subjected to the inspection of the master of revels and approved by him; after they had been shaped to suit his criticism, it was allowable to put them on the boards.

Perhaps, so long as the play was neither circulated in manuscript nor brought out in public, some right of ownership on the part of the author would be respected; but so soon as it appeared upon the stage, this was deemed a quasi-publication, which gave the bookseller a right to print whenever he could lay his hands upon it. The theatre manager had every motive to prevent its publication; for when it was once printed, his rivals, the other companies, could bring it out on the boards in opposition. The modern doctrine of "stage-right" had not been invented, under which a dramatist can produce a play on the stage, and copy out or even print it solely for stage use, without prejudice to his rights of ownership.

So, whenever a play proved to be popular, a contest arose at once for its possession. The managers would guard the manuscript with most jealous care, while the hungry publisher, eager for every novelty that would catch the public fancy, would try by all means, fair or foul, to procure a copy. Perhaps a servant of the theatre could be bribed to give him a sight of the manuscript; perhaps some faithless actor would give him a chance to copy his part; and when all other means had failed, the printer would send men to the theatre to take shorthand notes, and write up from these what purported to be a copy of the play. Publications of this kind were what the editors of the Folio of 1623 complained of as "diverse stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthe of injurious imposters."

All these methods are matters of historic record, derived from the complaints of Elizabethan authors. Thomas Heywood says (1623): —

"Some by stenography drew
The plot, put it in print (scarce one word true),
And in that lameness it hath limped so long,
The author now, to vindicate that wrong,
Hath took the pains upright upon its feet
To teach it walk."

Later (1630) he repeats the same statement: "Some of my plays have (unknown to me and without any of my direction) accidentally come into the printer's hands, and therefore so corrupt and mangled (copied only by the ear) that I have been as unable to know them as ashamed to challenge them," etc. Heywood further declares that some authors, after selling their plays to the stage, made a second profit by a sale to the printer.

Against these schemes the managers used every device in their power to delay or prevent the printing of the plays they had purchased. They procured the intervention of their powerful patrons; and the lord chamberlain's influence was at times invoked to protect his company, of which Shakespeare was a member, from this appropriation of their property. Sometimes the printers were bribed to put off issuing a play from the press till its novelty on the stage had worn off. By these various means plays were sometimes "stayed" for two, four, or six months, occasionally for years, and some of those entered for publication were never brought out in separate form. On the other hand, it looks as though in some cases the managers, or perhaps the author himself (like Heywood, in the instance above), goaded to desperation by some mutilated issue of a play, consented to a second edition, printed from a perfect manuscript. Stevens suggests that "it seems to have been the practice of the numerous theatres, in the time of Shakespeare, to cause some bookseller to make immediate entries of their new pieces, as a security against the encroachments of their rivals," but this is hardly probable.

There are still many puzzling questions about these matters that perhaps will never be answered with certainty. Sometimes the Register fails to show that a license was issued for the printing of some book that we have. For example, Romeo and Juliet was printed in 1597, and Love's Labour 's Lost in 1598, though there is no record on the Register that either of them was ever licensed. This must be an error of omission from the Register, for in 1607 a transfer of the ownership of each of them is recorded.

Occasionally, too, the members of the Stationers' Company seem not to have had much respect for one another's rights. Midsummer Night's Dream was licensed to Thomas Fisher in 1600, and published by him; but the same year an unauthorized edition was brought out by James Roberts. This was probably one of those cases alluded to by Justice Willes, where fines were sometimes imposed on refractory members for piracy on the rights of their fellows.

By these various means no less than twenty of Shakespeare's plays, including Pericles, were printed separately during his life, and one more, Othello, in 1622, after his death; some of them going through several editions. Four among these appeared under different names from those they bear at present, and in many of the Quartos the text varies materially from our present versions. We have no positive knowledge how these plays were issued, except in the case of Troilus and Cressida, where the remarkable prefatory address of the publisher states distinctly that he printed it in defiance of the owners, — the "grand possessors," as he calls them, — and he claims the thanks of the reader for so doing. And after all, the world owes a certain debt of gratitude to these pirates, for we have many Elizabethan plays and poems which would have utterly perished but for them. On the other hand, a good stage-right law would have given us as perfect a text of Shakespeare's plays as we now have of his poems. It is a melancholy thought that,

with all the pleasure the reading public has derived from the printing of these dramas, it is not likely that the author himself ever received a penny for their publication.

We will now consider the publication of the Folio of 1623 in the light of the copyright question. This precious volume, containing thirty-six plays, was issued seven years after the death of Shakespeare. Of these plays, sixteen were new to the press, and were licensed to Ed[ward] Blount and Isaac Jaggard; the remaining twenty had presumably been printed before, and for that reason required no license. The book was edited by Heminge and Condell, Shakespeare's fellow-actors and personal friends, members of the King's Company, and perhaps at that time shareholders of the Blackfriars and Globe theatres; and it was printed, says the title-page, at London by Isaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount, 1623, while, according to the note on the last page, the work was done "at the charges of W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, J. Smithweeks, and W. Aspley." It was a great undertaking for the time, and two editors, four publishers, and two printing-houses shared in the work. The sixteen new plays must have been furnished by Heminge and Condell from the collection of manuscript dramas in the library of the King's Company, and were licensed to Blount and Isaac Jaggard in the following terms: "Master William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies, so many of the said copies as are not formerly entered to other men;" then follows a list of the sixteen new ones. The publishers of the volume must also have gathered into their possession the copyrights of all the plays which had been previously printed, thus gaining the right to issue the entire volume. Pericles had been already printed in Quarto form, but was left out of the Folio, possibly because its authorship was doubtful, or perhaps the publishers could not obtain the right to reprint it.

Such were the conditions of copyright under which Shakespeare's various works were first printed. The only protection enjoyed by authors was through the printing monopoly held by the Stationers' Company. Probably the only profit the poet ever derived from the sale of his printed works was through his contracts for the publication of Venus and Lucrece. The printing of the Quartos during his life may have been actually an injury to him in so far as it destroyed the stage monopoly of the plays held by the King's Company, of which he was a member.

It only remains to say that the licensing regulations lapsed in 1694, and a few years later, in 1710, the first English copyright statute was passed by Parliament, giving the author control over the publication of his works for a specified number of years, which limited form of ownership has prevailed in Europe and America till to-day.

It will be observed that the question of the author's common law right to his work — that is, the absolute ownership of his literary productions in perpetuity, like any other property — has not come up in the foregoing pages. This point seems never to have arisen in Shakespeare's time. Nearly two centuries later it came before the courts, when the copyright of Thomson's Seasons expired, and his representatives tried to prevent its publication by other parties. When the question was brought before the court of King's Bench in Millar *vs.* Taylor, the court decided by a vote of three to one, Lord Mansfield being one of the majority, that the copyright of a book belongs to the author at common law, and that this right was not taken away by the statute of 1710. The matter came before the House of Lords on an appeal from a decree of the court of Chancery founded upon this judgment, and in the great case of Donaldson *vs.*

Beckett the Lords held, first, by a vote of eight to three, that the author of any literary composition had the sole right of first printing and publishing the same for sale, and might bring an action against any person who printed, published, and sold the same without his consent; second, by seven to four, that the common law did not take away this right upon his printing and publishing such literary composition; third, by six to five, that such action at common law was taken away by the statute of 8th Anne, and the author was precluded by the said statute from every remedy except on the foundation of the statute and on the terms and conditions prescribed thereby; or, in other words, the court held that after the passage of the statute the author's ownership was changed from a perpetuity under the common law to an ownership limited to a term of years under the statute. It had been contended on behalf of the author that his right of property in his composition was a perpetuity; that the statute merely gave him an additional protection for a term of years, and when that expired his common law rights still remained. But the court held the contrary view, that the statute terminated the common law perpetuity.

Lord Mansfield, being a peer, did not vote. Had he voted, it would have stood six to six on the third proposition, and the legal estimate of authors' rights under the statute might have been materially changed.

The arguments of the justices favoring the rights of authors were based upon two grounds: —

First, the moral ground, that men should have the same unrestricted right of ownership in their literary works as in any other form of human productions.

Second, the historic precedent, asserting that ever since 1558 rights of property in literary compositions had been recognized. Now, it is true that copyright in literary compositions had been recognized as property ever since 1558, but it was through the customs and by-laws of the Stationers' Company, and not by the statutes and the courts; and these rights were vested in the Stationers, and not in the authors. The facts cited in the foregoing pages show conclusively that the piratical printers of Elizabeth's time regarded with contempt any supposed right of ownership outside of their own number, and were in the habit of printing manuscripts that fell into their hands without any concern for the common law rights of the author.

The truth is that respect for literary ownership is a thing of comparatively modern growth. As the literature of England increased in volume and value, that value demanded recognition and received it, first in the laws of the Stationers' monopoly, then in the copyright statute of 1710, then in partial recognition of the common law right by the courts in 1774. Since the passage of the statute of 8th Anne, this protection has been extended to music, drawings, painting, and statuary; stage-right has been introduced in the case of plays; and last of all, international copyright has been obtained. The rights of authors rest, not upon historic precedent, but upon the growth of public sentiment; it is a matter of evolution rather than of history.

It is easily within the range of possibilities that the growing public sentiment in favor of literary ownership may by and by be strong enough to overturn that interpretation of the law in 1774 adopted by the narrow vote of six to five (which even then would not have prevailed but for the unfortunate courtesy of Lord Mansfield in withholding his vote), and may establish the principle that authors should own their productions in perpetuity, the same as other property.

Horace Davis.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

THE greatest achievements in poetry have been made by men who lived close to their times, and who responded easily to their environment. Not that Taine was altogether right in his climatic theory. The individual counts for much, and his output is really the result of the combined action of two influences, his personality and his surroundings, — a sort of intellectual parallelogram of forces. Nor is great poetic accomplishment necessarily a sympathetic expression of contemporary tendencies. On the contrary, it may often antagonize them. But whether it antagonize or approve, it is apt to be vitally related to them. No man ever set his face more strenuously against the trend of his age than Dante, nor denounced its manners and morals more severely; yet Dante was directly concerned in the practical affairs of his day, and his epoch is epitomized in his poems. Of course, great poetry bases itself below the shifting surfaces of eras and nationalities upon the immovable bed-rock of our common humanity; and so the greatest poets, the poets who express life most fundamentally, come to have a certain likeness to one another, even though they be as widely separated in time and space as Homer and Shakespeare. But the poet must learn his human lesson at first hand; he must find the essential realities of life where he can see them with his own eyes, under the transitory garments which they wear in his day; and to do this he must be interested in his day.

There have been now and again, however, certain poets who seem to have been born out of due time. They have not been opposed to their age so much as apart from it. The Hamlets of verse, for them the time has been out of joint, and they have not had the intensity or the resolution to strive to set it right. Thrown back upon themselves by an environment which was distasteful to them, but which they lacked either the force or the inclination to wrestle with and overcome, they have necessarily had little to say. But on that very account they have frequently given more thought to the purely artistic side of their work than more copious writers. Such men were Collins and Gray, and afterwards Landor, men whom we admire more for the classic beauty of their style and for other technical qualities than for the scope of their imagination or the penetration of their insight. Of this class of poets, and with no mean rank among them, was Thomas William Parsons.

Beginning to write contemporaneously with the earliest American poets, at a time when only the veriest doggerel had yet been perpetrated in this country, he felt keenly the sense of isolation which it was the lot of men of letters in those days to experience, — an isolation the reality of which the younger generation finds it difficult to appreciate. This is the excuse, though it is certainly not a justification, for the deprecatory and provincial tone which characterizes what are probably the earliest of his poems that have been preserved, the Letters which stand at the beginning of his first volume. Not Dickens himself was more flippantly scornful of America and the Americans than is Parsons in these Letters; and though in the preface to them he attributes the sentiments they contain to an imaginary "wandering Englishman," thus disclaiming them as personal, he shows even in doing so something more than a dramatic sympathy with the attitude they portray. This provincialism Parsons soon outgrew, but he never came to be in perfect touch with his country, nor to have that sense of

easy security with regard to her which should mark the citizen of a nationality fully mature.

Yet even in these presumably juvenile verses there is much vigorous writing and some genuine humor. This on Boston, for example: —

"This town, in olden times of stake and flame,
A famous nest of Puritans became:
Sad, rigid souls, who hated as they ought
The carnal arms wherewith the devil fought;
Dancing and dicing, music, and whate'er
Spreads for humanity the pleasing snare.
Stage-plays, especially, their hearts abhorred,
Holding the muses hateful to the Lord,
Save when old Sternhold and his brother bard
Oped their hoarse throats, and strained an anthem hard.
From that angelic race of perfect men
(Sure, seraphs never trod the world till then!)
Descends the race to whom the sway is given
Of the world's morals by confiding Heaven."

There was always a strain of true religious feeling in Parsons, which deepened at the last into something rapt and intense; but Puritanism never ceased to be hateful to him, and this antagonism contributed to make him feel that his footsteps were on alien soil. An artist first of all, he was drawn more toward the services of the ancient Church, for whose adornment art has so bountifully poured out its treasures, than to any balder form of worship. To him the world was a problem in beauty and emotion. He was not incommoded with a message, as so many of his contemporaries were. This has been, perhaps, to the detriment of his reputation in the past; it may be to its advantage in the future. The man who speaks too consciously a message to his own time is apt to have none for any other. Parsons wrought from first to last in the true artistic spirit, and it is not unlikely that his chief claims to the recognition of the future will be found in qualities of form and style.

Not the least among these qualities will be that sturdy literary independence which, amid the widespread æsthetic revival of this century, achieved a success of a purely æsthetic nature on lines entirely unaffected by the contemporary fashion. In a time of metrical experiment and of the new and strange harmonies of Rossetti and Swinburne, he alone of the artistic school of poets, uninfluenced even by Coleridge or Shelley, worked in the severe methods of an earlier day. Dryden and Pope seem to have been his earliest masters, but not for long. The versification of Dryden, which Keats learned to appreciate at its true value, remained always to some extent a factor in Parsons's art, but he soon threw over the jingle of Pope's measure for the fuller, statelier, and in truth simpler manner of Collins and Gray. Yet his matured style is neither that of Collins, with whom he had close resemblances, personal and poetical, nor that of Gray, though unquestionably akin to both. Parsons had, besides, a certain bent for plain words and homely images that sometimes became Dantesque. Indeed, the lifelong study which he gave to Dante could not be without its influence on his own expression, — an influence potent for strength and directness.

Parsons was probably Gray's inferior in point of taste, for otherwise we can hardly understand how he could put forth in the same volume, and sometimes in the same poem, such inequalities as he permitted himself. Yet it must be said, as an offset to this, that he seldom made himself responsible for a poem by publishing it. He occasionally had verses in the magazines, and even, if the whim took him, in the newspapers; but only twice in his life did he bring the question of his critical judgment fairly within the scope of comment by issuing a volume to the public. The first of these volumes, which contains the famous Lines on a Bust of Dante, may perhaps rely upon the youth of its author as an explanation of its unevenness. The other, Circum Præcordia, published in the year of his death, and con-

sisting of a versification of the collects of the Church together with a few original poems of a religious character, is of even and sustained excellence, though rising to the level of his best work only in its concluding poem, Paradisi Gloria. Mrs. Parsons had several other volumes printed for private circulation only, but of these the author frequently knew nothing until the bound copies were placed in his hands. What he would himself now select to give to the world no one can tell; possibly as carefully edited a volume as even that of Gray.

Such a volume would, I believe, be one of the treasures of American verse, — a book that lovers of poetry would carry with them as they would similar thin volumes of Herrick, Marvell, Collins, or Landor. The lyrics addressed to Francesca are true Herrick for grace and daintiness, and there is nothing in Landor finer than such passages as this:

"His heart was written o'er, like some stray page
Torn out from Plutarch, with majestic names;"

or these, from Francesca di Rimini: —

"Be it some comfort, in that hateful hell,
You had a lover of your love to tell."

"But he whose numbers gave you unto fame,
Lord of the lay, — I need not speak his name, —
Was one who felt; whose life was love or hate.
Born for extremes, he scorned the middle state,
And well he knew that, since the world began,
The heart was master in the world of man."

I have referred to the Paradisi Gloria. This poem, with one unwisely altered line restored to its original reading, is one of the few faultless lyrics in the language; and the following stanza, with which it begins, is, I submit, as felicitous as anything Gray ever wrote, and more imaginative: —

"There is a city builded by no hand,
And unapproachable by sea or shore,
And unassailable by any band
Of storming soldiery forevermore."

Less fine, perhaps, but still very beautiful is the touching Dirge: —

"What shall we do now, Mary being dead?
Or say or write, that shall express the half?
What can we do but pillow that fair head,
And let the springtime write her epitaph?"

Each of these poems is marked by that simple and straightforward style which was the glory of Parsons at his best. But he could also handle more involved periods and a more complex cæsural music with equal skill; witness the opening lines of La Pineta Distrutta: —

"Farewell Ravenna's forest! and farewell
For aye through coming centuries to the sound,
Over blue Adria, of the lyric pines
And Chiassi's bird-song keeping burden sweet
To their low moan as once to Dante's lines,
Which when my step first felt Italian ground
I strove to follow, carried by the spell
Of that sad Florentine whose native street
(At morn and midnight) where he used to dwell
My Father bade me pace with reverent feet."

From poems like these to The Feud of the Flute-Players is a far cry, but it argues well for the humanity of our poet that he could be merry when he would. The line,

"In a tap-room by the Tiber, at the sign of Tarquin's Head,"

is as jolly a bit of Bohemianism as I know, and the entire story is told with much spirit and humor. St. Peray, another bacchanalian lyric, has found its way, like the Lines on a Bust of Dante, into the anthologies, and may be passed by here with a mere reference.

Count Ernst von Mansfeldt the Protestant, if three rather weak and quite unnecessary stanzas could be removed from it, would be, perhaps, the strongest poem Parsons ever wrote. It is certainly the most objective, and one of the most manly and vigorous.

"The dicer Death has flung for me;
His greedy eyes are on me;
My chance is not one throw in three;
Ere night he will have won me.

"Summon my kin! — come steed — come coach —
Let me not stay, commanding;
If the last enemy approach,
They shall see me armed and standing.

"Buckle me well and belt me strong!
For I will fall in iron."

This, with the stirring Martial Ode, which begins,

"Ancient of days! Thy prophets old
Declared Thee also Lord of war;
And sacred chroniclers have told
Of kings whom Thou didst battle for,"

proves that Parsons knew how to put into practice that strenuous counsel of his own:

"But something rough and resolute and sour
Should with the sweetness of the soul combine;
For although gentleness be part of power,
'T is only strength makes gentleness divine."

With the masterly technical power and equipment that Parsons undoubtedly had, why did he not do more? Why is his permanent original contribution to English literature limited to a few lyrics? For this I can find no better reason than that which I have already suggested, that, being out of sympathy with his time, he found no theme for his song. The achievements of this age he admired, when at all, as an outsider, and frequently his attitude was the reverse of admiration. Homers must have their Agamemnons as well as Agamemnons their Homers; and to-day was not heroic to Parsons. To him the railway suggested nothing but

"The dead sleepers of the vulgar track,"

and commercial greatness smacked ever of the Philistine. He would probably have been as uncomfortable in Athens as in Boston; and while he could love Venice dead, Venice living (where, as so often in history, Trade and Art went out hand in hand, conquering and to conquer) would have been as distasteful as Chicago. It is true that the traders of Athens and the Adriatic braved great personal dangers, and brought back from their voyages strange and gorgeous fabrics, "barbaric pearl and gold," and tales of incredible adventure in the unknown world. Our modern conquests, in commerce as in science, with some notable exceptions, are of a more impalpable kind, and make no such sensuous appeal to the imagination. And so, for some, the circumnavigation of the globe has ended all romance, even though the unknown be still as mysteriously present in New York as in the "shining vales of Har."

The risk and the imagination involved in modern achievement are enormous, and even the element of personal danger is by no means eliminated; and if there were vulgar things in the conquest of California, I doubt not there were also vulgar things, more nearly of the same kind than we are apt to think, in the conquest of Gaul. But anybody can see the vulgarity. It is the poet's function to show that this is a mere accident, and that the essential reality still throbs as ever with a lyric rapture; that

"in the mud and scum of things
There 's something ever, ever sings."

Few poets, indeed, have been completely catholic of insight, nor do they necessarily lose their title of interpreters because they are not universal interpreters, and limit themselves to the field or fields for which they have a spontaneous sympathy. Parsons, even when he rationally approved, had no spontaneous sympathy for the present, its attitude or its tendencies. To sing of it, or to sing of the past with the voice of the present, his fine æsthetic instinct felt would be but a *tour de force*, and seldom and reluctantly was he persuaded to attempt it. Occasionally he poured his fine rhetoric into denunciation, written from the heart; but here, too, his artistic feeling stepped in and restrained him to brief utterance, for he knew well that scolding is not great nor dignified.

One thing there was that he saw clearly his way to do, — to reproduce for this

age the voice of the age which he did love, and of the poet for whom, even from boyhood, he cherished a devotion almost personal. In making this choice and following his instinct, I believe he was right, and that we have obtained a greater poem than we should have done had he forced himself into attempting a sustained work of his own. Nor is this a derogation in any way from Parsons's unquestioned poetic power, as any one who knows anything about the almost insuperable difficulties of translation is well aware. In fact, it may be said with perfect truth that a good translation is rarer than a good original poem. The successful transfer of even the briefest lyric from one language to another is an achievement so unusual as to demand the most unreserved commendation, while even the partly successful renderings of the great masters, in all languages, are so few that their names may be spoken in one breath.

Parsons's translation of the Divine Comedy is far from being a mere paraphrase of the original, but yet it makes no pretense to absolute literalness. Indeed, a truly literal translation is a linguistic impossibility. Over and above the merely metrical difficulties of such an undertaking, there must always be two classes of phenomena in which the two poems, the original and the version, will differ, and often very materially, from each other. The metrical scheme may be preserved, but the rhythmical filling in of this scheme must necessarily vary; for the syllables of the corresponding words in different languages will almost certainly have different time values. In one they may have many consonants, and be perforce slow in articulation; in the other they may consist entirely of short vowels and tripping liquids. The predominance of short syllables in Italian enabled Dante to use feet of three or more syllables in an iambic measure with much greater frequency than would be possible in English, and this fact alters wholly the character of a measure of which the metrical scheme is the same in both languages. It is, of course, so evident as hardly to warrant allusion that the sounds themselves cannot be the same; and yet their expression as mere sounds is a very vital factor in their poetic force.

The other class of phenomena in which an original and its translation must always differ is not acoustic, but linguistic. As I have had occasion to say elsewhere, "words differ in what, for lack of a better word, we must call *color*. With the possible exception of Volapük, in which, for this very reason, no one but a statistician would ever think of writing poetry, there is no language in existence in which the words are merely conventional symbols of the ideas for which they stand. Every word we speak has a pedigree that goes back to Adam. It has been developing into what it now is, through uncounted accretions and curtailments and transformations, ever since man was, and, since Professor Garner's experiments with monkeys, we may suspect even a little longer; and in the course of that long, eventful history it has gathered to itself a multitude of little associations which, without presenting themselves directly to the understanding, modify, enrich, and color the effect of the primary meaning, like the overtones of a musical note. Without this colorific value of words, we could express little more by speech than by the symbols of algebra. This is the chief difficulty of the translator, and one that he can never surmount."

Prose translations of what in the original was verse vary, of course, from that original in even more respects, since they deliberately sacrifice an entire group of expressional devices which formed an important part of the poet's intention. An argument may be made for the use of prose in translating the poetry of the ancients, for their versification differed from ours in a radical manner. But there can be no excuse for an English

prose version of a poem written in any modern European language, if it be intended for more than an assistance in the study of the original. Admirable as the workmanship in some of our prose versions of Dante has been, I cannot but think that, except for some such scholarly purpose, the labor and the skill expended upon them have been misapplied.

At the opposite extreme from the prose versions are those that have been made into *terza rima*. It cannot be denied that the use of Dante's own arrangement of rhymes is an advantage, nor that Dante himself laid much stress upon it. But he had mystical reasons for doing so that are not of great consequence to us now, and Parsons's translation, while preserving, in common with the versions in terza rima and with those in blank verse, the metre of the original (the iambic pentameter), loses but little of the effect of the rhyme structure. His quatrains, by the liberal use of run-on lines and the occasional introduction of a third rhyme, achieve that effect of continuity which is the most distinguishing characteristic of the original. I venture to think that almost no one, even among poets, would be able to tell whether the complex rhyme system of the terza rima were exactly carried out in any poem to the reading aloud of which he should listen for pure enjoyment, and without special effort to observe that particular phenomenon. Still, however slight the advantage be, it is nevertheless an advantage to have preserved the terza rima; but this gain is more than overcome by the Dantesque quality of the style in Parsons's version. The manner of the others often suggests the contemporaries of Dante, rather than Dante himself.

There remain for consideration and comparison the two renderings into blank verse. These are the most widely known of the various translations, and one of them, Cary's, is the form in which Dante is most generally read by English-speaking readers. Longfellow's version, though occasionally it transfers a line more successfully than any of the others, is in the main perfunctory, and its literalness is carried so far that it frequently degenerates into a "crib" pure and simple. There is a story that Longfellow used to translate eighty lines every morning before breakfast. I do not know how true this may be, but the internal evidence seems to support it. The product of his labor is a *caput mortuum;* the categorical statements are all there, but somehow the poetry has evaporated. The result is tedious and uninteresting. Now, the one quality Dante never had is dullness, and that is also the one quality the public will never forgive.

Cary's translation has the merit of being tolerably readable. But in it the great Italian poet suffers a strange transformation. The words are the words of Dante, but the voice is the voice of Milton; or rather of a weaker-lunged man trying to mouth the mighty periods and cæsuras of Milton, and getting somewhat cracked of voice and broken of wind in the effort. Nevertheless, it is, on the whole, a creditable performance; only it is not Dante.

Each of the translators has his felicitous moments, and succeeds in rendering certain passages with more skill than his competitors. But the relative merit of the translations must be estimated, not by passages, but by the general impression of the whole work. Parsons is inferior to some of the other translators in certain obvious verbal and prosodical accuracies. But his poem probably gives a more correct impression of Dante in his entirety than any of the others. His versification has the continuity of Dante's, and something of its music. His diction, like Dante's, has that supreme refinement that knows no disdain for homely words and phrases. His style, with more inversions than Dante's, has much of the master's severity and swiftness, though it falls short of the

masterfulness and supple power of the Italian. Altogether there is more Dante in it than in any translation that has yet been made.

It has been difficult for me to write critically of a man for whom I had a warm affection, and who honored me with his friendship and esteem. If I have erred on the side of severity, it has been from a fear lest my personal regard for the man should unduly influence my judgment of the poet; and if I have erred in his praise, it will be easily forgiven. But I do not think that I mistake in assigning to him, as a translator a station with the highest, and as an original poet a niche with Collins in the temple of English song.

Richard Hovey.

ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.

In this handsome volume[1] Mrs. Van Rensselaer has collected and augmented, from the pages of The Century Magazine, a series of articles in which she describes twelve English cathedrals; those, namely, of Canterbury, Peterborough, Durham, Salisbury, Lichfield, Lincoln, Ely, Wells, Winchester, Gloucester, York, and London. They are chosen as typical examples illustrating the cathedral architecture of England from the Norman period to that of the Renaissance. The choice is well made; and the reader who follows the author studiously to the end will hardly fail to gain a substantially true and serviceable understanding of the subject so far as concerns those general characteristics that appeal to the average intelligent unprofessional inquirer.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer evinces a genuine interest in her theme, and hence her book is well calculated to inspire a corresponding interest in the minds of others. In her Introduction she modestly states that she has written for amateurs, yet that she has tried to make a book that architects would willingly put into the hand of ignorance. That she has succeeded, for the most part admirably, in accomplishing her aim will, we believe, be generally conceded by architects as well as others. She has much felicity of expression in descriptive writing, — a felicity that is born of her own enthusiastic appreciation of the intrinsic merits of these ancient monuments, and the charm that is lent them by historic and poetic associations.

A good opening account of the conditions that prevailed in England at the time when the great impulse in church building set in — conditions which largely determined, as she shows, the peculiar character, situation, and general aspect of the English cathedral — is followed by an explanation of the collegiate and monastic chapters which formerly governed the cathedral churches, and how the suppression of the monastic establishments at the time of the Reformation led to the present distinction between cathedrals of the old and new foundations. The reasons why little pre-Norman work remains are stated; and how all the successive phases of style, from Norman to Renaissance, are represented, often in the same building, is shown. Travelers do not generally take sufficient account of this. The fact that hardly any of the great mediæval monuments of Europe exhibit the harmonious carrying out of a single original architectural

[1] *English Cathedrals.* By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. Illustrated with one hundred and fifty-four Drawings by Joseph Pennell; also with Plans and Diagrams. New York: The Century Company. 1892.

scheme is too often overlooked. Hence these buildings are not seldom unjustly criticised. The uninstructed tourist, if he would rightly understand one of these great buildings, must learn to distinguish the parts of it which belong to the different periods of construction. It is true, as the author points out, that these successively constructed and often widely unlike portions sometimes group not ineffectively one with the other, and combine to produce a whole that, if not entirely coherent, has usually an historic charm which goes far to atone for the lack of artistic unity. Yet at the same time these different phases of design cannot, by a discerning and disciplined eye, be regarded with equal favor. They are the products, respectively, of different conditions, and they manifest the different degrees of constructive and artistic capacity that existed in England at different times. Mrs. Van Rensselaer is not always sufficiently discriminating. With a laudable desire to see good wherever it may exist, she is apt to fancy that she finds architectural merit where there is comparatively little of it; and what she apparently means for catholicity sometimes betrays, we think, a lack of sound judgment. This is shown in the latter part of the opening chapter, where, after admitting the superiority of the French Gothic in terms which logically imply (what we apprehend to be true, but what she is unwilling to acknowledge) that there is no true Gothic architecture in England, she endeavors, with evident embarrassment, to discover grounds for an equal admiration for English pointed design. She concludes thus: "Most often we may feel that, whether French or English churches are the finer, it is well for us that French churches are tall and English ones are low; that some were reared on narrow ancient streets, and others on broad verdurous lawns; that we have there the circling apse, with its arching chapels and its coronal of flying buttresses, and here the great flat eastern wall, — at Ely with its lancet groups, at Wells with its vista into lower further spaces, at Gloucester with its vast translucent tapestry of glass. Surely, the more variety the better, for us who have not to teach or to build, but only to enjoy." We do not suppose that Mrs. Van Rensselaer means by this that the amateur should not endeavor to exercise discrimination; yet such remarks savor strongly of the idea that in matters of art it is better to avoid a critical spirit. We do not share this idea. An open mind is of course essential; but without a critical (not a captious) spirit it is impossible that the merits of the best art should ever be apprehended. The amateur should not be counseled to avoid a critical temper, but rather to seek always a solid basis for critical judgments.

Errors arising from an imperfect acquaintance with the history of architectural developments and of structural principles are, unhappily, numerous in Mrs. Van Rensselaer's work. On page 7, for instance, referring to the round arch and column, it is said that the Romans had used them side by side, but had never united them. The great arcade of the court of the palace of Diocletian at Spalato, and the basilica of Maxentius in the Roman Forum, however, bear witness that the Romans did unite these elements, though not at an early time of Roman building. On page 8 is the misstatement that "by the end of the eleventh century all parts of great churches in Normandy were covered with vaults of stone." There is, we believe, no evidence that vaults of stone were ever constructed over the naves of Norman churches during the eleventh century. The two great churches of Caen, the Abbaye-aux-Hommes and the Abbaye-aux-Dames, were vaulted for the first time early in the twelfth century. On page 12, the second transept of English churches is referred to as "a feature never found except in England," yet the

great abbey church of Cluny was furnished with double transepts long before any church was built with them in England. On page 19, the lowness of an English cathedral is given as a reason why "small service" was required from the flying buttress. But the altitude of a building has little to do with its need of flying buttresses. The character of the structure alone determines that. In the Gothic system this member is essential to the stability of an edifice; in the English pointed system it is largely unnecessary, because the construction retains so much of the Romanesque character.

On page 60 we are told that in France the "early Gothic followed immediately upon the perfected Romanesque." But what is perfected Romanesque? "The novel constructional desires" which, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, in this connection, tells us, "preceded, predicted, and inspired the broad new ideal which was to realize itself in Gothic architecture," did not arise as any sudden new departure. It was not as if the Romanesque had been perfected, and a desire for novelty then led the builders to cast about for some new constructional principles. Romanesque architecture, in its manifold varieties, exhibits a series of steps leading from the simple types of ancient design to the highly organized Gothic type. Gothic architecture itself is perfected Romanesque. On page 118, speaking of the moderate slant of the roof of Salisbury, the roof ridge is referred to as lying "near to the vaulted ceiling." This is impossible in a building with a clerestory, since the tie beams of the timber roof have to pass over the vaulting. On page 229, "the shafts which encircle the piers" of Wells are pronounced to be "more organically grouped than those of thoroughly English work." But these shafts are arranged on precisely the same principle as are those of the most characteristically English pointed buildings; that is to say, they are arranged in conformity with the arch orders of the ground story, and with these only, as at Lincoln (nave) and Salisbury.

The poorest part of the book is that, beginning on page 318, in which the writer attempts to explain the rationale of mediæval vaulting, and to describe its early progress. This section contains many erroneous statements. We are told, page 318, that "the earliest form of stone ceiling used by the Romanesque builders in the north of Europe was the barrel vault." Now, southern Gaul, the only region in which barrel vaults were extensively used over naves by the Romanesque builders, can hardly be called the north of Europe. In northern Gaul, the barrel vault was never, so far as is known, made use of over naves. We are next informed that "while church naves were still covered in this way [that is, with barrel vaults], the narrower, lower aisles were often covered with groined vaults." It is true that the great abbey church of Cluny and some Romanesque churches of the ancient diocese of Macon were constructed in this irrational manner; but the system was not employed in those northern regions where the Romanesque was quick with the germs of organic development. To oppose the concentrated thrusts of groin vaults in aisles to the continuous thrusts of barrel vaults over naves is an illogical proceeding of which the ingenious early architects of the north could hardly have been guilty. The logical form of aisle vaulting in connection with barrel-vaulted naves is the half barrel vault of the southern builders. The illogical association of the barrel vault and groined vault that is sometimes met with in southern Burgundy and its neighborhood seems to have been the result of the opposite influences, from north and south respectively, that were felt by the builders of this region.

On page 319 it is stated that "these groined vaults had also been built by the Romans, although they preferred to cover square areas with domed ceilings."

Where and when did the Romans ever do such a thing? The building of domes over square areas was the great constructive innovation of the Byzantine architects, and was first perfected in Justinian's great temple of Sta. Sophia at Constantinople. Roman domes were supported on circular drums, like that of the Pantheon. The most unmeaning misstatements occur in the second paragraph on page 319, and the first paragraph on page 321. The author says, page 319: "As round arches which rise from the same level to the same height cannot vary in span, he [the Romanesque builder] could use groin vaults well only above square compartments; over an oblong compartment he was obliged either conspicuously to stilt some of his arches, or to use for others a segmental form which meant both ugliness and constructional weakness, or to start different arches from different levels, which was not easily managed with current methods of design." Here the writer does not see that to start different arches from different levels is neither more nor less than to stilt some of the arches. She then explains that the greater convenience of vaulting square spaces led to the necessity of having two smaller vault compartments in the aisles to one larger vault in the nave, — since the aisles are usually about half the width of the nave, — and says, "This necessity is revealed by the alternation of form in the piers of the great arcade which we find in many late Norman and early Gothic churches." The fact is that this alternation of supports occurs in the earliest of all vaulted Romanesque architecture of western Europe, namely the Lombard, and is shown in such buildings as S. Ambrogio of Milan and S. Michele of Pavia. It occurs also in early Norman design, as at Jumièges and the Abbaye-aux-Hommes at Caen.

Again referring to this alternate system, Mrs. Van Rensselaer says: "Thus we have a clear instance of the way in which the character of the vault was expressed by the design of the church's wall, the concentration of part of the thrust of the vaults breaking that uniform series of piers which we see, for instance, in the nave of Peterborough, and which was appropriate when a flat ceiling was used, or a barrel vault whose thrust was more equally distributed along the walls." The uninformed reader would naturally infer from this (what the author certainly cannot mean to imply) that for a regular system of piers, like those of Peterborough, groined vaulting would be inappropriate. This regular system is, however, not only most appropriate for such vaulting, but it was not seldom used to carry it by the Romanesque builders of the twelfth century, as at Vezelay. The regular system merely requires, when groined in a logical manner, compartments of an oblong plan. As regards a flat ceiling of timber, the regular system is no more appropriate than the alternate system; for a timber roof needs no piers or shafts whatever; it rests upon the walls. The presence of shafts rising from the pavement, in many early timber-roofed buildings, merely shows that they were derived from vaulted types of structure, and that they may at first have been intended to carry vaulting. As a fact, both the alternate and the regular systems were employed in many early structures which were roofed with timber, — the one, for instance, at Jumièges and the Abbaye-aux-Hommes, the other at Peterborough and the Abbaye-aux-Dames.

On page 320 it is said that "before the middle of the eleventh century it was perceived in France that pointed arch forms would exert a much less powerful thrust, and would give the architect much greater freedom in design." What is the evidence of this? The earliest use of the pointed arch in connection with groined vaulting that we know of occurs in the apse of the

abbey church of Morienval. The vaults of this apse are supposed by the most competent French authorities to have been constructed early in the twelfth century, though it is possible that they may date from the end of the eleventh. Such use as was made of the pointed arch in the supports of the dome of the church of St. Front of Périgueux, and in some of the barrel-vaulted edifices of southern France, supposing some of these last to date as early as the middle of the eleventh century, which is doubtful, has nothing whatever to do with the development of groined vaulting. On page 321 we read: "Even with the pointed-arch forms the architect was not perfectly free to design as he chose; he could not build arches of any span and height he might desire, and spring them all from the same level." Why could he not? Is not this precisely what most of the so-called Gothic architects of England did? In the genuine Gothic of France, indeed, the pointed arch could not be so used; not, however, because of any inherent difficulty in thus adjusting one pointed arch to another, but because in this way it is impossible to secure that concentration of vault thrusts upon a narrow pier which, more than any other structural characteristic, distinguishes Gothic architecture from the pointed architecture of England which is not Gothic in principle. The author continues: "But he could stilt vaulting-ribs without producing forms as disagreeable as those which result from the stilting of round arches; and he soon discovered that he could spring them beautifully from different levels by allowing them to interpenetrate. That is, instead of carrying down all the ribs which met above his vaulting-shaft to the capital of this shaft, he could allow one to die into another at some distance above it; the eye would fancy it continuing down behind its neighbors, and thus unity of design could be preserved with much freedom in constructional processes," etc. This is incorrect. Ribs that interpenetrate do not, in early Gothic, die away above the shaft. Interpenetration merely diminishes the bulk of the group at the impost, so that a smaller capital, or group of capitals, may carry them. It has nothing whatever to do with the springing of arches from different levels. The clerestory arch, which must spring from a higher level than the other arches, or ribs, of the vault, is necessarily in the plane of the wall; and it cannot, therefore, interpenetrate with the other ribs of the vaulting which are necessarily, except at the springing, out of that plane.

But although these errors detract from the merits of the book, they do not outweigh them. The book contains, as we have said, a great deal of good material; and a corrected edition would, we think, be useful as a popular introduction to the study of English cathedrals.

The illustrations vary considerably in merit. The best are those in which open line work prevails, such as the Central Tower of Canterbury, page 46; Durham Cathedral from the Southeast, page 91; Wells from Tor Hill, page 246; and Gloucester from the Southeast, page 312. In his best work of this kind Mr. Pennell has great facility, felicity, and economy of touch in expressing the richness and mystery of architectural subjects. His broken pen stroke is finely suggestive of the weathered lines and surfaces of ancient walls, as well as of foliage and herbage. Yet there are evidences in all these drawings that the artist has not done all that he is capable of doing. A lack of that rigorous precision which forms the basis of the best delineation is more or less apparent. This is conspicuously shown in the careless perspective of the tower of Gloucester, on page 312, where the stringcourses that should be parallel are running towards separate horizons. In many cases a tendency to introduce over-emphatic spots of shade is manifest, as in Peterborough Cathedral from the Market

Place, on page 74, where the solid black under the central archway is in violent contrast with the delicate open delineation of the rest of the drawing, and in false relationship to the shadows under the arcade in the left foreground. The same excessive blackness occurs in the archway of the Exchequer Gate, and in the figures to the right, in the view of the façade of Lincoln, on page 162, and in many of the other drawings. It is most unpleasantly manifest on page 283, where the extreme darkness of the trees is harshly discordant with the colorless background; and on page 290, The Long Walk in Winter, where the inky blackness of the tree trunks and figures is as false in tone as it is painful in effect. In open delineation, solid blacks are always out of place; they are proper only where they are connected with the general scheme by intermediate tones. The supreme master thus far in the treatment of such subjects is Samuel Prout. Prout's genius was indeed limited. He could not appreciate the beauty of architecture; but he had a rare feeling for its picturesqueness, and matchless skill in tranquil, suggestive, and harmonious delineation. Few men have understood so well as he how to make his points of vigorous shade telling without rendering them inharmonious. He prepares for them, even in his most open line work, by deftly executed transitional tones, giving richness and color throughout the drawing.

Mr. Pennell's best work is so good that it seems a pity he should not make it a great deal better. He has an admirable native gift which ought to be more finely cultivated. His popularity with a not over-discriminating public has been too easily won. His ideals appear to have been derived largely from the vigorous line work of modern etchers like Lalanne and Seymour Haden, men who, though possessing strong artistic feeling and unusual executive skill, have, like himself, failed to discipline their powers thoroughly by exact and refined practice. The offhand power and brilliancy of such work are attractive, but not permanently satisfying to a cultivated taste.

Mr. Pennell's poorest work among these illustrations appears to us to be that which he has done in fuller chiaroscuro. The drawings of this kind are all defective in tonic relations, and are often singularly eccentric and inharmonious in method, as well as sloppy and often unmeaning in form. In the Durham Cathedral, page 76, for instance, the distant hillside and the nearer tree have almost the same value and quality. The details of the far-off cathedral are made out with dry and unnatural distinctness, while all other parts of the subject are vaguely, though not masterfully, suggested. The graceful subject on page 193 is spoiled by the false value given to the distant cathedral, which could not tell as darker than the shaded parts of the trees between which it is seen. The illustration of the West Front of Lincoln, page 163, is conspicuously bad. It is both inartistic and untrue in light and shade. It renders none of the beauty of this remarkable monument, and, while reducing its rich details to formless vagueness, the artist has taken the pains to elaborate the ugly costumes of the over-prominent foreground figures.

We make these remarks in no captious spirit. We recognize in Mr. Pennell an artist of superior natural abilities; but we think that he has here largely failed to do himself justice. For this, however, the present state of public taste is, we apprehend, more to be blamed than the artist himself.

The make-up of the book is appropriate, though the highly calendered paper used is offensive both to the eye and to the touch. It is to be hoped that the necessity for the use of such paper in the printing of process blocks may erelong be obviated.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Poetry. The Death of Œnone, Akbar's Dream, and Other Poems, by Alfred, Lord Tennyson. (Macmillan.) It is noticeable in this final volume of the Laureate's verse how impressive is the personality of the poet. The themes chosen, the melody of the verse, the whole treatment, conspire to deepen the tone in which an old man sings to a people long accustomed to his voice. Here is no idle song, but the clear, bell-like utterance of a poetic nature conversant with high themes, finely attuned, so that a seemingly careless note is expressive of the ease with which the poet sings. — Lachrymæ Musarum, and Other Poems, by William Watson. (Macmillan.) The title poem is a threnody on Tennyson, and two or three other poems intimate the writer's sense of kinship with great poets. These are indeed among the best of his verses, for he is kindled by this glow of human fellowship. There is also a robust moral force underlying several of the poems, and a fine distinction which arrests the reader's attention, and impresses him with the belief that there is mastership in this writer. Mr. Watson has a firm touch and a truly virile imagination. It is a pity he should have thought it worth while to recover his mere journalist Lines to our New Censor. One reads the little book with strong pleasure, and goes back to it for noticeable lines. — Jump to Glory Jane, by George Meredith ; edited and arranged by Harry Quilter, with forty-four designs invented, drawn, and written by Lawrence Housman. (Macmillan.) There is something unintentionally droll in the serious manner in which Mr. Quilter clears the road before Mr. Meredith's chariot. The poem itself, with its setting of profound interpretation and effective illustration, is a good example of Mr. Meredith's manner at its level best. The parable was worth telling, and its half-grotesque form thrusts the meaning into the reader's mind. — At the Beautiful Gate, and Other Songs of Faith, by Lucy Larcom. (Houghton.) Miss Larcom has gathered in this volume not only the more distinctively religious verse contained in her volume of poems, but also many other pieces not before brought together. The effect of the collection is of poetry wrought naturally out of familiar material, and not of perfunctory work, or of work which springs from a single side of the poet's nature. — A Book of Famous Verse, selected by Agnes Repplier. (Houghton.) Those who read Miss Repplier's paper in The Atlantic on poetry for children will know what to expect in this book, — clear judgment, fine taste, stanch fidelity to high standards, and an absolute freedom from mawkishness and pretty sentimentality. It is a robust book, and admirably well balanced.

Fine Arts and Illustrated Books. Man in Art, Studies in Religious and Historical Art, Portrait, and Genre, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton ; with forty-six plates in line engraving, mezzotint, photogravure, hyalography, etching, and wood-engraving. (Macmillan.) An expensively illustrated and very delightful work. Under the general headings of Culture, Beauty, Religious Art, History and Revivals, Portrait, Life Observed, Mr. Hamerton writes a large number of short chapters, full of the agreeable, almost colloquial writing on art from the point of view of a man who carries well in his head the due relations of content and technique. There is a saneness, a mellowness, about his criticism which at once attracts the reader, and Mr. Hamerton's personality is of that quiet, good-humored sort which enters into his work without making the reader constantly wish to eliminate the personal equation. The illustrations are from early and late masters. Many of them are noble. All of them are admirably chosen and very interesting. — Preferences in Art, Life, and Literature, by Harry Quilter, M. A. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London ; Macmillan, New York.) Mr. Quilter has been an industrious critic of art for a score of years or so ; he states that he has seen and written of, within that time, nearly five hundred thousand pictures and sculptures, besides criticising several hundred books, — say twenty-five thousand a year, or sixty-eight a day. No, no, Mr. Quilter, there is something wrong here. He has gone over this great body of criticism, printed or in manuscript, and worked out a solid quarto volume of four hundred pages, in which he treats of pre-Raphaelitism, Frank Holl, Mil-

let, William Hunt, Watts, the Royal Academy, and other subjects, and has gathered sixty-seven full-page illustrations from the works of men on whom he has commented; many of them exceedingly interesting, and not readily to be studied elsewhere. Mr. Quilter has embroidered his criticism with much interesting personal chat, but he is so violently first personal that the reader is perhaps unnecessarily irritated. — The Makers of Venice, Doges, Conquerors, Painters, and Men of Letters, by Mrs. Oliphant. Extra Illustrated Edition. (Macmillan.) This volume follows the same general style as the handsome companion volume of Makers of Florence. Mrs. Oliphant points out how much more subordinate the men of Venice were to the imperious city itself, how much the individuality of its makers was sunk in the general glory of their creation. Possibly for this reason portraiture is scarcely represented in this volume, which is illustrated chiefly from an architectural point of view, with engravings on wood, almost always admirable, and with heliotypes or some form of photographic reproductions, which are best when most detailed. On the whole, the book is a delightful storehouse of treasures from the stones of Venice. The colors cannot be given, but the picturesqueness, the richness, the proportions, are here. — Mr. J. R. Green's popular A Short History of the English People makes an excellent subject for illustration, and the new illustrated edition (Harpers) is designed upon an admirable plan. Every page, in effect, has an engraving or map, and there are a number of striking copies of illuminations. The cuts are to a very large extent copies of contemporaneous drawings, so that the first volume, the only one thus far published, has a rude character which tells much to the eye of what the picturesque text also tells in its way. The abundant architectural drawings give richness and strength to the page, and the reader perceives that the book has been made with great care, the illustrations really illustrating, and not merely decorating. The frequency of historical maps is a great help, and one could not ask for a more delightful introduction to the study of English history. The work is edited by Mrs. Green and Miss Kate Norgate. — Aratra Pentelici, Seven Lectures on the Elements of Sculpture, by John Ruskin. (C. E. Merrill & Co., New York.) This volume in the reissue of Ruskin's writings has the added value, like the others, of Mr. Norton's introductory note, which includes transcripts from Mr. Ruskin's private letters. Mr. Norton gives judicious hints for the discriminating reading of Mr. Ruskin's discourses.

Fiction. Uncle Remus and his Friends, by Joel Chandler Harris; illustrated by A. B. Frost. (Houghton.) Mr. Harris seriously proposes to shuffle Uncle Remus off the stage with this book. We refuse to believe in the disappearance of so humorous a darky; but meanwhile, with the threat hanging over us, we read with avidity not only the stories of the sort he has made classic, but the songs and ballads he sung and the record of his various experiences. The songs and ballads especially reproduce remarkably the musical childishness of the race. The varied entertainment of the book ought to make it exceedingly popular. — The Ivory Gate, by Walter Besant. (Harpers.) Mr. Besant's latest venture in the field of psychological fiction has for its motive a phenomenon of brain disease, the existence of two distinct personalities in one individual. Mr. Dering, in his normal state a successful and highly respected London solicitor, with all the qualities essential to the attainment of such a position, becomes at intervals, under another name, a man as opposite in character as can well be, an extreme socialist, believing that the abolition of property would be a panacea for every ill, and doing all that in him lies to hasten the coming of so desirable a revolution in human affairs. That so skillful a story-teller as Mr. Besant makes an admirable use of the serious misunderstandings and complications arising from such a situation need hardly be said. Though there ceases to be any mystery long before the close of the tale, the interest is steadily maintained to the end. Incidentally, the views on social problems of an unemotional, clear-headed, and upright man of the world, and the Utopian dreams of a benevolent theorist, are, with full justice to each, effectively contrasted. — Children of the Ghetto, by I. Zangwill. (Jewish Publication Society.) Notwithstanding the carelessness or unskillfulness which at first makes this novel seem rather a collection of sketches and studies than a continuous narrative, the reader soon becomes impressed by the extraordinary vividness and force with which a

new and strange world is depicted, the world of the Whitechapel Jews, with their alien languages, laws, customs, and faith, — a city within a city, — their Eastern superstitions, their strenuous Orthodoxy, and their cheerful acceptance of a ceremonial and ritual law governing every act of life that becomes to their more or less Anglicized children irksome or unendurable. The author does not confine himself to the East End, but goes as far afield as Kensington, introducing us to many wealthy middle-class Hebrews, with their various shades of belief and unbelief. With all its shortcomings, the book not only gives us realistic pictures of the life of a peculiar people, but lets us perceive their mental attitude, their point of view, far better than some of the outside studies of incomparably greater writers. — Winterborough, by Eliza Orne White. (Houghton.) A tale of a New Hampshire small town. It is marked by much ready cleverness, which shows itself in bright repartee and saucy conversation. There is also a study of character, in which some excellent points are made; and though the book strikes one sometimes as practice work, it is better worth reading than some stories which fulfill more perfectly the demands of the professional workman. — Roland Graeme, Knight, by Agnes Maule Machar. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) Roland was not merely a Knight of Labor; he was knightly in his spirit of sympathy, helpfulness, and protection to all who suffer. He was a Canadian, whose studies for the ministry were interrupted by family losses, and who came, therefore, to the United States to labor as a journalist. The author's real interest, however, is not in the several characters of the story, but in the exposition of the new theology and of Christian socialism. There is little plot, and the writer brings slight skill to this side of her work. — An anonymous novel, An Exquisite Fool, and The Silent Sea, by Mrs. Alick Macleod, are late additions to Harper's Franklin Square Library.

Books for the Young. Giovanni and the Other Children who have made Stories, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Scribners.) The preface to this delightful book is almost, if not altogether, the best thing in it; for Mrs. Burnett states so luminously and brightly the way stories may get written that she lets dull readers into a private chamber of the story-teller's brain. The stories are simple, scarcely more than the expansion of a few characteristic scenes and personalities, but there is the art of a practiced writer in the telling; sometimes we may think a little too much art. — The Admiral's Caravan, by Charles E. Caryl. — (The Century Co.) It is easy to see that but for the famous Alice in Wonderland this clever book would never have been written just as it is, and we find in the fact an additional reason for thankfulness that Alice was written. The illustrations by Birch are spirited and humorous. — Some Strange Corners of our Country, by Charles F. Lummis. (The Century Co.) Mr. Lummis writes of the wonderful natural features of the Southwest, and of the Indian and half-Latin races that people the inhabited portions. There is an agreeable restraint in his manner, from the clear sense that the country is already exaggerated enough and needs no agony of words, and the book is admirably illustrated. The narrative is frank and unaffected, and boys are to be congratulated at falling into such good hands. — Japan in History, Folk Lore, and Art, by William Elliot Griffis. (Houghton.) A number of the Riverside Library for Young People, and, like the other books in this series, unaffected by the condescension which vitiates so much literature addressed to the young. Indeed, there are some parts of the little book which would be found stiff by mature readers; but it is especially to be commended for the effort which the author has made to put Western readers into some sort of historical sympathy with Japan, and not into a state of mind which regards that country as a mere museum of curiosities. Dr. Griffis writes from a familiar knowledge and with a keen appreciation of the Japanese mind. — Indian Fairy Tales, selected and edited by Joseph Jacobs. (Putnams.) A welcome companion to the editor's volumes of English and Celtic Fairy Tales. These Indian stories, though they have become known to the English reader only within the last twenty-five years, are really the oldest of fairy tales, and the editor is almost willing to pronounce them the originals from which a large portion of the folk lore of Europe, and even of America, has been derived, — reputed borrowers being as far apart in time and space as Æsop and Uncle Remus.

But whether they believe or no that the Tar Baby owes its existence to a Buddhist Jataka, all lovers of fairy lore will find this a charming book. A word of praise must be given to Mr. Batten's admirable illustrations, which add greatly to the value of the volume. — The Thirsty Sword, a Story of the Norse Invasion of Scotland, by Robert Leighton. (Scribners.) A tale of the Western Isles in the thirteenth century, and of the dwellers therein, who, whether Gaels or Norsemen, are equally possessed by the true Berserker rage. The story is vigorously written, and the spirit of the time and place is reproduced with considerable skill; but we think the author is less successful than when writing of the young islanders of our less barbarous if tamer days. — Canoemates, a Story of the Florida Reef and Everglades, by Kirk Munroe. (Harpers.) The boy heroes of this entertaining tale meet with as many startling adventures and have as great a number of hairbreadth escapes as can be conveniently crowded into a moderate-sized volume. But the absorbed young reader will feel happily confident that the often-missing canoes will not be finally lost, and that their constantly imperiled owners will in the last chapter return triumphantly to their anxious kinsfolk. Incidentally, much will be learned of southern Florida and its denizens. — Cab and Caboose, the Story of a Railroad Boy, by Kirk Munroe. Rail and Water series. (Putnams.) A frankly sensational tale, in which the manly young hero, driven from home by the wiles of the boy villain, takes a brakeman's place on a railroad, and in the briefest possible time meets with every misadventure, misfortune, and accident that can well befall one in that position. He shows astonishing coolness and bravery in the most trying and difficult emergencies, but is not finally freed from his tribulations till the repentance, confession, and death of his enemy. We should think that even the boy reader would find not altogether unwelcome the atmosphere of ordinary life and the commonplace safety of an office desk which his hero reaches at the close of his meteoric career. — It is a little puzzling to read on the cover of a book, "The Boy's Own Outdoor Book. Edited by Charles Peters," and then find that the title-page says, "Outdoor Games and Recreations. Edited by G. Andrew Hutchinson." Whichever may be its proper name, the volume is evidently an American reissue (Lippincott) of a thoroughly British book. It is "a popular encyclopædia for boys," full of facts, rules, anecdotes, verses, and pictures about cricket, football, golf, lacrosse, yachting, canoeing, cycling, skating, and swimming, not to mention a score of minor sports. — Harper's Young People for 1892 makes one of those volumes of which children seldom tire, finding the *mélange* of picture, story, verse, anecdote, biography, natural history, botany, travel, sport, etc., practically inexhaustible. The Columbian year is fitly commemorated in various ways, most noticeably by the full-page portraits of Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci, the serial story Diego Pinzon, and the account of the New York celebration.

History and Biography. Autobiographical Notes of the Life of William Bell Scott, and Notices of his Artistic and Poetic Circle of Friends, 1830 to 1882, edited by W. Minto; illustrated by Etchings by Himself, and Reproductions of Sketches by Himself and Friends. In two volumes. (Harpers.) The recent flood of autobiographical volumes has borne no such treasure as this, for the thoroughly delightful portraiture of a most interesting man is not done in formal fashion, but with the half-concealing, half-revealing touch of an artist. Mr. Scott was a man who won the best of friends, yet he was frank in his expression of likes and dislikes. There is a negligent air about many of his anecdotical passages, and when he speaks of himself it is often with a musing, questioning manner. Occasionally he is very keen in his comment, as when speaking of Ruskin, and very sympathetic, as when speaking of Emerson and Rossetti. There are also many suggestive reflections on art, character, religion, many sketches of quaint forms of life, and always a singularly attractive compound of native shrewdness and artistic passion. — The Memories of Dean Hole. (Macmillan.) The clever and kindly face which looks out from the frontispiece belongs to an English ecclesiastic who was known otherwise as a remarkable cultivator of roses, and whose good qualities as a companion made him the friend of Englishmen of all sorts and conditions. Leech, Thackeray, Dickens, Dr. John Brown, were among his intimates,

and his love of outdoor sport brought him into connection with hunters, cricketers, and archers. His stories are often droll and always good-natured, and there is an almost amusing bringing up of himself sometimes, as if he put off his hunting-coat suddenly and put on the surplice. We suspect that he must have added a capital power of telling a story, for those which are gathered here have the air now and then of being memoranda for stories. But much of the hearty companionship of the man has passed into his book. — The Story of Sicily, Phœnician, Greek, and Roman, by Edward A. Freeman. The Story of the Nations series. (Putnams.) It was a favorite saying of Mr. Freeman, the wisdom of which is well exemplified in this book, that "in order to write a small history you must first write a large one." This "small history" is a marvel of what may be called comprehensive condensation, for no point is omitted or unduly slurred which is essential to the continuity of the story or to a clear understanding of it. In short, the volume is an admirable summary of the results of the elaborate studies recorded elsewhere, and has the certainty and precision of touch which only the writer's unrivaled knowledge of his subject could give. The history of the island which for ages was the battle-field of rival nations, languages, and creeds closes here with the coming of the Saracens. The author had hoped not only to add a volume which should carry on the story of Sicily to the death of the Emperor Frederic II., the limit which he had set to his large work, but to continue the history in this form to the absorption of the island into the kingdom of Italy. — The Duchess of Berry and the Court of Charles X., by Imbert de Saint-Amand. (Scribners.) This volume chronicles what were perhaps the happiest, and certainly the most brilliant years of the Duchess of Berry's checkered life. Her father-in-law is of necessity the central figure of the story, and is sketched sympathetically, but without undue partiality. Indeed, Charles X., with his agreeable person, charming manner, gracious kindliness, lavish generosity, and excellent intentions, would have made an ideal king in a romance, but he was singularly ill fitted to understand or cope with the sternly realistic difficulties of his position. In this, as in the preceding volume, the author is greatly indebted to the delightful memoirs of the Duchesse de Gontaut. The book is of course steadily readable, and also bears marks of carelessness, for some of which the translator may be responsible. — Student and Singer, the Reminiscences of Charles Santley. (Macmillan.) Those whose own reminiscences include the singing of Mr. Santley in ballad concerts and oratorios, when he was in this country, a score of years ago, with Mr. Cummings, Mrs. Patey, and Miss Wynne, will take up this book with special interest. We cannot promise them as much pleasure as they had from Mr. Santley's voice. Some of his experiences, especially in early life, were worth telling, and are told with candor and straightforwardness; but on the whole Mr. Santley's acquaintance with men and affairs seems not to have gone beyond the surface, and he has not the art of making superficial narrative entertaining. — Social Life in England from the Restoration to the Revolution, 1660–1690, by William Connor Sydney. (Macmillan.) Mr. Sydney, who made an acceptable study of England and the English in the eighteenth century, carries his researches back another generation, and discourses of roads, inns, manufactures, mines, the characteristics of the several parts of the kingdom, dress, amusements, education, and whatever serves to illustrate the life of the people in different ranks. It is a somewhat disappointing book, in part because it is so ill provided with guideboards in the way of chapter headings and running titles, though side heads are frequent, and in part because the writer seems not to have digested his material thoroughly; yet it serves as a useful accompaniment to a formal history of the same period.

Literature. The Dialogues of Plato, translated into English, with Analyses and Introductions, by B. Jowett. In five volumes. (Macmillan.) This is the third edition, revised and corrected throughout, of a translation which goes far toward putting the unlearned English reader on a level with the classical scholar. Indeed, the work has also a very great value to the latter, since it enables him, after mastering a few dialogues with painful attention, to take in rapidly the whole scope of Plato's philosophy. The ingenious system of headlines and side notes is cleverly adapted still further to aid the reader in grasping the main

lines of thought, and the equipment of introductions with which the work is furnished supplies the place of a history of philosophy and an elaborate commentary. Finally, there is, in the fifth volume, a superb index, nearly two hundred double-column pages in length. The Master of Balliol, whatever be his theology, — and who knows just what it is? — has rendered an imperishable service to the new study of classic literature. — Historical and Political Essays, by Henry Cabot Lodge. (Houghton.) Mr. Lodge has collected papers some of which are known to constant readers of The Atlantic. His historical papers are largely biographical in form, dealing with Seward, Gouverneur Morris, Madison; and his political papers, treating of matters which are of immediate importance, draw their best arguments from historical precedents. — Prose Idyls, by John Albee. (Houghton.) Mr. Albee has chosen to set forth in prose, which has a distinct flavor, fancies, reveries, bits of experience, parables, thoughts, which might be the motives for poems. There is nothing in the prose form which is not genuine prose; there is nothing in the matter, we might almost say, which is not genuine poetry. The sketches all have point, but they are not so epigrammatic as to depend solely upon the point for their value. Indeed, the quiet beauty of the bits is of the resting sort which is often wanting in poetry of the day. Altogether the book is distinct and welcome. One would have to go back to Hawthorne to find kinship in some of the work. — Dr. Henry van Dyke has brought out a third edition of The Poetry of Tennyson (Scribners), in which the chronology of the poet's life and works has been so much enlarged that it might rather be called a bibliography, and one more complete and accurate than can be found elsewhere. A new estimate of Maud is also given, the result of light thrown upon the poem by Tennyson's own reading and interpretation of it. The author's fine memorial verses are fitly prefixed to this edition. — The series of Literary Gems which Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons published a year ago has been enlarged this season by the addition of Sheridan's The Rivals; Irving's Rip Van Winkle and Wolfert's Roost; Bryant's Thanatopsis and Other Poems; Milton's L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, with Sonnets and Odes; Gray's Elegy, with Sonnets and Odes; and Thackeray's Charity and Humor, with Nil Nisi Bonum. These small volumes are neatly printed, bound in imitation morocco, and furnished with etched frontispieces. They reflect the good taste and economic judgment of those who make use of them for gift-books.

Education and Textbooks. A French Eton, or Middle-Class Education and the State, to which is added Schools and Universities in France, by Matthew Arnold. (Macmillan.) Both of these treatises are reissues, and the conditions which led to their original production have been modified; the treatment, moreover, is from an English point of view. Nevertheless, such is the charm of Mr. Arnold's manner, and so eagerly does he seek after the heart of his subject, that the book is profitable as well as agreeable reading to students of pedagogy in America to-day. — History of Higher Education in Massachusetts, by George Gary Bush. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) One of the issues of the Bureau of Education. It is devoted largely to Harvard, but all the colleges in the State, both those for men and those for women, are treated. Perhaps it was desirable to make such a survey for the sake of enriching the series to which it belongs, but, with the exception of one or two of the younger colleges, the history of each has been amply set forth in separate volumes. — Shoemaker's Best Selections for Readings and Recitations, No. 20, compiled by Mrs. Edna Chaffee Noble. (Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia.) The book takes a wide range, beginning somewhat low down in the scale of literature, though high in the scale of good spirits. — Manual of the Natural Movement Method in Writing, an Original Self-Instructing System of Penmanship, by Charles R. Wells. (Bardeen.) — The History of Modern Education, an Account of the Course of Educational Opinion and Practice from the Revival of Learning to the Present Decade, by Samuel G. Williams. (Bardeen.) A convenient survey, in chronological order, of the successive impulses given to education by individual men and by organized associations. The closing chapter is in a manner a succinct appraisal of the current modes of popular education. The basis of the work is lectures delivered by the author from his chair at Cornell. — A

Pathfinder in American History, by W. F. Gordy and W. I. Twitchell. (Lee & Shepard.) Part I. of a capital handbook for the use of teachers. The compilers go straight at the mark, assuming that American history is intrinsically interesting and of the highest importance in the development of an intelligent patriotism. They lay down courses, make practical suggestions, and throughout are specific, not general, in the aid they give teachers in this most significant part of school work. — Practical Ethics, by William De Witt Hyde. (Holt.) For textbook uses, the method employed by Dr. Hyde has the advantage of uniformity. Starting with Food and Drink, and continuing through twenty-two chapters up to God, he divides each subject into The Duty, The Virtue, The Reward, The Temptation, The Vice of Defect, The Vice of Excess, The Penalty. A method serviceable enough in the more definite bases of conduct becomes somewhat mechanical and strained when applied to the higher movements of the spirit. The book is, however, manly, clear, and progressive in its development of the laws of life. — Handbook of University Extension, edited by George F. James. (The American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, Philadelphia.) Fifty or more papers and reports of meetings. The enthusiast will find abundant evidence of the interest felt in this movement, and of the variety of experiments going on. The critic may question how far the central organization is succeeding in systematizing the efforts, and how much it is really reinforcing the local activities. — Materials for French Composition, by C. H. Grandgent. Part V. Based on Super's French Reader. (Heath.) Designed for pupils in their first year's study of French. — A German Science Reader, by J. Howard Gore. (Heath.) The technicalities of science have found a freer opportunity of expression in German because of the flexibility, and one may say the immaturity, of the language, and Mr. Gore has had the good thought to practice the young student, who wishes to know German in order to be able to read German scientific books, in the use of passages either from German writers or translations into German. — The Story of the Iliad, by the Rev. Alfred J. Church. (Macmillan.) The first volume of a new series called Macmillan's School Library. Mr. Church's skill in rendering classic literature into a form familiar to the young is well known, and it is favorably shown here in the manner in which he does not make a bare summary of the Iliad, but begins his story with an explanatory chapter, and then aims throughout at a narrative, not a prose epic.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Winter Friend.

THE way to the woods is blurred with a mist of driven snow that veils the portal of the forest with its upblown curtain, and blots out all paths, and gives to the familiar landmarks a ghostly unreality. The quietude of the woods is disturbed by turbulent voices, the angry roar and shriek of the wind, the groaning and clashing of writhing, tormented trees. Over all the sunned but unwarmed sky bends its blue arch, as cold as the snowy fields and woods beneath it.

In such wild weather you are not tempted far abroad in quest of old acquaintances, yet from the inhospitable woods some of them come to you. Among them all, none is more welcome than that feathered atom of life, the chickadee. With the same blithe note that welcomed you to his woodland haunts in spring, in summer, and in autumn, when he attended you with such charming familiarity, amusing you with pretty acrobatic feats, as he flitted, now before, now beside, now above you, he hails you now, and asks that hospitality be extended to him.

Set forth a feast of suet on the window-sill, and he will need no bidding to come and partake of it. How daintily he helps himself to the tiniest morsels, never cramming his bill with gross mouthfuls as do his comrades at the board, the nuthatch and the downy woodpecker! They, like unbidden guests, doubtful of welcome or of sufferance, even, make the most of time that may

prove all too brief, and gorge themselves as greedily as hungry tramps ; while he, unscared by your face at the window, tarries at his repast, pecking his crumbs with leisurely satisfaction. You half expect to see him swept from your sight like a thistledown by the gusty blast, but he holds bravely to his perch, unruffled in spirit if not in feathers, and defies his fierce assailant with his oft-repeated challenge.

As often as you spread the simple feast for him he will come and sit at your board, a confiding guest, well assured of welcome, and will repay you with an example of cheerful life in the midst of dreariness and desolation. In the still, bright days, his cheery voice rings through the frosty air, and when the thick veil of the snow falls in a wavering slant from the low sky its muffled cadence still heartens you.

What an intense spark of vitality must it be that warms such a mite in such an immensity of cold ; that floats his little life in this deluge of frigid air, and keeps him in song while we are dumb with shivering ! If our huge hulks were endowed with proportionate vitality, how easily we might solve the mysteries of the frozen north !

On some February day, when the first promise of spring is drifted to you in the soft south wind, the tenderness of spring is voiced in his love-note, brief but full of melody, and sweet as the evening song of the wood pewee. When the spring songsters come, he takes leave of you. He has seen you safely through the winter, and departs to the woods on affairs of his own. He is no longer a vagrant, but at home in his own greenwood, yet as unfretted by the cares of housekeeping as he was by the heavy weariness of winter.

An Appeal for the Clergy.

— Some weeks ago, according to the morning newspapers, a metropolitan divine, who had been out of the city for a day's sport, was arrested on his way home, and taken before a justice, on the charge of an illegal shooting of song-birds. His bag was found to contain thirty odd pieces of such game, and the court, having no discretion under the statute, I suppose, fined him five dollars apiece for them. The situation might easily have been an awkward one ; for the good man, in obedience to the Scripture injunction, had gone out carrying no purse. Fortunately, however, he had taken his checkbook along (there is nothing in the Bible against *that*), and with a few strokes of the pen his persecutions were ended.

Only two days after reading this story, I happened to be passing through a piece of roadside woods, on my afternoon ramble, when I encountered the village clergyman, dressed in a shooting-jacket and carrying a double-barreled gun. I did not inquire after his luck, nor whether he was loaded for bears or for snowbirds ; this, I thought, was one of the times when silence is the better part of curiosity. But I was impressed with the fact that the country minister has the same needs as his urban brother, and as I posted away I fell to pondering a matter which I am sure must have occurred to many others as well as to myself, but which I do not remember to have seen mentioned anywhere in print. I refer to the desirability of granting to gun-loving clergymen (their number cannot be so very great, relatively considered, I am inclined to think) some special sporting privilege, — to be known, perhaps, as a clerical license or a pastoral permit.

There can be no question that those who have the care of souls stand in peculiar need of recreation. Seeing so much of the sorrow and sin of the world, weighed down as they continually are by the evil doings of the laity, they may fairly claim the right to almost anything in the way of solace and innocent diversion. If it relieves the tension of their overwrought sympathies to go out and shoot a few bluebirds and hermit thrushes, — as the metropolitan pastor before mentioned is said to have done, — why should the law step in to forbid them ? I confess that it might be a shock to my feelings to see them so engaged. I fear, indeed, that for a Sunday or two I should hardly enjoy the ministrations of a man whom I had seen shooting, say, a chickadee or a goldfinch. But probably I am a little odd in my notions, and at best a layman's taste is no very trustworthy criterion. Statesmen find it for their health to shoot ducks, and it would seem quite in keeping that clergymen, being persons of more refinement, should be refreshed by shooting birds correspondingly more delicate. In so good a cause, at any rate, I would cheerfully lay aside all personal prejudice. So I say, let us give the reverend gentlemen their clerical licenses. If, after a time, the crops should begin to

suffer under a visitation of noxious insects, who can doubt that a kind Providence would somehow interpose for our relief? Without question, too, the clergy would relinquish their exceptional privileges, temporarily at least, rather than see the public welfare imperiled. Perhaps they would go back to angling, which used to be accounted, as we may say, a kind of semi-religious amusement. Fishes are less highly organized than birds, and probably suffer less when killed, and so of course it is somewhat less interesting to kill them, but at a pinch they might suffice. Anyhow, it will be time enough to cross the bridge when we come to it. For the present, surely (I speak as a public-spirited citizen and a pewholder), we can afford to do with fewer bluebirds and hermit thrushes, if thereby we can secure better preaching and praying.

The American Gentleman.

— I think that we are all rather fond of speculating about "gentlemen:" partly, no doubt, because the subject is elusive and indefinite, so that it affords much room for speculation. Then, again, it is almost a tabooed subject; if handled at all in public, as in a speech, or a newspaper, or even a book, it must be handled very gingerly. Thus, should any one attempt a classification or definition of "gentlemen," he must be careful not to draw his lines so closely as by any chance to exclude a member of the public that he addresses. Dr. Holmes, it will be remembered, in one of his novels, got around this obstacle very cleverly by speaking of the "Brahmin class." Now, nobody would mind being put in a non-Brahmin category, and nobody would feel jealous at hearing the "Brahmins" praised or exalted in any manner. It was Dr. Holmes, also, I believe, who once ventured to draw a distinction between "gentlemen" and "gents;" but this was treading upon dangerous ground.

However, I am not now concerned with any delicate question of that kind, but with the very safe inquiry, first, whether there is, and secondly, whether there ought to be, such a thing as an American gentleman, a type distinct from that which obtains in countries other than our own. We often hear it said that a gentleman is the same the world over; and this is substantially true. What makes a gentleman is, I suppose, the two qualities of an inherent self-respect and an inherent courtesy; and a class possessing these qualities exists in every nation and in every tribe. Emerson justly remarked that "good breeding and personal superiority of whatever country readily fraternize with those of every other. The chiefs of savage tribes have distinguished themselves in London and Paris by the purity of their tournure."

And yet the Fiji Island prince would have his little peculiarities, — his manner would not be quite the same as that of an English gentleman; and so of all other races. The Frenchman is more cordial, the Spaniard more ceremonious, than the Englishman, and they have forms of courtesy different from the English forms. We, of course, are more like English people than the French or Spanish are, — more like them, perhaps, than are the Germans or Scandinavians; but nevertheless the American upbringing and surroundings are so different from the English that there ought to be a similar and resulting difference between the *kalokagathoi* of the two countries.

Carlyle made a suggestive remark upon this subject in reference to Daniel Webster, whom he met at a breakfast party in London. He spoke of him as "a man of breeding, but not of English breeding;" and this, I should say, is a remark that ought to apply to every American gentleman. But, looking about me, I see few persons to whom it would apply. We have, instead, Anglomaniacs in plenty; occasionally I meet dapper young men with pointed beards whom I take to be imitation Frenchmen; and recently I have noticed some specimens of a tufted, soft-hatted, romantic-looking kind, formed apparently upon a German model.

In Webster's time, and in times further back, the American gentleman was more abundant. Seventy years ago, for example, there were three classmates at a small "down East" college where the tone and manners must have been purely American. These three men would doubtless have been described as gentlemen by the most severe of European critics; but such a critic would have said, also, as Carlyle said of Webster, that their breeding was not English breeding. I need hardly say that I mean Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Franklin Pierce.

Now, by way of a slight though exact

illustration of such differences as ought to exist between the well-bred Englishman and the well-bred American, I will take the use of the word "sir." In England, as I understand, this term is employed by gentlemen only in case the person spoken to is a royal person; and it is thought vulgar for one gentleman to apply it to another, even though there may be a great disparity of years between them. On the historic occasion when Sir William Gordon Cumming called the attention of the Prince of Wales to the banknote which he had surreptitiously placed on the table before him, he said, "There is a tenner here, sir." If he had addressed the same remark to Mr. Gladstone or to Cardinal Manning, who was then alive, he would have left out the "sir."

Now, the modern American gentleman copies this usage, very ignobly as I think. It is natural for an American to use the word "sir" plentifully, just as it is natural for Frenchmen to be profuse with "monsieur;" and this is precisely one of those little peculiarities that ought to distinguish the American from the Englishman. Such was formerly the case. I well remember the ceremony with which my grandfather, a country doctor, used to greet his acquaintances from the buggy where I rode with him. "Sir, your most obedient," doffing his tall hat meanwhile, and not infrequently letting fall a shower of letters which he had put in that receptacle for safe-keeping.

But there is one respect in which a difference, and an important one, does exist between English and American gentlemen, though in some quarters even that is disappearing. I mean in their behavior toward servants and inferiors generally. The English servant or underling likes to be treated brusquely and arrogantly; it is a part of his traditions to be so treated, and the English gentleman seldom fails to gratify him. But in the United States, and for very good reasons, we order this matter differently. The fact is, of course, that the American gentleman exists only by sufferance and anonymously, as it were; whereas the English gentleman is a well-recognized part of the British Constitution. And so it behooves the American to be simple and unassuming in his manners, to be courteous to his inferiors (as he regards them), to say "sir" to his equals without shame, and in general to bear himself, not as an Anglomaniac, but as one who has inherited customs and a standard of his own.

The *Pot au Feu.* — In the fireplace of every French peasant there will be found a large iron pot hanging by an iron crane, as useful if not as picturesque as that which adorns the New England fireside or draws water from the New England well. This utensil is called the *pot au feu.* In this receptacle are collected the fragments of all things edible, such as can be obtained under the restricted conditions which beset the maintenance of peasant life, — pieces of meat, odds and ends of vegetables, stray handfuls of fragrant herbs, of parsley and of dandelion, with such indigenous condiments as impart savor to the mess of pottage, and all the product of the peasant's modest garden. On Friday a goldfish or two, from the tiny pool or shy stream which so often creeps unnoticed through the grounds, are substituted for meat in the frugal feast, for on that day fasting is in order. A moderate fire, when the requisite fuel is obtainable, is kept up under this large iron pot the greater part of the day. This procedure serves to keep dry in summer and warm in winter the unpretending room which is used as kitchen, dining-room, and drawing-room. When the appointed hour for the family meal has arrived, the fluid contents of the pot au feu are dished up as soup, or, as they call it, *potage,* in earthenware platters. Later on, the vegetables and meat are fished out, to be served as another course; the whole meal fortified with bread, and adorned and sweetened by such flowers and fruits as may be indigenous to the soil.

In this way the French peasant obtains a much better meal, for less money or its equivalent in labor, than can be obtained elsewhere or by other means.

The pot au feu has grown to assume in French national life a significance which is frequently recorded in the literature of that people. Many, indeed, have wondered why the French emigrant is so irreconcilable an alien; why, of all who cross the sea, he seems to be the greatest sufferer from homesickness; why *mal de pays* should prove a severer and more incurable disease than *Heimweh.* Generations upon generations of people born in Louisiana or Canada are ill

at ease, discontented, vacantly listless, realizing no home but that country, thousands of miles away, which they have never seen, which their fathers have never seen, which their grandparents have never seen. Heaven itself is scarcely more remote as a fact, or more near as a passionate tradition. These exiled Frenchmen, although American citizens by birth, and endowed with all the privileges that belong to such, have never voted, scarcely know who is President, care not who may chance to be their governor, speak no language but that of Voltaire, and continue for generations to sigh for, not, as cynical English or American critics aver, the theatres and cafés of Paris, — for those neither they nor their ancestors have ever known, — but for the social life of France which centres on the pot au feu of their ancestors' childhood.

To think that the scent of *fines herbes*, chiming in odorous harmony with the homely savor of domestic meat and vegetables, should generate a steam of frugal perfume which would be glad in the nostrils of generations yet to come! I speak advisedly, for I do know and remember an old Louisiana Creole who had, by heroic parsimony and ruthless thrift, managed to amass enough money for his first trip to "la belle France," the first made by himself or any of his kindred since the days of Montcalm. This old Creole said, with glistening eyes and dilating nostrils: "I am going to Normandy. I shall see my cousins. They dwell there as my forefathers dwelt, on the same ancestral acres. Ha! already it seems to me that I perceive the odor of the pot au feu. I am going home!" The poor man was an actor from the French theatre at New Orleans, and had made some little money in Mexico during the brief ill-starred reign of Maximilian. Possibly his calling may have added emphasis to his words and gestures, but so evident was his sincerity, and so deep and lasting the proof it gave of national constancy, that I saw a new significance in the fifth commandment with its promise of many days.

Disobeying the Letter.

— It has often seemed to me that, among the virtues, obedience does not come in for so large a share of commendation as the others. However, it is naturally a virtue in high requisition by one class of persons, who yet from their very position are spared giving it the premium it merits at their hands. I speak of those whom we characterize as "in authority." The autocrat demands obedience, but does not necessarily on that account praise it. When he does so condescend, he praises only one species, namely, *implicit* obedience, that which gives him no trouble.

Now, I am no autocrat, and it has always struck me that the sort of obedience which we may call "inborn," and which is immediate and unreasoning, is less admirable in its quality, less to be commended, and even less to be relied on, than is another order of obedience. I, at least, more value the finally resolved upon obedience of a nature originally tentative for itself and unled. Having experimentally made the circuit of all the dangers that befall where allegiance is neither owed nor paid, such a nature is in its acquiescence more perfect, more scrupulous, more passionately for compliance, than the child and the inexperienced person can ever be. This is not only obedience to the word of command as uttered by some fellow-being or the body of the laws, but it has the additional quality of acquiescence with some *perceived* principle. And even when the obedience is intelligent of the necessity for compliance, but is yet humanly unresigned, there is displayed, to my thinking, a more engaging quality than is to be found in the obedience of simple adolescence and inexperience. Job's strenuous but pathetic declaration stands for the expression of all such cases: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him; but I will maintain mine own ways before him."

But to waive the more serious consideration of the subject, I should much like to inquire how it is that docile intelligence (in animals as well as in men) is often seen to insist upon varying the letter of the law, even while keeping its spirit. My young dog does not like to lie down in just the place designated, but compromises satisfactorily to his dog mind by dropping down in a spot a little removed from that indicated by the master. A like constructiveness as to orders given I well remember of myself as a child. (What about the "inborn" obedience of the child?) Obeying in effect, I still found it rather pleasanter to diverge a little from the literal injunction. A further illustration: if I ask a certain friend, of great obligingness of dis-

position, and of as great modesty as of clear intellect, to read a passage that has interested me (handing him the book), he will not at once comply with the request, but first reads *all around* the passage indicated (and perhaps looks at Alpha and Omega) before returning to the special paragraph or stanza. Another individual I know, who will never — not if she can help it! — deliver a message in the exact words in which it was originally couched. Now, is this slight willfulness, this little dislocation in obedience, which I have noted, proof of the free will of creatures; or is it a sign that they have so little free will they must needs ever assert it, even as some petty official arrogates brief authority, or as one whose inward dignity is small must always be insisting upon its existence by outward show of gravity and ceremonial? In case of a capricious or "contrary" subject, most admirable is the method of the Quaker disciplinarian with his persuasive note of inquiry, "Had n't thee better do so?" for it appears that such a subject finds it comparatively easy to take suggestion and obey, whereas direct injunction would but waken opposition. Whatever the underlying reason, implicit obedience appears somehow to be opposed to explicit command. But, surely, a mere disobeying of the letter is a venial fault. At any rate, I for one will not chastise severely those who, contrary to the method of Macbeth's "juggling fiends," break the promise to the outer ear, but keep it to the heart.

Ecclefechan. — We went to Ecclefechan not long ago, to see where Thomas Carlyle was born in 1795, and where, more than fourscore years after, he was buried, one bleak, snowy day in February, 1881. From the railway station we walked towards the village. As we came in sight of the houses, the street seemed to fall away to the left from the highroad on which we were, and, uncertain of our way, we asked a woman who was passing where the churchyard was. She directed us straight on, pointed to a church built of red stone ("That 's the U. P. kirk. The minister 's wan they ca' Smith"), and told us the churchyard lay close behind it. We proceeded till we came to the red church, when it was necessary to ask again; this time we inquired of a rugged-faced old man in a white jacket, with a pickaxe over his shoulder. He might have been a Carlyle himself to look at, we said to each other.

"I 'll tak 'ye tae 't," was his reply to our inquiries, evidently understanding in a moment what we wanted.

This was our man, for he proved to have been for a number of years the gravedigger, and had seen Carlyle whenever he came to Ecclefechan during that time. Not that we found all this out at once. Our new friend was quite as Carlylean in his silence as in his appearance. He led us along by the side of the U. P. kirk, and unlocked the iron gates of the inclosure behind it.

And this was the Ecclefechan burying-ground. A more gaunt, unkindly looking place of sepulture I have never seen. It was nearly square, with a high blank wall shutting it in from sight. There was nothing to relieve the bare, prison-like aspect, nothing even to overlook it but a staircase window in the back of the church.

We followed our guide to a spot where three stones were inclosed by a common iron railing.

"This is it, whar Tummas is burit."

The centre stone of the group was indeed erected to the memory of Carlyle and of his brother John. Surmounting the names was a crest and the motto "Humilitate." Who would have looked for a crest on that tomb? The stones on both sides were plain white-painted ones. That to the left bore the name of Janet Carlyle, the first wife of Carlyle's father, who died in her twenty-fifth year, and of the sister Margaret whose early death is mentioned in the Reminiscences. Below, the father's name and the mother's, with an inscription from a hand we know, which testifies of their surviving children as "gratefully reverent of such a father and such a mother." The third stone was, if I remember rightly, in memory of a brother's family.

"Mr. Carlyle's wife is not buried here?"

"Na. They wudna let her in," was the grim reply.

We noticed the name on several of the other monuments in the graveyard, which showed it had been a common one in the countryside. In one case we found the same crest and motto, with the addition of the closed visor. The oldest stone of all was a flat slab imbedded in the grass. Our guide pointed it out to us, saying: —

"Ye 'll no read that yin. I hae seen nine ministers at it in yae day, an' nane o' them could read it. An' Tummas, the last time he was here, he was at it, an' he got it markit down fur him, an' he was tae read it tae me the next time he cam back, but — he never cam back till he cam wi' his feet afore."

Of course we studied the inscription, but, like our nine predecessors, like "Tummas" himself, we could make nothing of it except the date, which was 1621. The rest was all capital letters; possibly initials, we thought. There is a similar inscription on a stone at Brechin which is so understood. That was all the attempt we could make towards the solution of the mystery. A newly made grave, the old man's morning work, was waiting for its occupant, a young woman, he told us, who had died of consumption.

"Have you any more famous men buried here?"

"Ou aye."

"As famous as Mr. Carlyle?" we asked, with a modest surprise at our own ignorance.

"As Tummas?" The words were nothing to the tone, indicating the speaker's ideas of the sage to a nicety. "Plenty," he added. "Napoleon's doctor 's burit here."

We could only maintain a respectful silence. I think we each hoped the other might be able to reply, but we had been too full of the Reminiscences to have any thoughts for other celebrities. We found it was Dr. Arnott, Napoleon's doctor at St. Helena. Kirkconnel Hall, in the neighborhood of Ecclefechan, had belonged to the family.

"Are there any Carlyles in the village now?" we asked, as we came out to the road again.

"Not wan," was the old man's answer; "a' that is, is here," and he locked the iron gates behind us, and left the grim place to itself.

The Carlyle house was our next quest. Following the old grave-digger's directions we found ourselves in the main street of the village, and, looking about, soon recognized the two-storied double dwelling house with an archway leading through it, that we already knew from illustrations. It is on the right hand as you come from the station down the long, winding street. In front runs a narrow stream, with a low wall on the further side. On the bank there had stood a line of poplar-trees, but the stormy winter of 1883 had blown them all down but one. The house was built by James Carlyle and his brothers, and must surely at the time have been superior to the generality of Ecclefechan dwellings. Compared with the cottage built by William Burns at Alloway, some forty years earlier in the century, it is a mansion, and well lighted. The windows are sufficient even for to-day; very different from the four tiny panes that let the light "in on Robin."

Our knock at the door — it is the end next the station that was James Carlyle's part of the house — was answered by the pleasant-faced woman who has the care of it. Downstairs was the kitchen, and above were two rooms that had the unused, swept-and-garnished look that is common to show places. The larger of the two rooms had been furnished from Cheyne Row. There were a couch and chairs from Carlyle's study, his reading-lamp, and on a shelf in the wall his wife's tea-pot and tea-caddy. The popular edition of his works filled another shelf, and on the wall hung the kitchen clock. A visitors' book was on the table, and completed the bare, official look of the place.

We had seen what we came for. Our questions had been civilly answered. The children who gathered round the sketcher whispered to one another, "It 's Carlyle's hoose she 's drawin'." But no one had talked of him. There was no pride in his fame, no recalling his visits to his native place. Unwillingly we had to confess to ourselves that of respect or affection we had found no trace, — nothing more reverent than the grim irony of the old grave-digger's familiar "Tummas."

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OLD KASKASKIA.

IN FOUR PARTS. PART THIRD.

THE RISING.

Father Baby's part in the common fields lay on the Mississippi side of the peninsula, quite three miles from town. The common fields as an entire tract belonged to the community of Kaskaskia; no individual held any purchased or transferable right in them. Each man who wished to could claim his proportion of acres and plant any crop he pleased, year after year. He paid no rent, but neither did he hold any fee in the land.

Early on rainy summer mornings, the friar loved to hoist his capote on the cord, and tramp, bare-legged, out to his two-acre farm, leaving his slave, with a few small coins in the till, to keep shop should any customer forestall his return.

"The fathers of all orders," explained Father Baby, "from their earliest foundations, have counted it a worthy mortification of the flesh to till the ground. And be ready to refresh me without grinning, when I come back muddy from performing the labor to which I might send you, if I were a man who loved sinful ease. Monastic habits are above the understanding of a black rascal like you."

The truth was, the friar loved to play in wet dirt. Civilized life and the confinement of a shop worked a kind of ferment in his wild spirit, which violent dancing somewhat relieved, but which intimate contact with the earth cooled and settled. Father Baby sometimes stripped off his capote and lay down in the hollow between furrows of corn, like a very lean but peaceful pig. He would not have been seen, on any account, and lifted an apprehensive head in the darkness of the morning if a bird rustled past. This performance he called a mortification of his frame; but when this sly churchman slipped up and put on his capote again, his thin visage bore the same gratified lines which may be seen on the face of a child making mud pies.

It had rained steadily since the political field day which had drawn such crowds to Kaskaskia. The waters of the Okaw had risen, and Father Baby's way to his work had been across fields of puddles, through which he waded before dawn; knowing well that a week's growth of weeds was waiting for him in its rankness.

The rain was not over. It barely yet restrained itself, and threatened without falling; blotting out distance as the light grew. A damp air blew from the northwest. Father Baby found the little avenues between his rows of maize and pea vines choked with the liberal growth which no man plants, and he fell furiously to work. His greatest pleasure was the order and thrift of his little farm, and until these were restored he could not even wallow comfortably. When he had hoed and pulled out stubborn roots until his back ached, he stood erect, letting his hands hang outspread,

magnified by their mask of dirt, and rested himself, thinking of the winter dinners he would enjoy when this moist land should take on a silver coating of frost, and a frozen sward resist the tread of his wooden shoe.

"O Lord," said Father Baby, "I confess I am a sinner; we all are. But I am a provident sinner who make good use of the increase Thou dost send through the earth. I do Thee to wit that Antoine Lamarche's crop is pretty weedy. The lazy dog will have to buy of me, and if I do not skin him well — But hold on. My blessed Master, I had forgot that Antoine has a sick child in his house. I will set his garden in order for him. Perhaps Thou wilt count it to me for righteousness, and let it offset some of my iniquities."

So when he had finished his own, the friar put his hoe into his neighbor's patch, and worked until the sweat rolled down his thin cheeks. Gusts of rain added their moisture. As much light as the world was to have that day filtered through sheets of vapor. The bluffs bordering the Okaw could not be seen except as a vague bank of forest; and as for the lowlands across the great river, they might as well have had no existence.

It grew upon Father Baby's observation that the Mississippi had never looked so threatening. He stuck to his hoeing until he was nearly exhausted, and Antoine Lamarche's ground showed at least enough improvement to offset all the cheating he had done that week, and then made his way among bushes to the verge of the bank. The strong current always bearing down from the northwest against the peninsula had increased its velocity to a dizzy sweep. It bit out pieces of the shore as large as Father Baby's shop, and far and near these were seen falling in with splashes like the spouting of whales.

"At this rate," said Father Baby aloud, "I shall have no part left in the common fields by next year."

The river's tremendous rolling roar was also swollen to unusual magnitude. He looked afar over a tawny surface at undermined stumps and trees racing past one another. The June rise, which the melting of snows in those vague regions around its head-waters was called, had been considerable, but nothing to terrify the Kaskaskians. One week's rain and the drainage of the bottom lands could scarcely have raised the river to such a height. "Though Heaven alone can tell," grumbled the friar, "what the Mississippi will do for its own amusement. All the able slaves in Kaskaskia should be set to work on the levee before this day is an hour older."

Carrying the hoe on his shoulder like any laborer, and drawing the hood of his garment over his bald crown as the mist of rain increased to a driving sheet, Father Baby tramped along the river edge toward an unfinished defense against the waters. It was a high dike, beginning on a shoulder of the peninsula above the town, but extending barely a mile across a marsh where the river had once continuously raveled the shore even in dry seasons. The friar was glad to discern a number of figures at work carting earth to the most exposed and sunken spots of this dike.

The marsh inside the embankment was now a little lake, and some shouting black boys were paddling about there in a canoe which had probably been made during the leisure enforced by wet weather. It was a rough and clumsy thing, but very strongly put together.

The tavern in Kaskaskia was a common meeting-place. Other guest houses, scattered through the town, fed and lodged the humble in an humble way; but none of them dared to take the name "tavern," or even to imitate its glories. In pleasant weather, its lower gallery was filled with men bargaining, or hiring the labor of other men. It was the gathering and distributing point of news, the headquarters of the Assembly when

that body was in session, — a little hôtel de ville, in fact, where municipal business was transacted.

The wainscoted dining-room, which had a ceiling traversed by oak beams, had been the scene of many a stately banquet. In front of this was the bar-room, thirty by forty feet in dimensions, with a great stone fireplace built at one end. There was a high carved mantel over this, displaying the solid silver candlesticks of the house, and the silver snuffers on their tray embossed with dragons. The bar was at the end of the room opposite the fireplace, and behind it shone the grandest of negro men in white linen, and behind him, tier on tier, an array of flasks and flat bottles nearly reaching the low ceiling. Poor Kaskaskians who entered there, entered society. They always pulled their cappos off their heads, and said "Good evening, messieurs," to the company in general. It was often as good as a feast to smell the spicy odors stealing out from the dining-room. It was a gentle community, and the tavern bar-room was by no means a resort of noisy drinkers. If any indecorum threatened, the host was able to quell it. He sat in his own leather chair, at the hearth corner in winter, and on the gallery in summer; a gigantic Frenchman, full of accumulated happiness.

It was barely dusk when candles were lighted in the sconces around the walls, and on the mantel and bar. The host had his chair by a crackling fire, for continual dampness made the July night raw; and the crane was swung over the blaze with a steaming tea-kettle on one of its hooks. Several Indians also sat by the stone flags, opposite the host, moving nothing but their small restless eyes; aboriginal America watching transplanted Europe, and detecting the incompatible qualities of French and English blood.

The bar-room had its orchestra of three banjos, making it a hall of music every night in the year. And herein Africa added itself to the civilization of the New World. Three coal-black slaves of the host's sat on a bench sacred to them, and softly twanged their instruments, breaking out at intervals into the wild chants of their people; improvising, and stimulating each other by musical hints and exclamations. It was evident that they esteemed their office; and the male public of Kaskaskia showed them consideration. While the volume of talk was never lessened during their glees, the talkers all listened with at least one ear. There was no loud brawling, and the laughter raised by argument rarely drowned the banjos. Sometimes a Frenchman was inspired to cut a pigeon wing; and Father Baby had tripped it over every inch of this oak floor, when the frenzy for dancing seized him and the tunes were particularly irresistible. The bar-room gave him his only taste of Kaskaskia society, and he took it with zest. Little wizened black-eyed fellows clapped their hands, delighting, while their priest was not by, in the antics of a disreputable churchman; but the bigger and colder race paid little attention to him.

Various as were the home backgrounds of the lives converging at the tavern, there were but two topics before that little public while the cosy fire roared and the banjos rattled. A rumor of coming high water was running down the Mississippi Valley like the wind which is driven before a rush of rain; and the non-separation party had suffered some local defeat in the Indiana Territory. The first item of news took greatest hold on those serious Anglo-Americans who had come from the Atlantic coast to found estates in this valley. On the contrary, the peasant tenant gave his mind to politics. It was still an intoxicating privilege for him to have a say in the government.

"Dese Indiana Territory fellers," piped a grasshopper of a Frenchman,

springing from his chair in excitement, "dey want our slaves, dey want our Territory, — dey want de hide off our backs."

"Tony Lamarche," drawled a Virginian, "you don't know what you're talking about. You have n't e'er a slave to your name; and you don't own a foot of the Territory. As for your hide, it would n't make a drumhead nohow. So what are you dancin' about?"

"If I got no land, I got some of dose rights of a citizen, eh?" snorted Antoine, planting himself in front of the Virginian, and bending forward until they almost touched noses.

"I reckon you have, and I reckon you better use them. You git your family over onto the bluff before your house is sucked into the Okaw."

"And go and hoe the weeds out of your maize patch, Antoine," exhorted Father Baby, setting an empty glass back on the bar. "I cleaned part of them out for you myself, with the rain streaming down my back, thinking only of your breadless children. And what do I find when I come home to my shop but that Antoine Lamarche has been in and carried off six dog-leg twists of tobacco on credit! I say nothing about it. I am a childless old friar; but I have never seen children eat tobacco."

The baited Frenchman turned on Father Baby; but, like a skittish girl, the friar hopped across the room, shook off his wooden shoes, picked up the skirt of his habit, and began to dance. The exhilarating drink, the ruddiness of the fire, the discomfort outside, the smoothness of the oak boards, — these were conditions of happiness for Father Baby. This was perhaps the crowning instant of his experience. He was a butterfly man. He saw his lodger, Dr. Dunlap, appear at the door as haggard as the dead. The friar's first thought was: —

"That fellow has proposed for Mademoiselle Saucier and been rejected. I'm glad I'm a churchman, and not yoked up to draw a family, like these fools, and like he wants to be. This bowing down and worshiping another human being, — crazy if you don't get her, and crazed by her if you do, — I'll have none of it."

Dr. Dunlap raised his arms and shouted to the company in the bar-room. What he said no one could hear. Hissing and roaring filled the world, submerging the crackling of the fire, the banjo tunes, and human voices. Men looked at each other, stupefied, holding their pipes from their mouths. Then a wave struck the solid old tavern, hissed across its lower gallery, and sprawled through the hall upon the bar-room floor. Not a person in the house could understand what had happened to Kaskaskia peninsula; but Jean Lozier stood on the bluff and saw it.

Jean was watching the lights of Kaskaskia while his sick grandfather slept. The moon was nearly full, but on such a night one forgot there was a moon. The bushes dripped on Jean, and the valley below him was a blur pierced by those rows of lights. A great darkness was coming out of the northwest, whistling as it came. He saw the sky and the turbid Mississippi meet and strangely become one. There were waters over the heavens, and waters under the heavens. A wall like a moving dam swept across the world and filled it. The boy found himself sitting on the ground holding to a sapling, drenched and half drowned by the spray which dashed up the bluffs. The darkness and hissing went over him, and he thought he was dying without absolution, at the end of the world. He lay down and gasped and shuddered until the great Thing was gone, — the incredible Thing, in which no one believes except him who has seen it, and which no name can name; that awful spirit of Deluge, which lives in the traditions of every race. Jean had never heard of waterspout or cloudburst or any

modern name given to the Force whenever its leash is slipped for a few minutes. He felt himself as trivial a thing in chaos as the ant which clung on his hand and bit him because it was drowning.

The blind downpour being gone, though rain still fell and the wind whistled in his ears, Jean climbed across bent or broken saplings nearer the bluff's edge to look at Kaskaskia. The rows of lights were partially blotted; and lightning, by its swift unrollings, showed him a town standing in a lake. The Mississippi and the Okaw had become one water, spreading as far as the eye could see. Now bells began to clamor from that valley of foam. The bell of the Immaculate Conception, cast in France a hundred years before, which had tolled for D'Artaguette, and made jubilee over weddings and christenings, and almost lived the life of the people, sent out the alarm cry of smitten metal; and a tinkling appeal from the convent supplemented it.

There was no need of the bells to rouse Kaskaskia; they served rather as sounding buoys in a suddenly created waterway. Peggy Morrison had come to stay all night with Angelique Saucier. The two girls were shut in their bedroom, and Angelique's black maid was taking the pins from Peggy's hair, when the stone house received its shock, and shuddered like a ship. Screams were heard from the cabins. Angelique threw the sashes open, and looked into storm and darkness; yet the lightning showed her a driving current of water combed by pickets of the garden fence. It washed over the log steps, down which some of her father's slaves were plunging from their doors, to recoil and scramble and mix their despairing cries with the wakening clamor of bells.

Their master shouted encouragement to them from the back gallery. Angelique's candles were blown out by the wind when she and Peggy tried to hold them for her father. The terrified maid crouched down in a helpless bunch on the hall floor, and Madame Saucier herself brought the lantern from the attic. The perforated tin beacon, spreading its bits of light like a circular shower of silver on the gallery floor, was held high for the struggling slaves. Heads as grotesque as the waterspouts on old cathedrals craned through the darkness and up to the gallery posts. The men breasted the deepening water first, and howling little blacks rode on their fathers' shoulders. Captain Saucier pulled the trembling creatures in, standing waist-deep at the foot of the steps. The shrieking women balanced light bundles of dry clothes on their heads, and the cook brought useless kettles and pans, not realizing that all the food of the house was lost in a water-filled cellar.

The entire white-eyed colony were landed, but scarcely before it was time to close the doors of the ark. A far-off roar and a swell like that of the ocean came across the submerged country. No slave had a chance to stand whimpering and dripping in the hall. Captain Saucier put up the bars, and started a black line of men and women, with pieces of furniture, loads of clothing and linen, bedding and pewter and silver, and precious baskets of china, or tiers of books, upon their heads, up the attic stairs. Angelique's harp went up between two stout fellows, tingling with little sighs as they bumped it on the steps. Tantegra'mère's room was invaded, and her treasures were transferred before she had a chance to prohibit it. The children were taken from their beds by the nurse, and carried to beds made for them in the attic, where they gazed awhile at their rude dark canopy of rafters, and fell asleep again in luxury, sure of protection, and expecting much of such novel times.

The attic, like the house under it, had dignity of space, in which another large family might have found shelter. Over

rawhide trunks and the disused cradle and still-crib was now piled the salvage of a wealthy household. Two dormer windows pierced the roof fronting the street, and there was also one in the west gable, extending like a hallway toward the treetops, but none in the roof at the back.

The timbers of the house creaked, and at every blow of the water the inmates could hear it splashing to the chimneys on one side, and running down on the other.

"Now," said Captain Saucier desperately, "tante-gra'mère must be roused and carried up."

"Yes, the feather beds are all piled together for her, with fresh linen sheets and all her cushions; but," gasped madame his wife, "she has never before been waked in the night. Is it not better to send Angelique to bring her by degrees into a frame of mind for being removed?"

"There is no time. I have left her till the last minute, hoping she might wake."

They made a procession into her chamber, Angelique and Peggy carrying candles, the grandnephew and grandniece ready for a conflict. Waters booming against the house, and already making river coves of familiar rooms, were scarcely more to be dreaded than the obstinate will of a creature as small as a child.

Angelique lifted a ruffle of tante-gra'mère's nightcap and whispered in her ear. She stirred, and struck out with one hand, encountering the candle flame. That brought her upright, staring with indignant black eyes at the conclave.

"Dear tante-gra'mère, we are in danger. There is a great overflow of the rivers."

The autocrat felt for her whip in its accustomed place, and armed herself with it.

"Pardon us for disturbing you, tante-gra'mère," said her grandnephew, "but I am obliged to carry you into the attic."

"Is the sun up?" cried the little voice.

"The water is, madame," answered Peggy.

"If you wait for the sun, tante-gra'-mère," urged her grandnephew's wife, "you will drown here."

"Do you tell me I will drown in my own bed? I will not drown. Where is Wachique?"

"She is carrying your chairs into the attic, tante-gra'mère."

"My chairs gone to the attic in my lifetime? And who has claimed my dower chest and my linen?"

"All your things are safely removed except this bedstead, madame," declared Angelique's mother. "They were set down more carefully than my china."

"How long have I been asleep?"

"Only a few hours, tante-gra'mère. It is early in the night."

Her withered face was quite wrathful.

"The water is all over the floor, madame. We are standing to our ankles. In a few minutes we shall be standing to our knees. Look at it. Do you hear the roaring and the wash outside? Kaskaskia is under water, and the people have to climb to the roofs."

The aged woman always listened incredulously to Peggy. She now craned over the side of the bed, and examined for herself streams like quicksilver slipping along the dark boards.

"Why did you not do something to prevent this, instead of coming in here to break my rest?" she inquired.

Captain Saucier extended his hands to lift her, but she lay down again, holding the whip bolt upright.

"If I go to the attic, Captain Saucier, my bed goes with me."

"There is not time to move it."

"And there is such a beautiful bed up there, quite ready, with all your cushions."

"My bed goes with me," repeated tante-gra'mère.

"There will soon be water enough to

carry it," remarked Peggy, "if it will float."

Waves crashing across the gallery broke against tante-gra'mère's closed shutters and spurted between the sashes. This freak of the storm devastating Kaskaskia she regarded with sidelong scrutiny, such as a crow gives to the dubious figure set to frighten it. The majesty of the terror which was abroad drove back into their littleness those sticks and pieces of cloth which she had valued so long. Again came the crash of water, and this time the shutters bowed themselves and a sash blew in, and the Mississippi burst into the room.

The candles were out, but Captain Saucier had caught up his relative as the water struck. Angelique groped for her mother, and she and Peggy led that dazed woman through the hall, laughing at their own shudders and splashes, and Captain Saucier waded after them. So the last vestige of human life forsook this home, taking to the shelter of the attic; and ripples drove into the fireplaces and frothed at the wainscots.

The jangling of the bells, to which the family had scarcely listened in their nearer tumult and frantic haste, became very distinct in the attic. So did the wind which was driving that foaming sea. All the windows were closed, but moisture was blown through the tiniest crevices. There were two rooms in the attic. In the first one, the slaves huddled among piles of furniture. The west room held the children's pallets and tante-gra'mère's lowly substitute for her leviathan bed. She sat up among pillows, blinking resentfully. Angelique at once had a pair of bedroom screens brought in, and stretched a wall of privacy across the corner thus occupied; but tante-gra'mère as promptly had them rearranged to give her a tunnel for observation. In chaotic anger and terror she snapped her whip at intervals.

"What is it, dear tante-gra'mère?" Angelique would inquire.

"Send Wachique down to bring up my bedstead."

"But, dear tante-gra'mère, Wachique would drown. The water is already halfway up the attic stairs."

"Am I to lie here on the floor like a slave?"

"Dear, there are six feather beds under you."

"How long is this to last?"

"Not long, I hope."

Peggy stood at the gable window and looked out at the seething night. To her the peninsula seemed sinking. She could not see anything distinctly. Foam specked the panes. The bells kept up their alarm. Father Olivier was probably standing on the belfry ladder cheering his black ringer, and the sisters took turns at their rope with that determined calmness which was the rule of their lives. Peggy tried to see even the roof of her home. She was a grateful daughter; but her most anxious thoughts were not of the father and mother whose most anxious thoughts would be of her.

When the fury of the cloudburst had passed over, and the lightning no longer flickered in their faces, and the thunder growled away in the southeast, the risen water began to show its rolling surface. A little moonlight leaked abroad through cloudy crevices. Angelique was bathing her mother's face with camphor; for Madame Saucier sat down and fainted comfortably, when nothing else could be done. Something bumped against the side of the house, and crept crunching and bumping along, and a voice hailed them.

"That is Colonel Menard!" cried Angelique.

Her father opened one of the dormer windows and held the lantern out of it. Below the steep roof a boat was dashed by the swell, and Colonel Menard and his oarsman were trying to hold it off from the eaves. A lantern was fastened in the prow.

"How do you make a landing at this port?"

"The saints know, colonel. But we will land you. How dared you venture out in the trail of such a storm?"

"I do not like to wait on weather, Captain Saucier. Besides, I am a good swimmer. Are you all safe?"

"Safe, thank Heaven," called Madame Saucier, reviving at the hint of such early rescue, and pressing to the window beside her husband. "But here are twenty people, counting our slaves, driven to the roof almost without warning; and who can say where the water will stop?"

"On that account, madame, I came out with the boat as soon as I could. But we shall be stove in here. Monsieur the captain, can you let the family down the roof to me?"

Captain Saucier thought he could, and he saw it would have to be done quickly. By dim lantern light the Saucier children were hurried into their clothing, and Wachique brought a wrap of fur and wool for tante-gra'mère. Three of the slave men were called in, and they rigged a rope around their master's waist, by which they could hold and guide him in his attempt to carry living freight down the slippery roof.

"How many can you carry?" he inquired.

"Six at a time," answered Colonel Menard. "To try to do more would hardly be safe, in this rough water."

"Were the boats at the wharf swept away?"

"It is not now easy to tell where the wharf was. But some of the large craft seem wedged among trees along the bluff. By daylight we shall get some out. And I have sent to the governor for all the boats he can muster for us."

Angelique came to the dormer window and touched her father's shoulder.

"Are you all ready?" he asked.

"Tante-gra'mère will not go into the boat."

"But she must. There will be six of you, with Peggy; and Colonel Menard cannot much longer hang by the eaves."

"Perhaps if you pick her up and run with her, papa, as you did from the danger below, she may allow it."

"She must go into the boat directly," said Captain Saucier; and the negroes paid out the rope as he stalked to the screened corner.

Angelique leaned over the sill and the chill wilderness of waters. The wind sung in her ears. She could not distinctly see Colonel Menard, and there was such a sound of waves that she was not sure it was best to try her voice against them. His man had an oar thrust into the broken window below, and was thereby able to hold the boat against the current.

"Monsieur the colonel!" called Angelique; and she saw the swift removal of his hat.

"Mademoiselle, have you been alarmed?"

"Yes, monsieur. Even my father was unable to do anything for the family until you came. But it seems when we find one relief we get another anxiety with it."

"What other anxiety have you now?"

"I am afraid you will be drowned trying to carry us out."

"My bel-o-ved, would you care?" said Pierre Menard, speaking English, which his slave could not understand, and accenting on the first syllable the name he gave her.

"Yes; it would be a serious inconvenience to me," replied Angelique.

"Now that is worth coming here for. De northwest wind, I do not feel it since you say that."

"I was thinking before you came, monsieur, what if I should never see you again? And if I saw you plainly now I could not talk so much. But something may happen. It is so strange, and like another world, this water."

Tante-gra'mère screamed, and Angelique disappeared from the window-sill. It was not the mere outcry of a frightened woman. The keen small shriek

was so terrible in its helplessness and appeal to Heaven that Captain Saucier was made limp by it.

"What shall I do?" he asked his family. "I cannot force her into the boat when she cries out like that."

"Perhaps she will go at dawn," suggested Angelique. "The wind may sink. The howling and the darkness terrify her more than the water."

"But Colonel Menard cannot wait until dawn. We shall all be drowned here before she will budge," lamented Madame Saucier.

"Leave her with me," urged Peggy Morrison, "and the rest of you go with Colonel Menard. I 'll manage her. She will be ready to jump out of the window into the next boat that comes along."

"We cannot leave her, Peggy, and we cannot leave you. I am responsible to your father for your safety. I will put you and my family into the boat, and stay with her myself."

"Angelique will not leave me!" cried the little voice among the screens.

"Are you ready to lower them?" called Colonel Menard.

Captain Saucier went again to the window, his wife and daughter and Peggy with him.

"I could not leave her," said Angelique to Peggy. They stood behind the father and mother, who told their trouble across the sill.

"That spoiled old woman needs a good shaking," declared Peggy.

"Poor little tante-gra'mère. It is a dreadful thing, Peggy, to be a child when you are too old for discipline."

"Give my compliments to madame, and coax her," urged Colonel Menard. "Tell her, if she will let herself be lowered to me, I will pledge my life for her safety."

The two children stood huddled together, waiting, large-eyed and silent, while their elders kneeled around the immovable invalid. Peggy laughed at the expectant attitudes of the pleaders.

"Tante-gra'mère has now quite made up her mind to go," Madame Saucier announced over and over to her family and to Peggy, and to the slaves at the partition door, all of whom were waiting for the rescue barred from them by one obstinate little mummy.

But these hopeful assertions were wasted. Tante-gra'mère had made up her mind to stay. She held to her whip, and refused to be touched. Her fixed decree was announced to Colonel Menard. He asked for the women and children of the family in haste. He and his man were wasting time and strength holding the boat against the waves. It was in danger of being swamped.

Angelique stood deferentially before her father and asked his permission to stay with his grandaunt. In the same deferential manner she asked permission of her mother. Madame Saucier leaned on her husband's shoulder and wept. It was plain that the mother must go with her two young children only. Peggy said she would not leave Angelique.

"Monsieur the colonel," spoke Angelique again into the windy darkness, "we are not worth half the trouble you are taking for us. I wonder you do not leave such ridiculous people to drown or get out as we can. But my tante-gra'mère is so old; please forgive her. My mother and the children are quite ready. I wish poor Mademoiselle Zhone were with you, too."

"I will fetch Mademoiselle Zhone out of her house before madame and the children get in," said Pierre Menard promptly. "As for the delay, it is nothing, mademoiselle; we must get you all to land as we can."

"Monsieur, will it not be dangerous? I thought of her because she is so sick. But there is foam everywhere; and the trees are in your way."

"We can find a track," answered the colonel. "Push off, boy."

The boat labored out, and the click of oars in rowlocks became presently a dis-

tant thumping, and then all sound was lost in the wash of water.

Angelique went to the dormer window in the gable. As she threw the sashes wide she was partly drenched by a wave, and tante-gra'mère sent from the screens a shrill mandate against wind which cut to the bone. Captain Saucier fastened the sashes again. He was a crestfallen man. He had fought Indians with credit, but he was not equal to the weakest member of his household.

Occasionally the rafters creaked from a blow, and a wave rushed up the roof.

"It is rising higher," said Peggy.

Angelique wished she had not mentioned Mademoiselle Zhone. Perhaps, when the colonel had risked his life to bring the sick girl out of a swamped house, her family might prefer to wait until morning to putting her in the boat now.

The bells kept ringing, now filling the attic with their vibrations, and then receding to a faint and far-off clamor as the wind swept by. They called to all the bluff-dwellers within miles of Kaskaskia.

The children sat down, and leaned their heads against their mother's knee. The others waited in drawing-room chairs; feeling the weariness of anxiety and broken domestic habits. Captain Saucier watched for the return of the boat; but before it seemed possible the little voyage could be made they felt a jar under the gable window, and Rice Jones's voice called.

The gable of the house had a sloping roof, its window being on a level with the other windows. Captain Saucier leaned far out. The wind had extinguished the boat's lantern. The rowers were trying to hold the boat broadside to the house, but it rose and fell on waves which became breakers and threatened to capsize it. All Kaskaskia men were acquainted with water. Pierre Menard had made many a river journey. But the Mississippi in this wild aspect was new to them all.

"Can you take her in?" shouted Rice. "My sister thinks she cannot be got ashore alive."

"Can you lift her to me?"

"When the next wave comes," said Rice.

He steadied himself and lifted Maria. As the swell again tossed the boat upward, he rose on a bench and lifted her as high as he could. Captain Saucier caught the frail bundle and drew the sick girl into the attic. He laid her down on the children's bed, leaving her to Angelique, while he prepared to put them and their mother into the boat. Rice crept over the wet strip of gable roof, and entered the window after his sister. By lantern light he was a strong living figure. His austerely white face was full of amusement at the Kaskaskian situation. His hat had blown away. The water had sleeked down his hair to a satin skullcap on his full head.

"This is a wet night, madame and mesdemoiselles," he observed.

"Oh, Monsieur Zhone," lamented Madame Saucier, "how can you laugh? We are all ruined."

"No, madame. There is no such word as 'ruin' in the Territory."

"And I must take my two little children, and leave Angelique here in the midst of this water."

Rice had directly knelt down by his sister and put his hand on her forehead. Maria was quite still, and evidently gathering her little strength together.

"But why do you remain?" said Rice to Angelique. She was at Maria's opposite side, and she merely indicated the presence behind the screens; but Peggy explained aloud, —

"She can't go because tante-gra'mère won't be moved."

"Put that limb of a Morrison girl out of the house," came an unexpected mandate from amongst the screens.

"I would gladly put her out," said Captain Saucier anxiously. "Peggy, my child, now that Mademoiselle Zhone

is with Angelique, be persuaded to go with madame and the children."

Peggy shook her head, laughing. A keen new delight in delay and danger made her sparkle.

"Go yourself, Captain Saucier. One gentleman is enough to take care of us."

"I think you ought to go, Captain Saucier," said Rice. "You will be needed. The boat may be swamped by some of those large waves. I am ashamed of leaving my stepmother behind; but she would not leave my father, and Maria clung to me. We dared not fill the boat too full."

Angelique ran and kissed the children before her father put them into the boat, and offered her cheeks to her mother. Madame Saucier was a fat woman. She clung appalled to her husband, as he let her over the slippery roof. Two slave men braced themselves and held the ropes which steadied him, the whites of their eyes showing. Their mistress was landed with a plunge, but steadied on her seat by Colonel Menard.

"Oh," she cried out, "I have left the house without saying adieu to tante-gra'-mère. My mind is distracted. She will as long as she lives remember this discourtesy."

"It could be easily remedied, madame," suggested Colonel Menard, panting as he braced his oar, "if she would step into the boat herself, as we all wish her to do."

"Oh, monsieur the colonel, you are the best of men. If you had only had the training of her instead of my poor gentle Francis, she might not be so hard to manage now."

"We must not flatter ourselves, madame. But Mademoiselle Angelique must not remain here much longer for anybody's whim."

"Do you think the water is rising?"

"It is certainly rising."

Madame Saucier uttered a shriek as a great swell rolled the boat. The searching wind penetrated all her garments and blew back loose ends of her hair. There was now a partially clear sky, and the moon sent forth a little lustre as a hint of what she might do when she had entirely freed herself from clouds.

The children were lowered, and after them their black nurse.

"There is room for at least one more!" called Pierre Menard.

Captain Saucier stood irresolute.

"Can you not trust me with these fragments of our families?" said Rice.

"Certainly, Monsieur Reece, certainly. It is not that. But you see the water is still rising."

"I was testing the rise of the water when Colonel Menard reached us. The wind makes it seem higher than it really is. You can go and return, captain, while you are hesitating."

"I am torn in two," declared the Indian fighter. "It makes a child of me to leave Angelique behind."

"Francis Saucier," came in shrill French from the screens, "get into that boat, and leave my godchild alone."

The captain laughed. He also kissed the cheeks of tante-gra'mère's godchild and let himself slide down the roof, and the boat was off directly.

The slaves, before returning to their own room, again fastened the sashes of the dormer window. The clamor of bells which seemed to pour through the open window was thus partly silenced. The lantern made its dim illumination with specks of light, swinging from a nail over the window alcove. Maria had not yet unclosed her eyes. Her wasted hand made a network around one of Rice's fingers, and as the coughing spasm seized her she tightened it.

"She wants air," he said hastily, and Angelique again spread wide the window in the gable, when the thin cry of her tante-gra'mère forbade it.

"But, dear tante-gra'mère, Mademoiselle Zhone must have air."

"And must she selfishly give me rheumatism in order to give herself air?"

"But, dear tante-gra'mère" —

"Shut that window."

"I dare not, indeed."

Rice seized two corners of the feather pallet, and made it travel in a swift swish across the attic boards to the window at the front, which he opened. Supporting Maria in his arms, he signaled Angelique, with an amused face, to obey her tyrant; and she did so. But Peggy stalked behind the screens, and put her face close to the black eyes in the great soft lair built up of so many beds.

"You and I are nice people, madame," said Peggy through her teeth. "We don't care who suffers, if we are happy. We ought to have been twins; the same little beast lives in us both."

Tante-gra'mère's eyes snapped.

"You are a limb," she responded in shrill French.

"Yes; we know each other," said Peggy.

"When you are old, there will come a little wretch to revile you."

"I don't revile you, madame. I dote on you."

"Your mother should box your ears, mademoiselle."

"It would do me no good, madame."

"I should like to try it," said tante-gra'mère, without humor.

Angelique did not hear this little quarrel. She was helping Rice with his sister. His pockets were full of Maria's medicines. He set the bottles out, and Angelique arranged them ready for use. They gave her a spoonful and raised her on pillows, and she rested drowsily again, grateful for the damp wind which made the others shiver. Angelique's sweet fixed gaze, with an unconscious focus of vital power, dwelt on the sick girl; she felt the yearning pity which mothers feel. And this, or the glamour of dim light, made her oval face and dark hair so beautiful that Rice looked at her; and Peggy, coming from the screens, resented that look.

Peggy sat down in the window, facing them, the dormer alcove making a tunnel through which she could watch like a spider; though she lounged indifferently against the frame, and turned toward the water streets and storm-drenched half houses which the moon now plainly revealed. The northwest wind set her teeth with its chill, and ripples of froth chased each other up the roof at her.

"The water is still rising," remarked Peggy.

"Look, Peggy," begged Angelique, "and see if Colonel Menard and my father are coming back with the boat."

"It is too soon," said Rice.

"Perhaps Colonel Menard will never come back," suggested Peggy. "It was a bad sign when the screech-owl screeched in the old Jesuit College."

"But the storm is over now. The water is not washing over the house."

"The moon shows plenty of white-caps. It is rough."

"As long as this wind lasts the water will be boisterous," said Rice. "But Colonel Menard no more minds rough weather than a priest carrying the sacrament. He is used to the rivers."

"Hear a Protestant catering to a papist," observed Peggy. "But it is lost on Angelique. She is as good as engaged to Colonel Menard. She accepted him through the window before all of us, when he came to the rescue."

"Must I congratulate him?" Rice inquired of Angelique. "He certainly deserves his good luck."

"Peggy has no right to announce it so!" exclaimed Angelique, feeling invaded and despoiled of family privacy. "It is not yet called an engagement."

Peggy glanced at Rice Jones, and felt grateful to Heaven for the flood. She admired him with keen appreciation. He took his disappointment as he would have taken an offered flower, considered it without changing a muscle, and complimented the giver.

Guns began to be heard from the bluffs in answer to the bells. Peggy

leaned out to look across the tossing waste at a dim ridge of shadow which she knew to be the bluffs. The sound bounded over the water. From this front window of the attic some arches of the bridge were always visible. She could not now guess where it crossed, or feel sure that any of its masonry withstood the enormous pressure.

The negroes were leaning out of their dormer window, also, and watching the nightmare world into which the sunny peninsula was changed. When a particularly high swell threw foam in their faces they started back, but others as anxious took their places.

"Boats will be putting out from the bluffs plentifully, soon," said Rice. "Before to-morrow sunset all Kaskaskia and its goods and chattels will be moved to the uplands."

"I wonder what became of the poor cows," mused Angelique. "They were turned out to the common pasture before the storm."

"Some of them were carried down by the rivers, and some swam out to the uplands. It is a strange predicament for the capital of a great Territory. But these rich lowlands were made by water, and if they can survive overflow they must be profited by it."

"What effect will this have on the election?" inquired Peggy, and Rice laughed.

"You can't put us back on our ordinary level, Miss Peggy. We are lifted above elections for the present."

"Here is a boat!" she exclaimed, and the slaves at the other window hailed Father Olivier as he tried to steady himself at the angle formed by the roofs.

Angelique looked out, but Rice sat still beside his sister.

"Are you all quite safe?" shouted the priest.

"Quite, father. The slaves were brought in, and we are all in the attic."

"Keep up your courage and your prayers. As soon as this strong wind dies away they will put out from shore for you."

"Colonel Menard has already been here and taken part of the family."

"Has he?"

"Yes, father; though tante-gra'mère is afraid to venture yet, so we remain with her."

They could see the priest, indistinctly, sitting in a small skiff, which he tried to keep off the roof with a rough paddle.

"Where did you find a boat, father?"

"I think it is one the negroes had on the marsh by the levee. It lodged in my gallery, and by the help of the saints I am trying to voyage from house to house, as far as I can, and carry a little encouragement. I have the parish records here with me; and if this vessel capsizes, their loss would be worse for this parish than the loss of me."

"But, father, you are not trying to reach the land in that frail canoe?"

"Not yet, my daughter; not until some of the people are taken out. I did intend to venture for help, but the ringing of the bells has been of service to us. The sexton will stay in the belfry all night. I was able to get him there by means of this boat."

"Come up here until the wind dies down, Monsieur Olivier," urged Peggy. "That little tub is not strong enough to carry you. I have seen it. The slaves made it, with scarcely any tools, of some boards from the old Jesuit College."

"The little tub has done good service to-night, mademoiselle; and I must get as far as the tavern, at least, to carry news of their families to men there. Antoine Lamarche's child is dead, and his family are on the roof. I was able to minister to its parting soul; and I set the others, for safety, astride the roof-pole, promising them heavy penance if they moved before help came. He ought now to take this boat and go to them, if I can put him in heart to do it."

"A Protestant hardly caters to a pa-

pist when he puts some faith in the courage of a man like Father Olivier," said Rice to Peggy.

"Did I hint that you would cater to any one?" she responded, with a lift of her slender chin. The wind had blown out a long tress of Peggy's hair which trailed to the floor. Rice seldom looked at her; but he noticed this sweep of living redness with something like approval; in shadow it shone softened to bronze.

"I think my father and Colonel Menard are coming back," said Angelique. "I see a light moving out from the bluffs."

"Oh, no; they are only picking their way among trees to a landing."

"They have gone with the current and the wind," said Rice. "It will take a longer time to make their way back against the current and the wind."

"Let us begin to bind and gag madame now, anyhow," Peggy suggested recklessly. "It 's what the colonel will do, if he is forced to it. She will never of her own will go into the boat."

"Poor tante-gra'mère. I should have asked Father Olivier to urge her. But this is such a time of confusion one thinks of nothing."

Angelique stooped to watch Maria's stupor. Rice had put the skeleton hand under a coverlet which was drawn to the sick girl's chin. He sat beside her on one of the brocaded drawing-room chairs, his head resting against the high back and his crossed feet stretched toward the window, in an attitude of his own which expressed quiescent power. Peggy went directly behind the screens, determined to pounce upon the woman who prolonged their stay in a flooded house, and deal with her as there would not be opportunity to do later. Tante-gra'mère was asleep.

Angelique sat down with Peggy on the floor, a little way from the pile of feather beds. They were very weary. The tonic of excitement, and even of Rice Jones's presence, failed in their effect on Peggy. It was past midnight. The girls heard cocks crowing along the bluffs. Angelique took the red head upon her shoulder, saying, —

"It would be better if we slept until they call, since there is nothing else to do."

"You might coquette over Maria Jones. I won't tell."

"What a thorn you are, Peggy! If I did not know the rose that goes with it" — Angelique did not state her alternative.

"A red rose," scoffed Peggy; and she felt herself drowsing in the mother arms.

Rice was keenly awake, and when the girls went into the privacy of the screens he sat looking out of the window at the oblong of darkly blue night sky which it shaped for him. His temples throbbed. The strange conditions around him were not able to vary his usual habits of thought. Something exhilarated him; and he wondered at that, when Peggy had told him Angelique's decision against him. He felt at peace with the world, and for the first time even with Dr. Dunlap.

"We are here such a little time," thought Rice, "and are all such poor wretches. What does it matter, the damage we do one another in our groping about? God forgive me! I would have killed that man, and maybe added another pang to the suffering of this dying girl."

Maria stirred. The snoring of the sleeping negroes penetrated the dividing wall. He thought he heard a rasping on the shingles outside which could not be accounted for by wind or water, and rose to his feet, that instant facing Dr. Dunlap in the window.

Dr. Dunlap had one leg across the low sill. The two men stood breathless. Maria saw the intruder. She sat up, articulating his name. At that piteous sound, betraying him to her brother, the cowardly impulse of many days' growth

carried Dr. Dunlap's hand like a flash to his pocket. He fired his pistol directly into Rice's breast, and dropped back through the window to the boat he had taken from the priest.

The screams of women and the terrified outcry of slaves filled the attic. Rice threw his arms above his head, and sunk downward. In the midst of the smoke Peggy knelt by him, and lifted his head and shoulders. The night wind blew upon them, and she could discern his dilated eyes and piteous amazement.

"Dr. Dunlap has shot me," he said to her. "I don't know why he did it." And his face fell against her bosom as he died.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

ADMIRAL THE EARL OF ST. VINCENT.

THE renown of Nelson is part of the heritage of the world. His deeds, although their full scope and real significance are but little understood, stand out conspicuous among a host of lesser achievements, and have become to mankind the symbol of Great Britain's maritime power in that tremendous era when it drove the French Revolution back upon itself, stifling its excesses, and so insuring the survival of the beneficent tendencies which for a time seemed well-nigh lost in the madness of the nation.

The appearance of a prodigy like Nelson, however, is not an isolated event, independent of antecedents. It is the result of a happy meeting of genius and opportunity. The hour has come, and the man. Other men have labored, and the hero enters into their labors; not unjustly, for thereto he also has been appointed by those special gifts which fit him to reap as theirs fitted them to sow. It is of one so related to Nelson that we propose now to give an account, his greatest forerunner, whom it would indeed be a mistake to call his professional father, for two men could hardly be less alike professionally, but, as it were, the adoptive father, who from the first fostered, and to the last gloried in, the genius which he confessed unparalleled. "It does not become me to make comparisons," he wrote after Copenhagen; "all agree that there is but one Nelson." And when the great admiral had been ten years in his grave, he said of an officer's gallant conduct at the battle of Algiers, "He seems to have felt Lord Nelson's eye upon him," as though no stronger motive could be felt nor higher praise given.

John Jervis was born on the 20th of January, 1734, at Meaford, in Staffordshire. He was intended for his father's profession, the law; but, by his own account, a disinclination which was probably natural became invincible through the advice of the family coachman. "Don't be a lawyer, Master Jacky," said the old man; "all lawyers are rogues." Some time later, his father receiving the appointment of auditor to Greenwich Hospital, the family removed to the neighborhood of London; and there young Jervis, being thrown in contact with ships and seamen, and particularly with a midshipman of his own age, became confirmed in his wish to go to sea. Failing to get his parents' consent, he ran away towards the close of the year 1747. From this escapade he was brought back; but his father, seeing the uselessness of forcing the lad's inclinations, finally acquiesced, though it seems likely, from his after conduct, that it was long before he became thoroughly reconciled to the disappointment.

In January, 1748, the future admiral and peer first went afloat in a ship bound to the West Indies. The time was inauspicious for one making the navy his profession. The war of the Austrian succession had just been brought to an end by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the monotonous discomfort of hard cruising, unrelieved by the excitements of battle or the flush of prize-taking, was the sole prospect of one whose narrow means debarred him from such pleasures as the station afforded and youth naturally prompted him to seek. His pay was little more than twenty pounds a year, and his father had not felt able to give more than that sum towards his original outfit. After being three years on board, practicing a rigid economy scarcely to be expected in one of his years, the lad of sixteen drew a bill upon home for twenty pounds more. It came back dishonored. The latent force of his character was at once aroused. To discharge the debt, he disposed of his pay tickets at a heavy discount; sold his bed, and for three years slept on the deck; left the mess to which he belonged, living forward on the allowance of a seaman, and making, mending, and washing his own clothes, to save expense. The incident was singularly adapted to develop and exaggerate his natural characteristics, self-reliance, self-control, stern determination, and, it must be added, the exacting harshness which demanded of others all that he had himself accepted. His experience of suffering and deprivation served, not to enlarge his sympathies, but to intensify his severity.

Upon his naval future, however, the results of this ordeal were wholly good. Unable to pursue pleasure ashore, he stuck to sea-going ships; and the energies of a singularly resolute mind were devoted to mastering all the details of his profession. After six years in the Caribbean, he returned to England in the autumn of 1754. The troubles between France and Great Britain which issued in the Seven Years' War had already begun, and Jervis, whose merit commanded immediate recognition from those under whom he served, was at once promoted and employed. He was with Boscawen off the Gulf of St. Lawrence in 1755, when that admiral, although peace yet reigned, was ordered to seize the French fleet bearing reinforcements to Quebec. At the same time, Braddock's unfortunate expedition was miscarrying in the forests of Pittsburg. A year later, Jervis went to the Mediterranean with Admiral Hawke, sent to relieve Byng after the fiasco at Minorca which brought that unhappy commander to trial and to death.

While in the Mediterranean, Jervis was closely associated with Sir Charles Saunders, one of the most distinguished admirals of that generation, upon whom he made so favorable an impression that he was chosen for first lieutenant of the flagship, when Saunders, in 1758, was named to command the fleet to act against Quebec. The gallant and romantic General Wolfe, whose death in the hour of victory saddened the triumph of the conquerors, embarked in the same ship; and the long passage favored the growth of a close personal intimacy between the two young men, who had been at school together as boys, although the soldier was several years older than the sailor. The relations thus formed and the confidences exchanged are shown by a touching incident recorded by Jervis's biographer. On the night before the battle on the Heights of Abraham, Wolfe went on board the Porcupine, a small sloop of war to whose command Jervis had meanwhile been promoted, and asked to see him in private. He then said that he was strongly impressed with the feeling that he should fall on the morrow, and therefore wished to entrust to his friend the miniature of the lady, Miss Lowther, to whom he was engaged, and to have from him the promise that, if the

foreboding proved true, he would in person deliver to her both the portrait and Wolfe's own last messages. From the interview the young general departed to achieve his enterprise, to which daring action, brilliant success, and heroic death have given a lustre that time itself has not been able to dim, whose laurels remain green to our own day; while Jervis, to whose old age was reserved the glory that his comrade reaped in youth, remained behind to discharge his last request, — a painful duty which, upon returning to England, was scrupulously fulfilled.

Although the operations against Quebec depended wholly upon the control of the water by the navy, its influence, as often happens, was so quietly exerted as to draw no attention from the general eye, dazzled by the conspicuous splendor of Wolfe's conduct. To Jervis had been assigned the distinguished honor of leading the fleet with his little ship, in the advance up river against the fortifications of the place; and it is interesting to note that in this duty he was joined with the afterwards celebrated explorer, James Cook, who, as master of the fleet, had special charge of the pilotage in those untried waters. Wolfe, Cook, and Jervis form a striking trio of names, then unknown, yet closely associated, afterwards to be widely yet diversely renowned.

When the city fell, Commander Jervis was sent to England, probably with dispatches. There he was at once given a ship, and ordered to return with her to North America. Upon her proving leaky, he put in to Plymouth, where, as his mission was urgent, he was directed to take charge of a sloop named the Albany, attached to the Channel fleet, then lying at anchor near by, and to proceed in her. The occasion, trivial in itself, calls for mention as eliciting a mark of that stern decision with which he afterwards met and suppressed mutiny of the most threatening character. The crew of the Albany refused to sail. Jervis had brought with him a few seamen from his late command. These he ordered to cut the cables which held the ship to her anchors, and to loose the foresail. Daunted more, perhaps, by the bearing of the man than by the simple acts, the mutineers submitted, and in twenty-four days, an extraordinarily short passage for that time, the Albany was at New York. Here Jervis was unfortunately delayed, and thus, being prevented from rejoining Sir Charles Saunders, lost the promotion which a British commander in chief could then give to an officer in his own command who had merited his professional approval. It was not until October, 1761, when he was twenty-seven, that Jervis obtained "post" rank, — the rank, that is, of full, or post, captain. By the rule of the British navy, an officer up to that rank could be advanced by selection; thenceforth he waited, through the long succession of seniority, for his admiral's commission. This Jervis did not receive until 1787, when he was fifty-three.

It was as a general officer, as an admiral commanding great fleets, and bearing responsibilities unusually grave through a most critical period of his country's history, that Jervis made his high and deserved reputation. For this reason, the intervening years, though pregnant with the strong character and distinguished capacity which fitted him for his onerous work, and though by no means devoid of incident, must be hastily sketched. The Treaty of Paris, which in 1763 closed the Seven Years' War, was followed by twelve years of peace. Then came the American Revolution, bringing in its train hostilities with France and Spain. During the peace, Jervis for nearly four years commanded a frigate in the Mediterranean. It is told that while his ship was at Genoa two Turkish slaves escaped from a Genoese galley, and took refuge in a British boat lying at its mole, wrapping its flag round

their persons. Genoese officers took them forcibly from the boat and restored them to their chains. Jervis resented this action, not only as an insult to the British flag, but also as an enforcement of slavery against men under its protection; and so peremptory was his tone that an apology was made, the two captives were given up on the frigate's quarter-deck, and the offending officers punished. The captain's action, however, was not sustained by his own government. It is curious to note that, notwithstanding his course in this case, and although he was not only nominally, but strenuously, a Whig, or Liberal, in political faith, connected by party ties with Fox and his coterie of friends, Jervis was always opposed to the abolition of the slave trade and to the education of the lower orders. Liberty was to him an inherited worship, associated with certain stock beliefs and phrases, but subordination was the true idol of his soul.

In 1775 Captain Jervis commissioned the Foudroyant, of eighty-four guns, a ship captured in 1758 from the French, and thereafter thought to be the finest vessel in the British fleet. To this, her natural superiority, Jervis added a degree of order, discipline, and drill which made her the pride and admiration of the navy. He was forty-one when his pennant first flew from her masthead, and he held the command for eight years, a period covering the full prime of his own maturity, as well as the entire course of the American Revolution. It was also a period marked for him, professionally, less by distinguished service than by that perfection of military organization, that combination of dignified yet not empty pomp with thorough and instant efficiency, which was so eminently characteristic of all the phases of Jervis's career, and which, when the rare moments came, was promptly transformed into unhesitating, decisive action. The Foudroyant, in her state and discipline, was the type in miniature of Jervis's Mediterranean fleet, declared by Nelson to be the finest body of ships he had ever known; nay, she was the precursor of that regenerate British navy in which Nelson found the instruments of his triumphs. Sixty years later, old officers recalled the feelings of mingled curiosity and awe with which, when sent to her on duty from their own ships, they climbed on board the Foudroyant, and from the larboard side of her quarter-deck gazed upon the stern captain, whose qualities were embodied in his vessel and constituted her chief excellences.

During Jervis's command, the Foudroyant was continuously attached to the Channel fleet, whose duty, as the name implies, was to protect the English Channel and its approaches; a function which often carried the ships far into the Bay of Biscay. Thus he took a prominent part in Keppel's battle off Ushant in 1778, in the movements occasioned by the entrance of the Channel by an overpowering Franco-Spanish fleet in 1779 and 1781, and in the brilliant relief of Gibraltar by Admiral Howe toward the end of 1782. His most distinguished service, however, was taking, single-handed, the French seventy-four Pégase, in the spring of the latter year. The capture was effected after an action of fifty minutes, preceded by a chase of twelve hours, running before a half-gale of wind. The Foudroyant was unquestionably superior in battery to her enemy, who, moreover, had but recently been commissioned; but, as has justly been remarked of some of the victories of our own ships over those of the British in the War of 1812, although there was disparity of forces, the precision and rapidity with which the work was done bore testimony to the skill and training of the captain and crew. Single combats, such as this, were rare between vessels of the size of the Foudroyant and Pégase, built to sail and fight in fleets. This one was due to the fact that the speed of the two opponents left the Brit-

ish squadron far astern. The exploit obtained for Jervis a baronetcy and the red ribbon of the Bath.

During the ten years of peace following 1783, Sir John Jervis did not serve afloat, although, from his high repute, he was one of those summoned upon each of the alarms of war that from time to time arose. Throughout this period he sat in Parliament, voting steadily with his party, the Whigs, and supporting Fox in his opposition to measures which seemed to tend towards hostilities with France. When war came, however, he left his seat, ready to aid his country with his sword in the quarrel from which he had sought to keep her.

Jervis's first service was in the Caribbean Sea, as commander of the naval part of a joint expedition of army and navy to subdue the French West India islands. The operation, although most important and full of exciting and picturesque incident, bears but a small share in his career, and cannot therefore be dwelt upon in so short a sketch as the present. Attended at first by marked and general success, it ended with some severe reverses, occasioned by the force given him being less than he demanded, and than the extent of the work to be done required. A quaintly characteristic story is told of the admiral's treatment of a lieutenant who at this period sought employment on board his ship. Knowing that he stood high in the old seaman's favor, the applicant confidently expected his appointment, but, upon opening the "letter on service," was stunned to read: —

SIR, —You, having thought fit to take to yourself a wife, are to look for no further attentions from

Your humble servant,

J. JERVIS.

The supposed culprit, guiltless even in thought of this novel misdemeanor, hastened on board, and explained that he abhorred such an offense as much as could the admiral. It then appeared that the letter had been sent to the wrong person. Jervis was himself married at this time; but his well-regulated affections had run steadily in harness until the mature age of forty-eight, and he saw no reason why other men should depart from so sound a precedent. "When an officer marries," he tersely said, "he is d—d for the service."

Returning to England in February, 1795, Jervis was in August nominated to command the Mediterranean station, and in November sailed to take up his new duties. At the end of the month, in San Fiorenzo Bay, an anchorage in the north of Corsica, he joined the fleet, which continued under his flag until June, 1799. This was the crowning period of his career. Admirable and striking as had been his previous services, dignified and weighty as were the responsibilities borne by him in the later part of a life prolonged far beyond the span of man, the four years of Jervis's Mediterranean command stand conspicuous as the time when preparation flowered into achievement, solid, durable, and brilliant. It may be interesting to Americans to note that his age was nearly the same as that of Farragut when the latter assumed the charge in which, after long years of obscure preparation, he also reaped his harvest of glory.

Though distinguished success now awaited him, a period of patient effort, endurance, and disappointment had first to be passed, reproducing in miniature the longer years of faithful service preceding his professional triumphs. Jervis came to the Mediterranean too late for the best interests of England. The year 1795, just ending, was one in which the energies of France, after the fierce rush of the Terror, had flagged almost to collapse. Not only so, but in its course the republic, discouraged by frequent failure, had decided to abandon

the control of the sea to its enemy, to keep its great fleets in port, and to confine its efforts to the harassment of British commerce. Two fleet battles had been fought in the Mediterranean in the spring and summer of 1795, in which the British had missed great successes only through the sluggishness of their admiral. "To say how much we wanted Lord Hood" (the last commander in chief), wrote Nelson, "is to ask, 'Will you have all the French fleet or no battle?'" To this change of policy in France is mainly to be ascribed the failure of naval achievement with which Macaulay has reproached Pitt's ministry. Battles cannot be fought if the foe keeps behind his walls.

A still more serious obstacle was thrown in Great Britain's path at this moment. Jervis's coming to the Mediterranean coincided with that of Napoleon Bonaparte to the Army of Italy. During 1795, wrote Nelson, if the British fleet had done its duty, the French army could not have moved along the Riviera of Genoa. It failed, and the Austrian general, its ally, also failed to act with vigor. So the year had ended, for the Austrians, with a disastrous defeat and a retreat behind the Apennines. To the Riviera they never returned to receive the coöperation which Jervis stood eager to give. At their first move to cross the mountains, Bonaparte struck, and followed up his blows with such lightning-like rapidity that in thirty days the Austrians were driven back over a hundred miles, behind the Adige; their chief fortress, Mantua, was blockaded; all northwest Italy, with its seaboard, including Leghorn, was in the power of France; and Naples also had submitted. Jervis, powerless to strike a blow when no enemy was within reach, found his fleet without a friendly port nearer than Gibraltar, while Corsica, upon which alone he depended for anchorage and water, was seething with revolt against the British crown, to which, by its own vote, it had been annexed but two years before.

During the summer, Bonaparte, holding Mantua by the throat, overthrew, one after another, the Austrian forces approaching to its relief. Two French armies, under Jourdan and Moreau, penetrated to the heart of Germany, while Spain, lately the confederate of Great Britain, made an offensive and defensive alliance with France, and sent a fleet of over twenty ships of the line into the Mediterranean. Staggered by these reverses, the British ministry ordered Corsica evacuated and the Mediterranean abandoned. Jervis was cruelly embarrassed. A trusted subordinate of high reputation had been before Cadiz with seven ships of the line, watching a French division in that port. Summoned, in view of the threatening attitude of Spain, to reinforce the main fleet in San Fiorenzo Bay, he lost his head altogether, hurried past Gibraltar without getting supplies, and brought his ships, destitute, to the admiral, already pressed to maintain the vessels then with him. Although there were thirty-five hostile ships in Toulon, and the British had but twenty-two, counting this division, there was nothing to do but to send it back to Gibraltar, with urgent orders to return with all speed. With true military insight and a correct appreciation of the forces opposed to him, Jervis saw the need of fighting the combined enemies then and there.

Unfortunately, the division commander, Admiral Mann, on reaching Gibraltar, became infected with the spirit of discouragement then prevailing in the garrison, called a council of naval captains, and, upon their advice, which could in no wise lessen his own responsibility, decided to return to England. Upon arrival there, he was at once deprived of his command, a step of unquestionable justice, but which could not help Jervis. "We were all eyes, looking westward from the mountain tops," wrote Collingwood, then a captain in the fleet, "but

we looked in vain. The Spanish fleet, nearly double our number, was cruising almost in view, and our reconnoitring frigates sometimes got among them, while we expected them hourly to be joined by the French fleet." "I cannot describe to your lordship," wrote Jervis himself, "the disappointment my ambition and zeal to serve my country have suffered by this diminution of my force; for had Admiral Mann sailed from Gibraltar on the 10th of October, the day he received my orders, and fulfilled them, I have every reason to believe the Spanish fleet would have been cut to pieces. The extreme disorder and confusion they were observed to be in, by the judicious officers who fell in with them, leave no doubt upon my mind that a fleet so trained and generally well commanded as this is would have made its way through them in every direction."

Nelson shared this opinion, the accuracy of which was soon to be tested and proved. "They at home," wrote he to his wife, "do not know what this fleet is capable of performing; anything and everything. The fleets of England are equal to meet the world in arms; and of all the fleets I ever saw, I never beheld one, in point of officers and men, equal to Sir John Jervis's, who is a commander in chief able to lead them to glory." To a friend he wrote: "Mann is ordered to come up; we shall then be twenty-two sail of the line such as England hardly ever produced, commanded by an admiral who will not fail to look the enemy in the face, be their force what it may. I suppose it will not be more than thirty-four of the line." "The admiral is firm as a rock," wrote at the same moment the British viceroy of Corsica. Through all doubts and uncertainties he held on steadily, refusing to leave the rendezvous till dire necessity forced him, lest Mann, arriving, should be exposed alone and lost. At last, with starvation staring him in the face if delaying longer, he sailed for Gibraltar, three men living on the rations of one during the passage down.

Mann's defection had reduced the fleet from twenty-two vessels to fifteen. A series of single accidents still further diminished it. In a violent gale at Gibraltar three ships of the line drove from their anchors. One, the Courageux, stretching over toward the Barbary coast, ran ashore there and was totally wrecked, nearly all her crew perishing. Her captain, a singularly capable seaman named Hallowell, was out of her upon a court-martial, and it was thought she would not have been lost had he been on board. Another, the Gibraltar, struck so heavily on a reef that she had to be sent to England. Upon being docked, a large piece of rock was found to have penetrated the bottom and stuck fast in the hole. Had it worked out, the ship would have foundered. The third vessel, the Zealous, was less badly hurt, but she had to be left behind in Gibraltar when Jervis, by orders from home, took his fleet to Lisbon. There, in entering the Tagus, a fourth ship was lost on a shoal, so that but eleven remained out of twenty-two. Despite these trials of his constancy, the old man's temper still continued "steady as a rock." "Whether you send me a reinforcement or not," he wrote to the Admiralty, "I shall sleep perfectly sound, — not in the Tagus, but at sea; for as soon as the St. George has shifted her topmast, the Captain her bowsprit, and the Blenheim repaired her mainmast, I will go out." "Inactivity in the Tagus," he wrote again, "will make cowards of us all."

In quitting the river another vessel took the ground, and had to be left behind. This, however, was the last of the admiral's trials for that time. A few days later, on the 6th of February, 1797, there joined him a body of five ships of the line, detached from England as soon as the government had been freed from the fear of the invasion of Ireland, which the French had attempted on a

large scale in December. On the 13th, Nelson, a host in himself, returned, after an adventurous mission up the Mediterranean. The next day, February 14, Jervis, with his fifteen ships, met a Spanish fleet of twenty-seven some thirty miles from Cape St. Vincent, which has given its name to the battle.

The Spaniards were running for Cadiz, to the east-southeast, — say, across the page from left to right, inclining a little downward, — while Jervis's fleet was approaching nearly at right angles from the north, or top of the page. It was in two close, compact columns, of seven and eight ships respectively. The Spaniards, on the contrary, were in disorder and dispersed. Six of their ships were far ahead of the others, an interval of nearly eight miles separating the two groups. The weather, which was foggy, cleared gradually. Jervis was walking back and forth on the poop with Hallowell, lately captain of the wrecked Courageux, and he was heard to say, "A victory is very essential to England at this moment." As ship after ship of the enemy loomed up through the haze, successive reports were made to him. "There are eight sail of the line, Sir John." "There are twenty sail of the line, Sir John." "There are twenty-five of the line, Sir John." Finally, when the full tale of twenty-seven was made out, the fleet captain remarked on the greatness of the odds. "Enough of that, sir," retorted the admiral, intent on that victory which was so essential to England; "if there are fifty sail, I will go through them." This reply so delighted Hallowell, an eccentric man, who, a year later, gave Nelson the coffin made from the mainmast of the Orient, that he patted his august superior on the back. "That 's right, Sir John," said he, "and, by G—, we 'll give them a d—d good licking!"

When the weather finally cleared, toward ten A. M., the British were near to the enemy, and heading direct for the gap, which the Spaniards, too late, were trying to close. Almost at the moment of meeting, Jervis formed his two columns into one "with the utmost celerity;" thus doubling the length of the line interposed between the two divisions of the enemy. Soon opened the guns of the leading ship, the Culloden, Captain Troubridge; the reports following one another in regular succession, as though firing a salute by watch. The Culloden's course led so direct upon a Spanish three-decker that the first lieutenant reported a collision imminent. "Can't help it, Griffiths," replied Troubridge; "hardest fend off." But the Spaniard, in confusion, put his helm up and went clear. By this time the Spanish division on the right, or west, of the British had changed its course and was steering north, parallel but opposite to its foes. As the Culloden went through, the admiral signaled her to put about and follow it. Troubridge, fully expecting this order, obeyed at once; and Jervis's signal was scarce unfurled when, by the flapping of the Culloden's sails, he saw it was receiving execution. "Look at Troubridge!" he shouted. "Does n't he handle his ship as though the eyes of all England were on him? I would to God they were, that she might know him as I know him!" But here a graver matter drew the admiral's care. The Spanish division from the left, steering across his path of advance, approached, purposing in appearance to break through the line. The Victory stopped, or, as seamen say, hove to; and as the Spanish admiral came near within a hundred yards, her broadside rang out, sweeping through the crowded decks and lofty spars a storm of shot, to which, in the relative positions, the foe could not reply. Staggered and crippled, he went about, and the Victory stood on.

Meanwhile, the ships which Troubridge and his followers were pursuing drew toward the tail of the British column, and as they did so made a movement to pass round it, and so join their

friends who had just been so severely handled in making the attempt to pass through. But Nelson was in this part of the order, there being but two ships behind him. Now, as far as signals went, he should continue on, and, like the others, follow in due succession behind the Culloden. He saw that if this were done the Spaniards would effect their junction, so he instantly turned his ship toward the rear, out of her place, and threw her alone across the enemy's advance. It is said that the fleet captain drew Jervis's attention to this breach of discipline. "Ay," replied the old seaman, "and if ever you offend in the same way, I promise you my forgiveness beforehand." For a while Nelson took the brunt of the hostile fire from half a dozen ships, but not for long. Soon, Troubridge, his dearest friend, came up with a couple of others; and Collingwood, the close associate of early days, who had the rear ship, was signaled to imitate Nelson's act. In doing this, he silenced the fire of two enemies; but, wrote Nelson, "disdaining the parade of taking possession of beaten ships, Captain Collingwood most gallantly pushed on to save his old friend and messmate, who appeared to be in a critical state, being then fired upon by three first-rates and the San Nicolas, eighty." To get between Nelson's ship and the San Nicolas, Collingwood had to steer close, passing within ten feet of the latter; so that, to use his own expression, "though we did not touch sides, you could not put a bodkin between us." His fire drove the San Nicolas upon one of the first-rates, the San Josef; and when, continuing on to seek other unbeaten foes, he left the field again clear for Nelson, the latter, by a movement of the helm, grappled the San Nicolas. Incredible as it may appear, the crew of this one British seventy-four carried, sword in hand, both the enemy's ships, though of far superior force. "Extravagant as the story may seem," wrote Nelson, "on the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-rate I received the swords of the vanquished Spaniards, which, as I received, I gave to William Fearney, one of my bargemen, who placed them with the greatest sang-froid under his arm."

Four Spanish ships, two of them of the largest size, were the trophies of this victory; but its moral effect, in demonstrating the relative values of the two navies, and the confidence England could put in men like Jervis, Nelson, and the leading captains, was far greater. The spirit of the nation, depressed by a long series of reverses, revived like a giant refreshed with wine. Jervis had spoken truth when he said a victory was essential to England at that time. The gratitude of the state was shown in the profusion of rewards showered upon the victors. Promotions were liberally distributed; and Jervis himself was created Earl of St. Vincent, with a pension of three thousand pounds per annum.

The rest of the Spaniards, many of them badly crippled, took refuge in Cadiz, and there Jervis, after repairing damages, held them blockaded for two years. During this period was rendered the other most signal service done by him to the state, in suppressing the mutinous spirit among the seamen, which there, as everywhere else in the British navy at that time, sought to overthrow the authority of the officers of the fleet.

The cause of the mutinies of 1797 is not here in question. Suffice it to say that, in their origin, they alleged certain tangible material grievances, which were clearly stated, and, being undeniable, were redressed. The men returned to their duty; but, like a horse that has once taken the bit between his teeth, the restive feeling remained, fermenting in a lot of vicious material which the exigencies of the day had forced the navy to accept. Coinciding in time with the risings in Ireland, 1796–98, there arose between the two movements a certain sympathy, which was fostered by the many

Irish in the fleets, where agents were in communication with the leaders of the United Irishmen on shore.

In the Channel and the North Sea, the seamen took their ships, with few exceptions, out of the hands of the officers. In the former, they dictated their terms; in the latter, after a month of awful national suspense, they failed: the difference being that in the one case the demands, being reasonable, carried conviction, while in the other, becoming extravagant, the government's resistance was supported by public opinion. It remained to be seen how the crisis would be met in a fleet so far from home that the issue must depend upon the firmness and judgment of a man of adamant.

The first overt sign of trouble was the appearance of letters addressed to the leading petty officers of the different ships of the Mediterranean fleet. These were detected by a captain, who held on to them, and sent to St. Vincent to ask if they should be delivered. Careful to betray no sign of anxiety, the admiral's reply was a general signal for a lieutenant from each ship to come to him; and by them word was sent that all letters should be delivered as addressed, unopened. "Should any disturbance arise," he added, "the commander in chief will know how to repress it."

Disturbance soon did arise. Two seamen of the St. George had been condemned to death for an infamous crime. Their shipmates presented a petition, framed in somewhat peremptory terms, for their liberation, on the ground that execution for such an offense would bring disgrace upon all. The admiral refusing to pardon, the occasion was seized to bring mutiny to a head. A plot to take possession of the ship was formed, but was betrayed to the captain. The outburst began with a tumultuous assembling of the crew, evidently, however, mistrustful of their cause. After vainly trying to restore order, the captain and first lieutenant rushed among them, each collaring a ringleader. The rest fell back, weakened, as men of English blood are apt to be by the sense of law-breaking. The culprits were secured, and at once taken to the flagship. A court-martial was ordered for the next day, Saturday; and as the prisoners were being taken to the court, St. Vincent, with an unfeeling bluntness of speech which characterized him, — a survival of the frank brutality of the last century, — said, "My friends, I hope you are innocent, but if you are guilty make your peace with God; for, if you are condemned, and there is daylight to hang you, you will die this day."

They were condemned; but the trial ended late, and the president of the court told them they should have Sunday to prepare. "Sir," said the earl, "when you passed sentence, your duty was done; you had no right to say that execution should be delayed;" and he fixed it for eight the next morning. One of the junior admirals saw fit to address him a remonstrance upon what he termed a desecration of the Sabbath. Nelson, on the contrary, approved. "Had it been Christmas instead of Sunday," wrote he, "I would have hanged them. Who can tell what mischief would have been brewed over a Sunday's grog?" Contrary to previous custom, their own shipmates, the partners and followers in their crime, were compelled to hang them, manning the rope by which the condemned were swayed to the yardarm. The admiral, careful to produce impression, ordered that all the ships should hold divine service immediately upon the execution. Accordingly, when the bell struck eight, the fatal gun was fired, the bodies swung with a jerk aloft, the church flags were hoisted throughout the fleet, and all went to prayers. Ere yet the ceremony was over, the Spanish gunboats came out from Cadiz and opened fire; but St. Vincent would not mar the solemnity of the occasion by shortening the service. Gravely it was carried to

its end; but when the flags came down, all boats were ordered manned. The seamen, with nerves tense from the morning's excitement, gladly hurried into action, and the enemy were forced back into port.

The incident was but one of many, all tinged with dramatic coloring, all betokening smothered passions, which nothing but a nerve at once calm and remorseless could control. But St. Vincent was not content with mere repression. Outwardly, and indeed inwardly, unmoved, he yet unwearyingly so ordered the fleet as to avoid occasions of outbreak. With the imposing moral control exerted by his unflinching steadiness, little trouble was to be apprehended from single ships; ignorant of what might be hoped from sympathizers elsewhere, but sure of the extreme penalty in case of failure, the movements lacked cohesion, and were easily nipped. Concerted action only was to be feared, and careful measures were taken to remove opportunities. Captains were forbidden to entertain one another at dinner,—the reason, necessarily unavowed, being that the boats from various ships thus assembling gave facilities for transmitting messages and forming plans; and when ships arrived from England they underwent a moral quarantine, no intercourse with them being permitted until sanctioned by the admiral. When the captain reported to him, his boat, while waiting, was shoved off out of earshot. It is said that on one occasion a seaman in such a boat managed to call to one looking out of a port of the flagship, "I say, there, what have you fellows been doing out here, while we have been fighting for your beef and pork?" To which the other replied, "You'd best say nothing at all about that out here, for if old Jarvie hears ye he'll have ye dingle-dangle at the yard-arm at eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

St. Vincent rightly believed in the value of forms, and he was careful to employ them in this crisis to enforce the habit of reverence for the insignia of the state and the emblems of military authority. Young lieutenants — for there were *young* lieutenants in those days — were directed to stand cap in hand before their superiors, and not merely to touch their hats in a careless manner. "The discipline of the cabin and ward-room officers is the discipline of the fleet," said the admiral; and savage, almost, were the punishments that fell upon officers who disgraced their cloth. The hoisting of the colors, the symbol of the power of the nation, from which depended his own and that of all the naval hierarchy, was made an august and imposing ceremony. The marine guard, of near a hundred men, was paraded on board every ship of the line. The national anthem was played, the scarlet-clad guard presented, and all officers and crews stood bareheaded, as the flag rose to the staff with slowly graduated dignity. Lord St. Vincent himself made a point of attending always, and in full uniform, a detail he did not require of other officers. Thus the divinity that hedges kings was, by due observance, associated with those to whom their authority was delegated, and the very atmosphere the seaman breathed was saturated with reverence.

The presence of Lord St. Vincent on these occasions, and in full uniform, gave rise to an amusing skit by one of the lieutenants of the fleet, attributing the homage exacted, not to the flag, but to the great man himself. The sequel has interest as showing a kind of practical humor in which the chief not infrequently sought relief from the grave anxieties which commonly oppressed him. Parodying the Scriptural story of Nebuchadnezzar's golden image, the squib began: —

1. "The Earl of St. Vincent, the commander in chief, made an Image of blue and gold, whose height was about five feet seven inches, and the breadth thereof was about twenty inches" (which we may infer were the proportions of

his lordship). "He set it up every ten o'clock A. M. on the quarter-deck of the Ville de Paris, before Cadiz."

Passing from hand to hand, it can be understood that this effusion, which was characterized throughout by a certain sprightliness, gave more amusement to men familiar with the local surroundings, and welcoming any trifle of fun in the dullness of a blockade, than it does to us. At last it reached the admiral, who knew the author well. Sending for him on some pretext, an hour before the time fixed for a formal dinner to the captains of the fleet, he detained him until the meal was served, and then asked him to share it. All passed off quietly until the cloth was removed, and then the host asked aloud, "What shall be done to the man whom the commander in chief delights to honor?" "Promote him," said one of the company. "Not so," replied St. Vincent, "but set him on high among the people. So, Cumby," addressing the lieutenant, "do you sit there," — on a chair previously arranged at some height above the deck, — "and read this paper to the captains assembled." Mystified, but not yet guessing what was before him, Cumby took his seat, and, opening the paper, saw his own parody. His imploring looks were lost upon the admiral, who sat with his stern quarter-deck gravity unshaken, while the abashed lieutenant, amid the suppressed mirth of his audience, stumbled through his task, until the words were reached, "Then the Earl of St. Vincent was full of fury, and the form of his visage was changed against the poor Captain of the Main-Top," who had not taken off his hat before the Image of blue and gold. Then a roar of laughter from the head of the table unloosed all tongues, and Cumby's penance ended in a burst of general merriment. "Lieutenant Cumby," said the admiral, when silence was restored, "you have been found guilty of parodying Holy Writ to bring your commander in chief into disrespect; and the sentence is that you proceed to England at once on three months' leave of absence, and upon your return report to me to take dinner here again."

Earl St. Vincent rendered three great services to England. The first was the forming and disciplining the Mediterranean fleet into the perfection that has been mentioned. Into it, thus organized, he breathed a spirit which, taking its rise from the stern commander himself, rested upon a conviction of power, amply justified in the sequel by Cape St. Vincent and the Nile, its two greatest achievements. The second was the winning of the battle of Cape St. Vincent at a most critical political moment. The third was the suppression of mutiny in 1797 and 1798. But, in estimating the man, these great works are not to be considered as isolated from his past and his future. They were the outcome and fruitage of a character naturally strong, developed through long years of patient sustained devotion to the ideals of discipline and professional tone, which in them received realization. Faithful in the least, Jervis, when the time came, was found faithful also in the greatest. Nor was the future confined to his own personal career. Though Jervis must yield to Nelson the rare palm of genius, which he himself cannot claim, yet was the glory of Nelson, from the Nile to Trafalgar, the fair flower that could only have bloomed upon the rugged stalk of Jervis's navy. Upon him, therefore, Nelson showered expressions of esteem and reverence, amounting at times almost to tenderness, in his early and better days, ere the malign influence of an unworthy passion had set his heart at variance with others, because at strife within itself.

It was poetic justice, then, that allotted to Jervis the arrangement of the responsible expedition which, in 1798, led to the celebrated battle of the Nile, in its lustre and thorough workmanship the

gem of all naval exploits. To him it fell to choose for its command his brilliant younger brother, and to winnow for him the flower of his fleet, to form what Nelson after the victory called "his band of brothers." "The battle of the Nile," said the veteran admiral, Lord Howe, "stands singular in this, that every captain distinguished himself." The achievement of the battle was Nelson's own, and Nelson's only; but it was fought on Jervis's station, by a detachment from Jervis's fleet. He it was who composed the force, and chose for its leader the youngest flag officer in his command. Bitter reclamations were made by the admirals senior to Nelson, but Jervis had one simple sufficient reply, — "Those who are responsible for measures must have the choice of the men to execute them."

When St. Vincent, in 1799, quitted the Mediterranean, he had yet nearly a quarter of a century to live. His later years were distinguished by important services, but they embody the same spirit and exemplify the same methods that marked his Mediterranean command. The wretched indiscipline and inadequate military dispositions of the Channel fleet were, in 1800, realized by the Admiralty, which yet knew not how to frame or apply a remedy. St. Vincent was then called to its charge, when he instituted reforms and enforced a system which still afford an admirable strategic study to naval men. In 1801, when Pitt resigned office, he became First Lord of the Admiralty, — the head of naval affairs for the United Kingdom, — and so continued during Addington's ministry, till 1804. In 1806, at the age of seventy-two, he was again for a short time called to command the Channel fleet; but in 1807 he retired from active service, and the square flag that had so long flown with honor was hauled down forever.

The rest of his life was spent chiefly at his country seat, Rochetts, in Essex, sixteen miles from London. Having a handsome income, though not wealthy, he entertained freely; and his retreat was cheered by frequent visits from his old naval subordinates and political friends. Generous in the use of money, and without children for whom to save, the neighborhood learned to love him as a benefactor. In cases of necessity, his liberality rose to profusion, and he carried into the management of his estate a carelessness he never showed in administering a fleet. It is told that he once undertook to raise a sum by mortgage, in entire forgetfulness of a much larger amount in bank. Far into old age he retained the active habits of his prime. To say that he rose at four, asserts his biographer, would be to understate the case; he was frequently in the fields at half past two in the early summer dawn of England, — always before his laborers, — and he was not pleased if his male guests did not appear by six. To ladies he was more tolerant. With mind unclouded and unweakened to the last, he retained his interest in public affairs and in the navy, contributing to the conversation which animated his home the judgment of an acute intellect, though one deeply tinged by prejudices inseparable from so strong a character. Thus honored and solaced by the companionship of his friends, he awaited in calm dignity the summons, which came on the 13th of March, 1823. He was two months over eighty-eight when he passed away, the senior admiral of Great Britain.

A. T. Mahan.

MOM CELY'S WONDERFUL LUCK.

Mom Cely is a very old woman, — so old that she cannot estimate her age exactly, but she can distinctly remember hearing the big cannon fired when Christopher Columbus first came to this country. The white folks had but one cannon at that time, Mom Cely says, and it burst in honor of the great navigator's arrival, and the noise of it so scared the Indians that they never came back from beyond the Mississippi, — except "a scatterin' few." If inquired of concerning George Washington, Mom Cely truthfully acknowledges that she never saw him, though she was "raised" in Virginia; but she affirms that she has heard of him many a time, when he was no more than a baby, and she herself "jest about growed." "He hacked his paw's cherry-tree, I mind," she comments; "an' hukkom dee let de chile meddle wid a hatchet, I 'd lak ter know? S'posin' he 'd ha' chopped his feet, an' died o' lockjaw spasms, whey 'd ha' been dis country den?"

The contemporaries of Christopher Columbus and George Washington being dead and gone, nobody undertakes to dispute Mom Cely's chronology; and indeed her appearance is convincingly suggestive of a fabulous age, so small, so black, so wizened is she, with a little tuft of snow-white hair standing out over each temple from under the many-colored bandana that binds her brows.

Now, though Mom Cely prides herself on the distinction conferred by the weight of years, she makes it her boast that she is "as spry as any gal o' sixteen, an' beholden to nobody for a livin'." But this is one of her innocent delusions. She lives, rent free, in a little cabin that might clatter about her ears any windy night, did not "Mars Romney" keep it in repair; but "Mars Romney," Cely argues, is bound to do as much, seeing that his "paw" was a gentleman, "fust-class, wid nary stingy bone in him." Besides, for every favor that "Mars Romney" or "Miss Ellen" confers, Cely makes scrupulous return, — sometimes two or three eggs, sometimes a dried gourd, or a bunch of sassafras root, or a string of red peppers.

Cely's cabin is on the edge of a wood, in the heart of which bubbles a spring of clear cold water; just across the road is a cornfield, where she may watch the crows and the blue jays taking their pickings. Her little domain is inclosed by a wattled fence, within which she cultivates a "garden patch" and raises a few chickens. Sunflowers towering rank, with prince's-feathers and "old maids," make a riot of gaudy color about her door, and behind the house a "martin-pole" dangles four gourds aloft, as security against the depredating hawk. Nevertheless, Mom Cely has no great luck with chickens; if she raises enough for her own eating, and sells a dozen or so in the course of the year, she thinks she does well. But Cely does not know what it is to lack, for her home is on "Mars Romney's" land, and "Mars Romney's" own house is within so easy reach that she receives almost daily attentions in the way of buttermilk and "risen" bread from "Miss Ellen," and all the "medicine" she requires from "Mars Romney." And she requires a good deal; for Cely's extraordinary doses are compounded by herself from roots and "yarbs," which, to be rendered efficacious, need to be steeped in a potent fluid known as "honest John." "Whiskey straight" Mom Cely professes to abhor as a draught of the devil, but "whiskey doctored" into abnormal nauseousness is one of the necessaries of life to this aged crone.

The old woman has outlived all her

children, but she has grandchildren and great-grandchildren in the town, five miles distant. These, however, are so given over to the extravagance of picnics and the pomps and vanities of "s'ciety funerals" that they have neither time nor means to expend upon the lone old grandam in the country, who holds them all in contempt for a degenerate progeny.

Yet when Zubah Danell, Mom Cely's youngest granddaughter, died, two summers ago, Mom Cely begged a black veil of "Miss Ellen" and borrowed the buggy from "Mars Romney" to attend the "burial," to use her homely word.

It was a very imposing affair; for, as Zubah had long been prominent in the Zion Travelers, it was decided by unanimous vote that the deceased sister should be "put away with all pomp and circumstance." The entire membership turned out in full regalia: the women in white, with purple capes and black sashes; the men in black, with crimson baldrics and white rosettes. They paraded a gorgeous banner of green and gold, taking the longest route to the graveyard, and shouting The Road to Zion all the way.

Mom Cely was deeply impressed by this display. "I reckon dee ain't been nothin' ter beat hit, not sence de big cannon wuz busted fur Mist' Christ'pher Columbus," she said.

But when Zubah Danell's estate was inquired into, it was found that there was no inheritance for her one child, an imbecile boy of twelve years, whom all the uncles, aunts, and cousins, upon one pretext or another, disclaimed. Mom Cely, therefore, was moved to assume the charge of Bostro the undesired, an arrangement joyfully applauded by Bostro's kinsfolk, who were thus rid of an unprofitable burden.

With the adoption of Bostro Mom Cely's trouble began. Not that the boy was to blame; he was a gentle, doglike, submissive creature, perfectly competent to do as he was bid; but it was many a year since Mom Cely had had the care of a family, and providing for two was a problem that bewildered her judgment. With a pathetic sense of the responsibility she had assumed, she was bent upon doing her duty by Bostro to the utmost of her ability, and she switched him faithfully every day, for conscience' sake, being a devout believer in King Solomon's code; but she made amends for these chastisements by indulging the imbecile inordinately in the two things that gave him supreme delight, dainties to eat and finery to wear. Mom Cely was betrayed into this folly by a perverted sense of justice. She had a shrewd suspicion that the Zion Travelers had absorbed much of Zubah's savings that ought to have come to Zubah's child. "An' who gwan mek hit up ter de po' lack-wit, ef I don't?" she argued.

Therefore, for Bostro's sake, Cely opened an account with the "sto'-man" at the cross-roads, the result of which was an accumulation of empty tin cans at her back door, and an array of brass jewelry, gaudy handkerchiefs, and gorgeous neckties adorning her cabin walls when not adorning Bostro. Mom Cely kept a tally of these purchases by means of a string, in which she tied commemorative knots. Her conscience was very easy upon the subject, because, for one reason, the day of reckoning was a long way off, and for another, the "sto'-man" had been so obligingly and ingratiatingly ready to credit her. Astute "sto'-man," who knew very well that "Mars Romney" would help old Cely out in any emergency of debt. But when the account of six months' standing was presented at New Year's, Cely was appalled at the amount.

"*Ten dollars?* Naw, suh!" she quavered shrilly. "You must be jokin'. Mars Romney hisse'f don't tote mo'n dat at a time. You mought sell me out fur all I 'm wuth, an' hit won't fetch no ten dollars. You is made a mistake, sholy."

The "sto'-man," being possessed of a fund of humor and a surplus of leisure,

undertook to make the matter clear to Cely's comprehension, but he had to proceed upon a system of her own devising. A small notch was cut in a smooth white stick for every dime she owed, and a large notch when the dimes amounted to a dollar; for every five dollars a string was tied in the fifth big notch, Cely keeping tally by the knots in her bit of twine: thus, when two strings were tied about the stick, the ten dollars were seen to be an indisputable fact.

"Name o' glory, how I gwan pay hit all?" she exclaimed, in despair.

"Oh, you 'll pay it, little by little," the "sto'-man" declared. If she did not, "Mars Romney" would, he knew.

"You 'll ha' ter gi' me time, den," sighed Cely.

"Well, you c'n take time," the complaisant "sto'-man" told her. "Ain't you got chickens to sell, or eggs, or any such truck?"

"I 'm gwan see," Cely answered.

She went home in great perturbation. "Wish 't I 'd ha' kep' offen dat cross-roads," she bemoaned herself. "Mo' you gits, mo' you wants. I is pampered dat boy too much, an' dat 's a fac'. I got ter tek down his stomach an' his pride."

So, acting from a sense of duty, she called up Bostro, and forthwith administered a switching, not for any special delinquency, but for "seasoning." Then she sat down in her chimney corner to "study" on the situation.

Now "Miss Ellen" had given her two silver dollars at Christmas to buy herself a Sunday dress, which "Miss Ellen" had promised to make or to have made; but Cely, mindful of her indebtedness while yet she was ignorant of the amount she owed, had thought to settle her account at the "sto'" with "Miss Ellen's" gift and her own small savings of a dollar and a half, and yet leave "two bits" (twenty-five cents) for the purchase of a head handkerchief. But the head handkerchief was now impossible, and all the money she possessed had gone to reduce her debt to six dollars and a half. "Which hit mought as well ha' stayed at ten, for all I kin pay," Cely grumbled despondently. "An' de sto'-man, he ain't noways minded ter tek back dem battered chains an' rings an' breas'pins, an' dem empty cans what dis ole fool is gorged Bostro wid. An' as ter de pig — Naw, suh! I ain't gwan let loose my holt on dat pig whey Mars Romney gi' me fur Christmas, not ter pay no ole beguilin' cross-roads sto'-man, — not ef I nuver pays him! Howsomedever, I gwan do my bes', 'cause s'posin' Mars Romney wuz ter die, de law mought git dat pig away from me."

"Mars Romney" was ill at the time, and for this reason Cely was unwilling to take her trouble to "Miss Ellen;" moreover, she was ashamed to confess her extravagance. Therefore she set her wits to work to solve for herself the problem how to pay the "sto'-man."

In her youth Mom Cely had acquired some useful handicrafts, such as weaving baskets and mats. Her fingers had lost their suppleness long ago, but her knowledge remained, and she determined to teach Bostro. It would be easy enough to sell such wares, if once Bostro could learn to "lay two and slip one," and to "fasten off the third round." Then, in the spring she might have better luck with her chickens, and make a little money by the sale of eggs and broilers. From season to season Cely was always hoping for better luck with her chickens, and always being disappointed. She had not that knack with poultry which seems to be a kind of instinct with most old women of her race, and eggs and broilers were always scarce with her. Scarcer than ever they threatened to be now, with the insatiate Bostro for a consumer. But Cely had resolved to restrict Bostro's rations.

Bostro, though deficient in intelligence, had the imitative faculty largely developed, and by dint of plodding effort he mastered, after a fashion, the art of

weaving baskets and mats, by the sale of which, and fagots of kindling-wood, the debt was gradually reduced, until, at the beginning of spring, the "sto'-man's" claim amounted to no more than two dollars and thirty cents. Yet the debt was a nightmare to Cely still, since Bostro had now supplied the neighborhood with baskets and mats, and the demand for kindling had fallen off with the departure of winter. Her chickens were not doing well, not even as well as usual, for Bostro surreptitiously appropriated many eggs. But the pig had grown to noble proportions, and Cely was more averse than ever to sacrifice him for debt; wherefore she devoted her attention to a watermelon patch. "An' when dee gits ripe," said she to Bostro, "le' me ketch you swipin' into one on 'em. Hit 'll mek you mighty sick," she prophesied grimly. She never missed the eggs that Bostro made his own, but it was to be hoped that a watermelon might be protected by its dimensions.

All winter Cely had borne her anxiety in secret, for, as "Mars Romney's" illness had been prolonged, it was no time to be troubling "Miss Ellen." However, in the spring there came a ready sympathizer. This was Elsie Bruce, "Miss Ellen's" pretty young niece, who made a visit to the old plantation.

Elsie Bruce is not the kind of girl to slight the acquaintance of an old woman who has heard the bursting of the cannon that welcomed Christopher Columbus to these shores, and who discourses familiarly of the babyhood of George Washington. She became a daily visitor to the little cabin between the wood and the cornfield, finding there an unfailing source of amusement. For Mom Cely's memory is stored with curious lore derived from her African ancestry. She knows signs and wonders; she knows, too, strange tales of bygone days, stories of family feuds, of romantic courtships, of mysterious visits and unaccountable disappearances. It was Elsie's delight to make the old woman talk; and as Mom Cely is "garrulously given," it came to pass that she was led, almost unawares, to speak of her own experiences, and to reveal her indebtedness to the "sto'-man" and her struggles to pay "the uttermost farthing."

"But why," Elsie asked, "why did n't you state the case to uncle Romney and aunt Ellen? I 'm sure they would have helped you out."

Mom Cely drew herself up superbly. "I is s'prised at you, chile!" said she, with indignant rebuke. "What you tek me fur? A ole Faginny-raised 'oman ter go pester my white folks wid my consarns, an' dee in trouble wid sickness?"

"Why, no, surely," Elsie made haste to appease her, "not with the raising you 've had, Mom Cely."

The old woman bridled with pride and pleasure. "Tubbe sho', honey, tubbe sho'," she assented graciously. "I is come o' de fust fam'lies in de ole State, an' I don't furgit my raisin', if I *is* sot down here in Alabama, 'mong a lot o' free niggers, full o' sass an' uppishness. An' how de doctor say Mars Romney is dis day, I pray?" she inquired, with an air of ceremony, ostentatiously mindful of her best manners.

"Oh, he is all right again; nothing to do now but 'eat, drink, and be merry,' so Dr. Jones says."

"Well, I bless de Lawd! Ef Mars Romney had ha' died, I mek sho' de law mought ha' tuk my pig fur dat debt. As hit is, I is puttin' my trus' in my watermillion patch, an' countin' ter clear myse'f by de Fo'th o' July, anyhow."

"How much do you owe now?" Elsie asked.

"Well, le' me see," grunted Mom Cely, as she reached behind the door for her tally-string. "Nigh ez I kin mek out, hit 's 'bout two dollars an' — an' " — frowningly considering the manifold knots — "fifteen cents. Yaas, dat 's 'bout hit. I paid him a dime an' a nickel las' Sat'day."

Elsie, though she sympathized, had no mind to mar this unique little drama by an inconsiderate liberality; she preferred to help it on to a legitimate *dénoûment*. "Mom Cely," she said, thrusting a quarter-dollar into the old woman's hands, "let this help you out. I must have some eggs, for to-morrow will be Easter Sunday, you know, and I" —

The shriveled fingers closed over the silver with a convulsive clutch. "Lawd love de chile! Nairy a aigg! Bless yo' soul, no, honey." (But she held on to the money.) "'Pears lak I has de wuss luck, an' de morest of it. Dat hukkom I planted watermillions so plencheous. Don't seem ter be no profit fur Cely in hen's flesh — which hit puts me in mind," she interrupted herself, rising, "dat crazy ole Speckle whey I sot on thutteen aiggs fur luck in de odd number, she ain't made out ter hatch but fo', an' I done tired waitin' on her fur de yether nine. She 'll ha' ter come off. Whey dat boy, I won'er? Oh — Bos-*tro!*" she called, as she went toddling across the yard to the little hen-house built of rails, whither Elsie followed.

Old Speckle sat upon her nest in the far corner, clucking with content and importance. She uttered a remonstrant squawk when Cely grabbed her.

"Shet up!" said Cely crossly. "I got a sizable notion ter wring yo' neck, you ole disapp'intment. But some is chicken-lucky, an' some ain't, an' hit 's plain I b'longs ter de some what ain't. I got you from Sorrowby Jones, an' her hens don't do so. Hukkom you ain't hatched mo'n fo' chickens sence day befo' yistiddy? Dese nine would ha' made nine br'ilers, an' I 'lowed ter sell de whole caboot at three dollars an' clear me out o' debt, wid one ter spare fur my own eatin'. But dese aiggs ain't no good ter nobody. Hold yo' hat here, Bostro, an' tek 'em an' bury 'em under de bresh-heap. Shovel jes' 'bout a sprinkle o' yeth atop of 'em; dat 's all de gumption you is got," she growled morosely, giving the boy a push. She was exasperated by the necessity of appropriating Miss Elsie's twenty-five cents without rendering an equivalent. "Wuz you special pretickler 'bout dem aiggs fur ter-morrer, Miss Elsie?"

"I wanted to dye them for Easter eggs," Elsie explained. "But it is no matter; my not having the eggs won't keep the sun from dancing on Easter Day."

"Wha' dat you say, honey?" Mom Cely inquired, with startled interest. "I is a mighty ole 'oman, yit I ain't nuver hear tell o' dat." She stood agape with wonder, her beady eyes twinkling, the hen under her arm wriggling for release, the four chicks cheeping in her apron.

"Why, Mom Cely, you surprise me. Never heard that the sun dances when it rises on Easter Day?"

"Nuver, honey, as I stand here, a-livin' an' a-breathin' de breath o' life," Mom Cely asseverated solemnly. "Is you ever seed hit, Miss Elsie?"

"Why, no," answered Elsie ruefully. "I 've never seen the sun rise any day. I 'm always *so* sleepy in the morning, you know."

Mom Cely turned away, and deposited old Speckle and the chicks in the little coop of reeds awaiting them under the plum-tree. Elsie thought the old woman was offended; but when the hen was secured in her new abode, Cely rose up, and announced with great deliberation:

"Tell you what, Miss Elsie, I ain't one o' de kind dat is hard o' belief; an' dis you tell me mought be true 'bout de sun on Easter Day. Hit sounds natchul, 'cause de Scripcher tells how Joshuway, he commanded an' de sun stood still, an' I minds how de cattle bows down an' groans at midnight on Christmas Eve. I ain't seed hit myse'f, but I is seed dem whey have; an' ef de Lawd spares me ontel another dawn, I 'm gwan be up ter-morrer an' watch how dat sun behave."

"And then you come and tell me," said Elsie.

"Sho'ly I will, honey; sho'ly I will."

The next morning Elsie was called downstairs before breakfast to see Mom Cely.

The old woman sat on the piazza steps, her apron gathered protuberantly into her lap. Her beadlike black eyes winked, and blinked, and rolled, and twinkled in an ecstasy of repressed excitement.

"'Stonishment, chile, 'stonish*ment!*" she announced, one withered hand uplifted for solemnity of emphasis.

"Oh, then you saw the sun dance?" cried Elsie, in glee.

"Naw, honey," Mom Cely answered, with pious resignation. "Dat sight warn't fur dese dim ole eyes. I wuz up betimes an' a-watchin'; an' sho'ly I mought ha' seed him, but jes' ez he got him ready fur de motions my back wuz turned."

"Oh, what a pity!" lamented Elsie.

"Well, I dunno, honey. De Lawd be praised. You see, chile, somethin' s'prisin' happened," she hinted, with mystery.

"What?"

"Hit wuz 'most a meracle," Cely declared. "You see, Miss Elsie, de beas' creation is mighty cur'us, ef we could mek out ter on'erstand 'em. Dee knows signs an' wonders a heap mo'n we do. De Lawd, he made 'em dat-a-way. Now dis what come ter pass wid me, a-watchin' fur de sun dis mawnin'. I wuz standin' befront o' de bresh-heap, lookin' tow'ds de east, as de light wuz a-streakin', when I hear somethin' ahind me go 'cheep! cheep! cheep!' Well, hit made me hop, honey, 'cause I thought sho' I wuz tricked by Satan; an' I turned me round, an' lo an' beholes! de sunlight jest flittered on a little pile o' dead leaves, an' hit wuz a-movin', an' a-movin', an' a-movin'. Fac'!"

She paused a moment to gloat on Elsie's big eyes and suspended jaw.

"'Member dem nine aiggs, Miss Elsie?"

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Elsie gasped; and Cely began to laugh, but with a certain sober restraint.

"Dem s'prisin' aiggs, dee is chickens dis mawnin'," Cely announced, and opened her apron to display the brood.

"Goodness!" ejaculated Elsie.

"You see, chile, Bostro, he 's a mighty 'bejient sort o' boy. Ef I 'd ha' told him p'intedly ter heap on de yeth, lak hit ought ter be in common wid discyarded aiggs, we 'd nuver heard no mo' o' dese chickens. But I talked spiteful and contrariwise, I was dat fretted. I told him, scornful, jest ter *sprinkle;* an' he jes' did no mo'n sprinkle, so 's ter keep 'em warm, yet not smodder 'em; an' dat minute de sun struck 'em dee cheeped. Dat sun must ha' danced on dese aiggs, Miss Elsie, an' dese ain't no common chickens."

"No, indeed!" Elsie assented warmly. "I hope you may raise them all."

"Naw, chile," said Cely soberly. "I ain't gwan pizen my luck wid no sech resk. You gwan buy dese chickens."

"But," objected Elsie, "these are not broilers yet."

"What hender de gwan be br'ilers? Feed 'em, an' dee 'll grow."

"That is true," Elsie admitted, remembering Mom Cely's harassment of debt. "What do you ask for them, Mom Cely?"

"Br'ilers is two bits apiece," answered Cely promptly. "But you done gi' me one two bits yistiddy."

"It is dealing in futures," said Elsie, opening her purse, "and awfully extravagant of me; but here are two dollars; and now you can pay the store-man, and have ten cents left for yourself."

"Naw, suh!" exclaimed Cely, as she clutched the money. "Dis is a Sunday trade, an' none o' dis don't go ter no ole cross-roads sto'-man, not ef I nuver pays hit. I gwan rest my trus' in de watermillion patch ontel de Fo'th o' July.

Leastwise, Mars Romney, he is done up an' well ag'in, an' he gwan be my security beginst de law. I is done harried my soul too much 'bout dat ole sto'-man, anyhow. Dis here is Sunday money, an' *he* ain't gwan tetch hit."

"What will you do with it, then, Mom Cely? Keep it for luck?"

"Well, I tell you, chile," Cely explained condescendingly. "I 'm gwan pacify my long desires. I 'm gwan git myse'f tooken, so 's I kin hang over my fireplace, onto de chimbley."

"What? Oh, you mean your photograph?"

"Dat 's hit, honey, — my phodygrab."

Elizabeth W. Bellamy.

PERSIAN POETRY.

THE squire loved his limes, elms, and oaks, but he loved his roses, too. They festooned the transoms of the old mullioned windows of the parlors, and might be gathered from the casement of my lady's chamber; and they stood in array under the shelter of what still remained of the great battlemented wall, which had once protected the house and tower against arrows and bolts as it still did from the north winds. The squire told me tradition related that this wall was built by the Norman giant, St. Loe, who lived in the tower. This tradition was authenticated by the fact that a neighboring giant, Hakewell, whose quoit still remains in witness, on passing by asked what he was building this wall for; and when he was answered, "To keep out such fellows as you," Hakewell at once stepped over it; and the effigies of both giants, one in oak and the other in stone, may still be seen in the parish church. Leland, indeed, writing in Henry VIII.'s time, says only, "Here Sir John Loe hath an old manor place," and adds that the monument of his grandfather is in the church. Modern archæologists, moreover, declare that the quoit is only one of the huge Druidical stones of which more than one circle remains hard by. But the wall itself, as I have said, stands there to testify, and to shelter the squire's roses.

He was gathering a nosegay of these when I joined him. As he stood by a great bush of the kind called "maiden blush," he gently shook from a flower one of those bright green rose-chafers which live on that rose, repeating, as it flew off, "A mailed angel on a battle day." I said, "Why do you drive away the pretty creature?" "Because I might have 'maiden shriek' for 'maiden blush,'" he answered, "if I were to offer a young lady a green beetle with my roses." He walked toward a carriage, which I had not seen before, in which were a mother and daughter, who had been among the visitors, and were now taking leave. I could not hear what he said, as he gave a nosegay to each lady with his wonted old-fashioned gallantry; but I might guess that it was, "Sweets to the sweet." Then, as the carriage rolled through the gateway in the old wall, he turned toward the house, repeating some words which, from the half-chanting sound, I knew to be something from the Persian, which he was always fond of quoting to himself. Then we talked on.

Foster. I like to hear the musical and melodious sound of Persian, though I do not understand the meaning. But were you taking leave of the ladies in Persian?

Squire. Only a poet can translate poetry; but come into the great parlor, and I will try to find you a better trans-

lation than my own would be of what I said.

Foster (as we went in through a door which the squire called the postern). Why do you and your children call it the "great parlor," while other people call it the "library"?

Squire. It is the old name; perhaps given it by Bess of Hardwick herself, when she built it, and the chapel over it, because she was not content with the "little parlor," which was enough for the forefathers of her husband, St. Loe. Bookshelves have now taken the place of her oak paneling; but I fancy her still sitting in one of the deep window-seats, and looking up at her great coat of arms over the mantelpiece, impaled with that of her husband, and with more quarterings than I can remember the names of. Now for the books.

Foster. But you have not yet told me the name of the book you were quoting, nor its author.

Squire. It is the Gulistan, or Rose Garden, of Sa'di. Many who have a far better right than I to speak on the subject say that it is the greatest work of the greatest of the Persian poets. It has been translated into Latin, English, German, French, and perhaps other languages. There are at least four English translations, which you will find on that shelf.

Foster. A great witness to the worth of the original. How every man who has drunk deeply of Homer, Horace, or Dante tries to translate his favorite author, in order that others may share with him the enjoyment which, while it remains unshared, seems scarcely his own!

Squire. Every one tries, and every one fails. The thought, the habit of mind, is as different in one country and one age from that of another as is the language; and what genius is sufficient to reproduce the original thought in a wholly new form, and to express it in new words as exactly fitted to the thought as are those of the first writer! The English Bible — not the Revised Version — is almost an exception; but then Hebrew thought has, through long ages, become the thought of Christendom, and is in a measure as English as English itself. Even so, it is wonderful that such a translation into such English should have been possible.

Foster. You were to show me a translation of the passage which you were quoting from Sa'di: which am I to take?

Squire. That of Eastwick is probably the most scholarly, and he represents the original alternations of prose and verse in a way which is often happy; but I sometimes rather fancy the quaintness of Dumoulin. There it is. But if the subject interests you enough, you should read the whole of Sa'di's introduction, or preface, which in this, as in his Būstan, is to European taste, at least, the finest part of either book. And then, after all our disparagement of translations, if only you will, with Tennyson, spread the silken sail of infancy and call back your old visions of the Arabian Nights, I think you will be repaid for your trouble, though you do not find all that the readers of the original talk of.

Foster. Meanwhile, squire, will you give me an outline of the country you advise me to enter on?

Squire. The Būstan, or Garden, and the Gulistan, or Rose Garden, have the same idea or motive, though there is great variety in the treatment. The introduction to each opens with the praises of God, taking as it were for text the words with which the devout Mussulman always begins to speak or write, "In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate." The outburst of beauty which clothes the earth in the season of spring, the gift of life and articulate speech to man, the divine government of the world, the blessings of which are shared by the good and bad alike, — all these declare the wisdom, goodness,

and greatness of the Creator, and call for thoughtfulness from man. The Gulistan opens with a description of spring-time. The Būstan begins thus: —

IN THE NAME OF GOD, THE MERCIFUL, THE COMPASSIONATE!

In the Lord's name, who did all life create!
The Wise, who taught man speech articulate!
The Lord, the Giver, the Help in time of need!
The Merciful, who hears when sinners plead!
The Great! From Him whoso shall turn away,
Greatness shall seek in vain, seek where he may;
Kings, who lift up their heads in pride of place,
Bowed down before his throne themselves abase.
Not even the stiff-necked doth He take in wrath,
Nor from his presence drive them, unheard, forth.
The Sea of Knowledge, infinite, divine,
Doth in each drop two elements combine,—
Justice and Mercy; neither of these can fail:
He sees the sin, and, pitying, draws the veil.
Though evil deeds bring down the wrath of Heaven,
He who turns back, repentant, is forgiven.
Against his father should a son rebel,
Unmeasured wrath the father's breast will swell;
Displeased, the kinsman owns his kin no more,
And drives him like a stranger from his door;
If to thy friend thou shouldst unfriendly be,
He breaks the fellowship, and flies from thee;
The servant, slothful in his daily tasks,
Promotion of his master vainly asks;
And if the soldier in his duty fail,
No plea will with his king and chief avail.
But He, Lord of the noble and the base,
Against no rebel shuts the door of grace.
The fair earth is his table, duly spread;
He asks not, "Friend or foe?" Welcomed are all, and fed.
If He were quick to mark iniquity,
Who from his anger could in safety be?
His nature knows no change; his kingdom stands
Needing no help from man's or angel's hands.
All things, all persons, serve his kingly state;
Man, beast, fowl, ant, and fly upon Him wait.
For them his bounteous table He prepares,
Where even the lonely, far-off Simurgh [1] shares.
That bounteous love in all his works He shows;
He grasps the world, and all its secrets knows.
His Will is law, his greatness all things own,
Whose kingdom is of old, with rivals none.
On one man's head He sets a monarch's crown,
One from a throne He to the dust brings down.
From Him the cap of fortune *this* receives,
To *that* the beggar's garb of rags He gives.
If He should bid unsheathe the avenging sword,
The Cherubim, silent, obey his word;
Should He proclaim the fullness of his grace,
The Lost One cries, "I, too, have there a place."

[1] The phœnix or griffin of Oriental legend, dwelling alone at the end of the world.

Foster. The piety of the man, and the political genius which that piety inspires and informs, are very striking. He writes in a manner which reminds one of the spirit of Isaiah or of Milton.

Squire. Yes: explain it or leave it unexplained as you may, the fact cannot be denied of the contrast, — the difference in kind between the religions of Greece and Rome and the faith of Islam, and the likeness in kind between the latter and the Christian faith. And this was evidently the genuine and practical faith of Sa'di; he was eminently a religious man, believing in an actual relation between God and man. And the wreck and anarchy of nations which the Tartar devastation had caused around him, contrasted with the beneficent reign of such rulers as his own, directed all his thoughts and hopes to the belief in a constitutional government of the world, old and settled on the foundations of eternal law and justice and mercy, under a righteous king. From the praise of the Creator Sa'di goes on to speak of the Prophet; and then of the righteous rule of the Atabak, or sovereign, Aboo-Bakr, in whose reign he was writing. In a day when the prosperity and happiness of a whole people were always dependent on the character of a ruler, Sa'di is never weary of insisting on the duties of kings, justice, mercy, benefi-

cence, and the maintenance of all these by a strong hand; and while the former annals of Persia treat of many such kings, he declares that none of them was more worthy than Aboo-Bakr. Then, with the proud humility of a great man conscious of his genius, he says that lowly as he is in the presence of his king, yet it is his verses — the pearls of poetry which he is stringing — which shall keep that king's memory alive in the coming ages.

Foster. But, squire, you have not told me what you said after speeding the ladies on their way.

Squire. You find me "as tedious as a king," though you have not Dogberry's appreciation of that virtue. But I was just coming to the point. Sa'di goes on, in the introduction to each book, to give his reasons for writing it, in the form of an apologue. In the Gulistan, he tells, in a charming idyl, how, when he had become a dervish, and was sitting in the corner of retirement and meditation, he was prevailed on, by the entreaties of an old friend, to spend the evening outside the city, in a garden sparkling and fragrant with flowers and cool with fountains. In the morning, when the desire to depart had overcome the wish to stay, Sa'di's friend gathered a nosegay of roses, hyacinths, and sweet basil for him to take, but threw them down when the poet, reminding him that such flowers must soon fade and die, promised to write him a book which should live. And on the same day he began the Gulistan.

Foster. Then the ladies should have thrown away your roses while you made your speech in Persian. But what is the corresponding apologue?

Squire. In the Būstan, Sa'di describes himself as spending his days with men of every kind, in every corner of the world, and gathering some treasure from every store, and some ears of corn from every harvest. But he found no people like those of Shiraz, his native city. He could not leave such a people empty-handed, and he resolved to write a book in their honor and memory; to build a palace of art and education, of which the ten gates, or chapters, should be Justice and Judgment; Beneficence, by which man may show the likeness of God; Love, not earthly, but divine; Humility; Resignation; Contentment; Education; Thankfulness; Repentance and Righteousness; and lastly, Prayer.

Foster. Are not the Atabaks, as you call them, the Atabegs, as the name used to be written before the invention of the scientific method of spelling Oriental words by help of a key? If I remember rightly, it is a Turkish word, meaning "Protector of the Prince," and was an official title.

Squire. Yes; and on the break-up of the Seljuk dynasty, in the twelfth century of our era, like mayors of the palace and other such ministers in old times and places, they supplanted their sovereigns, and founded dynasties of their own. There were four such dynasties in Persia, of which that of Aboo-Bakr was one. His capital was Shiraz; and though the Turks and Tartars destroyed the civilization and culture of the West, they roused to new activity the letters and science which the Arabs had carried into Persia, and those adjoining countries in which Persian was the language of the court and of literature. After allowing for the flights of Oriental imagination on the one hand, and for the shortcomings of a translation on the other, even the English reader can see that Sa'di's thoughts and words of God and of man, of nature and of civil government, betoken a high degree of culture and refinement, and the practice of wise, just, and righteous government by the kings; and those who know the original agree that for happiness and beauty of imagery and language it may compare with the poetry of other nations, while in depth of pathos it far surpasses that of Greece or Rome. Persian poetry draws its main spirit from Hebrew and early Christian sources,

though through the channel of Muhammedanism; and we may say that it rises above or falls below the classical standards much as these do.

Foster. What else did Sa'di write?

Squire. The list of his works is long, but his Diwan, or Collection of Songs of Mystical Piety, has been overshadowed by that of Hafiz; and the works by which he is chiefly known are those of which we have already spoken.

Foster. What is known of Sa'di himself?

Squire. He mentions in several places incidents in his own life; and these were put together, with the addition of some traditions, by a Persian writer, two hundred years later. He is said to have spent thirty years in study, thirty in traveling in distant lands, and thirty in retirement as a dervish. He was taken prisoner by the crusaders while practicing austerities in the desert, and made to work on the fortifications of Tripoli; and he was redeemed by an old friend, whose daughter he afterwards married. She was a Persian Xanthippe, and when she cast in his teeth that her father had bought him for ten dinars, he replied that he had sold himself again for one hundred, the amount of her dowry. But, so far as I know, the fullest account of Sa'di is to be found in the introduction to Harrington's edition of the works of Sa'di (Sadee, he calls him), published in Calcutta in 1791.

(Here our talk ended, for that morning. But we returned to the subject some days later; and I now give the substance of the conversation which then followed between the squire and myself.)

Foster. Since our talk the other day about Persian poetry, I have been looking into the books you pointed out to me, and into the translations of Omar Khayyám by Fitzgerald, Whinfield, and McCarthy, and of Hafiz by Reviski, Bicknell, and Clarke.

Squire. Omar, the skeptic and mathematician, in the century before, and Hafiz, the religious mystic, in the century after, that of Sa'di, the political philosopher and theologian. And, to use a favorite Persian metaphor, all these pearls of poesy are strung on the chronological tables of Malcolm's History of Persia; though he hardly mentions these or any other of the great Persian poets. But have you found any new clues to the philosophy of history, either with or without the help of our Anglo-Persian Dryasdusts?

Foster. You always laugh at my philosophy of history; but if philosophy is the search for wisdom, and if reason is ratio, or the relation of things to one another, why should it be unreasonable to seek for the relations of the facts of history?

Squire. Not at all unreasonable to seek what yet it may be impossible to find. Bacon says that all facts are governed by laws, and that these laws are ideas in the mind of God; but then another authority, not less than Bacon, says, "His ways are past finding out." It is a grand and glorious moment in a young man's life when, after years of toiling up the schoolboy's hill of facts, he reaches a point at which the scene of history as one great whole bursts on his astonished view. I do not forget the delight with which I first read Arnold's account of Vico's comparison of the history of a nation with the life of a man, with its three stages of childhood, manhood, and old age; or again of Comte's three historical periods, the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive, which John Mill held to throw such a clear light upon all history. But though the facts remain, the splendors of the fancy which surrounded them fade into the light of common day, and we find that in great part, at least, we have been like the astronomers who thought they were making scientific observations of the parallax, only to find that they had been measuring the error of their instruments. These visionary forms,

these Idola Specûs, are not to be worshiped, but to be strictly questioned, in order to know whether there is any reality in them.

Foster. You do think, then, that there is some reality in them?

Squire. Yes; the universe of history, as of everything else, has no doubt coherent laws; but they require for their comprehension a mind not less infinite than the universe itself. I am reminded of the so-called Oriental tale of the alchemist, who shows his disciple the universal solvent, which he has spent a lifetime in obtaining, lying in a crucible; and the disciple says, "O Sage, be not deceived; how can that which is to dissolve all things be itself contained in a ladle!" Youth is the proper season for these finite ideals of life, and he who knows the delight of them will desire that every one should enjoy that season. But he is not the less to be pitied to whom the experience of age has not taught, as it taught Sir Isaac Newton, that we are but children on the shore, picking up here and there a pretty stone or shell, while the great ocean of truth rolls its unexplored waters before us.

Foster. But the shells and the pebbles are actual, and really rolled in by the sea.

Squire. True. And if you will tell me what you have now been picking up on the beach of Persian history, I shall listen with profit as well as pleasure.

Foster. I am a seeker, if not a finder, and I will content myself with stating some questions which have occurred to me on this subject. If they have a somewhat theological coloring, I may plead that if Gibbon the skeptic classed himself with the philosophers who held all religions to be equally false, Gibbon the historian recognized the important part which religion always plays in the history of nations. So I ask myself, Was there a relation between the greatness of the Persians, from the days of Cyrus through so many ages, and the national faith in a God of light and goodness, of which the sun was the fitting symbol, contending with the spirit of darkness and evil? Did some defect or degeneracy of their faith cause, as well as accompany, the break-up of the Persian empire at the end of the Sassanian dynasty? When the Arab conquest established the rule of the Caliphs on the ruins of the house of Sassan, and superseded the faith of Zoroaster by that of Muhammed, was this made possible, and even easy, because the proclamation of an absolute and irresistible Will was itself irresistible while its proclaimers heartily believed it? When the warlike and religious fervor of the new faith had cooled, was the skepticism of Omar Khayyám an instance, or only an accident, of the change? Did his learned studies at Nishapur in mathematics, astronomy, and logic, joined with the recognition of the facts of other religions than their own, make men skeptics, not only in religion, but in politics? If so, how could men with such a creed as Omar's resist the Tartar invaders, those extraordinary savages, whose utter cruelty of nature was again and again transformed into gentleness and political wisdom by their hearty adoption of the faith in God and his Prophet which its first promulgators had almost lost? Was not Sa'di one, and probably the greatest, of the literary and philosophical teachers of age after age of kings and their subjects, of which teaching the ripest fruits were seen in the reigns of the great Mogul sovereigns of Agra and Delhi?

Squire. I remember a discussion, some fifty years ago, in this very room, between Mountstuart Elphinstone and the old Bengal civilian who then lived here. The latter asked how it was that while the civilization of India in the days of Akbar was in many respects superior (as he held) to that of England in the days of Elizabeth, Akbar's contemporary, the one had been continually advancing ever since, while the other had dwindled al-

most to nothing. I ventured to suggest that the difference was the difference between Christianity and Muhammedanism, and Elphinstone said he thought so, too. But what of Hafiz, whom you just now named with Omar and Sa'di?

Foster. I would rather hear about him from you. I am certainly out of my depth there.

Squire. So am I; and so was Hafiz himself, as he is continually telling us. But what would you specially like to know?

Foster. Something of the poet, and something of the religious mystic, if such he was.

Squire. The Diwan, or Collection of the Odes of Hafiz, is a great book of songs arranged alphabetically, or perhaps I may rather say acrostically, the successive letters of the alphabet ending the rhymes of successive sets of songs. These rhymes follow a different method from our own, or those of other European languages, there being only one rhyme, and that a double ending, for all the verses of each ode, though the words which supply all these rhymes are different from one another, as with us. The Persian metres, too, are more stately than our own, the proportion of long to short, or closed to open, syllables being much greater in that language than in ours. The words of the odes of Hafiz are most musical, and the thoughts and images to which they are wedded do not fall short of any standard of lyric poetry which we may supply: they are "simple, sensuous, and passionate" in the sense of Milton, and are successful attempts to make man's life harmonious in the sense of Carlyle. You will hardly think so from any of the translations you have found in the library. I fancy our best chance would be if we should ever have a translator like Omar's Fitzgerald, who knows how to paraphrase when a literal version is impossible. Failing something better, here is an attempt of my own at such a version: —

Bring out the wine, Cupbearer! Ho!
Pour out, and high the goblet fill;
For though at first love smooth did flow,
Its course is crossed and troubled still.

The zephyrs fragrance round us fling,
As through the Loved One's hair they play;
But for that fragrance which they bring
Our heart's blood is the price we pay.

Spill wine upon the carpet spread
For prayer, should so the Teacher say;
For he by whom the march is led
Must know the customs of the way.

There are who say that on this earth
A halting-place may still be found,—
A halting-place for rest and mirth,
For those upon life's journey bound.

But what of rest or mirth can tell
To me, who ever and anon
Hear from each camel's tinkling bell,
"Load up; the caravan goes on"?

The night is dark; the waves strike fear;
The whirling waters wildly roar.
Our lot how should they know who bear
Their own light burdens on the shore?

Now all my work in vain has been;
Self-seeking cannot come to good;
The soul must find that good within,
Not with the worldly multitude.

Hafiz, the Presence wouldst thou see,
No moment's absence must thou know;
When The Beloved hath met with thee,
Give up the world, and let it go.

These verses may give you but little proof of what I say; but if you knew the original as you do your Horace and Lucretius, you would agree with me that not only for pathos, but for singular felicity of expression, too, the warning sound of the camel's bell may be compared with the "*omnes eodem cogimur*" of Horace, and the contrast between the stormy sea and safe shore with the "*suave mari magno*" of Lucretius.

Foster. I will take your comparison on trust, till I get that opportunity of leisure and the inclination to avail myself of it which the witty author of The Miseries of Human Life says it is so impossible to find. Meanwhile, let me

cap your Hafiz with a quotation from Sa'di which caught my eye in turning over the pages of Malcolm. Here it is:

"Alas for him who is gone and had done no good deed!
The trumpet of march has sounded, and his load is not bound on."

Squire. The beauty of the image is brought out by the variations; and the sternness of the duty-loving Sa'di contrasts with the gentle egotism of Hafiz. You may add another parallel from the hopeless gloom of Omar, which in Fitzgerald's version runs thus: —

"'T is but a tent, where takes his one day's rest
A Sultan to the realm of Death addrest;
The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrash
Strikes and prepares it for another Guest."

Foster. If this ode is a fair specimen of the songs of Hafiz, it would seem easy to maintain the mystical interpretation of his poetry. While you were reciting it, I thought of one of Madame Guion's hymns. I forget the French, but Cowper has translated it.

"While place we seek or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to lead the way
'T is equal joy to go or stay."

Squire. You may find many such parallels between the odes of Hafiz and the hymns of Madame Guion and other Christian mystics. I once saw a correspondence between two young Anglo-Indians, one of whom had turned, in illness, from the poetry of Sa'di and Hafiz to the faith of Madame Guion and William Law, and illustrated the doctrine of the Christian mystics by a string of quotations from the Persian poets. And it is related of Sir Gore Ouseley, a great lover of Persian poetry, who was English ambassador to the Persian court early in this century, that when he was dying, long years after, he prayed in Persian. But I must confess that I have softened, and even concealed, the original by the word "Teacher," in the third stanza. It is, literally, "the chief of the Magians or infidel Fire-Worshipers," and this, again, is said to mean the keeper of the wine-shop; and I have given the Sufi interpretation of the name, which is that it signifies the spiritual teacher and guide of man through the hindrances of his earthly life which beset his entrance into the presence of God.

Foster. Can you give me a more precise account of these Sufis, and of the position of Hafiz among them?

Squire. "I know when you do not ask me," as St. Augustine said of time. The facts are obscure, from their number and vastness; but I will tell you what little I know. With many differences, there is much likeness among the Hebrew prophets, the Christian monks, the Muhammedan dervishes, and the Buddhists of India. In times of religious fervor and earnestness, they have all more or less made good their claims to be men sent from God; in after days of national degeneracy, they have sunk into sensuality and hypocrisy, followed by more or less successful efforts at reformation. Though the Koran does not approve of monasticism, and offers to the true believer mainly the enjoyments of sense which come of fighting and of conquest, still there is a praise of poverty and simplicity of life, and of absolute prostration before the Divine Majesty, which may have easily combined with the desire for religious contemplation and for final absorption into God which came from the farther East. And thence came the several orders of dervishes in the Muhammedan tribes. When the national life of Persia was roused to new forms of energy by the successive invasions of Arabs and Tartars, there were lovers of their country, of whom Sa'di was the greatest example, who were the teachers of kings and statesmen and people, and recluses vowed to philosophy, poetry, and religious faith. The right place for such men seemed to them to be in the ranks of the dervishes, who

were respected by the haughtiest kings, as the Christian monks were by our fierce princes in the Middle Ages. The Sufis were, as I understand it, ascetic and contemplation-loving reformers among the dervishes. Sufi means "wool," and the Sufis were so called because, like Shakespeare's Don Adriano de Armado, they "went woolward for penance." Sa'di was a Sufi. So was Hafiz, though he denounces the hypocrisy of the sect.

Foster. This seems to me in favor of the religious interpretation of the songs of Hafiz. For how or why should he charge his brother dervishes with hypocrisy, if he himself was habitually practicing the same vice, and cloaking the mere love of sensual pleasures in language which the Sufis declared to be that of spiritual and religious devotion and ecstasy? Yet, after all, does not the sensuality seem as real as the spirituality, and is there any reconciliation or explanation of the contradiction?

Squire. The contradiction is great and puzzling. The question was raised at the burial of Hafiz, when the rites of an orthodox Muhammedan were refused him till an augury had been taken (as the practice still is) from a verse of one of his odes, opened at hazard, and the words were found: —

> "Turn not away from the bier of Hafiz,
> For, though immersed in sin, he may yet be admitted into Paradise."

The dispute still continues, here no less than in Persia, and is settled by every man in accordance with his own taste or sentiment and estimate of the life of man. But perhaps some light may be thrown on it by the analogies in the schools of Greece and the Christian Church. The Socrates of the Phædrus and the Symposium is the very counterpart of the Sa'di of the Gulistan and Būstan; except that the Persian believes in a personal relation between man and his wise and beneficent Creator, a belief not attributed to the Greek philosopher. The Christian Church has always accepted an interpretation of the Song of Solomon which very closely resembles that which the Sufis give of their songs of love and wine. I know but little of the religious mysticism of the Middle Ages, but I believe there is much of it of which the language, though not so sensuous as that of the Muhammedan Sufis, can only be justified by interpreting as they do the enforced asceticism and celibacy of the cloister, which, while maintained by faith and prayer, would give the intensity of suppressed earthly passions to the language of religious worship, and especially in the adoration of the Virgin and the saints. Then we know how these religious fervors of devotion have often degenerated into mere sensuality and hypocrisy, in sects and in individuals. If we remember that the odes of Hafiz probably spread over some fifty or sixty years of his life, it may not be thought unreasonable to conjecture that they express very various experiences and sentiments of his actual life. We read of his rivalry in love with the prince of Shiraz, of his wife and his son, and of his secluded and religious life as a dervish. Some have thought that traces of a skepticism at some period of his life may be found in his writings. The lovers of the higher criticism think that if we had the dates of the odes some further light might be thrown on the subject. But the chronological has been irrevocably merged in the alphabetical order; there is no evidence of what the actual life of Hafiz was at all or any periods of it; and we must be content to remain ignorant, unless we prefer the cloudland of conjecture.

Foster. Old Indians in the present day do not read and repeat Persian poetry as they did in the generation of which I suppose we may take Mountstuart Elphinstone as the representative.

Squire. No; a great change was brought about in this respect by Lord Auckland's abolition of the use of Per-

sian as the official language in all but diplomatic business.

Foster. How was that?

Squire. Under the Mogul sovereigns, Persian was the language not only of the court, but of all government business, political, fiscal, and judicial.

Foster. Something, I suppose, like the use of Norman-French in England after the Conquest; with Arabic, like our Latin, in the background, for the church and law? And how does Hindustani come in?

Squire. Hindustani, called in Persian Urdū, or "the camp," in distinction from the court, and the word from which we derive our "horde," — this is the Hindi, or vernacular of Hind, amplified by the introduction of Persian and Arabic words, though retaining the Hindi grammatical forms, becoming thus a *lingua franca* for popular use beyond its proper limits. With the other institutions of the Moguls we took over the use of Persian in all official business, and the Munshī, or Persian secretary and interpreter, became a part of the staff of the English official in charge of political, revenue, and judicial business. The language of business was soon discovered to be the language of a new and fine literature; and the volumes on those shelves illustrate the enthusiasm which the magistrates, judges, and collectors in our older provinces, and our administrators in those newly annexed, our political agents and residents in the native courts, and our military officers threw into these studies from the time when Warren Hastings set the example. But then a generation of speculative reformers arose, who asked why we should not act in the spirit of the Moguls, and, instead of carrying on their method with literal servility, make English the official language, and so bring the several nations of India into a new and more intimate connection with our own literature and civilization. A retired Bengal judge expressed the general opinion of practical men when he said that you might as well make Sanskrit the official language in the courts of Westminster as English in the administration of justice in India. He, indeed, though a man of ability and eminence in the company's service, could see no inconvenience in the employment of Persian in the administration of justice; and such is the force of habit that when he had occasion to take notes of an important trial at the Somersetshire assizes, he actually wrote them in Persian rather than in the English words in which the evidence was given, just as he had done, many years before, when trying dakoits at Jessore. But though the general opinion of the native as well as the English officials was against any change, Lord Auckland, by the advice of Sir Charles Metcalfe, took what probably now seems to every one the obviously reasonable course, and by his orders in 1837, finally confirmed in 1838 by the home government, all official business was to be carried on in the vernacular languages of the country. Persian remained, and remains, the language of diplomacy. It is not required in any other branch of the public service; and it is not possible that men so hard-worked as our Indian civilians and soldiers now are should find time and energy for a purely literary study. They all fall back on their Homer and Horace; or, yet better, on their Shakespeare and Tennyson. But enough of this; you are, no doubt, already silently quoting Horace against me, and repeating to yourself: —

> "Persicos odi puer, apparatus:
> Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ."

Edward Strachey.

OF A DANCING-GIRL.

NOTHING is more silent than the beginning of a Japanese banquet; and no one, except a native, who observes the opening scene could possibly imagine the tumultuous ending.

The robed guests take their places, quite noiselessly and without speech, upon the kneeling-cushions. The lacquered services are laid upon the matting before them by maidens whose bare feet make no sound. For a while there are only smiling and flitting, as in dreams. You are not likely to hear any voices from without, as a banqueting-house is usually secluded from the street by spacious gardens. At last the master of ceremonies, host or provider, breaks the hush with the consecrated formula, "*O-somatsu degozarimasu ga! — dōzo o-hashi!*" whereat all present bow silently, take up their *hashi* (chopsticks), and fall to. But hashi, deftly used, cannot be heard at all. The maidens pour warm *saké* into the cup of each guest without making the least sound; and it is not until several dishes have been emptied, and several cups of saké absorbed, that tongues are loosened.

Then, all at once, with a little burst of laughter, a number of young girls enter, make the customary prostration of greeting, glide into the open space between the ranks of the guests, and begin to serve the wine with a grace and dexterity of which no common maid is capable. They are pretty; they are clad in very costly robes of silk; they are girdled like queens; and the beautifully dressed hair of each is decked with fresh flowers, with wonderful combs and pins, and with curious ornaments of gold. They greet the stranger as if they had always known him; they jest, laugh, and utter funny little cries. These are the *geisha*,[1] or dancing-girls, hired for the banquet.

Samisen[2] tinkle. The dancers withdraw to a clear space at the farther end of the banqueting-hall, always vast enough to admit of many more guests than ever assemble upon common occasions. Some form the orchestra, under the direction of a woman of uncertain age; there are several samisen, and a tiny drum played by a child. Others, singly or in pairs, perform the dance. It may be swift and merry, consisting wholly of graceful posturing, — two girls dancing together with such coincidence of step and gesture as only years of training could render possible. But more frequently it is rather like acting than like what we Occidentals call dancing, — acting accompanied with extraordinary waving of sleeves and fans, and with a play of eyes and features, sweet, subtle, subdued, wholly Oriental. There are more voluptuous dances known to geisha, but upon ordinary occasions and before refined audiences they portray beautiful old Japanese traditions, like the legend of the fisher Urashima, beloved by the Sea God's daughter; and at intervals they sing ancient Chinese poems, expressing a natural emotion with delicious vividness by a few exquisite words. And always they pour the wine, — that warm, pale yellow, sleepy wine which fills the veins with soft contentment, making a faint sense of ecstasy, through which, as through some poppied sleep, the commonplace becomes wondrous and blissful, and the geisha Maids of Paradise, and the world much sweeter than, in the natural order of things, it could ever possibly be.

The banquet, at first so silent, slowly changes to a merry tumult. The company break ranks, form groups; and from group to group the girls pass, laughing, prattling, — still pouring saké into the cups which are being exchanged and

[1] The Kyōtō word is *maiko*.

[2] Guitars of three strings.

emptied with low bows.[1] Men begin to sing old samurai songs, old Chinese poems. One or two even dance. A geisha tucks her robe well up to her knees; and the samisen strike up the quick melody, "*Kompira funé-funé.*" As the music plays, she begins to run lightly and swiftly in a figure of 8, and a young man, carrying a saké bottle and cup, also runs in the same figure of 8. If the two meet on a line, the one through whose error the meeting happens must drink a cup of saké. The music becomes quicker and quicker, and the runners run faster and faster, for they must keep time to the melody; and the geisha wins. In another part of the room, guests and geisha are playing *ken.* They sing as they play, facing each other, and clap their hands, and fling out their fingers at intervals with little cries; and the samisen keep time.

Choīto, — don-don!
Otagaidane;
Choīto, — don-don!
Oidemashitane;
Choīto, — don-don!
Shimaimashitane.

Now, to play ken with a geisha requires a perfectly cool head, a quick eye, and much practice. Having been trained from childhood to play all kinds of ken, — and there are many, — she generally loses only for politeness, when she loses at all. The signs of the most common ken are a Man, a Fox, and a Gun. If the geisha make the sign of the Gun, you must instantly, and in exact time to the music, make the sign of the Fox, who cannot use the Gun. For if you make the sign of the Man, then she will answer with the sign of the Fox, who can bewitch the Man, and you lose. And if she make the sign of the Fox first, then you should make the sign of the Gun, by which the Fox can be killed. But all the while you must watch her bright eyes and supple hands. These are pretty; and if you suffer yourself, just for one fraction of a second, to think how pretty they are, you are bewitched and vanquished.

Notwithstanding all this apparent comradeship, a certain rigid decorum between guest and geisha is invariably preserved at a Japanese banquet. However flushed with wine a guest may have become, you will never see him attempt to caress a girl; he never forgets that she appears at the festivities only as a human flower, to be looked at, not to be touched. The familiarity which foreign tourists in Japan frequently permit themselves with geisha or with waiter-girls, though endured with smiling patience, is really much disliked, and considered by native observers an evidence of extreme vulgarity.

For a time the merriment grows; but as midnight draws near, the guests begin to slip away, one by one, unnoticed. Then the din gradually dies down, the music stops; and at last the geisha, having escorted the latest of the feasters to the door, with laughing cries of *Sayōnara*, can sit down alone to break their long fast in the deserted hall.

Such is the geisha's rôle. But what is the mystery of her? What are her thoughts, her emotions, her secret self? What is her veritable existence beyond the night circle of the banquet lights, far from the illusion formed around her by the mist of wine? Is she always as mischievous as she seems while her voice ripples out with mocking sweetness the words of the ancient song?

Kimi to neyaru ka, go sengoku toruka?
Nanno gosengoku kimi to neyo?[2]

[1] It is sometimes customary for guests to exchange cups, after duly rinsing them. It is always a compliment to ask for your friend's cup.

[2] "Once more to rest beside her, or keep five thousand koku?
What care I for koku? Let me be with her!"
There lived in ancient times a *hatamoto* called Fuji-eda Geki, a vassal of the Shōgun. He had an income of five thousand koku of rice, — a great income in those days. But he fell in love with an inmate of the Yoshiwara, named Ayaginu, and wished to marry her. When his master bade the vassal choose between his fortune and his passion, the lovers fled secretly to

Or might we think her capable of keeping that passionate promise she utters so deliciously?

Omae shindaru tera ewa yaranu!
Yaete konishite saké de nomu.[1]

"Why, as for that," a friend tells me, "there was O-Kama of Osaka who realized the song only last year. For she, having collected from the funeral pile the ashes of her lover, mingled them with saké, and at a banquet drank them, in the presence of many guests." In the presence of many guests! Alas for romance! But what may not be expected of one who knows little of the privacy of life!

Always in the dwelling which a band of geisha occupy, there is a strange image placed in the alcove. Sometimes it is of clay, rarely of gold, most commonly of porcelain. It is reverenced: offerings are made to it, sweetmeats and rice-bread and wine; incense smoulders in front of it, and a lamp is burned before it. It is the image of a kitten erect, one paw outstretched as if inviting, — whence its name, "the Beckoning Kitten." It is the *genius loci:* it brings good fortune, the patronage of the rich, the favor of banquet-givers. Now, they who know the soul of the geisha aver that the semblance of the image is the semblance of herself, — playful and pretty, soft and young, lithe and caressing, and cruel as a devouring fire.

Worse, also, than this they have said of her: that in her shadow treads the God of Poverty, and that the Fox-Women are her sisters; that she is the ruin of youth, the waster of fortunes, the destroyer of families; that she knows love only as the source of the follies which are her gain, and grows rich upon the substance of men whose graves she has made; that she is the most consummate of pretty hypocrites, the most dangerous of schemers, the most insatiable of mercenaries, the most pitiless of mistresses. This cannot all be true. Yet thus much is true, — that, like the kitten, the geisha is by profession a creature of prey. There are many really lovable kittens. Even so there must be really delightful dancing-girls.

The geisha is only what she has been made in answer to foolish human desire for the illusion of love mixed with youth and grace, but without regrets or responsibilities: wherefore she has been taught, besides ken, to play at hearts. Now, the eternal law is that people may play with impunity at any game in this unhappy world except three, which are called Life, Love, and Death. Those the gods have reserved to themselves, because nobody else can learn to play them without doing mischief. Therefore, to play with a geisha any game much more serious than ken, or at least *go*, is displeasing to the gods.

The girl begins her career as a slave, a pretty child bought from miserably poor parents under a contract, according to which her services may be claimed by the purchasers for eighteen, twenty, or even twenty-five years. She is fed, clothed, and trained in a house occupied only by geisha; and she passes the rest of her childhood under severe discipline. She is taught etiquette, grace, polite speech; she has daily lessons in dancing; and she is obliged to learn by heart a multitude of songs with their airs. Also she must learn games, the service of banquets and weddings, the art of dressing and looking beautiful. Whatever physical gifts she may have are carefully cultivated. Afterwards she is taught to handle musical instruments: first, the little drum (*tsudzumi*), which cannot be sounded at all without considerable practice; then she learns to play the samisen a little, with a plectrum

a farmer's house, and there committed suicide together. And the above song was made about them. It is still sung.

[1] "Thee, shouldst thou die, graveyard shall hold never!
I thy body's ashes, mixed with wine, will drink!"

of tortoise-shell or ivory. At eight or nine years of age she attends banquets, chiefly as a drum-player. She is then the most charming little creature imaginable, and already knows how to fill your wine-cup exactly full, with a single toss of the bottle and without spilling a drop, between two taps of her drum.

Thereafter her discipline becomes more cruel. Her voice may be flexible enough, but lacks the requisite strength. In the iciest hours of winter nights, she must ascend to the roof of her dwelling-house, and there sing and play till the blood oozes from her fingers and the voice dies in her throat. The desired result is an atrocious cold. After a period of hoarse whispering, her voice changes its tone and strengthens. She is ready to become a public singer and dancer.

In this capacity she usually makes her first appearance at the age of twelve or thirteen. If pretty and skillful, her services will be much in demand, and her time paid for at the rate of twenty to twenty-five *sen* per hour. Then only do her purchasers begin to reimburse themselves for the time, expense, and trouble of her training; and they are not apt to be generous. For many years more all that she earns must pass into their hands. She can own nothing, not even her clothes.

At seventeen or eighteen she has made her artistic reputation. She has been at many hundreds of entertainments, and knows by sight all the important personages of her city, the character of each, the history of all. Her life has been chiefly a night life; rarely has she seen the sun rise since she became a dancer. She has learned to drink wine without ever losing her head, and to fast for seven or eight hours without ever feeling the worse. She has had many lovers. To a certain extent she is free to smile upon whom she pleases; but she has been well taught, above all else, to use her power of charm for her own advantage. She hopes to find somebody able and willing to buy her freedom, — which somebody would almost certainly thereafter discover many new and excellent meanings in those Buddhist texts which tell about the foolishness of love and the impermanency of all human relationships.

At this point of her career we may leave the geisha: thereafter her story is apt to prove unpleasant, unless she die young. Should that happen, she will have the obsequies of her class, and her memory will be preserved by divers curious rites.

Some time, perhaps, while wandering through Japanese streets at night, you hear sounds of music, a tinkling of samisen floating through the great gateway of a Buddhist temple, together with shrill voices of singing girls; which may seem to you a strange happening. And the deep court is thronged with people looking and listening. Then, making your way through the press to the temple steps, you see two geisha seated upon the matting within, playing and singing, and a third dancing before a little table. Upon the table is an *ihai*, or mortuary tablet; in front of the tablet burns a little lamp, and incense in a cup of bronze; a small repast has been placed there, fruits and dainties, — such a repast as, upon festival occasions, it is the custom to offer to the dead. You learn that the *kaimyō* upon the tablet is that of a geisha; and that the comrades of the dead girl assemble in the temple on certain days to gladden her spirit with songs and dances. Then whosoever pleases may attend the ceremony free of charge.

But the dancing-girls of ancient times were not as the geisha of to-day. Some of them were called *shirabyōshi;* and their hearts were not extremely hard. They were beautiful; they wore queerly shaped caps bedecked with gold; they were clad in splendid attire, and danced with swords in the dwellings of princes. And there is an old story about one of them which I think it worth while to tell.

I.

It was formerly, and indeed still is, a custom with young Japanese artists to travel on foot through various parts of the empire, in order to see and sketch the most celebrated scenery as well as to study famous art objects preserved in Buddhist temples, many of which occupy sites of extraordinary picturesqueness. It is to such wanderings, chiefly, that we owe the existence of those beautiful books of landscape views and life studies which are now so curious and rare, and which teach better than aught else that only the Japanese can paint Japanese scenery. After you have become acquainted with their methods of interpreting their own nature, foreign attempts in the same line will seem to you strangely flat and soulless. The foreign artist will give you realistic reflections of what he sees; but he will give you nothing more. The Japanese artist gives you that which he feels, — the mood of a season, the precise sensation of an hour and place; his work is qualified by a power of suggestiveness rarely found in the art of the West. The Occidental painter renders minute detail; he satisfies the imagination he evokes. But his Oriental brother either suppresses or idealizes detail, — steeps his distances in mist, bands his landscapes with cloud, makes of his experience a memory in which only the strange and the beautiful survive, with their sensations. He surpasses imagination, excites it, leaves it hungry with the hunger of charm perceived in glimpses only. Nevertheless, in such glimpses he is able to convey the feeling of a time, the character of a place, after a fashion that seems magical. He is a painter of recollections and of sensations rather than of clear-cut realities; and in this lies the secret of his amazing power, — a power not to be appreciated by those who have never witnessed the scenes of his inspiration. He is above all things impersonal. His human figures are devoid of all individuality; yet they have inimitable merit as types embodying the characteristics of a class: the childish curiosity of the peasant, the shyness of the maiden, the fascination of the *jōro*, the self-consciousness of the samurai, the funny, placid prettiness of the child, the resigned gentleness of age. Travel and observation were the influences which developed this art; it was never a growth of studios.

A great many years ago, a young art student was traveling on foot from Saikyō to Yedo, over the mountains. The roads then were few and bad, and travel was so difficult compared to what it is now that a proverb was current, *Kawai ko wa tabi wo sasé* (A pet child should be made to travel). But the land was what it is to-day. There were the same forests of cedar and of pine, the same groves of bamboo, the same peaked villages with roofs of thatch, the same terraced ricefields dotted with the great yellow straw hats of peasants bending in the slime. From the wayside, the same statues of Jizō smiled upon the same pilgrim figures passing to the same temples; and then, as now, of summer days, one might see naked brown children laughing in all the shallow rivers, and all the rivers laughing to the sun.

The young art student, however, was no *kawai ko:* he had already traveled a great deal, was inured to hard fare and rough lodging, and accustomed to make the best of every situation. But upon this journey he found himself, one evening after sunset, in a region where it seemed possible to obtain neither fare nor lodging of any sort, — out of sight of cultivated land. While attempting a short cut over a range to reach some village, he had lost his way.

There was no moon, and pine shadows made blackness all around him. The district into which he had wandered seemed utterly wild; there were no sounds but the humming of the wind in the pine needles, and an infinite tinkling of bell-insects. He stumbled on, hoping to gain some river bank, which he could follow

to a settlement. At last a stream abruptly crossed his way; but it proved to be a swift torrent pouring into a gorge between precipices. Obliged to retrace his steps, he resolved to climb to the nearest summit, whence he might be able to discern some sign of human life; but on reaching it he could see about him only a heaping of hills.

He had almost resigned himself to passing the night under the stars, when he perceived, at some distance down the further slope of the hill he had ascended, a single thin yellow ray of light, evidently issuing from some dwelling. He made his way towards it, and soon discerned a small cottage, apparently a peasant's home. The light he had seen still streamed from it, through a chink in the closed storm-doors. He hastened forward, and knocked at the entrance.

II.

Not until he had knocked and called several times did he hear any stir within; then a woman's voice asked what was wanted. The voice was remarkably sweet, and the speech of the unseen questioner surprised him; for she spoke in the cultivated idiom of the capital. He responded that he was a student, who had lost his way in the mountains; that he wished, if possible, to obtain food and lodging for the night; and that if this could not be given, he would feel very grateful for information how to reach the nearest village, — adding that he had means enough to pay for the services of a guide. The voice, in return, asked several other questions, indicating extreme surprise that any one could have reached the dwelling from the direction he had taken. But his answers evidently allayed suspicion; for the inmate exclaimed, "I will come in a moment. It would be difficult for you to reach any village tonight; and the path is dangerous."

After a brief delay, the storm-doors were pushed open, and a woman appeared with a paper lantern, which she so held as to illuminate the stranger's face, while her own remained in shadow. She scrutinized him in silence; then said briefly, "Wait; I will bring water." She fetched a wash-basin, set it upon the doorstep, and offered the guest a towel. He removed his sandals, washed from his feet the dust of travel, and was shown into a neat room which appeared to occupy the whole interior, except a small boarded space at the rear, used as a kitchen. A cotton rug was laid for him to kneel upon, and a brazier set before him.

It was only then that he had a good opportunity of observing his hostess; and he was startled by the delicacy and beauty of her features. She might have been three or four years older than he, but was still in the bloom of youth. Certainly she was not a peasant girl. In the same singularly sweet voice she said to him, "I am now alone, and I never receive guests here. But I am sure it would be dangerous for you to travel further tonight. There are some peasants in the neighborhood; but you cannot find your way to them in the dark without a guide. So I can let you stay here until morning. You will not be comfortable; but I can give you a bed. And I suppose you are hungry. There is only some *shōjin-ryōri*,[1] — not at all good, but you are welcome to it."

The traveler was quite hungry, and only too glad of the offer. The young woman kindled a little fire, prepared a few dishes in silence, — stewed leaves of *na*, some *aburagé*, some *kampyō*, and a bowl of coarse rice, — and quickly set the meal before him, apologizing for its quality. But during his repast she spoke scarcely at all; and her reserved manner embarrassed him. As she answered the few questions he ventured upon merely by a bow or by a solitary word, he soon refrained from attempting to press the conversation.

[1] Buddhist food, containing no animal substance. Some kinds of *shōjin-ryōri* are quite appetizing.

Meanwhile, he had observed that the small house was spotlessly clean, and the utensils in which his food was served were immaculate. The few cheap objects in the apartment were pretty. The *fusuma* of the *oshiire* and *zendana* [1] were of white paper only, but had been decorated with large Chinese characters exquisitely written, characters suggesting, according to the law of such decoration, the favorite themes of the poet and artist: Spring Flowers, Mountain and Sea, Summer Rain, Sky and Stars, Autumn Moon, River Water, Autumn Breeze. At one side of the apartment stood a kind of low altar, supporting a *butsudan*, whose tiny lacquered doors, left open, showed a mortuary tablet within, before which a lamp was burning between offerings of wild flowers. And above this household shrine hung a picture of more than common merit, representing the Goddess of Mercy, wearing the moon for her aureole.

As the student ended his little meal, the young woman observed, "I cannot offer you a good bed, and there is only a paper mosquito curtain. The bed and the curtain are mine, but to-night I have many things to do, and will have no time to sleep; therefore I beg you will try to rest, though I am not able to make you comfortable."

He then understood that she was, for some strange reason, entirely alone, and was voluntarily giving up her only bed to him upon a kindly pretext. He protested honestly against such an excess of hospitality, and assured her that he could sleep quite soundly anywhere on the floor, and did not care about the mosquitoes. But she replied, in the tone of an elder sister, that he must do as she wished. She really had something to do, and she desired to be left by herself as soon as possible; therefore, understanding him to be a gentleman, she expected he would suffer her to arrange matters in her own way. To this he could offer no objection, as there was but one room. She spread the mattress on the floor, fetched a wooden pillow, suspended her paper mosquito curtain, unfolded a large screen on the side of the bed toward the butsudan, and then bade him good-night in a manner that assured him she wished him to retire at once; which he did, not without some reluctance at the thought of all the trouble he had unintentionally caused her.

III.

Unwilling as the young traveler felt to accept a kindness involving the sacrifice of another's repose, he found the bed more than comfortable. He was very tired, and had scarcely laid his head upon the wooden pillow before he forgot everything in sleep.

Yet only a little while seemed to have passed when he was awakened by a singular sound. It was certainly the sound of feet, but not of feet walking softly. It seemed rather the sound of feet in rapid motion, as of excitement. Then it occurred to him that robbers might have entered the house. As for himself, he had little to fear because he had little to lose. His anxiety was chiefly for the kind person who had granted him hospitality. Into each side of the paper mosquito curtain a small square of brown netting had been fitted, like a little window, and through one of these he tried to look; but the high screen stood between him and whatever was going on. He thought of calling, but this impulse was checked by the reflection that in case of real danger it would be both useless and imprudent to announce his presence before understanding the situation. The sounds which had made him uneasy continued, and were more and more mysterious. He resolved to prepare for the worst, and to risk his life, if necessary, in order to defend his young hostess. Hastily girding up his robes, he

[1] The terms *oshiire* and *zendana* might be partly rendered by "wardrobe" and "cupboard." The *fusuma* are sliding screens serving as doors.

slipped noiselessly from under the paper curtain, crept to the edge of the screen, and peeped. What he saw astonished him extremely.

Before her illuminated butsudan the young woman, magnificently attired, was dancing all alone. Her costume he recognized as that of a shirabyōshi, though much richer than any he had ever seen worn by a professional dancer. Marvelously enhanced by it, her beauty, in that lonely time and place, appeared almost supernatural; but what seemed to him even more wonderful was her dancing. For an instant he felt the tingling of a weird doubt. The superstitions of peasants, the legends of Fox-Women, flashed before his imagination; but the sight of the Buddhist shrine, of the sacred picture, dissipated the fancy, and shamed him for the folly of it. At the same time he became conscious that he was watching something she had not wished him to see, and that it was his duty, as her guest, to return at once behind the screen; but the spectacle fascinated him. He felt, with not less pleasure than amazement, that he was looking upon the most accomplished dancer he had ever seen; and the more he watched, the more the witchery of her grace grew upon him. Suddenly she paused, panting, unfastened her girdle, turned in the act of doffing her upper robe, and started violently as her eyes encountered his own.

He tried at once to excuse himself to her. He said he had been suddenly awakened by the sound of quick feet, which sound had caused him some uneasiness, chiefly for her sake, because of the lateness of the hour and the lonesomeness of the place. Then he confessed his surprise at what he had seen, and spoke of the manner in which it had attracted him. "I beg you," he continued, "to forgive my curiosity, for I cannot help wondering who you are, and how you could have become so marvelous a dancer. All the dancers of Saikyō I have seen, yet I have never seen among the most celebrated of them a girl who could dance like you; and once I had begun to watch you, I could not take away my eyes."

At first she had seemed angry, but before he had ceased to speak her expression changed. She smiled, and seated herself before him. "No, I am not angry with you," she said. "I am only sorry that you should have watched me, for I am sure you must have thought me mad when you saw me dancing that way, all by myself; and now I must tell you the meaning of what you have seen."

So she related her story. Her name he remembered to have heard as a boy, — her professional name, the name of the most famous of shirabyōshi, the darling of the capital, who, in the zenith of her fame and beauty, had suddenly vanished from public life, none knew whither or why. She had fled from wealth and fortune with a youth who loved her. He was poor, but between them they possessed enough means to live simply and happily in the country. They built a little house in the mountains, and there for a number of years they existed only for each other. He adored her. One of his greatest pleasures was to see her dance. Each evening he would play some favorite melody, and she would dance for him. But one long cold winter he fell sick, and, in spite of her tender nursing, died. Since then she had lived alone with the memory of him, performing all those small rites of love and homage with which the dead are honored. Daily before his tablet she placed the customary offerings, and nightly danced to please him, as of old. And this was the explanation of what the young traveler had seen. It was indeed rude, she continued, to have awakened her tired guest; but she had waited until she thought him soundly sleeping, and then she had tried to dance very, very lightly. So she hoped he would pardon her for having unintentionally disturbed him.

When she had told him all, she made

ready a little tea, which they drank together; then she entreated him so plaintively to please her by trying to sleep again that he found himself obliged to go back, with many sincere apologies, under the paper mosquito curtain.

He slept well and long; the sun was high before he woke. On rising, he found prepared for him a meal as simple as that of the evening before, and he felt hungry. Nevertheless he ate sparingly, fearing the young woman might have stinted herself in thus providing for him; and then he made ready to depart. But when he wanted to pay her for what he had received, and for all the trouble he had given her, she refused to take anything from him, saying, "What I had to give was not worth money, and what I did was done for kindness alone. So I pray that you will try to forget the discomfort you suffered here, and will remember only the good will of one who had nothing to offer."

He still endeavored to induce her to accept something; but at last, finding that his insistence only gave her pain, he took leave of her with such words as he could find to express his gratitude, and not without a secret regret, for her beauty and her gentleness had charmed him more than he would have liked to acknowledge to any but herself. She indicated to him the path to follow, and watched him descend the mountain until he had passed from sight. An hour later he found himself upon a highway with which he was familiar. Then a sudden remorse touched him: he had forgotten to tell her his name! For an instant he hesitated; then said to himself, "What matters it? I shall be always poor." And he went on.

IV.

Many years passed by, and many fashions with them; and the painter became old. But ere becoming old he had become famous. Princes, charmed by the wonder of his work, had vied with one another in giving him patronage; so that he grew rich, and possessed a beautiful dwelling of his own in the City of the Emperors. Young artists from many provinces were his pupils, and lived with him, serving him in all things while receiving his instruction; and his name was known through all the land.

Now, there came one day to his house an old woman, who asked to speak with him. The servants, seeing that she was meanly dressed and of miserable appearance, took her to be some common beggar, and questioned her roughly. But when she answered, "I can tell to no one except your master why I have come," they believed her mad, and deceived her, saying, "He is not now in Saikyō, nor do we know how soon he will return."

But the old woman came again and again, — day after day, and week after week, — each time being told something that was not true: "To-day he is ill," or, "To-day he is very busy," or, "To-day he has much company, and therefore cannot see you." Nevertheless she continued to come, always at the same hour each day, and always carrying a bundle wrapped in a ragged covering; and the servants at last thought it were best to speak to their master about her. So they said to him, "There is a very old woman, whom we take to be a beggar, at our lord's door. More than fifty times she has come, asking to see our lord, and refusing to tell us why, — saying that she can tell her wishes only to our lord. And we have tried to discourage her, as she seemed to be mad; but she always comes. Therefore we have presumed to mention the matter to our lord, in order that we may learn what is to be done hereafter."

Then the master answered sharply, "Why did none of you tell me of this before?" and went out himself to the gate, and spoke very kindly to the woman, remembering how he also had been poor. And he asked her if she desired alms of him.

But she answered that she had no need

of money or of food, and only desired that he would paint for her a picture. He wondered at her wish, and bade her enter his house. So she entered into the vestibule, and, kneeling there, began to untie the knots of the bundle she had brought with her. When she had unwrapped it, the painter perceived curious rich quaint garments of silk broidered with designs in gold, yet much frayed and discolored by wear and time, — the wreck of a wonderful costume of other days, the attire of a shirabyōshi.

While the old woman unfolded the garments one by one, and tried to smooth them with her trembling fingers, a memory stirred in the Master's brain, thrilled dimly there a little space, then suddenly lighted up. In that soft shock of recollection, he saw again the lonely mountain dwelling in which he had received unremunerated hospitality, — the tiny room prepared for his rest, the paper mosquito curtain, the faintly burning lamp before the Buddhist shrine, the strange beauty of one dancing there alone in the dead of the night. Then, to the astonishment of the aged visitor, he, the favored of princes, bowed low before her, and said, "Pardon my rudeness in having forgotten your face for a moment; but it is more than forty years since we last saw each other. Now I remember you well. You received me once at your house. You gave up to me the only bed you had. I saw you dance, and you told me all your story. You had been a shirabyōshi, and I have not forgotten your name."

He uttered it. She, astonished and confused, could not at first reply to him, for she was old and had suffered much, and her memory had begun to fail. But he spoke more and more kindly to her, and reminded her of many things which she had told him, and described to her the house in which she had lived alone, so that at last she also remembered; and she answered, with tears of pleasure, "Surely the Divine One who looketh down above the sound of prayer has guided me. But when my unworthy home was honored by the visit of the august Master, I was not as I now am. And it seems to me like a miracle of our Lord Buddha that the Master should remember me."

Then she related the rest of her simple story. In the course of years, she had become, through poverty, obliged to part with her little house; and in her old age she had returned alone to the great city, in which her name had long been forgotten. It had caused her much pain to lose her home; but it grieved her still more that, in becoming weak and old, she could no longer dance each evening before the butsudan, to please the spirit of the dead whom she had loved. Therefore she wanted to have a picture of herself painted, in the costume and the attitude of the dance, that she might suspend it before the butsudan, to serve instead of her, as she could not dance any more. For this she had prayed earnestly to Kwannon. And she had sought out the Master because of his fame as a painter, since she desired, for the sake of the dead, no common work, but a picture painted with great skill; and she had brought her dancing attire, hoping that the Master might be willing to paint her therein.

He listened to all with a kindly smile, and answered her, "It will be only a pleasure for me to paint the picture which you want. This day I have something to finish which cannot be delayed. But if you will come here to-morrow, I will paint you exactly as you wish, and as well as I am able."

But she said, "I have not yet told to the Master the thing which most troubles me. And it is this, — that I can offer in return for so great a favor nothing except these dancer's clothes; and they are of no value in themselves, though they were costly once. Still, I hoped the Master might be willing to take them, seeing they have become cu-

rious; for there are no more shirabyōshi, and the maiko of these times wear no such robes."

"Of that matter," the good painter exclaimed, "you must not think at all! No: I am glad to have this present chance of paying a small part of my old debt to you. So to-morrow I will paint you just as you wish."

She prostrated herself thrice before him, uttering thanks, and then said, "Let my lord pardon, though I have yet something more to say. For I do not wish that he should paint me as I now am, but only as I used to be when I was young, as my lord knew me."

"He said, "I remember well. You were very beautiful."

Her wrinkled features lighted up with pleasure, as she bowed her thanks to him for those words. And she exclaimed, "Then indeed all that I hoped and prayed for may be done! Since he thus remembers my poor youth, I beseech my lord to paint me, not as I now am, but as he saw me when I was not old and, as it has pleased him generously to say, not uncomely. O Master, make me young again! Make me seem beautiful that I may seem beautiful to the soul of him for whose sake I, the unworthy, beseech this! He will see the Master's work: he will forgive me that I can no longer dance."

Then the Master bade her have no anxiety, and again said, "Come to-morrow, and I will paint you. I will make a picture of you just as you were when I saw you, a young and beautiful shirabyōshi, and I will paint it as carefully and as skillfully as if I were painting the picture of the richest person in the land. Never doubt, but come."

V.

So the aged dancer came at the appointed hour; and upon soft white silk the artist painted a picture of her. Yet not a picture of her as she seemed to the Master's pupils, but the memory of her as she had been in the days of her youth, bright-eyed as a bird, lithe as a bamboo, dazzling as an angel in her raiment of silk and gold. Under the magic of the Master's brush, the vanished grace returned, the faded beauty bloomed again. When the *kakemono* had been finished, and stamped with his seal, he mounted it richly upon silken cloth, and fixed to it rollers of cedar with ivory weights, and a silken cord by which to hang it; and he placed it in a little box of white wood, and so gave it to the shirabyōshi. And he would also have presented her with a gift of money. But though he pressed her earnestly, he could not persuade her to accept his help. "Nay," she made answer, with tears, "indeed I need nothing. The picture only I desired. For that I prayed; and now my prayer has been answered, and I know that I never can wish for anything more in this life, and that if I come to die thus desiring nothing, to enter upon the way of Buddha will not be difficult. One thought alone causes me sorrow, — that I have nothing to offer to the Master but this dancer's apparel, which is indeed of little worth, though I beseech him to accept it; and I will pray each day that his future life may be a life of happiness, because of the wondrous kindness which he has done me."

"Nay," protested the painter, smiling, "what is it that I have done? Truly nothing. As for the dancer's garments, I will accept them, if that can make you more happy. They will bring back pleasant memories of the night I passed in your home, when you gave up all your comforts for my unworthy sake, and yet would not suffer me to pay for that which I used; and for that kindness I hold myself to be still in your debt. But now tell me where you live, so that I may see the picture in its place." For he had resolved within himself to place her beyond the reach of want.

But she excused herself with humble words, and would not tell him, saying

that her dwelling-place was too mean to be looked upon by such as he; and then, with many prostrations, she thanked him again and again, and went away with her treasure, weeping for joy.

Then the Master called to one of his pupils, "Go quickly after that woman, but so that she does not know herself followed, and bring me word where she lives." So the young man followed her, unperceived.

He remained long away, and when he returned he laughed in the manner of one obliged to say something which it is not pleasant to hear, and he said, "That woman, O Master, I followed out of the city to the dry bed of the river, near to the place where criminals are executed. There I saw a hut such as a pariah might dwell in, and that is where she lives. A forsaken and filthy place, O Master!"

"Nevertheless," the painter replied, "to-morrow you will take me to that forsaken and filthy place. What time I live she shall not suffer for food or clothing or comfort."

As all wondered at his words, he told them the story of the shirabyōshi, after which it did not seem to them that his words were strange.

VI.

On the morning of the day following, an hour after sunrise, the Master and his pupil took their way to the dry bed of the river, beyond the verge of the city, to the place of outcasts.

The entrance of the little dwelling they found closed by a single shutter, upon which the Master tapped many times without evoking a response. Then, finding the shutter unfastened from within, he pushed it slightly aside, and called through the aperture. None replied, and he decided to enter. Simultaneously, with extraordinary vividness, there thrilled back to him the sensation of the very instant when, as a tired lad, he stood pleading for admission to the lonesome little cottage among the hills.

Entering alone softly, he perceived that the woman was lying there, wrapped in a single thin and tattered *futon*, seemingly asleep. On a rude shelf he recognized the butsudan of forty years before, with its tablet, and now, as then, a tiny lamp was burning in front of the kaimyō. The kakemono of the Goddess of Mercy with her lunar aureole was gone, but on the wall facing the shrine he beheld his own exquisite gift suspended, and an *o-fuda* beneath it, — an o-fuda of Hitokoto-Kwannon, whose shrine is at Nara, not far from the temple of the giant Buddha; that Kwannon unto whom it is unlawful to pray more than once, as she answers but a single prayer. There was little else in the desolate dwelling; only the garments of a female pilgrim, and a mendicant's staff and bowl.

But the Master did not pause to look at these things, for he desired to awaken and to gladden the sleeper, and he called her name cheerily twice and thrice.

Then suddenly he saw that she was dead, and he wondered while he gazed upon her face, for it seemed less old. A vague sweetness, like a ghost of youth, had returned to it; the lines of sorrow had been softened, the wrinkles strangely smoothed by the touch of a phantom Master mightier than he.

Lafcadio Hearn.

GARDEN GHOSTS.

Two moon-white moths are fluttering
Athwart the haunted gloom;
I watch them waver, wing to wing,
Past many a spectral bloom.

No footfall wakes these mossy walks;
The mist's thin streamers trail,
From twisted shrubs and writhen stalks,
Round all the coppice pale.

Low winds amid the leaves complain;
The firefly's wizard spark
Makes mimic lightning where yon twain
Go wandering down the dark.

And still they flutter side by side,
As night's chill currents flow,
To that lone tryst-place where they died
Long centuries ago.

James B. Kenyon.

RANDOM REMINISCENCES OF EMERSON.

I CANNOT remember the time when Ralph Emerson and myself were not acquainted. Our earliest acquaintance must have neighbored to our babyhood. I recollect playing with him and the late Samuel Bradford (Treasurer, years after, of the Reading Railroad), under my mother's eye, on the floor in the old house where I was born, in Federal Street, Boston, when our ages ranged between six and eight. I was the eldest, Ralph the youngest.

For our A B C we went to a Dame's school in Summer Street, opposite to Trinity Church, a homely wooden building then, with neither steeple nor tower. The rector was Dr. Gardiner, of whom it was told that, when a parishioner of his, the Hon. Mr. Lloyd, for a long time Massachusetts Senator, complained to him that he had made a wounding allusion to himself in his sermon, the doctor replied that he had not written a sermon for twenty years.

Although Emerson's memory failed towards the last, he never forgot, I believe, a pocket handkerchief of mine which I brought to the school, emblazoned with prints illustrative of one of Mother Goose's immortal stories. He referred to it more than once, in his old age.

What beautiful picture-books children have now! Not so was it in our young days. One of the books from which we learned the alphabet had in it a picture of "the rude boy who got up into a man's apple-tree." So coarsely engraved was it that it was almost impossible to distinguish the boy's head from the

apples. The print, however, gave that play to the imagination which children love.

Emerson and I next went to a writing-school, to learn that art. We sat alongside each other; and I can see him now, working hard, with his tongue out, moving in accord with his pen. Years after, when I received the first letter from him, I marveled at the flowing hand he had achieved.

Even in those early days he wrote verses, chiefly patriotic, I remember, on the naval victories of the day, — the battle of The Constitution and The Guerriere, for example.

We were very proud of the stars and stripes, which puts me in mind: our national motto, "E pluribus unum," does not mean, as I imagine it is generally understood, one made up of many, but one *out* of many. My friend, the late Edward Law, a Harvard man of the class of 1819, once suggested a finer motto for this nation, "Inseparabilis, Insuperabilis," which requires no knowledge of Latin to be understood.

My outspoken admiration for these early verses of Ralph was great, and I was repaid by his praises of my drawings. I was rather distinguished in those days for my artistic productions, which were chiefly horses. The Boston Hussars, who had at that time adopted a splendid new uniform, the delight of all the children, were my favorite models. The horses I drew could draw me, I suspect, far better than I them.

I am reminded here that when I was at St. Augustine, some years ago, and visited the Indians at that time confined in the fort, I found one of them busy with his pencil, drawing what a sharp eye might detect were meant for horses. As there was no hint of joints in the legs of the animals he drew, I fancied I could teach him. I took a pencil and dashed off a full-blooded barb. The Indian artist instantly rubbed out my picture, and pointed to his own work, exclaiming, "Heap good!" There was no tomahawk lying about, so I withdrew, convinced that the Indians are hopelessly uncivilized.

To return to Emerson. It was when we were at writing-school that he composed a story in verse, to which he gave the name of Fortus, its hero. I have a vague impression that I illustrated it. I did illustrate, subsequently, a Hudibrastic account of a rebellion that broke out in college when I was there, written by a classmate of mine, Pierce by name. I fear the representations of some of the faculty looked like caricatures. They were honestly meant to be faithful likenesses.

Emerson was all genius, of miraculous insight. But he could not draw, nor sing, nor play, not even on a Jew's-harp, a musical instrument popular among boys in those days. If, by some sleight of hand, or sleight of talent, — which is it? — one did any of such like things that he could not do, Emerson extolled him to the skies. This is the reason, I imagine, — so fond was he of praising, — why his swans turned out to be — not swans. In fact, he had no talent; only pure genius. He could not use our beautiful literary paper money. He had to coin his own language in the fire of his own genius. It was all bullion, without a particle of alloy; solid gold. I once said in print, somewhere, that since Shakespeare no one had used words so grandly as Emerson. An English admirer of his, Mr. Ireland, quoted this remark, evidently regarding it as a bit of extravagant eulogy. When I first read that exquisite little poem of Emerson's, The Titmouse, in which he tells of being lost in the woods in a New England snowstorm that raged around him so fiercely that he feared he should not get safely out of it, and a titmouse came, hopping from twig to twig, chirping as merrily as if he were overflowing with the enjoyment of a balmy midsummer's day, and the wee bird is described as

"this atom in full breath
Hurling defiance at *vast death*,"

I turned, without a moment's delay, to my Shakespeare Concordance, to discover whether or not Emerson had borrowed from Shakespeare that epithet "vast" as applied to death, so true to the situation, to the all-surrounding storm, threatening death everywhere. The phrase was not in the Concordance. Thoroughly and genuinely Shakespearean as it is, it is Emerson's own.

When we were in college, — Emerson was a year after me, — Rhetoric was all the rage. No one was more completely under the spell than he. A finely turned sentence, a happy figure of speech, threw us into a spasm of enthusiasm. Edward Everett was a master in that line. As Emerson said in one of his lectures here in Philadelphia, the boys of those college days got by heart passages of Everett's sermons and addresses. Here is an instance in point, which I quote from my boyish memory. Everett was hardly more than a boy himself when he was ordained pastor of Brattle Street Church, — only nineteen years of age. He preached once in the college chapel. One of the things he said, apropos I do not recollect of what, ran thus: "In the Capuchin church in Vienna sixty-six emperors are sleeping; none of your mushroom emperors, but men whose fathers and grandfathers were kings." I do not think Emerson ever became insensible to the charm of the Everetts. There was a younger brother of Edward, John, a brilliant, promising youth, remarkably like Edward in person, voice, and mind. He died young. Emerson told me that his own elder brother, William, once had a quarrel with John Everett (the two were classmates), which was made up, after exchanging notes. Emerson quoted with great admiration a passage in one of John Everett's notes in which the writer referred to "trifles that children resent, and boys magnify." When John Everett's class was graduated, he delivered the class oration. It set all college wild. Here is a specimen of it, — it was published, but I quote from memory: "Love of our country. We too have our love (alas that it is no other!), like the fabled spirit of the Frozen Ocean, in appearance more beautiful than the fairest of the daughters of earth. The rose of beauty was bright on her cheek, and perfection dwelt in the symmetry of her form. But no sigh of passion ever agitated her marble bosom, and when her accents fell upon the air they froze it to snow with their icy coldness. Such is the love we bear our country. There is nothing noble in its nature, nor generous in its operation." This sounds now, to my ears, like a fairy strain from far away.

Emerson was a right loyal friend. I preached my first sermons in Boston in 1823, being then twenty-one years of age. Emerson once came to hear me. The next day I got a letter from him that tore my preaching all to shreds, — not a whole piece left. I dare say he was not really so hard on me as it seemed then. Self-love is so tender, so thin-skinned, that it cannot for the moment distinguish the prick of a pin from the stab of a dagger. There was no coating of sugar on the pill, no credit given me for anything. I found it hard to keep in mind that "Faithful are the wounds of a friend."

After my faithful friend's death, Dr. Hedge told me that Mr. Cabot, Emerson's literary executor and admirable biographer, sent him some of Emerson's old — or rather, young — sermons, to see whether there were any that should be published. Among them was one on the duty of "going to meeting in the afternoon." And this, forsooth, from one who, after he left the pulpit, neglected to go to meeting even in the forenoon. He preached grandly for me here in Philadelphia, before he gave up the pastoral office. I suppose he used the best of his sermons in his lectures. I am very sorry I did not keep that stinging

letter. I should have kept it, had I known what a power Emerson was to become in the world. One cannot now take up a book that has not some word of his in it. The prime minister of the king of Greece, it is reported, reads a page or two of Emerson every morning, — proof that ancient Greece still lives in modern, and a good example to prime ministers. Had I known what Emerson was to become, I should have been his Boswell.

In his latter days he was troubled with aphasia, which manifested itself in a strikingly characteristic way. His insight was so keen that he never could abide mere names. Most of us, when we are ill, find something to comfort us when the doctors give names to our sicknesses. Not so with Emerson. He penetrated beyond names, and dealt only with realities. Accordingly, when this infirmity of memory came upon him, he forgot the names of the most familiar things, but he could describe them so that one instantly knew what was meant. Once he was telling me about a friend of his in Concord, who, he said, was employed in — here he hesitated — in one of those places where you get money. "A bank?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "in the bank." Speaking of another friend, he said, in like manner, that he was "interested in those things that go to and fro." "Railroads?" I asked. "Ah, yes, railroads," was his answer. This decay of memory grew upon him so rapidly that to his nearest and dearest there was somewhat of reconciliation to his leaving them when he did. Had his life been prolonged, the time might have come when he would not have known his own kindred. Had that ever been the case, I am inclined to think that Samuel Bradford and I, associated as we were with his very earliest childhood, would have been the last that he would have failed to recognize.

Upon his first visit to England, where he lectured, Emerson was the guest of Carlyle. When the visit was over, friends there were curious to know how Carlyle and he got on together. The late Dr. William B. Carpenter, who visited this country some years ago, was one of these friends, and told me that Carlyle spoke of Emerson in terms so offensively disparaging that I will not repeat them, and for which, considering what Carlyle owed to Emerson, if for nothing else, I have never been able to forgive him. Carlyle, in his last days, spared no one. His bad humor has found an excuse in his dyspepsia, which is putting the cart before the horse. It was his bad humor that upset his digestion.

I am infinitely indebted to Carlyle's writings. Sartor Resartus, and especially those fine articles of his in the Edinburgh Review, did much to determine my way of thinking. But was he faithful to his own convictions? "Strength is shown, not in spasms, but in stout bearing of burthens," is one of his sayings. One burthen (a heavier could hardly have been laid on him) he did bear nobly, — the destruction of the manuscript of the first volume of his History of the French Revolution. But while magnifying silence, he kept talking on. Emerson, who had a boundless admiration for him, — I think it is apparent in their published correspondence, — said that Carlyle's latter-day jeremiads could well have been spared. A long time ago Emerson sent me for perusal a budget of Carlyle's letters, in one of which he said, "I hear but one voice in all the world, and that comes to me from Concord." The melancholy time came when the only voice Carlyle heard was his own. He had not Emerson's insight. He saw God in the past. He was stone-blind to God in the present.

Carlyle was at the first more widely known in this country than in his own, owing to Emerson, who had Carlyle's articles in the Reviews republished in this country. A few of us busied ourselves in procuring subscribers to the work, and

succeeded so well that Emerson was able to send five hundred pounds to Carlyle, which enabled him to keep a horse. This alone should have secured his lasting gratitude to his American friend. When Emerson's Essays were published in England, Carlyle wrote a preface to the book, the terms of which struck me at the time as lacking a generous, open-hearted appreciation of Emerson.

I doubt whether Emerson was ever better paid for his lectures than in Philadelphia. When I handed him a check for twelve hundred dollars for his six lectures, "What a swindle!" was his exclamation.

In one of his lectures in this city a laughable circumstance occurred. He told the story of the Englishman and the Frenchman (when the story is told in France, it is said, the nationalities are reversed) who agreed to fight a duel in a room with all the lights put out. The Englishman fired up the chimney and brought down the Frenchman. After an interval, when the laughter had subsided, an old gentleman, whom the joke had just reached, burst into a roar, which again brought down the house.

Emerson's habit was, so I have heard, to jot down on scraps of paper the thoughts that came to him, and stow them away in pigeon-holes. When he was in want of a lecture, he culled it from these notes. But he had great trouble in finding titles for the essays, lectures, poems, that he wrote. Nearly fifty years ago I edited an annual, The Diadem, so entitled. Annuals, *éditions de luxe*, were all the fashion then. The Diadem was a quarto, illustrated by mezzotint engravings by Mr. Sartain. For the letterpress I put my friends under contribution. Some of Emerson's poems first appeared in my annual. The manuscript of one which he sent me was entitled Loss and Gain, and then, in pencil, "*or any other title*," — an unconscious imitation of Shakespeare, who did something of like sort when, possibly, embarrassed as to the titles of his plays; for example, Twelfth Night, or What You Will, As You Like It. Emerson's poem itself is a perfect unity. The one idea of it is that virtue, the true, the good, must be worshiped for itself alone; really, substantially, one — not theologically, but æsthetically — with the saying of the venerable Dr. Samuel Hopkins that no man can be saved who is not willing to be damned for the glory of God. A great truth strongly stated. There must be no alloy of self-regard in the worship of the perfect in religion or in art. Emerson appeared greatly amused, chuckling to himself, when I once asked him if he had not enough scraps to *weld* into a lecture. I had used the right word for his difficulty.

There are more things than one that Emerson has written that I do not comprehend. I do not know what he means when he says "the soul knows not persons." I am inclined to think the soul knows nothing else. I cannot reconcile this saying with his affirmation that "the principle of veneration never dies." But I must submit to Coleridge's rule, — "When you cannot understand a man's ignorance, account yourself ignorant of his understanding." Emerson was not bound to be consistent. "Consistency," he says, — "it is a fool's word. Say what you think to-day in words like cannon-balls, even though it contradicts what you said yesterday." He declared "Jesus to be the only soul in all history who has appreciated the worth of a man." Again, he speaks of him as "the one man who was true to what is in you and in me. He saw that God incarnates himself in man. He said, in his jubilee of sublime emotion, I am divine. Through me God acts; through me, speaks. Would you see God, see me." How one delights to quote Emerson!

I wish our young people who are forming clubs for the study of Emerson may have some curiosity to study the

man of Nazareth, whom Kant pronounces "the incarnation of the Absolute Reason; that is, of Religion." [1]

I question whether, if Jesus had never existed, we should ever have had an Emerson; or, if we could have had Emerson, whether we should have understood him. There are not a few, nowadays, who appear to think that Jesus is behind the age. Behind the age! Why, there are sayings of his, plain enough, apparently, which many persons of education and position — marry, members of Congress — have not fathomed; as, for example, the definition he gives of the Sabbath, — "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." Thousands insist that the day is the sacred thing. For what reason? Because God rested on the Sabbath? What man is so childish as to believe that God was ever fatigued? Jesus said, when it was objected to him that he wrought works of humanity on the Sabbath, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." If the seventh day is sacred in itself, by what authority have Christians dared to cease observing it, transferring the sanctity to the first day of the week? The Sabbath day is not more sacred than any other day. The sacredness is in Man. Six days are sacred to labor, and one day in seven is sacred to whatever rests and exhilarates man's weary limbs and brain. Strange is it that there should be any question about the opening of the Chicago Exhibition on the rest day. Were it decided to open that great, interesting, and instructive show only one day in the week, it should be, of all the days in the week, the day devoted to whatever rests and refreshes the weary and the hard-worked. When the question came up of keeping open on Sunday the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, the Roman Catholic, Archbishop Wood, recommended its being opened from noon till six P. M. on that day.

But I am growing garrulous. I must not preach. Pardon something, dear reader, to the force of habit. I early conceived a great admiration for Sydney Smith. His two volumes of sermons (1809) are among the most eloquent I know of. I made bold to write to him, when I was very considerably younger than I am now, to express my delight in his articles in the early numbers of the Edinburgh Review. Here is his answer, which I took as a hint to myself, and got it by heart: —

DEAR SIR, — I thank you for your approval of my trifling productions. I have always endeavored to write honestly, boldly, and for use, believing that sincerity and corage [*sic*] would make mediocrity respectable.

Yrs. SYDNEY SMITH.

I have nothing more to tell of Emerson. His biography has been faithfully written. Forever blessed be his memory!

William Henry Furness.

ON GROWING OLD.

WHEN I was in college, the first Latin book appointed to be read in our freshman year was Cicero's Cato Major, or discourse upon old age. I presume that it was selected for reasons of mercy, the language being very easy to construe; and possibly, also, it was thought well to impress our young minds with the fact that the other extreme of adult life has its own points of superiority. But if the latter were the design, it miscarried completely; at least it did so in my case,

[1] See J. H. Whitmore's Testimony of the Nineteenth Century to Jesus of Nazareth.

and I take it that such was the common experience. Still, no freshman was cast down by discovering, as he thought, how little could be said in behalf of old age. We read the book with such unconcern as, in times of salubrity, one reads about the cholera. Our withers were unwrung.

Recently, however, I took up the same treatise with very different feelings. Cicero, I thought, is now defending my cause as well as his own. I had a personal interest in the matter, and I was eager to see how good a case he could make out in our common behalf. But alas! I find his arguments no more convincing now than they were in my freshman year. Cicero evidently sat down to indite as many fine things about old age as he could remember or invent, and the result could hardly have carried conviction even to his own heart. The Roman orator, we may be sure, loved youth and strength and hope as all the world loves them, and his cold encomiums upon the final stage are almost enough to make one shudder. "I am deeply thankful to old age," writes Cicero, "because it diminishes my appetite for meat and wine, and increases my appetite for rational conversation." A beautiful sentiment, no doubt; and who indeed would be so beastly as to prefer victuals and drink to discourse of reason with learned persons? And yet I imagine that if some fairy were to offer all the venerable men of his acquaintance their choice between sitting down to roast chicken and champagne with the appetite and digestion of youth, on the one hand, and the opportunity of a long conversation with the wisest person in the vicinity, on the other, they would to a man choose the material feast.

Sometimes Cicero descends to special pleading of the most transparent kind. Thus he exclaims with affected astonishment, "What is this old age which all men desire to obtain, and yet which all men find fault with so soon as they have obtained it? They say that it comes upon them quicker than they expected; but who compels them to have a wrong expectation in the matter?"

The traditional schoolboy would have no difficulty in pointing out to Cicero that it is not old age, but length of life, which all men desire. In another place, our ingenious Tully puts the same argument in a slightly different form. "The old man," he declares, "is better off than the young one to this extent, namely, that he has already attained that to which the young man looks forward. The young man wishes to live long; the old man actually has lived long." But, according to this argument, the man who has spent his money, and is now penniless, is better off than he who has money in his pocket, with a reasonable expectation of an opportunity to spend it.

Toward the end of his essay Cicero does indeed rise to a higher strain, which I shall notice presently; but the greater part of his little treatise, perhaps not intended to be taken quite seriously, suggests the work of an advocate who has been retained to plead a hopeless cause. He even condescends to remind the two young friends to whom his discourse is addressed that tea and blanc-mange have their value as well as ale and roast beef. "Although old age must abstain from hearty feasts," he cheerfully pipes, "yet it can indulge without harm in moderate conviviality." And then he goes on to relate how, as a boy, he used often to meet a certain venerable C. Diulius, M. F., returning (early, and with his rubbers on, no doubt) from quiet dinner-parties. But C. Diulius was a tough old warrior.

Now let us compare these mild asseverations of Cicero with what George Borrow said about youth: "Youth is the only season for enjoyment, and the first twenty-five years of one's life are worth all the rest of the longest life of man, even though those five and twenty be spent in penury and contempt, and the

rest in possession of wealth, honors, respectability, — ay, and many of them in strength and health." This, I think, speaks more warmly and convincingly to the heart than anything that Cicero, or a wiser than Cicero, could say about old age.

Nevertheless, old age has some compensations which every one who reaches that stage will discover for himself. But they are not the same in every case. One man finds old age endurable on certain grounds; another finds it endurable on other and very different grounds. Few of us feel it necessary to seek a premature release by means of hanging or other violence, though I read the other day of a man ninety years of age who committed suicide.

An obvious and oft-asserted advantage of old age upon which Cicero dilates is that it brings increase of wisdom, — not the sort of wisdom that leads to wealth or fame or power of any kind, but the sort which enables one to see things as they are; to put an estimation, approximately just, upon persons and events; to perceive the drift and the true meaning of ideas and theories; to understand the principles, generally speaking, upon which the world wags along its apparently capricious and yet inevitable way. This is a real pleasure, to be enjoyed by each man according to the degree of his natural powers, provided he exercises them as he has opportunity.

It is always interesting to compare the impression, if we can recall it, which a street or a house or a town first made upon us with the daily and uniform impression that we receive from it afterward. The two impressions are very different, — so different that we find it hard to recollect the air of strangeness, of mystery perhaps, almost of unreality, which the place first wore in our eyes. A similar change occurs in one's view of the whole world of men and things. We become familiar with its crooks and turns, with its blind corners and the relation of its various parts. We see it more nearly as it is.

In old age, fancy and imagination may wither, the spring of originality, if it ever existed, may dry up; but the intellectual power to weigh and measure, to judge and sort, is increased by exercise. Even the capacity to sit back in his armchair and make allowances gives the old man a certain superiority. In youth, it is almost incredible that sincere persons should differ on radical points, and we are inclined to think that those who differ from us on such points do so through sheer perversity. But in old age we begin to understand how inextricably blended are the mind and the will; how many and subtle are the influences, inherited and otherwise, that play upon the intellect: and hence no vagaries in opinion or belief excite our surprise, or fail to awake in us some spark of sympathy.

It is much the same in the moral world. The old man will have learned to sympathize equally with the saint on his pillar and with the drunkard in the gutter. Something tells him that, if he had fostered certain impulses in early life, he too might have been, if not a saint, at least a good man. On the other hand, looking back upon some dark passages in his career, or looking down upon certain dark spots in his heart, known probably only to himself, he may even perceive, not without a shudder, that his present comparative immunity from vice is a matter of good fortune rather than of conscience and principle. To apprehend how the same temperament, differently balanced, renders one man a devotee, another a sensualist; to detect, sometimes, a fearful correspondence of impulses between the two; to realize that one person leads a blameless life through absolute defects of mind and character, whereas another falls a victim to his own good qualities, — all this is the privilege of old age.

Thus, as a man grows old, the world

seems more full of irony and of pathos than it does in youth, though less gay and less tragic; less tragic, because the old man has learned by experience and observation that the nobler and more disinterested feelings of mankind are commonly destined to subside prematurely and ignominiously. The tragedy of unrequited love seems terrible indeed to the rejected lover, who looks forward with horror to a long and lonely life; little dreaming that in a twelvemonth, perhaps, he will have found consolation in the arms of another woman. Life, then, is less tragic to the old man, but more pathetic, and it makes a more constant, more varied, and perhaps, on the whole, a stronger appeal to one's sympathies. The truth of the Biblical saying, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together," comes home to the old man; and from this community of sin and suffering arises also a community of hope.

Cicero sets down freedom from physical appetites and passions as perhaps the chief advantage of old age. But old age also escapes a certain tyranny of the intellect. A young man, still more a middle-aged one, feels under a necessity to have views and convictions, to take sides, to range himself, politically, theologically, and otherwise; for if he does not, an instinct warns him that his life will be lacking in practical force and in consistency. It used to be a saying of Newman (who it will be remembered was only thirty-two years of age when the Tractarian movement began) that a man ought to have made up his mind by the age of thirty. Prior to that time, he might indeed be excused for wavering somewhat between rival schools and systems. To a youngster of twenty-five this sounds very reasonable, except that he will regard the period fixed by Newman as somewhat late; twenty six or seven, would, he conceives, be a sufficiently advanced age for determining one's final convictions.

But it is a felicity of old age to have no final convictions. In old age, one perceives that it does not make a pin's weight of difference to the universe at large whether he holds to this or that theory; and therefore, without offense to his conscience, he declines the gigantic task of settling disputes that have divided great intellects and good men since the dawn of civilization. Who am I, he reflects, that I should pronounce between nominalism and realism, between the idealistic and the materialistic school, between aristocracy and democracy as forms of government? The old man can employ his mind better by pondering the good and the bad in opposing schools and systems. Nay, more, he will have a certain reverence for any system, religious, political, or social, which has arisen spontaneously in the hearts of men, which has been nourished by their blood and tears. In short, to keep one's mind in a state of sympathetic poise better suits the serenity, the lassitude, if you will, of old age, than to be a partisan in the thick of the fight. Final conclusions seem ideally necessary in youth, practically necessary in middle life, but in old age superfluous and misleading.

It is a curious speculation whether a man's love of nature diminishes as he grows old. Certainly, if it does not diminish, it changes. The rapture departs from it, as is beautifully expressed in the familiar lines of Wordsworth. Half of a young man's pleasure in a magnificent sunset, for example (although he does not know it), is because it typifies his hopes and dreams of the future; it is a revelation of loveliness or of glory akin to what he looks for, in one form or another, in his own future career. The grander aspects of nature, therefore, it must be admitted, confer more pleasure upon youth than upon old age. Moreover, inasmuch as the physical world never grows old, there is a want of harmony between it and old age. Nature, fresh, lusty, vigorous, constantly renew-

ing her beauty and her youth, is sadly out of tune with an old man whose days are numbered. But, on the other hand, the old man appreciates the every-day aspect of nature more, perhaps, than does the youth; certainly more than does he of middle age. The longer one lives, wider and wider appears the discrepancy between the beauty of the universe and the wretchedness of the men who inhabit it. The sunshine on a temperate day; the stars at night, "when the heavens are bare;" the fruitful rain that falls gently on the leaves and grass; the black trunks of trees; the long spring twilight, when the young and as yet silvery-voiced frogs tune their throats, — these and a thousand other commonplace aspects of nature are, I believe, observed with more fidelity and with more zest in old age than at any other period of life.

Toward the close of Cicero's De Senectute there are some noble and touching sentiments, to which I have alluded. Thus he exclaims, with what appears to be unaffected feeling, "As I come near to death, I feel like the mariner when he first catches sight of land, and, after a long and weary voyage, beholds the harbor opening before him." Then he adds, "I do not despise life, as many learned men have done, nor do I regret my own existence, since I have so lived that I think I can truly say I was not born in vain; and I shall depart this life not as one who leaves home, but as one who sets out from a tavern by the roadside." [1]

This sentiment which Cicero puts into the mouth of Cato is a noble and dignified one: "I have so lived that I do not think myself to have been born in vain." It is the speech of a man who sums up his earthly career with pardonable pride, and, with a firm and confident air, approaches the next stage of existence, if any such there be. It is the speech of a man of honor and an aristocrat.

Precisely the same idea, I think, is conveyed by the oft-quoted lines of Bryant's Thanatopsis, though indeed the context would imply something different:

> "Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

It is a fine, handsome frame of mind, but is it the highest, is it the most fitting, is it in accordance with the facts of the case; is it, in short, founded on truth or on a lie? This mood, indicated by Cicero, and also, as I think, by our own Bryant, is the supreme pagan mood in which death could be met. There is a passage in Vanity Fair that illustrates another and different mood, which may be said to have come in with Christianity, but which can be justified, which indeed is demanded, on grounds altogether outside of Christianity. Thackeray is describing the death of old Sedley, bankrupt and broken-hearted, and he thus contrasts his end with that of an ordinary, successful person, whose mood is the pagan mood of Cicero: "Suppose you are particularly rich and well to do, and say on that last day, 'I am very rich. I am tolerably well known. I have lived all my life in the best society, and, thank Heaven, come of a most respectable family. I have served my king and country with honor. I was in Parliament for several years, where, I may say, my speeches were listened to, and pretty well received. I don't owe any man a shilling; on the contrary, I lent my old college friend, Jack Lazarus, fifty pounds, for which my executors will not press him. I leave my daughters with ten thousand pounds apiece, — very good portions for girls. I bequeath my plate and furniture, my house in Baker Street, with a handsome jointure, to my widow for her life; and my landed property, besides money in the funds, and my cellar of well-selected wine in Baker Street, to my son. I leave twenty pounds a year to my valet. And

[1] Sir Thomas Browne, as the reader will probably remember, goes further, for he says, "For the world, I count it not an inn, but a hospital; and a place not to live, but to die in."

I defy any man, after I have gone, to find anything against my character.'

"Or suppose, on the other hand," Thackeray continues, "your swan sings quite a different sort of dirge, and you say, 'I am a poor, blighted, disappointed old fellow, and have made an utter failure through life. I was not endowed either with brains or with good fortune, and confess that I have committed a hundred mistakes and blunders. I own to having forgotten my duty many a time. I can't pay what I owe. On my last bed I lie utterly helpless and humble; and I pray forgiveness for my weakness, and throw myself with a contrite heart at the feet of the Divine Mercy.'

"Which of these speeches, think you, would be the best oration for your own funeral? Old Sedley made the last; and in that humble frame of mind, and holding by the hand of his daughter, life and disappointment and vanity sank away from under him."

This passage, it has always seemed to me, stands out morally distinct from the rest of Thackeray's work. "Thackeray," it was once remarked,[1] "was a man of the world, and he knew it and was ashamed of it," — a sentence which fairly, though somewhat brusquely, describes that peculiar double attitude, so to say, which Thackeray continually assumes both in his novels and in his letters. He never quite knew what was his own point of view, and hence a great part of his irony and sarcasm is directed against himself. His brilliant sallies are often a mere exchange of arguments or repartees between Thackeray the moralist and Thackeray the man of the world.

But whether or not I am right in thinking that the passage which I have just quoted rises above the ordinary level of the great novelist, its justice will not be questioned. It is one of those statements which at first give the reader a slight shock of surprise, but which, once apprehended, are accepted as absolutely true.

[1] By J. O. S. Huntington.

Another famous novelist has made this same subject — the mood in which one's end should be met — the theme of a whole book. Tolstóy's Death of Ivan Illywitch is among the less known of his works, and so I shall venture briefly to state its drift. When the story, if such it may be called, opens, Ivan Illywitch, a rich and prosperous man, surrounded by his family, is represented as perfectly happy, except for a slight trouble with his digestion, which, however, presently develops into a mortal and painful disease of the liver. Then follows a long account of the physical, and more especially of the mental agonies of the sick man. His wife and children, worldly and hard-hearted people, neglect him, and up to the last possible moment pretend to believe that there is nothing serious in his complaint, in order that their customary pursuits and pleasures may not be interrupted.

Meanwhile, thus abandoned to his own reflections, kept awake and stimulated by pain, Ivan Illywitch goes over and over his whole past life. He thinks of his low and selfish aims, of his positive ill deeds, of the vicious incidents in his career, all the time rebelling at the tortures of his long illness, until at last remorse gives place to repentance, and Ivan Illywitch, fulfilling the exact words of Thackeray, "throws himself with a contrite heart at the feet of the Divine Mercy."

Now, to perceive that this is the right frame of mind in which to approach the end, one does not require to be a Christian, or to hold by any particular form of religion or of philosophy. Every man has a standard of right and wrong, and every man fails to act up to it. Therefore he should depart this life in a humble and contrite frame of mind.

Reducing the matter to its lowest terms, it is clear that man, regarded not as an individual soul, but as a mere fac-

tor in the great process of the universe, has a duty to perform both toward himself and toward others. That he has such a cosmic duty toward himself was admirably taught by Matthew Arnold when he showed, though the lesson was not a new one, that without morality there is no preservation or permanence for individuals or nations, and consequently that morality is a part of nature, a natural obligation. As for his duty toward his neighbor, man derives that primarily from the instincts which he shares with the very beasts of the field. "The moral sense," Darwin remarks, "is fundamentally identical with the social instincts;" and he adds, "The social instincts, which no doubt were acquired by man, as by the lower animals, for the good of the community, will from the first have given to him some wish to aid his fellows, and some feeling of sympathy. Such impulses will have served him at a very early period as a rude rule of right and wrong." In other words, man's duty toward his neighbor, like his duty toward himself, is founded, in the last analysis, upon an instinct which is essential to the welfare, if not to the actual preservation, of the race.

Nature, then, quite apart from religion, teaches us that man has obligations to fulfill. Every man is conscious of them, and every man fails to fulfill them. Therefore, as a mere matter of logic, the only consistent way of meeting death is not the old Roman fashion; not with a graceful and dignified wrapping of togas and draperies; not in reliance upon circumstances, such as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends; not with the expectation that Providence will hesitate to damn persons of our quality; but in humility and repentance. To cultivate this spirit — the spirit of Ivan Illywitch racked upon his bed of pain, of old Sedley feebly asking forgiveness of Emily, with his cold hand in hers — is perhaps the chief duty and the highest privilege of old age.

H. C. Merwin.

MY COLLEGE DAYS.

I.

It seems queer, nowadays, to include chapters on college life in recollections of a New England boyhood. But in my life it happened, almost by accident, that I went to college while I was still a boy. My father's fancy of starting me on Latin when I was quite young, already alluded to, had gained for me a year from the course of the Boston Latin School. So it came about that the year I was thirteen I had finished that course reasonably well. In truth, I think my father hardly knew what to do with me. I was growing so fast that for the last two summers of school life I did not go to school regularly. But I kept, in a fashion, even with the class, and I knew I could pass the college examinations. Fortunately for me, my brother Nathan, of whom I have spoken so often, had entered college the year before. We were very fond of each other, and I had missed him sadly. I had spent with him, in his room at college, almost every Wednesday afternoon of his freshman year. He was nearly four years older than I, affectionate, conscientious, sensible, bright, and well forward in his studies; and it would have been hard to find a person more fit to take care of me. There was, as I said, nothing else to do with me, and so I was sent to Cambridge to room with him, in a well-founded confidence that no great harm

could come to me while I was under his eye. This means that I entered college quite too young to get all the good which college life might have given me; but, on the other hand, I gained a great deal from his companionship, suggestion, and inspiration. And I gained the great advantage of having, after I left college, more than six years in which to knock about the world, before I was anchored down to the serious and methodical duties of a profession.

The examination was quite as severe as it is to-day, though there are one or two subjects now which it did not touch, such as French, German, and English literature. No "Latin School" boy had any more doubt then that he should pass than a boy from the same school has now. But then, as now, there were some questions as to "honors" and "conditions." For me, I had never read the Greek Testament, which we were examined in; but, like other well-bred boys of that time, I knew the four Gospels nearly by heart in English, and I neither expected nor had any difficulty there. By absence from school for the whole summer of 1834, I had missed reading the first six books of the Æneid. I had read the last six, with a good deal of care, under Mr. Dillaway. I remember that on a pleasant Sunday afternoon in September, the Sunday before we were to be examined, I went upstairs and sat on the ridgepole of the house, while I read those six books through in the Latin. I do not remember that I have read them all at any other time, from that day to this.

On the fatal morning, we were to report at University Hall, at Cambridge, at six o'clock. The examination lasted until seven that evening, and from six until two the next day. Such absurdity is now eclipsed, I believe, by three days' examination. But I think the culprits are not now under fire all the time, as we were. Maternal foresight had provided for me, as Mrs. Gilpin provided for a more festive occasion. Dr. Hale, my uncle, had lent his horse and chaise for the solemnity, and my brother drove me out to Cambridge. My schoolmates had clubbed together with other boys and engaged the omnibus to run at five o'clock. I should not mention this detail but in illustration of the simple customs of the time. For it was thus that it happened that I arrived among the very last of the candidates, and my name was on the list among a certain fag end of boys who had ridden considerable distances that morning. Among these were Francis Brown Hayes and Samuel Longfellow, each of whom had come from Maine in a chaise driven by his father. I think Hayes had ridden nearly twenty miles before the examination began.

I afterwards knew as teachers most of the gentlemen who conducted that examination. But there was one of them, who assigned us our places, gave us all general directions, and in short looked after us through the two days in the kindest manner possible, whom I did not meet again for many years. I now think it was Theodore Parker, whom I did not know personally till long after this time. I have ever since liked to think of him as showing such friendly sympathy and untiring consideration for the needs of seventy or eighty dazed and bewildered boys.

The only question of that examination which I remember is this: "Which is the more northerly, Amsterdam or London?" All the boys in two sections, which were examined in geography together, were wrong in their answers.

The examinations were all held in University Hall. As I said, they were over at two o'clock on the second day. We then loafed around the yard, waiting to be called, one by one, to learn our success. You went up to the "corporation room," in University Hall, and there were the president and the faculty sitting around a mahogany table. You

bowed to the president, and he told you your fate. I was admitted without conditions, one of six boys who passed so satisfactorily out of more than seventy. I think that in this accident is the beginning of the scorn and contempt with which, since then, I have always regarded such examinations. Our five best scholars at the Latin School, whom we knew to be our best scholars, were all "conditioned;" that is, they had to make up some studies afterwards. Perkins and I, who were sixth and seventh on the scale of the year's performance, were the only two who received the highest honors in this tournament.

We were not yet "matriculated," as the phrase then was. For there were still some queer traditions of English college life, for which there were no corresponding realities. This of "matriculation" was one. At the end of our first term, we were all told that we were matriculated, and we all knew that we should be. Again, there was a "regent's freshman" still, though there was no tradition of there ever having been a regent, and I think there never was. The chief duty of the regent's freshman was to keep us supplied with footballs; and for this we each paid a tribute of twenty-five cents on our first day. On the first or second night, we played football against the sophomores on the Delta, where Memorial Hall now stands. There were still pit-holes in the ground, where the old gymnastic apparatus had been, but the apparatus itself was destroyed. In Freeman Clarke's Autobiography is some account of this gymnasium as it was ten years before. The seniors and juniors sat around on the fences and looked on. It will show what the game of that time was when I say we played three games after prayers, and were beaten in all. The juniors then joined us, the seniors joined the sophomores, and we beat them, — all this before dark, in September. The game had nothing of modern science. There was no captain, and no eleven. It was simply one turbulent crowd driving the ball through another turbulent crowd across a certain line.

The regent's freshman had another duty. We were not obliged to attend prayers Saturday evening, if we entered our names at his office at eight o'clock or before. He was generally good-natured, and kept open until nine or ten o'clock to receive our names. We were, on the whole, conscientious fellows. But if, in the course of the day, you met a "man" in the street who asked you to enter his name for him, you always did so. I remember some fellows who were belated as they came out from Boston, and, falling in with a stray horse on one of the Port roads, they caught him and mounted one of their number, with a handkerchief for a bridle. He thus rode up to the regent's freshman's office, entered the names of the whole party, and let the horse go. I fancy there are few stray horses in the Cambridge streets now. But in those days the walk on the "back road," as we called it, was desolate indeed.

Another relic from an older system was the "president's freshman," who lived under the president's office, where the steward's office is now, and carried the president's messages to such students as he wanted to see for praise or for blame; for blame, alas, most often. In the same fashion, each tutor in each entry had his freshman, who lived under him, and on whom, theoretically, he could call, to send him on an errand. All this amounted to very little in practice. So, in theory, each class had its own tutor, who was in some sort responsible for it. But in practice, if we wanted anything, whether an excuse or a permit, we went directly to President Quincy. There is a story, and a true story, that when Mr. Edward Everett succeeded him, afterwards, a lady went to tell the new president that her pew carpet in the chapel was not properly swept. The

truth is, Mr. Quincy was a good executive officer, who liked work, and he gradually absorbed every detail in his own hands.

When we got to our work, we found, as many a freshman has found since, that we were too well fitted. Thus, we were put on the easy Latin and the easy Greek of Livy and Xenophon, authors whom we could read almost at sight, as soon as we got the hang of their style. It did not seem as if either of the tutors cared a straw for the lessons or for us. It was not called "fishing" for a boy to seek the acquaintance of his teacher, and I felt quite sure that the teachers thought the lessons a bore, and certainly did not care for any acquaintance of ours. Five days in a week, you went in for an hour in the morning for each of these purely perfunctory recitations. I am naturally fond of language, and I was particularly interested in Greek. But all that the three years of college Latin and Greek did for me was to make me dislike both languages, and I was very glad when we dropped them at the end of the junior year. Afterwards I had to teach them, and the old fondness returned. I read both languages now, perhaps, more than I ever did.

In mathematics, however, with dear Benny Peirce, as we called him, things were different. His world-wide reputation was not yet made, but it was in the making. I have never seen his exact method anywhere else. We met him for geometry in a large unused dining-hall, where the old dining-tables were still fixed. As you went in, you took a slip of paper with your own special problems on it, as he had assigned them for that day. You also took your own manuscript book, which you had left with the problem of the day before. When you opened this, if you found you had been wrong the day before, you were put back one lesson. Thus, before the winter was over, the seventy members of the class were in thirty or forty different places in the textbook. If you did not understand the thing, you went and sat down with him and talked it over. If you had done well, he praised you in brief terms, but satisfactory, because from him. I have never had any feathers in my cap of which I have been more proud than his pencil scrawl which said "Excellent and original."

So the freshman year dragged by; dull enough so far as the college work went, and without enough of that to hurt anybody. At the outside, you could not give more than six hours to it in a day. I was really a country boy, who had been all his life imprisoned within the streets of a town. To me, therefore, the freedom of walking off into the country was the first and the greatest joy of Cambridge. I shall never forget the first April, and picking anemones on the road to East Cambridge, on ground now built over with houses. They were the first anemones which I had ever seen. But my first Cambridge flowers were less sentimental. The first week of the term, in September, I had ventured up towards Mount Auburn. I came back with a handful of flowers which I did not know. My brother hated to check my enthusiasm, but he had to tell the truth; and so I learned from him that they were "bouncing Bets" which had strayed from a garden. This will show what a cockney I was. As soon as I knew the other fellows in the class, I found that Watson and Longfellow shared my interest in flowers, and knew much more about them than I did. In summer, we swept the country for five miles around, and at that time the neighborhood of Boston was not cut up into house lots, as it is now. Loring and several others of the class were as much interested in insects. In a superficial way, we knew something of the mineralogy of the region, and, with Jackson and some of his classmates of the year before us, we formed a College Natural History Society, which still

exists. I remember making alum from the clay of the bank of Charles River; but, with our apparatus, I could not, or did not, make aluminium, though I wanted to. Wöhler had separated the metal ten years before; but it was seventeen years before Deville announced his successful manufacture of it.

As to the business for which we went to college, the first real epoch was the arrival of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He had been appointed head of the department of modern languages a year before, with the understanding that he was to spend a year in Europe before undertaking active duty. He was young, handsome, enthusiastic, and expected, with a young teacher's confidence, to achieve a great deal. He therefore did. There was a little group of us, of whom his brother Sam was perhaps the centre, who had been reading French together at the end of the freshman year. We had done all the mathematics of the year, and had taken French while the others were filling up the rest of the mathematics, where, as I have explained, they had been set back day by day by Mr. Peirce's care.

The college was beginning to feel that need of more lecture-rooms which has been a pressure upon treasurers from that day to this. Longfellow expressed a wish to teach some pupils personally, being convinced that language could be much better taught than in the old-fashioned way of learning the grammar, and working along with simple books of reading. He therefore said that he would take a section in German, for the purpose of illustrating his own method. We were free, having made our beginning in French, and a dozen of us snapped at the opportunity and made his first section. Among the others were his brother Samuel; Samuel Eliot, who had entered as a sophomore, easily chief of our class when we graduated; his charming cousin, Guild, not now living; Morison, who died at the head of the Peabody Institute in Baltimore; and a lot of other fellows, who at that time found each other out, perhaps, as they had not done before.

Professor Longfellow had to find a room for us, and he persuaded the powers that were to give him what was called the "corporation room." It was the room in which the corporation of the college held their meetings when they met at Cambridge. This may be as good a place as any to say that, in the simple language of New England, up to a very recent time, the phrase "the corporation" meant the corporation of Harvard College. I am disposed to think that charters for corporations were very seldom granted before the beginning of this century, and that the corporation of Harvard College stood out, therefore, distinctively as holding a peculiar grant of corporate power, and that this phrase, "the corporation," thus came into New England language. However it may happen, among old-fashioned people like myself, in Boston and its neighborhood, if you mean to speak of "the seven" who control Harvard University, you speak of "the corporation." This is a board of very great power. A person, who knew perfectly well, said to me once that if they chose to burn down all the buildings of Harvard College, and take the responsibility for it, nobody could call them to account to any purpose. There is a board of overseers, whose province it is to make as much fuss as it can, but which has very limited powers.

This corporation room, to return to my own proper subject, was the only room in the college which looked like a parlor. It had a handsome carpet upon the floor, and on the walls were hung good prints, handsomely framed. There was an elegant mahogany table, the largest I had ever seen, which occupied the middle of the room, and handsome chairs were set around. All sorts of legends were told about the revelry of the corporation when they met there.

As in fact they met but once a year, there was little basis for these legends in probability, and there was no basis for them in fact. I have, however, in after years, dined in this room at state dinners which were given to examining committees. Such dinners, being served by the caterer for commons, had not the aspects of Delmonico's or of Very's.

It was a pretty type of what Longfellow was doing for the college that we should meet him in this nice parlor, as we should have met him in our fathers' houses. For we met him as a friend, and not as a "driver." I will tell the "driver" story at some other time. He was there because we wanted to learn German, and because he wanted to teach us. He told us squarely that he was not going to make a textbook business of it, but hoped to interest us in the language, and thought he could teach us in the way we should learn it if we went to Europe. Accordingly, in the very first lesson we were told to commit to memory The Erl-King in German. So it is that most of us who are living can repeat some verses of it to this day. We committed to memory more or less; we learned a verb here and a verb there in the grammar, as it was needed; but he took the working-oar, as teacher. Most people who are called teachers hear you recite the lessons which you have learned somewhere else; but Longfellow meant to teach us, and for the three months in which we had the pleasure of meeting him in these exercises we certainly learned a great deal. After that, however, he was much too busy in the work of "head of department" to give three hours a week to such merely elementary work, and we were consigned to the tender mercies of the regular German teacher, and the machine work of studying the grammar, and going in three times a week with so many pages prepared for translation.

Longfellow gave great animation to the whole business of modern languages. To this hour, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday dawn upon me as pleasant days, simply because they were the "modern language days" of college. Over Tuesday and Thursday hangs a certain pall, because for four years Tuesday and Thursday were stupid days, lighted up with very little enthusiasm on the part of the people who, as I say, heard us recite the lessons which we had learned somewhere else. Lowell says, in his quarter-millennial discourse, "Harvard has bred no educator, for we had to import Agassiz." The remark, when I was in college, was painfully true, unless you mean to say that a man is his own best teacher; we certainly were very little encouraged by the discouraged men with whom we had to do. For instance, I went to college passionately fond of language. I was encouraged in that fondness by what I learned in German with Longfellow, and in Italian with Bachi. I have spoken of Latin and Greek already.

But our own language we were made to learn and to understand. At the beginning of the sophomore year we were put into Bishop Whately's Rhetoric, a charming book. Any one of us who had any sense would have read it through in a couple of days. Instead of this, however, it was divided into ten-page "takes," and we recited these to Edward Tyrrell Channing. His name is less remembered now than that of his distinguished brother, William Ellery Channing, except by his pupils. His college pupils always speak of him with enthusiasm, love, and gratitude. I once heard it said, by a person competent to judge, that Harvard College had trained the only men in America who could write the English language, and that its ability to do this began with the year 1819, and ended with the year 1851. The same person added that whoever chose to look on the college catalogue would see that those were the years when Edward Tyrrell Channing began and ended his career as Boylston Professor of Rhetoric

and Oratory. This was said thirty years ago.

We read Whately with him, but this meant that he carried on a running commentary on the text, and made it more interesting, even, than Whately made it. Whately, be it observed, had written the book as a contribution to the Encyclopædia Britannica, and it has a certain freshness and "go" about it which it probably would not have had, had it been written for a textbook for learners.

We anticipated that exercise with Channing as we should have done an agreeable hour's conversation with any person whom we knew to be our superior. Beside this, we had to write a theme for his examination once a fortnight. His method here was different from what I have seen anywhere else, unless one of his own pupils conducted the exercise. He gave out a subject. It was one which supposed some knowledge on our part of matters of literature or of life which very frequently we did not have; but the subject was given in time for us to get a superficial acquaintance with it. For instance, our first theme was The Descriptions of Winter as given by the Poets or Others. I remember perfectly well that I went into the college library, pulled down three or four books of poems at which I had never looked before, and turned up such descriptions of winter as I could find. I had never read Cowper's Winter Walk before. As Mr. Adams, in his amusing report, has lately shown, the average college boy is, at his entrance, absolutely powerless in writing English. The stuff which most of us wrote in those first themes was enough to make even optimistic angels weep. At least I am sure it was so with mine. But, such as it was, we carried it in at three o'clock on alternate Friday afternoons. Poor Channing kept the themes a fortnight, and at the end of that fortnight we carried in the next theme. Observe, we had had the subject for a full fortnight before we had to carry the theme in. You sat down in the recitation-room, and were called man by man, or boy by boy, in the order in which you came into the room; you therefore heard his criticism on each of your predecessors.

"Why do you write with blue ink on blue paper? When I was young, we wrote with black ink on white paper; now you write with blue ink on blue paper."

"Hale, you do not mean to say that you think a Grub Street hack is the superior of John Milton?"

Everything was said with perfect kindness, though generally with some sharp epigram which called everybody's attention and made everybody remember. And if you had said a decent thing, or thought any thought that was in the least above the mud, he was so sympathetic. Poor dear man! to read these acres of trash must have been dispiriting. Half a century afterwards, when I was an overseer, the president of the time said to me, "You cannot get people to read themes for many years together." I said, "I thank God every day of my life that Ned Channing was willing to read themes for thirty-two years." The upshot of it was that we came out with at least some mechanical knowledge of the mechanical method of handling the English language. And one is glad to say that Channing had pupils who were not foemen, but friends. Dear Sam Longfellow, who has just now died, always had the highest mark, or came within one of the highest mark. He seemed born to think well, and to feel purely, and to write English. What a joy it must have been to Ned Channing to come out upon one of his themes! Did he leave it for the last in the parcel, or did he pick it out to be read first of all?

I have spoken of Bachi, the teacher of Italian, a gentleman who died without leaving any literary work to be preserved on catalogues, and who will not, therefore, get into any history of the

men of letters of his time. There was said to be some mystery attending him, or we boys thought so; very likely there was really none. But what we knew was that here was a charming, well-educated gentleman, who was willing to be our friend, and who made us at ease and at home in the resources of Italian literature. The recitation-room, barrack though it was in all external fixtures, as at that time every recitation-room in Cambridge was, excepting the one which I have described, was, like that, a place of meeting of intelligent young men, who had one leader whose subject was given him for an hour. That subject was the Italian language and Italian literature. Before the college course was over, Longfellow read, nominally as lectures, the whole of Dante with us, and we were well prepared for this by what we had read with Bachi. So that Bachi is another of the names which I hold in respect and honor since college days.

Our intimacy with the president, Josiah Quincy, as I look back upon it, seems to me to have been very curious. Here he was, one of the fine old fighters of twenty years before. There were vague rumors from our fathers of his tilts with John Randolph, of his defiances of Jefferson, and the rest, which made us boys understand how important a person he had been in the political history of the world. But he was at this time more than sixty years old, for he was born in 1772. One of the toasts at a Phi Beta dinner was, "Harvard College a fortunate legatee: in the loss of ten thousand dollars she gained a president." This meant that when Josiah Quincy, Jr., so called, then the orator of the opening Revolution, died, he left ten thousand dollars to the college if his son died in infancy. The son did not die in infancy; he lived to harass Jefferson and the South, and bring to the civil war, which was impending even in 1807, his memories of congressional conflict. It had been thought that Dr. Kirkland, the last president, was lacking in what is called executive ability. Josiah Quincy was the first layman, I think, who was ever chosen president of Harvard College, and he brought to the college the same vigor of administration by which he had given dignity to the mayor's chair of the city of Boston.

But, as I have intimated, he had that passion for attending to details which is the bane of great executive officers, particularly when they have unpractical people around them. And with all this theory of a regent, a tutor for each class, a proctor for each entry, and so on, and so on, — a condition inherited from the past, — Mr. Quincy, in practice, attended to almost the whole discipline of the college affairs. We were "entitled" to two Sundays at home in every term. I, who hated the whole machinery of Cambridge, inevitably applied for my first Sunday on the fourth Sunday of the term. It was not thought decent to apply earlier. I applied for my second on the eighth or ninth, and this used up all I could have for thirteen weeks. This meant that I actually went round on Saturday morning to his study and had a personal conversation with him. Sometimes he called me "Everett," and sometimes "Hale." He never knew who I was until I had told him my name. Frequently he told the same story he had told me before, but the conversation was always amicable. He gave me a permit in writing, which then I carried and dropped into somebody's box, I think.

His wife was then living, and his daughters, to whom the world has since been indebted for many literary memoranda. They were all most courteous in their hospitalities, and always begged us to call; but, for reasons best known to us (I cannot now conceive what they were), we hardly ever did. I remember, in a Sunday evening call there, once, Mr. Quincy said that, in his childhood, white bread was known in his mother's family only as a luxury, somewhat as plum

cake might be regarded by a boy to-day; and that the regular food of the family was always the brown bread of New England, "rye and Indian." This remark seems to me now of interest, because the Quincys were a family as well to do as any in eastern Massachusetts.

The president was always at chapel, morning and evening, sitting in his own pew. But, as he was a layman, it was not thought proper that he should lead in the religious service. This was conducted by two of the gentlemen of the theological school in turn, Dr. Henry Ware and Dr. Henry Ware, Jr. The Sunday services were entrusted to these two gentlemen and Dr. Palfrey, whom we were very fond of, and were always glad to hear. Chapel was at six o'clock in the morning till winter came, and then, indeed, as early as it could be without lighting the candles. Till the very year when I entered college, the chapel was sometimes lighted by candles in the evening. But on one particular occasion the tops of the candles had been cut off by some adventurous undergraduate, and a slip of incombustible matter put in beneath, before the top was restored; so that when the service began each candle in turn went out, — with one exception, where the cut had been made a little too low. Twenty hats were thrown at it, but none of them hit; and from that one light the janitor walked round and relighted the other candles, and the service proceeded. This adventure was not favorable to devotion, and the hint given was taken. After that, prayers were by daylight, so that in the middle of winter we would not go to chapel in the morning till half past seven, and in the afternoon went as early as twenty minutes past four. As supper followed hard on evening chapel, the result was, that from our repast of bread and butter, eaten before five, we waited till twenty minutes of eight in the morning before we had any more food, unless we provided ourselves from our own stores.

There was a course of lectures given by an accomplished Boston physician, Dr. John Ware, on the means of preserving health. We seniors were ordered to attend it, and did attend it. I remember some cynic said it was after our constitutions had been broken down, and that we ought to have heard it when we were freshmen. But in those days there was curiously little knowledge of the absolute connection between body and mind, and utter indifference to it. My excellent friend Dr. Muzzey, who was ten years before me in college, told me that he had never heard that physical exercise was necessary for the human constitution when he entered there. He said that, in consequence, he hardly ever left the college yard, being eagerly devoted to his studies; and that in his senior year he broke down with dyspepsia, from which he had suffered till old age, because nobody had ever told him, while there was yet any good in telling, that a man who engaged in literary study needed daily physical exercise. We knew enough to be aware that we must take a constitutional walk every day. The term "constitutional" was in a manner synonymous with a walk to Mount Auburn gate and back again. But, generally speaking, the constitutional gave way to either skating, or playing cricket, baseball, or football. These games were played with no reference to the modern elaborateness of system. Boats were prohibited absolutely, under the general rule, as the boys said, that no one might "keep a horse, dog, or other animal." The river was tempting, of course, but nobody was permitted to row upon it. We could swim, however; and the Cambridge of to-day would be shocked if it knew how often men undressed in their rooms, and walked down to the river with no other costume than a greatcoat and a pair of boots.

Edward E. Hale.

WORDS.

"Do you read the dictionary?" asked M. Théophile Gautier of a young and ardent disciple who had come to him for counsel. "It is the most fruitful and interesting of books. Words have an individual and a relative value. They should be chosen before being placed in position. This word is a mere pebble; that, a fine pearl or an amethyst. In art the handicraft is everything, and the absolute distinction of the artist lies not so much in his capacity to feel nature as in his power to render it."

We are always pleased to have a wholesome truth presented to us with such genial vivacity, so that we may feel ourselves less edified than diverted, and learn our lesson without the mortifying consciousness of ignorance. He is a wise preceptor who conceals from us his awful rod of office, and grafts his knowledge dexterously upon our self-esteem.

> "Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
> And things unknown proposed as things forgot."

An appreciation of words is so rare that everybody naturally thinks he possesses it, and this universal sentiment results in the misuse of a material whose beauty enriches the loving student beyond the dreams of avarice. Musicians know the value of chords; painters know the value of colors; writers are often so blind to the value of words that they are content with a bare expression of their thoughts, disdaining the "labor of the file," and confident that the phrase first seized is for them the phrase of inspiration. They exaggerate the importance of what they have to say, — lacking which we should be none the poorer, — and underrate the importance of saying it in such fashion that we may welcome its very moderate significance. It is in the habitual and summary recognition of the laws of language that scholarship delights, says Mr. Pater; and while the impatient thinker, eager only to impart his views, regards these laws as a restriction, the true artist finds in them an opportunity, and rejoices, as Goethe rejoiced, to work within conditions and limits.

For every sentence that may be penned or spoken the right words exist. They lie concealed in the inexhaustible wealth of a vocabulary enriched by centuries of noble thought and delicate manipulation. He who does not find them and fit them into place, who accepts the first phrase which presents itself rather than search for the expression which accurately and beautifully embodies his meaning, aspires to mediocrity, and is content with failure. The exquisite adjustment of a word to its significance, which was the instrument of Flaubert's daily martyrdom and daily triumph; the generous sympathy of a word with its surroundings, which was the secret wrung by Sir Thomas Browne from the mysteries of language, — these are the twin perfections which constitute style and substantiate genius. Cardinal Newman also possesses in an extraordinary degree Flaubert's art of fitting his words to the exact thoughts they are designed to convey. Such a brief sentence as "Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt" reveals with pregnant simplicity the mental attitude of the writer. Sir Thomas Browne, working under fewer restraints, and without the severity of intellectual discipline, harmonizes each musical syllable into a prose of leisurely sweetness and sonorous strength. "Court not felicity too far, and weary not the favorable hand of fortune." "Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave." "The race of delight is short, and pleasures have mutable faces." Such sentences, woven

with curious skill from the rich fabric of seventeenth-century English, defy the wreckage of time. In them a gentle dignity of thought finds its appropriate expression, and the restfulness of an unvexed mind breathes its quiet beauty into each cadenced line. Here are no "boisterous metaphors," such as Dryden scorned, to give undue emphasis at every turn, and amaze the careless reader with the cheap delights of turbulence. Here is no trace of that "full habit of speech," hateful to Mr. Arnold's soul, and which in the ages to come was to be the gift of journalism to literature.

The felicitous choice of words, which with most writers is the result of severe study and unswerving vigilance, seems with a favored few — who should be envied, and not imitated — to be the genuine fruit of inspiration, as though caprice itself could not lead them far astray. Shelley's letters and prose papers teem with sentences in which the beautiful words are sufficient satisfaction in themselves, and of more value than the conclusions they reveal. They have a haunting sweetness, a pure perfection, which makes the act of reading them a sustained and dulcet pleasure. Sometimes this effect is produced by a few simple terms reiterated into lingering music. "We are born, and our birth is unremembered, and our infancy remembered but in fragments; we live on, and in living we lose the apprehension of life." Sometimes a clearer note is struck with the sure and delicate touch which is the excellence of art. "For the mind in creation is as a fading coal, which some invisible influence, like an inconstant wind, awakens to transitory brightness." The substitution of the word "glow" for "brightness" would, I think, make this sentence extremely beautiful. If it lacks the fullness and melody of those incomparable passages in which Burke, the great master of words, rivets our admiration forever, it has the same peculiar and lasting hold upon our imaginations and our memories. Once read, we can no more forget its charm than we can forget "that chastity of honor which felt a stain like a wound," or the mournful cadence of regret over virtues deemed superfluous in an age of strictly iconoclastic progress. "Never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom." It is the fashion at present to subtly depreciate Burke's power by some patronizing allusion to the "grand style," — a phrase which, except when applied to Milton, appears to hold in solution an undefined and undefinable reproach. But until we can produce something better, or something as good, those "long savorsome Latin words," checked and vivified by "racy Saxon monosyllables," must still represent an excellence which it is easier to belittle than to emulate.

It is strange that our chilling disapprobation of what we are prone to call "fine writing" melts into genial applause over the freakish perversity so dear to modern unrest. We look askance upon such an old-time master of his craft as the Opium-Eater, and require to be told by a clear-headed, unenthusiastic critic like Mr. George Saintsbury that the balanced harmony of De Quincey's style is obtained often by the use of extremely simple words couched in the clearest imaginable form. Place by the side of Mr. Pater's picture of Monna Lisa — too well known to need quotation — De Quincey's equally famous description of Our Lady of Darkness. Both passages are as beautiful as words can make them, but the gift of simplicity is in the hands of the older writer. Or take the single sentence which describes for us the mystery of Our Lady of Sighs: "And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would

be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium." Here, as Mr. Saintsbury justly points out, are no needless adjectives, no unusual or extravagant words. The sense is adequate to the sound, and the sound is only what is required as accompaniment to the sense. We are not perplexed and startled, as when Browning introduces us to

"the Tyrrhene whelk's pearl-sheeted lip,"

or to a woman's

"morbid, olive, faultless shoulder-blades."

We are not irritated and confused, as when Carlyle — whose misdeeds, like those of Browning, are matters of pure volition — is pleased, for our sharper discipline, to write "like a comet inscribing with its tail." No man uses words more admirably, or abuses them more shamefully, than Carlyle. That he should delight in seeing his pages studded all over with such spikes as "mammonism," "flunkeyhood," "nonentity," and "simulacrum," that he should repeat them again and again with unwearying self-content, is an enigma that defies solution, save on the simple presumption that they are designed, like other instruments of torture, to test the fortitude of the sufferer. It is best to scramble over them as bravely as we can, and forget our scars in the enjoyment of those vivid and matchless pictures, in which each word plays its part, and supplies its share of outline and emphasis to the scene. The art that can dictate such a brief bit of description as "little red-colored pulpy infants" is the art of a Dutch master who, on five inches of canvas, depicts for us with subdued vehemence the absolute realities of life.

"All freaks," remarks Mr. Arnold, "tend to impair the beauty and power of language;" yet so prone are we to confuse the bizarre with the picturesque that at present a great deal of English literature resembles a linguistic museum, where every type of monstrosity is cheerfully exhibited and admired. Writers of splendid capacity, of undeniable originality and force, are not ashamed to add their curios to the group, either from sheer impatience of restraint, or, as I sometimes think, from a grim and perverted sense of humor, which is enlivened by noting how far they can venture beyond bounds. When Mr. George Meredith is pleased to tell us that one of his characters "neighed a laugh," that another "tolled her naughty head," that a third "stamped; her aspect spat," and that a fourth was discovered "pluming a smile upon his succulent mouth," we cannot smother a dawning suspicion that he is diverting himself at our expense, and pluming a smile of his own, rather sapless than succulent, over the naive simplicity of the public. Perhaps it is a yearning after subtlety more than a spirit of uncurbed humor which prompts Vernon Lee to describe for us Carlo's "dark Renaissance face perplexed with an incipient laugh;" but really a very interesting and improving little paper might be written on the extraordinary laughs and smiles which cheer the somewhat saturnine pages of modern analytic fiction. "Correctness, that humble merit of prose," has been snubbed into a recognition of her insignificance. She is as tame as a woman with only one head and two arms amid her more striking and more richly endowed sisters in the museum.

"A language long employed by a delicate and critical society," says Mr. Walter Bagehot, "is a treasure of dexterous felicities;" and to awaken the literary conscience to its forgotten duty of guarding this treasure is the avowed vocation of Mr. Pater, and of another stylist, less understood and less appreciated, Mr. Oscar Wilde. Their labors are scantily rewarded in an age which has but little instinct for form, and which habitually allows itself the utmost license of phraseology. That "unblest freedom

from restraint," which to the clear-eyed Greeks appeared diametrically opposed to a wise and well-ordered liberty, and which finds its amplest expression in the poems of Walt Whitman, has dazzled us only to betray. The emancipation of the savage is sufficiently comprehensive, but his privileges are not always as valuable as they may at first sight appear. Mr. Brownell, in his admirable volume on French Traits, unhesitatingly defines Whitman's slang as "the riotous medium of the under-languaged;" and the reproach is not too harsh nor too severe. Even Mr. G. C. Macaulay, one of the most acute and enthusiastic of his English critics, admits sadly that it is "gutter slang," equally purposeless and indefensible. That a man who held within himself the elements of greatness should have deliberately lessened the force of his life's work by a willful misuse of his material is one of those bitter and irremediable errors which sanity forever deplores. We are inevitably repelled by the employment of trivial or vulgar words in serious poetry, and they become doubly offensive when brought into relation with the beauty and majesty of nature. It is neither pleasant nor profitable to hear the sun's rays described as

> "scooting obliquely high and low."

It is still less satisfactory to have the universe addressed in this convivial and burlesque fashion: —

> "Earth, you seem to look for something at my hands;
> Say, old Topknot, what do you want?"

There is a kind of humorousness which a true sense of humor would render impossible; there is a species of originality from which the artist shrinks aghast; and worse than mere vulgarity is the constant employment of words indecorous in themselves, and irreverent in their application, — the smirching of clean and noble things with adjectives grossly unfitted for such use, and repellent to all the canons of good taste. This is not the "gentle pressure" which Sophocles put upon common words to wring from them a fresh significance; it is a deliberate abuse of terms, and betrays a lack of that fine quality of self-repression which embraces the power of selection, and is the best characteristic of literary morality. "Oh for the style of honest men!" sighs Sainte-Beuve, sick of such unreserved disclosures; "of men who have revered everything worthy of respect, whose innate feelings have ever been governed by the principles of good taste. Oh for the polished, pure, and moderate writers!"

There is a pitiless French maxim, less popular with English and Americans than with our Gallic neighbors, — "Le secret d'ennuyer est de tout dire." Mr. Pater indeed expresses the same thought in ampler English fashion (which but emphasizes the superiority of the French) when he says, "For in truth all art does but consist in the removal of surplusage, from the last finish of the gem-engraver blowing away the last particle of invisible dust, back to the earliest divination of the finished work to be, lying somewhere, according to Michelangelo's fancy, in the rough-hewn block of stone." That the literary artist tests his skill by a masterly omission of all that is better left unsaid is a truth widely admitted and scantily utilized. Authors who have not taken the trouble *de faire leur toilette* admit us with painful frankness into their dressing-rooms, and suffer us to gaze more intimately than is agreeable to us upon the dubious mysteries of their deshabille. Authors who have the gift of continuity disregard with insistent generosity the limits of time and patience. What a noble poem was lost to myriads of readers when The Ring and the Book reached its twenty thousandth line! How inexorable is the tyranny of a great and powerful poet who will spare his readers nothing! Authors who are indifferent to the beauties of reserve charge down upon us with a dreadful

impetuosity from which there is no escape. The strength that lies in delicacy, "the chasteness of style which does not abandon itself to every impulse," are qualities ill understood by men who subordinate taste to fervor, and whose words, coarse, rank, or unctuous, betray the undisciplined intellect that mistakes passion for power. "The language of poets," says Shelley, "has always affected a certain uniform and harmonious recurrence of sound, without which it were not poetry;" and it is the sustained effort to secure this balanced harmony, this magnificent work within limits, which constitutes the achievement of the poet, and gives beauty and dignity to his art. "Where is the man who can flatter himself that he knows the language of prose, if he has not assiduously practiced himself in that of poetry?" asks M. Francisque Sarcey, whose requirements are needlessly exacting, but whose views would have been cordially indorsed by at least one great master of English. Dryden always maintained that the admirable quality of his prose was due to his long training in a somewhat mechanical verse. A more modern and diverting approximation of M. Sarcey's views may be found in the robust statement of Benjamin Franklin: "I approved, for my part, the amusing one's self now and then with poetry, so far as to improve one's language, but no farther." What a pity it is that people are not always born in the right generation! What a delicious picture is presented to our fancy of a nineteenth-century Franklin amusing himself and improving his language by an occasional study of Sordello!

The absolute mastery of words, which is the prerogative of genius, can never be acquired by painstaking or revealed to criticism. Mr. Lowell, pondering deeply on the subject, has devoted whole pages to a scholarly analysis of the causes which assisted Shakespeare to his unapproached and unapproachable vocabulary. The English language was then, Mr. Lowell reminds us, a living thing, "hot from the hearts and brains of a people; not hardened yet, but moltenly ductile to new shapes of sharp and clear relief in the moulds of new thought. Shakespeare found words ready to his use, original and untarnished, types of thought whose edges were unworn by repeated impressions. . . . No arbitrary line had been drawn between high words and low; vulgar then meant simply what was common; poetry had not been aliened from the people by the establishment of an Upper House of vocables. The conception of the poet had no time to cool while he was debating the comparative respectability of this phrase or that; but he snatched what word his instinct prompted, and saw no indiscretion in making a king speak as his country nurse might have taught him."

It is a curious thing, however, that the more we try to account for the miracles of genius, the more miraculous they grow. We can never hope to understand the secret of Homer's style. It is best to agree simply with Mr. Pater: "Homer was always saying things in this manner." We can never know how Keats came to write,

"With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,"

or those other lines, perhaps the most beautiful in our language,

"Magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

It is all a mystery, hidden from the uninspired, and Mr. Lowell's clean-built scaffolding, while it helps us to a comprehensive enjoyment of Shakespeare, leaves us dumb and amazed before the concentrated splendor of a single line, —

"In cradle of the rude, imperious surge."

There is only one way to fathom its conception. The great waves reared their foamy heads, and whispered him the words.

The richness of Elizabethan English, the freedom and delight with which men sounded and explored the charming

intricacies of a tongue that was expanding daily into fresh majesty and beauty, must have given to literature some of the allurements of navigation. Mariners sailed away upon stormy seas, on strange, half-hinted errands, haunted by the shadow of glory, dazzled by the lustre of wealth. Scholars ventured far upon the unknown ocean of letters, haunted by the seductions of prose, dazzled by the fairness of verse. They brought back curious spoils, gaudy, subtle, sumptuous, according to the taste or potency of the discoverer. Their words have often a mingled weight and sweetness, whether conveying briefly a single thought, like Burton's "touched with the loadstone of love," or adding strength and lustre to the ample delineations of Ben Jonson. "Give me that wit whom praise excites, glory puts on, or disgrace grieves; he is to be nourished with ambition, pricked forward with honors, checked with reprehension, and never to be suspected of sloth." Bacon's admirable conciseness, in which nothing is disregarded, but where every word carries its proper value and expresses its exact significance, is equaled only by Cardinal Newman. "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and study an exact man," says Bacon; and this simple accuracy of definition reminds us inevitably of the lucid terseness with which every sentence of the Apologia reveals the thought it holds. "The truest expedience is to answer right out when you are asked; the wisest economy is to have no management; the best prudence is not to be a coward." As for the *naïveté* and the picturesqueness which lend such inexpressible charm to the earlier writers and atone for so many of their misdeeds, what can be more agreeable than to hear Sir Walter Raleigh remark with cheerful ingenuousness, "Some of our captaines garoused of wine till they were reasonable pleasant"! — a most engaging way of narrating a not altogether uncommon occurrence. And what can be more winning to the ear than the simple grace with which Roger Ascham writes of familiar things: "In the whole year, Springtime, Summer, Fall of the Leaf, and Winter; and in one day, Morning, Noontime, Afternoon, and Eventide, altereth the course of the weather, the pith of the bow, the strength of the man"! It seems an easy thing to say "fall of the leaf" for fall, and "eventide" for evening, but in such easy things lies the subtle beauty of language; in the rejection of such nice distinctions lies the barrenness of common speech. We can hardly spare the time, in these hurried days, to speak of the fall of the leaf, to use four words where one would suffice, merely because the four words have a graceful significance, and the one word has none; and so, even in composition, this finely colored phrase, with its hint of russet, wind-swept woods, is lost to us forever. Yet compare with it the line which Lord Tennyson, that great master of beautiful words, puts into Marian's song: —

> "'Have you still any honey, my dear?'
> She said, 'It 's the fall of the year;
> But come, come!'"

How tame and gray is the idiom which conveys a fact, which defines a season, but suggests nothing to our imaginations, by the side of the idiom which brings swiftly before our eyes the brilliant desolation of autumn!

The narrow vocabulary which is the conversational freehold of people whose education should have provided them a broader field admits of little that is picturesque or forcible, and of less that is finely graded or delicately conceived. Ordinary conversation appears to consist mainly of "ands," "buts," and "thes," with an occasional "well" to give a flavor of nationality, a "yes" or "no" to stand for individual sentiment, and a few wildly exaggerated terms to destroy value and perspective. Is this, one wonders, the "treasure of dexterous felicities" which Mr. Bagehot contemplated

with such delight, and which a critical society is destined to preserve flawless and uncontaminated? Is this the "heroic utterance," the great "mother tongue," possessing which we all become — or so Mr. Sydney Dobell assures us —

> "Lords of an empire wide as Shakespeare's soul,
> Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,
> And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spenser's dream"?

Is this the element whose beauty excites Mr. Oscar Wilde to such rapturous and finely worded praise, — praise which awakens in us a noble emulation to prove what we can accomplish with a medium at once so sumptuous and so flexible? "For the material that painter or sculptor uses is meagre in comparison with language," says Mr. Wilde. "Words have not merely music as sweet as that of viol and lute, color as rich and vivid as any that makes lovely for us the canvas of the Venetian or the Spaniard, and plastic form no less sure and certain than that which reveals itself in marble or in bronze; but thought and passion and spirituality are theirs, also, are theirs indeed alone. If the Greeks had criticised nothing but language, they would still have been the great art critics of the world. To know the principles of the highest art is to know the principles of all the arts."

This is not claiming too much, for in truth Mr. Wilde is sufficiently well equipped to illustrate his claim. If his sentences are sometimes overloaded with ornament, the decorations are gold, not tinsel; if his vocabulary is gorgeous, it is never glaring; if his allusions are fanciful, they are controlled and subdued into moderation. Take, for instance, this really beautiful description of morning, noon, and night as they have been revealed to us in art, and mark how subtly the words correspond to the contrasting scenes they portray: "It is always dawn for St. Helena, as Veronese saw her at the window. Through the still morning air the angels bring her the symbol of God's pain. The cool breezes lift the gold threads from her brow. On that little hill by the city of Florence, where the lovers of Giorgione are lying, it is always the solstice of noon, — of noon made so languorous by summer suns that hardly can the slim girl dip into the marble tank the round bubble of clear glass, and the long fingers of the lute-player rest idly upon the chords. It is twilight always for the dancing nymphs whom Corot set free among the silver poplars of France. In eternal twilight they move, those frail diaphanous figures, whose tremulous white feet seem not to touch the dew-drenched grass they tread on."

Even the inevitable and swiftly uttered reproach of "fine writing" cannot altogether blind us to the fact that these are beautiful words, — pearls and amethysts M. Gautier would call them, — aptly chosen, and fitted into place with the careful skill of a goldsmith. They are free, moreover, from that vice of unexpectedness which is part of fine writing, and which Mr. Saintsbury finds so prevalent among the literary workers of to-day; the desire to surprise us by some new and profoundly irrelevant application of a familiar word. The "veracity" of a bar of music, the finely executed "passage" of a marble chimney-piece, the "andante" of a sonnet, and the curious statement, commonly applied to Mr. Gladstone, that he is "part of the conscience of a nation," — these are the vagaries which to Mr. Saintsbury, and to every other student of words, appear so manifestly discouraging. Mr. James Payn tells a pleasant story of an æsthetic sideboard which was described to him as having a Chippendale feeling about it, before which touching conceit the ever famous "fringes of the north star" pale into insignificance. A recent editor of Shelley's letters and essays says with seeming seriousness, in his preface, that the Witch of Atlas is a "characteristic outcome," an "exquisite mouse of

fancy brought forth by what mountain of Shelleyan imagination"! Now, when a careful student and a truly appreciative reader can bring himself to speak of a poem as a "mouse of fancy," merely for the sake of forcing a conceit, and confronting us with the perils of the unexpected, it is time we turned soberly back to first principles and to our dictionaries; it is time we listened anew to M. Gautier's advice, and studied the value of words.

Agnes Repplier.

AN ENGLISH FAMILY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

MACAULAY'S "famous chapter" on the state of England in the latter part of the seventeenth century was written with the object of "placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors." But able and entertaining as it is, it cannot be accepted as an adequate fulfillment of this purpose. No description of manners, customs, and ideas, dissociated from the personalities to which they adhered, will constitute a picture of life. When thus presented, they lack the vitalizing property which gave them their essential significance. They strike us as curiosities rather than as characteristics, for the underlying identity of human nature is left unrevealed. To get a vivid conception of the life of a people remote from us in time or space, we must have a full portrayal of some typical lives, — must see not only the conditions of existence, but its inner workings. Mere antiquarianism does nothing for us here. Nor can history, when it keeps within its proper limits, supply the need; for it deals with the play of world forces and dominating influences, with individuals in their public capacities, and with a people in its collective concerns and activities. Even imaginative literature fails to meet the exact requirements. It goes as much too far beyond the scope as history falls short of it. It masks the real with a fictitious world. It transfigures and embellishes. Its pictures, however true in essentials, are composed in accordance with æsthetic principles, and have the gratification of the æsthetic sense as their ultimate object. It "palters with us in a double sense," giving to reality the effect of illusion, and to illusion the effect of reality. In a word, it is art, — "an art which does mend nature, change it rather;" and, for the purpose in view, we prefer, with Perdita, the products of "great creating Nature" in their rude simplicity. The one sufficient medium of the revelation we are seeking for is biography, or rather the material of biography, — the correspondence, the diaries, the authentic record in whatever form in which character betrays itself unconsciously, and its concomitants present themselves incidentally, neither being exhibited of set purpose or with any ulterior aim. This alone corresponds to and supplies the place of personal observation and experience in regard to the complex of activities and relations that constitutes life. Here there is no cicerone to distract us with his explanations, no allegorist to beguile us with his interpretations. We are left free to study and gain insight for ourselves. And how quickly do we become accustomed to these new surroundings; how soon is the sense of difference lost in the recognition of an essential identity! Strangeness, curiosity, repugnance, are succeeded by familiarity, comprehension, sympathy; and if the interest awakened be less intense, less exalted, than the drama or the novel is capable of inspiring, it has the

poignancy peculiar to emotions excited by immediate presence and contact.

Revelations of this kind are, unfortunately, rare. Accident alone has generally preserved such material as lack of appreciation consigned to destruction, — exactly the reverse of what has usually been the case with artistic productions. Posterity will apparently have little cause to complain of our course in this respect, except perhaps as over-zealous and indiscriminative in handing in our documents. But it was the eighteenth century, the age of dormant imagination and lively curiosity, which gave the first impetus in this direction. It was then that biography was first elaborated and raised to the dignity of a distinct branch of literature, and that contemporáneous private letters, journals, and ana were carefully husbanded and collected for publication. It was then, also, that the archives of earlier periods began to be ransacked with the same object, and that long-forgotten records leaped to life, and gave up secrets unsuspected or unvalued by previous explorers. The most important of these contributions to the knowledge of a bygone time were the Paston Letters, giving the self-delineation of a family circle and group of neighbors during the Wars of the Roses, made vivid by minute detail and unreserved utterance, and rendered more striking by the inclusion of some figures which history and Shakespeare had depicted under a semi-mythical aspect, in singular contrast with the realism of these inartistic disclosures. And now we have presented to us a similar collection relating to a later period of civil strife, — another little ark floating safely on the billows, and carrying a not less precious freight.[1] If the Paston Letters have a higher value from the historical point of view, this is only because the events of the fifteenth century are more obscure than those of the seventeenth, so that all the side-lights thrown upon them are doubly welcome. The information of this kind given in the Verney papers is even more abundant, but it is less indispensable. Copious details of private life and manners are to be found in both collections; but the greater urbanity of the later period, the general superiority of the Verneys to the Pastons in the finer traits of character, and the deeper interest which attaches to the personal fortunes of several of them lend a charm to the story which is conspicuously lacking in the earlier publication. In the present case, it is true, we have only selections from an enormous mass of material, interwoven with an explanatory narrative; but they embody, apparently, all that was necessary to give both the lights and the shades of the picture, and they are reproduced in their original garb as far as regards the spelling, which, being in most instances purely phonetic, not only represents a vast variety of discarded forms, but affords information as to the prevalent modes of pronunciation. Lady Verney, who spent the last invalid years of her life in assorting, deciphering, and editing this correspondence, was fitted for the task by her studious and critical habit of mind and her proved literary ability not less than by her loving interest in the scenes and personages of what may be called a domestic episode in a great historical drama.

The manor house of Claydon, Buckinghamshire, the home of the Verneys during several centuries, has been so transmogrified by additions and alterations that only the form of the building erected in the reign of Henry VII. can now be traced. But thirty years ago, a portion of it, still intact, furnished a curious example of the ancient disregard or ignorance of what seem to us the

[1] *Memoirs of the Verney Family during the Civil War.* Compiled from the Letters and illustrated by the Portraits at Claydon House. By Frances Parthenope Verney. Two volumes. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

simplest and most obvious methods of arrangement in the construction of a dwelling-house. This central narrow part, joining two wider blocks, consisted of two rows of rooms back to back, with no passage except through each entire suite. "None of the walls were at right angles; the floors rose and fell again in the same room to a difference of three or four inches in the same level; it was like walking over a ridge in a ploughed field." The ampler wings may be supposed to have been more conveniently planned. There would seem, at all events, to have been no lack of the adjuncts and appurtenances rendered necessary by the conditions of housekeeping in ages when a large establishment was chiefly dependent on itself for all that it consumed, and concentrated in its buildings and grounds occupations that are now distributed over a wide population. "The mill-house, the slaughter-house, the blacksmiths', carpenters', and painters' shops, the malting and brew house, the wood-yard full of large and small timber, the sawpit, the outhouses full of all sorts of odds and ends of stone, iron, bits of marble, carved woodwork, and logs cut for burning, the riding-house, the laundry, the dairy with a large churn turned by a horse, the stalls and styes, . . . the apple and root chambers," the dovecotes and fish ponds, were as necessary complements of the fields, the pastures, and the woodlands as the barns, the cattle, and the farming implements. The weaving was carried on in the cottages of the village, but within the great house itself there were incessant spinning of wool and flax, embroidering, distilling, "preserving, conserving, candying, making syrups, jellies, beautifying washes, pomatum essences, and other such secrets," in addition to the more commonplace labor of the cooks, the seamstresses, and a host of man-servants and maid-servants. Storerooms and closets were filled with the accumulated products of household industry, and the gowns and other articles of female apparel, the sheets and bed furniture in general, were too costly and too durable lightly to be cast aside, and usually descended, by special bequest, from one generation to another. One may say, indeed, in general, that most of the earliest appliances of comfort were necessarily of the nature of luxury or ornament. Fur was worn before corduroy and velvet before cotton, and the walls of rooms were wainscoted or tapestried before the cheaper inventions of plastering and papering were applied to them. One feature, now entirely obsolete, of many old English mansions was discovered at Claydon, when repairs were making, thirty years ago. In the central chimney was a hiding-place, the existence of which, being known, as usual, only to the successive heirs of the property, had been in time forgotten. It was a dark chamber, capable of containing ten men standing upright, masked by a blind passage in the middle story, and communicating by a secret stairway and concealed door with the muniment room at the top of the house. The latter apartment, a wainscoted gallery forty feet long, was the receptacle of deeds, charters, rent-rolls, and similar documents, early editions of plays, copies of the manuscript "newes letters" which preceded the printed newspaper, and piles of correspondence which some unknown utilitarian investigator had labeled "private letters, *of no value*," but which a later and more discerning student was to appreciate more truly, and render a source of profit and pleasure to the world as well as to herself.

The genealogy of the Verneys goes back to the reign of King John, but first comes under distinct notice in the person of Sir Ralph Verney, the purchaser of Claydon, who was a merchant of London and lord mayor in 1465. This connection of the family with civic life and dignity seems, however, to have been merely temporary and accidental. Its normal position was that of the country

gentry, the class which, after the Wars of the Roses and the policy of the Tudors had thinned the ranks and crippled the power of the nobility, may be said to have constituted the backbone of the nation down to a recent period, and which nowhere shows to such advantage as in the history of the long struggle that ended in the overthrow of the Stuarts. The Verneys bore no conspicuous part in that contest; but it happens that in their case we have at once an excellent example of the typical qualities of their class, and a striking illustration of that conflict of sentiments and principles, of opposing claims and duties, which in every great crisis of this nature brings into play a cross-current, more trying to those who are caught in it, sometimes exciting a closer personal sympathy in those who watch the eddies it creates, than the broad and direct stream of influences and results. It is true that for the mass of the nation, and of the upper classes especially, a long experience of arbitrary encroachments was needed before the intense loyalty developed under the skillful rule and popular prestige of Elizabeth and her ministers gave way to a determined spirit of resistance. But those who took the lead in this revolt, the Eliots, Pyms, Hampdens, and others, had no such relations with the court as involved any wrench of personal affections or the solution of any questions of the private conscience before deciding on their course. Even among the ranks of the nobility there were not many who found themselves in this dilemma, and Falkland, who has been usually regarded as the most striking and pathetic example of the miseries of such a position, was the victim of the weakness of his nature rather than of the strength of his principles. A more typical and illustrative instance is to be found in the career of Sir Edmund Verney, knight marshal and standard bearer of Charles I., and from early youth one of his constant personal attendants, both at home and abroad, but also the head of a house which, by all its affinities of station, kinship, and sentiment, seemed to be committed to the support of the parliamentary cause. In Sir Edmund's own character there was a mingling of the two strains which, viewed in the perspective of history, represent for us the totally opposite qualities and tendencies of Cavalier and Puritan, although their incompatibility did not become apparent until the actual rupture took place. Looking at him under one aspect, one might describe him briefly by the simple but emphatic old designation, "a gallant gentleman." Conspicuously brave, honorable, and warm-hearted, with a natural gayety of temperament, a sanguine disposition, and an inclination to profuse expenditure, not unbefitting his position, but tending to encumber his estate, he was popular both as a courtier and as a landlord, and beloved by his family, his friends, and his dependents. We find him constantly applied to for favors and good offices, while never soliciting any for himself. He does not petition the king for places or for emoluments, but, on the contrary, lends him a thousand pounds on very poor security. He is overwhelmed with commissions from his country neighbors. "The letters asking assistance of all kinds, from all sorts of men, fill whole portfolios." In particular, "friends of every degree appeal to him to find husbands and wives for their sons and daughters." He was no doubt ready and active in meeting all such demands, but his native goodness of heart is best evinced by his interest in the affairs of his cottagers and farmers, and his prompt attention to their needs and requests. In response to an application from one of them respecting some ash wood, he writes to his steward, "The poore old man offers to pay for it; tell him I cannot wright to him now, but that I have sent to you to lett him have that wood or any other wood to keepe him from coulde." All these traits were such as the spirit

of an older time, when presented in its ideals and its best examples, had fostered and developed. What had gone on in recent years was not a rooting up of the old stock, but a sedulous grafting upon it. A stricter code of morals, a simpler but sterner creed, a ritual from which all that was thought to savor of superstition and idolatry was banished, and the conviction that not only purity of life and of faith, but the independence of England and the liberties of her people, were bound up with the maintenance of the Protestant religion, — these formed an accumulated heritage of belief and practice, acquired by the valor and resolution of several generations, and still needing to be guarded against open or insidious aggressions. But courtly manners and festive celebrations, gay apparel, flowing hair, and joyful countenances, had not yet been discarded by those who held these principles, and the natural tendency of a peaceable development would have been towards a completer blending of what now appear to us irreconcilable characteristics of two different eras. There could be no better representative of the type of character formed under these influences before they were forced into opposite directions than the simple-hearted knight, Sir Edmund Verney, who is described in Lloyd's Memorials as "one of the strictness and piety of a Puritan, of the charity [that is, the free-handed almsgiving] of a Papist, of the civility of an Englishman; whose family the King his Master would say was the model he would propose to the gentlemen, whose carriage was such that he was called the only courtier that was not complained of."

So long as peace remained unbroken, such a man as this could pursue the even tenor of his way, giving his silent votes in the Commons in accordance with his honest convictions, while performing his functions in the ceremonials of the court, without misgivings as to his own consistency or the ultimate healing of the breach between the Parliament and the king. Even a deeper vision might not have apprehended that the innovations or revivâls of Laud — call them whichever we may, or think of them however we will — had driven a wedge into the social system which could not fail to split and rend it into discordant fractions. In this, as in all such cases, the first clear perception of the situation came with the suddenness of a surprise to those who had been most active in bringing it about. Even the appeal to arms was made with almost equal confidence on each side that the bulk of the nation would rally to its support, and that the struggle would be short, and the victory speedy and complete. In this temper, the Parliament proceeded to organize an army by such methods as could be devised for the occasion, while Charles, following the precedents and traditions of feudal chivalry, prepared to "set up his standard," and summoned his knight marshal to bear his appropriate part in the ceremony. Here, then, was the great problem of the time pointing itself at poor Sir Edmund, and demanding an immediate solution. To disobey was to desert his king and master in the hour of need and peril, and to disown the obligations of his office. To comply was to abandon the friends to whom he was most attached; to separate himself from his eldest and best loved son, who had for years been his stay and support, the chief manager of his affairs, and his colleague in Parliament; worst of all, to draw his sword against a cause which he believed in his soul to be just and right. Never, surely, was an honest and guileless soul, with no motives of self-interest to throw into the scales, confronted with a crueler choice of alternatives. That he was, as described in a letter of this period, "a most sade man" we can well believe. But his decision was not long delayed, nor was it other than might have been expected. With such a nature, the point of honor must

perforce override all other considerations. In a conversation with Hyde, reported by the latter in his Life, he said, in answer to an exhortation to assume a more cheerful demeanor, "My condition is much worse than yours, and different, I believe, from any other man's, and will well justify the melancholick that I confess to you possesses me. You have satisfaction in your conscience that you are in the right; that the king ought not to grant what is required of him; and so you do your duty and your business together. But for my part, I do not like the quarrel, and do heartily wish that the king would yield and consent to what they desire; so that my conscience is only concerned in honour and gratitude to follow my master. I have eaten his bread and served him near thirty years, and will not do so base a thing as to forsake him; and choose rather to lose my life (which I am sure I shall do) to defend and preserve those things which are against my conscience to preserve and defend. For I will deal freely with you, I have no reverence for the Bishops, for whom this Quarrel subsists."

There was, in truth, as he well saw, but one escape from the false position in which he had become innocently or inadvertently entangled, — to do his *devoir* as became a true knight, and seek "deliverance" in the only way still open to him. His not to reason why, but only to do and die. The opportunity was not long in coming. Two months later, at Edgehill, he took his station in front of the centre of the royal army, and when the line was broken, and he was surrounded by assailants, refused to yield, holding the standard erect to the last, and leaving, it is reported, his lopped-off hand clinging tightly to the staff, when it was captured with his lifeless body.

His successor, Sir Ralph, known to students of history by his notes of the debates in the Long Parliament, was no unworthy scion of the stock. But while generous, helpful, and affectionate, trustworthy in all his dealings, and almost painfully scrupulous in adherence to principle, he had a different temperament from his father's, — better balanced, perhaps, but less engaging. An excellent man of business and methodical in all his habits, he was naturally somewhat formal, and a little given to copious and ornate phraseology on occasions when one would have wished for the simplest and most direct utterance of emotions which were not the less evidently deep and sincere. Having taken his stand from the first on the side of the Parliament, with no counter engagements to violate in doing so, he might have been expected to go forward in happy freedom from any inward embarrassments or perplexities. But this was not to be. Within a year after his father's death he too found himself caught in the meshes of a case of conscience. The House of Commons having voted to adopt the Scottish Covenant, all the members were required to sign it, under penalty of the sequestration of their estates. Sir Ralph was one of the few who were unwilling to consent to the change in the form of church government which this measure involved. A short term of grace was allowed to those who absented themselves at the appointed time, and the arguments and persuasions employed in the interval were effectual with most of them. Nor is it probable that the ruin which threatened them in case of non-compliance was the chief motive in inducing their submission. A far stronger consideration was the anomalous and, as it might well seem, unworthy and unjustifiable position in which they would place themselves by separating from their party on grounds that did not allow of their passing over to the opposite camp, and thus remaining useless and idle at a time when it behooved every man to be active and earnest. Even in ordinary political contests we know how the man is looked upon who takes this course, open

desertion to the enemy being much less unfavorably viewed. In a crisis involving the safety of the country, the very existence of the common weal, such a position is tenfold more invidious. The case is well put in a letter to Sir Ralph from his cousin, Henry Parker: "In these publicke divisions, where religion and liberty are indangered, all men ought to adhere to that cause which is dictated to them to be y^e^ better and y^e^ more harmless by y^e^ light of nature and the most forcible indications of reason. No man can say that God has left him no part to act, nor no station to make good; and if some poor mechanick might plead himself to bee wholly unusefull and inconsiderable in these grand cases, yet you are apparently berreft of such excuses. You have an account to make to God, to y^e^ Country, to y^r^ Freinds, to y^r^selfe, and y^r^ charge of that account wilbee high and valuable; and to thinke that you can exonerate all by saying you were dubious, and not satisfied in all particulars is most strange. Tis impossible y^t^ you should bee equilibrious in y^e^ maine or in y^e^ generality of y^r^ controversye, and if ether scale have but one od grayne in it to sway you, you are as much bounde to obey that sway as he is that has y^e^ strongest propension of judgment." But Sir Ralph, though he professed to entertain a very humble estimation of himself, and a strong desire to be guided by "better judgments," was the last man to yield to any reasoning which demanded the sacrifice of a single private scruple, and he came to the conclusion to escape from the pressure of solicitations and appeals which he could meet only with a formulated declaration of the claims of conscience. "I have resolved," he wrote, "to take a jorney, and for a while to retire to some such place where I may have leasure enough to informe my judgment in such things wherein I am yet doubtinge." He had in fact determined to go into exile. Accordingly, having made such arrangements as were feasible in regard to his affairs, and taking with him his wife and two of his children, he removed to France; settling first at Rouen, and afterwards at Blois, and passing many tedious years of inactivity and anxiety before he was permitted to return to his beloved home and familiar occupations.

Some brief mention must be made of Sir Edmund's other sons. The one who was named after his father had inherited his simple and gallant spirit, and, having already served in the army, responded with ardor and unquestioning loyalty to the call of his sovereign. When he learned that Ralph was taking the other side, he was as much shocked and grieved as if he had been wholly ignorant — which indeed is not unlikely to have been the case — of the causes of the war and the temper of the times. "I beseech you," he wrote, "consider that majesty is sacred; God sayth, 'Touch not myne anointed;' it troubled Davyd that he cutt but the lapp of Saul's garment." But when this letter and others remained unanswered, the fear that his brother was offended, and that their fraternal relations were in danger of being severed, led him to write again, in this nobler strain: "I beseech you let not our unfortunate silence breede the least distrust of each other's affections; although I would willingly loose my right hand that you had gone the other way, yet I will never consent that this dispute shall make a quarrell between us, there be too many to fight with besides ourselves. . . . Though I am tooth and nayle for the king's cause, and shall endure soe to the death whatsoever his fortune be, yet sweete brother let not this my opinion (for it is guyded by my conscience) nor any report which you can heare of me cause a diffidence of my true love to you." The fate of this fine young fellow is one of the saddest incidents in the family history. Most of his years of warfare were spent in Ireland, amid distractions

and miseries far exceeding those that befell England. There, almost at the outset of his career, he had fought against the rebels who were carrying slaughter and devastation throughout the country, and there he lost his life in the dreadful massacre at Drogheda, ordered by Cromwell in reprisal for those barbarities.

In strange contrast with these two brothers were Harry and Tom. The former did some scanty fighting for the king, with apparently equal willingness to do as much and as little for the Parliament, the only contests in which he took any strong personal interest being those of the race course. When Ralph was in his throes of conscience about the Covenant, Harry urged him, in the sporting phrase of the times, to "take the Pitt one way or other;" adding the wise assurance, which was true in a deeper sense than he conceived, that "non will be in soe sad a condition as those that stand newters." But a more conspicuous instance of the variety of character that distinguished the Verneys was Tom, the scapegrace of the family, and as amusing a specimen of the tribe as any that Thackeray or Trollope has depicted. In his own conception, he was a gifted and glorious creature, high-mettled and adventurous, yet profoundly sagacious and practical. He started in life with full confidence in his ability to win fortune and distinction in some enterprising career, if only the necessary equipment were provided. Many, in fact, were the outfits successively furnished, not with any belief in his vaunted powers of achievement, nor yet, as might be suspected, in the hope of getting rid of him forever; but whether as a planter in Virginia and Barbadoes, a soldier of fortune in France and Sweden, or in any other capacity and field of action, he gained nothing but experience, which, as in all such cases, proved an utterly valueless acquisition. The outbreak of the civil war might have been expected to give a decisive and corrective impulse to this bold but eccentric spirit. It was not, however, till several months after the summons had gone forth that he made a pompous announcement to Ralph of his purpose to take the field. "My full resolution is to goe down to the king's army, about Wednesday next, and there to proffer my service to his Majesty, which I hope will not only be accepted of, but it may, if it shall pleas God to spare mee my life, be a fortune for me for ever. . . . Now I am noways able to goe unless you will be pleased either to lend me a hors or to give me a hors." Ralph would seem to have supplied the "hors" without any painful scruples about sending this reinforcement to the enemy's army, not expecting it, perhaps, to have any momentous results. If so, he judged rightly. A few weeks later, Tom had been brought back to London a prisoner, and was writing from the Fleet in his most magniloquent vein: "For what I have hitherto done, I will maintaine with my life that it is warrantable, . . . with this respect that I did alwayes maintaine that true Protestant religion which my father bred and brought me up in; next the king's prerogative, then the liberty of the subject, and last of all the just privileges of parliament." With so broad a "platform" of principles, a prowess so redoubtable, and an adherence to the "first law of nature" which was never at fault, Tom was pretty sure to steer his way victoriously through all the troubles of the time; and we are not surprised to hear that, despite the varied perils of his vagabond existence, including several marriages, he outlived all the rest of the large brood, dying triumphantly in 1707, at the age of ninety-two.

The women of the family, with one exception, are, it must be confessed, its least interesting members. Good Dame Margaret, Sir Edmund's wife, lived quietly at Claydon, bearing many children, superintending her household with patient care and diligence, and, happily

for herself, ending her days in 1641, unclouded by the shadow of fast-approaching calamities. Of her six daughters it is sufficient to say that they were all fairly successful in "making maches" suitable to their rank and means, and that even the youngest two or three, who, growing up in a double orphanage at Claydon while the place was in possession of the soldiery, contracted hoidenish manners and somewhat perverse dispositions, were thoroughly practical in their sentiments regarding the main object of feminine ambition. But the coarser features thus exhibited are far more than redeemed by the characteristics of another figure, which is brought out in fuller relief, with a charm which the bare outline that can here be given will at the best serve only to suggest. Mary Blacknall, left in childhood an orphan and an heiress, was privately married when only thirteen to Ralph Verney, then less than sixteen, with the view, apparently, on the part of her guardians, of saving her from the pursuit of rival fortune-hunters who were already becoming assiduous in their attentions. Two years later she became an inmate of Claydon, her youthful husband being then a student at Oxford, but making frequent visits to his girl bride, and winning a love the ardor and depth of which are among the strongest tributes to his own good qualities, while still better evidences of the finer and intenser nature from which they sprang. The sweetness of her disposition, the archness and fun which led to her being dubbed "Mischiefe" by those who most relished her playful vivacity, the disregard of self which caused her husband to remark that "she never remembered her own claims," and the ready and active sympathy on which every one could count, from Sir Edmund and Dame Margaret to Harry and Tom, endeared her to the whole household, with one or another of whom she is "sweetest comfort," "sweetest sister," or "deare heart" whenever she is mentioned. In the dark days that ensued, her character shone forth, as was natural, with added force and lustre. It does not appear what her own views, if she had any, may have been in regard to the point on which her husband separated from his party and sacrificed his interests. It was sufficient for her that his course was dictated by his conscience, and she accepted it and all the consequences it entailed without a word of remonstrance or complaint. It was Ralph himself, as he afterwards confessed, who, amid the trials and discomforts of exile, gave vent to impatience and disgust, while "such was her goodnesse," he writes, "that when I was most Peevish she would be most Patient, and as if she meant to aire my frowardnesse and frequent follies by the company of her forbearance, studied nothing more than a sweet compliance." Their chief means of support at this period was the income from her own estate, which had been settled upon herself; and when he proposed to encroach upon this source, in order to meet some old claims on his father's property, she wrote, being then at a distance from him, "For my owne land I confess I should have been very glad to have kept enoughe of itt to have provided well for my toe yonger boyes and my gerll; but if that cannot bee, thou mayst as freely dispose of that as of myselfe."

Nor is it only by her sweetness of temper and her disinterested spirit that this remarkable woman wins our admiration. The fortitude and self-devotion which we are wont to regard as the utmost reach, or at least as the distinctive traits, of feminine heroism were equaled, in her case, by a practical ability and active energy which, in the very crisis of the family fortunes, saved them from threatened ruin. The sequestration of estates voted by the House of Commons could not take effect without the concurrence of the Lords, and the question whether the mere absence of a member from his parliamentary duties should be

held to constitute a case of "delinquency" had not been decided by the Upper House. This question was not brought to an issue till more than three years had passed, when it was resolved to take up Sir Ralph Verney's case as one by which it could be effectually tested. In anticipation of this step, Lady Verney went over to London in November, 1646, to endeavor, by enlisting the coöperation of friends, by securing legal assistance, and by solicitations in every quarter where the exertion of a favorable influence might be gained by address or purchased by gifts, to bring the affair to a fortunate conclusion. For this result two conditions were necessary: first, that the Commons should be induced to refer the matter to the joint committee of the two Houses, and then that the committee should decide in Sir Ralph's favor. No legislative "log-roller" ever labored more strenuously than did Lady Verney in this protracted business; but, as if its incessant toils and fatigues, with alternate encouragements and rebuffs, were not sufficient to tax her powers of endurance, she was herself besieged by applicants, old creditors of the estate whose interest was in default, and the brothers and sisters who had claims upon a portion of the revenues. In the midst of this multiplicity of duties and annoyances, she writes a long letter weekly to Ralph; and when he, ungrateful man, chides her for having failed to answer "all those severall perticulers" in regard to which he had sent her instructions or inquiries, adding, with the serene self-satisfaction of an ever exact and punctilious correspondent, "Had I but one letter to write a Weeke, I would not misse answering the least perticuler," she administers this gentle rebuke: "Truly I am confydent tis by chance if I miss ansering of every perticuler; for I allwayes lay thy letters before me when I wright; butt howevor, when thou considerest how much I wright and how ill a scribe I am, thou oughtest nott to be angry with me for forgetting now and then a little."

But far heavier trials than these were in reserve. While the great object of her journey was still in suspense, in an indifferent London lodging, remote from all her family, with no attendant but a newly hired maid, she gave birth to another child. Her recovery was slow, but as soon as she was able to be about she sent the child to Claydon to be nursed, in order that she might again give all her time to her husband's affairs. A few months later, both this infant and her little girl in France sickened and died, and, without any preparation, she learned the two events simultaneously. The effect of this double bereavement was for the moment overwhelming. Her physician, who was also a kinsman and her ardent admirer, wrote that "she spake idly for two nights, and sometimes did not know her friends." Her own first mention of the loss is in a brief postscript to a previously written letter to her husband: "Since I writt this, I have receaved y^e^ sad nues of toe of our deare children's death, which affliction joyned with being absent from thee is — without God's great marcy to me — a heavier burthen than can be borne by thine owne unhappy M." Whereupon Ralph, in a sort of fantastic desperation, conceived the idea of taking himself off to Turkey or some other remote land, leaving his wife to recover and enjoy the estate, and trusting that his own speedy death might end all these troubles and afflictions. Her reply is the last citation which need be made from this correspondence: "I confess I did believe thou hadst hadd other thoughts of me then to think that I could brooke such a proposition. Noe, my harte, you must nott whilest I live have any such desighn withoute you resolve to take me along with you, and then live in whatt parte of the world you most fancye. Itt is not the being intrusted with your estate can give me the least satisfaction.

. . . If itt be nott posseble for me to finish your buseness I will leave itt to God's Blessing and the honest Dr's. care. . . . Truly this very notion of yours hath gone soe neare me that I have scarce had one nights rest since I receaved your letter. I had enough upon me before, and I prayse my God that he hath kept my harte from breaking all this while. . . . It cannot be for my good to be heare without thee, nor for your advantage or our toe dear children's to have our small famylye divided in fower severall places. . . . To tell you truth I cannott be any longer from you, therefore I am resollved to stand or fall with you and I begg of thee nott to lett this desighn any more enter into your thoughts. . . . I am nott able to say one word more but that at this time there is nott a sadder creature in the world then thine owne Deare M."

At last the clouds broke, and a gleam of joy visited these tortured hearts. Contrary to the expectation of all who had interested themselves in the matter, a motion to refer the case to the committee, brought in suddenly when the House was crowded in preparation for a debate on a more momentous affair, passed without opposition, and two weeks later, in July, 1647, the final decision was reached, and the sequestration annulled. There were still, however, so many arrangements to make at Claydon and elsewhere that it was not till the following April that Lady Verney was able to rejoin her husband, who judged it best to remain abroad until he should have saved enough to liquidate all the debts. When he at last returned, it was without the companion whose share of the common burden had been heavier than his own, while her courage and sweetness had sustained his spirit when it fretted under the load or was ready to succumb. Neither labors and privations nor anxieties and griefs could subdue her finer but firmer and more elastic nature, but her frailer physical powers were less capable of resistance. In the year following her return to France she fell into a slow decline, and in May, 1650, she died, at the early age of thirty-four. Sir Ralph survived her forty-six years. The greater portion of his long widowhood was spent in the home which her energy and tact had rescued from forfeiture. He resumed his place as one of the principal landholders of his native county, and sat in the successive Parliaments of the later Stuarts. But it was not till after the "glorious revolution" that he saw the government established on the basis of those principles to which he had so long and so consistently adhered, a policy proclaimed which he was free to support, and a court set up at which he could seek favor and influence without tarnishing his good name. His descendants continued to reign at Claydon until early in the present century, when the line, ennobled in its later generations, became extinct.

Here, then (not, of course, in this meagre abstract, but in the letters and narrations from which it has been drawn), is a "true picture" of English life in the seventeenth century. It embraces many figures besides those that have been mentioned, and shows in full detail the peculiar features of the time to which it belongs; but it bears also the deeper impress of humanity common to all times. The persons are for the most part such as ordinary experience makes us familiar with, while some of them may revive our recollection of the forces by which qualities are tested and actions impelled when national convulsions derange the relations and subordinate the motives of the regular course of life. Were there not in Virginia, in 1861, men who, in an analogous position to that of Sir Edmund Verney, chose their part from a similar sentiment, and perhaps with as sad a forecast? Did not many a gallant youth, at the same period, give his life, like the younger Edmund, to a hopeless cause,

deeming it unimpeachable and sacred? As for the Harrys and the Toms, they, in quiet or disturbed times, are always with us. Sir Ralph is styled by his biographer "the very model of an English country gentleman," and no doubt he had the virtues of his class; but it is to be feared that many married ladies would be disposed to define him, without any abatement for his tender conscience, as merely a man and a husband, — just like the rest of them. But the central figure on the canvas cannot be so lightly described or so easily paralleled. The type is not profusely scattered, and seldom meets us in the pages of biography. Several women of the seventeenth century have been enshrined as among the brightest ornaments of their sex; but neither Lucy Hutchinson, nor Rachel Russell, nor Margaret Godolphin, so far as known to us, showed the same combination of charm and strength as Mary Verney. Such characters are more likely to avoid than to attract the notice of the world, and the reader may be left to supply an instance from his private knowledge. If he be so unfortunate as to discover no example there, he must for this occasion acknowledge the ascendency of imaginative creation, turn to the women of Shakespeare, real through a transcendent idealism and modern through their immortality, and find a similar union of delicate and noble qualities in the playful, mischievous, generous, tender, and impassioned, yet practical and politic Portia.

John Foster Kirk.

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SONG.

She alone of Shepherdesses,
With her blue disdayning eyes,
Wo'd not hark a King that dresses
All his lute in sighs:
Yet to winne
Katheryn
I elect for mine Emprise.

None is like her, none above her,
Who so lifts my youth in me,
That a little more to love her
Were to leave her free!
But to winne
Katheryn
Is mine utmost love's degree.

Distaunce, cold, delay, and danger
Build the four walls of her bower;
She 's noe Sweete for any stranger,
She 's noe valley-flower;
And to winne
Katheryn,
To her height my heart can Tower!

Uppe to Beautie's promontory
I will climb, nor loudlie call
Perfect and escapèd glory
Folly, if I fall.
Well to winne
Katheryn!
To be worth her is my all.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE ANCESTRY OF GENIUS.

MANY books have been written about genius. Usually they have been constructed by heaping up anecdotes of more or less dubious authenticity; or else by bringing to the front those unhappy subjects of genius who, like Tasso and Rousseau and Cowper, have been the victims of insanity. Within the last few months, under the inspiring influence of Lombroso, a new step has been taken, and an attempt made to measure accurately the physical capacities of genius. A dozen or more Italian scientists and artists obligingly lent themselves to minute ophthalmoscopic and other investigations, without startling results; and later on, no doubt, the man of genius, like the criminal and the lunatic, will be systematically examined and measured.

Little attention has, however, been given to the interesting study of the elements that go to the making of genius, to what we may call its etiology, and which must be sought for mainly before birth. How did the shiftless Stratford tradesman come to be Shakespeare's father, and Micawber the father of Dickens? To what extent can the facts of the parentage of genius be reduced to law? That this question has not yet been seriously considered is due in part, no doubt, to its complexity, in part to the extreme difficulty of obtaining reliable and precise information; insurmountable, indeed, in the case of an individual who lived several centuries ago. Even in fairly recent times, the most elementary facts regarding the mothers of many men of genius are quite unknown; and in estimating the race to which men of genius belong, it is not unusual to disregard the mother, although, it is scarcely necessary to say, modern investigations in heredity lead us to regard the mother's contribution of tendencies as of absolutely equal value with the father's. It is only by the patient collection of facts that we can hope to throw light on the causes that determine genius, and I propose to bring forward a portion of the results of investigations I have lately made into this subject. I select a small but interesting group of facts bearing upon a single aspect of the matter: the ancestry of some of the chief English poets and imaginative writers of recent years, with reference to the question of race.[1]

Let us, first of all, take the five English poets whose supremacy during the last quarter of a century is universally acknowledged, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Rossetti, and Morris. What is to be learned from an inquiry into the races, or combinations of races,

[1] The information on which this article is founded has in most cases been obtained from the writers in question. I am indebted to them for the readiness with which they have answered my questions. Only in the case of Browning, among the English writers brought forward, have I been unable to add to the information already made public.

that have gone to the making of these men?

Tennyson was one of the most English of English poets. He came of a family long established in the most Scandinavian county, and that containing the fairest-featured people to be found south of the Humber; and the name itself (Tönnesen) remains to-day purely Scandinavian.

"The Tennysons," writes Lord Tennyson, "come from a Danish part of England, and I have no doubt that you and others are right in giving them a Danish origin. An ancestor of my mother's, a M. Fauvel, or de Fauvel, one of the exiles at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, is French." He adds, "I have myself never made a study of my ancestry, but those who have tell me that through my great-grandmother, and through Jane Pits, a still remoter grandmother, I am doubly descended from Plantagenets (Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and John of Lancaster), and this through branches of the Barons d'Eyncourt." These remoter interminglings are, however, of slight interest. Taken altogether, we see a predominantly Scandinavian stock of Tennysons mingling with the Fytches, Lincolnshire people, also, but with the foreign Huguenot strain.

Swinburne's ancestry, from the point of view of race, has, with some important differences, a general resemblance to Tennyson's. That is to say, the foundation is Scandinavian, but in this case the more emphatic and turbulent Scandinavian of the north country modified by distinct foreign Celtic and other influences. As Swinburne himself clearly expresses it, "The original root, of course, is purely Scandinavian, modified (possibly) by repeated exile in the cause of the Stuarts, and consequent French alliances." His great-grandfather, for instance, married a wife from the family of the Auvergnat Princes of Polignac. It is to this alliance that there is allusion in the Summer in Auvergne, in the second series of Poems and Ballads, when the poet gazes on the ruin

> "Of the old wild princes' lair
> Whose blood in mine hath share.
> . . . . . .
> Dead all their sins and days;
> Yet in this red crime's rays
> Some fiery memory stays
> That scars their land."

With William Morris we reach a totally different district of England, and a new combination. He belongs to the Welsh border; and a border country, it may be noted in passing, is as favorable to the production of genius as it is to the production of crime. Both on the father's and the mother's side he belongs to Worcestershire, the home of a varied and well-compounded race, perhaps predominantly Saxon,[1] though Mr. Morris is predominantly Welsh. The paternal grandmother, however, came from the Anglo-Danish county of Nottingham. "My father's father was Welsh, I believe," Mr. Morris writes, "and my mother's mother, also. My name is very common all along the border. The name," he adds, "is undoubtedly Cymric." It is certainly remarkable that the poet who, of all English poets of the century, has most closely identified himself with the Scandinavian traditions of the race should have, apparently, so little blood relationship with the north.

It is equally remarkable that Rossetti, a poet whose imagination has appeared to many critics distinctly and intimately English in character, should be English only on the side of one grandparent; the English blood, that is, being numerically equivalent only to twenty-five per cent. Gabriele Rossetti, the father, came of a family which throughout the eighteenth century, at all events, had lived on the Abruzzi

[1] Dr. Beddoe says that the physical type in East Worcestershire "seems to be a cross between the Saxon and the Iberian."

coast, at Vasto. When an exile in London, Rossetti married the daughter of Gaetano Polidori, a Tuscan, who had married Anna Maria Pierce, who seems to have been of unmixed English blood, and who belonged to a family some of whose members attained to a certain amount of distinction. Her mother's name is believed to have been Arrow. It is worthy of note that the name Rossetti seems to indicate a fair and ruddy northern race. Gabriele Rossetti used to say that the original name of his race was Della Guardia (families of that name still live at Vasto), but that, ruddy hair and complexion having been brought into the family, the generation of Della Guardia children on whom it became impressed came to be known as the Rossetti, a name which stuck to that branch of the race, and became its actual surname. Two of Gabriele's brothers (to say nothing of himself) were counted as local celebrities. His mother's surname was Pietrocola.[1]

In Browning's case we are able to go back a considerable distance, and to ascertain his component races with fair precision. The Brownings belonged to Dorset, and the poet's great-grandfather, Thomas Browning, was, as his name shows, of West Saxon stock, modified considerably, no doubt, by the old dark British blood which is plentiful in that neighborhood. Thomas Browning married a Morris. This union produced a Robert Browning, who came up to London, entered the Bank of England, and played a successful though not brilliant part in the world. He married Margaret Tittle, a Creole, born in the West Indies. The poet himself, it may be added, was in early life of "olive" complexion, and liable to be mistaken for an Italian. In after life he became lighter. Robert Browning, the poet's father, was a versatile and talented man, though not so able an official as his father. He was a good draughtsman and a clever verse-writer. He married Sarianna Wiedemann, of Dundee. This was an entirely new departure, and united the dark southern stock to the fair northern race; for Sarianna Wiedemann's father was a German, said to belong to Hamburg, and her mother was Scotch. Browning's ancestry is very significant. If the Browning race had consciously conspired to make a cumulative series of trials in the effects of cross-breeding, they could not have chosen a more crucial series of experiments, and the final result certainly could not have been more successful. Browning himself was true to the instincts of his race when he carried the experiments one step farther, though on quite different lines, and married the chief English woman poet of his time.

When we turn from these five poets to contemporary writers whose claim to very high rank is not universally conceded, it is no longer easy to choose, and one is liable to the charge of admitting only those cases which seem to support a theory. I will bring forward a small but very varied group, containing the best known living English imaginative writers (beyond those already mentioned), of whose ancestry I have detailed knowledge. There is, however, no reason to suppose that the addition of other names of equal rank would alter the character of the results. The list includes Mr. Coventry Patmore, Mr. Austin Dobson, the Hon. Roden Noel, Miss Olive Schreiner, Mr. Walter Pater, Mr. Baring Gould, and Mr. Thomas Hardy. It will be observed that there are here several writers of prose, but these are in their best work essentially poets. The most questionable figure is Mr. Thomas Hardy, whose poetic and yet delicately realistic work serves as a transition from the work of writers like the authors of Mehalah and The Story of an African Farm to that of essentially prosaic writers, like the authors of All Sorts and Conditions of

[1] For much of the information given above I am indebted to Mr. W. M. Rossetti.

Men and A Mummer's Wife. Mr. Coventry Patmore is English on the father's side, Scotch on the mother's, and one of his great - great - grandfathers (Beckmann, the painter) was Prussian. Mr. Austin Dobson belongs to a Devonshire family on his mother's side, and his father was born in France, of a French mother. Mr. Roden Noel, who (as Lord Tennyson was also supposed to be) is descended from the Plantagenets, and who claims the Sidneys and Shakespeare's Earl of Southampton among his ancestors, inherits on both sides very various strains, recent and remote. These include an Irish (purely Celtic) element, Scotch Douglases, and Dutch Bentincks. Miss Schreiner is German, English, and Jewish. On her mother's side she belongs to an English family of Lyndalls, and on her father's to a Würtemberg family in the neighborhood of Stuttgart. The German paternal element (associated with dark brown hair and gray-blue eyes) by no means necessarily involves a marked Teutonic strain. Würtemberg is the home of a brachycephalic race (very carefully studied from the anthropological standpoint by Von Hölder), which is much more closely related to the typical Celts than to the typical Teutons; and Swabia, unlike the genuinely Teutonic regions of northern and eastern Germany, which have produced few or no poets, has always been a land of song, the birthplace of Schiller and Victor von Scheffel, and the richest nest of singing birds that Germany has to show. The maternal Lyndalls came from Scandinavian parts of England, and the name is Scandinavian. But the physical characteristics of the Lyndalls are not Scandinavian; they have very dark hair, and large dark eyes which impress strangers as Jewish. It is somewhat remarkable that this strongly marked element which has been so persistent is rather remote, and was introduced in the person of a Jewess, who was a great-great-grandmother to Miss Schreiner.

Mr. Pater, as the name indicates, comes of a family that on the father's side was originally French. Mr. Pater believes that the family is that to which the painter, J. B. Pater, belonged; not, however, descended from the painter, who had no children. The Paters certainly came from the same neighborhood; that is, from Flanders, somewhere near Valenciennes. They were lace-makers and Catholics, and Mr. Pater's great-great - grandfather settled in the very Anglo-Danish neighborhood of Norwich. The family then took root in Buckinghamshire, where one branch of it, still Catholic, possesses considerable property. Watteau also belonged to Valenciennes, and it is curious to observe how faithfully Mr. Pater, with his subtle and delicate art, has preserved the instincts of his Belgic race.

Mr. Baring Gould's interesting account of his ancestry I will give in his own words: "My family have held property in Devon for three hundred years and more, and have intermarried almost wholly in the Devon families, till the heiress married Charles Baring, son of John Baring of Exeter, son of Dr. Franz Baring of Bremen. But Charles Baring's mother was an Exeter woman. The Barings were pure Saxons. Before that, among the Goulds, the hair was dark and the eyes were hazel, judging from their pictures; after that, fair hair and blue eyes. My mother was a Bond, a Cornish family; my grandmother, a Sabine, and partly Irish; that is, in seventeenth century in Ireland, after that settled in Herts." One traces here very clearly the influence of race and its effects on one of the most singularly brilliant and versatile writers of our time. Mr. Thomas Hardy belongs to a Dorset family, which has not, apparently, encouraged foreign alliances, although the Hardys at a remote period are believed to have been a French family who emigrated from Jersey. Of Mr. Hardy's four grandparents, all belonged to Dorset except one,

who came from Berkshire. His paternal great-grandmother, Mr. Hardy believes, was Irish. On the paternal side, also, a black-haired ancestor left very distinct traces, while on the mother's side the race was fairer, and closer to the ordinary Wessex-Saxon type.

From the examination of these two groups of imaginative writers, chosen without reference to the question of heredity, the interesting fact emerges that, of the twelve persons cited, not one can be said to be of pure English race, while only four or five are even predominantly English. A more extended investigation would bring out the same result still more clearly. England is at the present time rich in poets. A general knowledge of a considerable number of them enables me to say that very few indeed are of even fairly pure English blood; the majority are, largely or predominantly, of Irish, Gaelic, Welsh, or Cornish race, as a single glance, without any inquiry, is often enough to reveal.

If we turn to the rich and varied genius of France, we shall find similar results brought out in a way that is even more remarkable. In France, we meet with very various and distinct races, and we see the interaction of these races, as well as the commingling of remote foreign elements, from the negro blood which it is still easy to trace in the face of Alexandre Dumas, in certain respects, to the Iroquois blood in Flaubert. French genius, from the point of view of race, is a large and attractive subject; but as I am dealing with it elsewhere, I will leave it untouched here. However, it is worthy of notice that the two imaginative French writers of this century who have attained widest fame, and have exercised the most revolutionary influence on literature, Victor Hugo and Zola, are both marked examples of the influence of cross-breeding. Hugo belonged, on the father's side, to the tall, fair, powerful Germanic race of Lorraine, where his ancestors cultivated the soil in the Vosges; on the mother's side, he belonged to the Breton race of the opposite end of France, a race with widely different physical and spiritual characteristics. Zola is the son of a distinguished Italian mathematician, born at Venice; his mother came from the central Beauce country of France: he has Italian, French, and Greek blood in his veins. The only living imaginative writer besides Zola who is exerting international revolutionary influence on literary art is Ibsen, another example of complex racial intermixture. His great-grandmother was Scotch, his paternal Scandinavian stock has received repeated infusions of German blood, and his mother was of German extraction.

In many of these complex combinations, we come upon the result not only of accretion of power due to cross-breeding, but of the fascination exerted by a startlingly new and unfamiliar personality. Ronsard, that brilliant child of the French Renaissance, whose name has scarcely yet lost its charm, though so few know his work, came of Hungarian or Bulgarian stock allied with the noblest families of France. St. Thomas, the one saint who for three hundred years charmed the cautious and sturdy English race, was the son of a French father, possibly also of a French mother. Pushkin, whose personality was as delightful to his contemporaries as his poetry, bore one of the proudest of Russian names, and in his veins ran the blood of an Abyssinian negro. A whole nation would never have gone joyfully to destruction under a leader they had themselves chosen, if that leader had not been Napoleon, — the result of the mixture of two very distinct races, the Tuscan and the Corsican, — who carried about him the charm of the unknown. Boulanger, who for a short time exerted an attraction that seemed so unaccountable, was the son of a Scotch lady, whom he was said to resemble, and to whom, doubtless, more

than to his father, the Breton notary at Rennes, he owed his power of fascination.

The evidence I have brought forward as to the frequency of racial mingling in men of imaginative genius has been confined to a few particular groups; it could easily be increased, and I have made no use of the materials in my possession concerning Spanish, Italian, and Russian poets. It is clear that the proportion of mixed and foreign blood in the groups dealt with is much greater than would be found in a similar group of average persons. Any one may test this by writing down at random the names of a like number of his acquaintance of average ability, and then investigating their race. In England, in such a group of seven ordinary persons, it is rare to find more than one of decidedly mixed race. But in the groups we have been considering the proportion of such individuals varies, at a moderate estimate, from fifty to seventy-five per cent, and the mingling is usually most distinct in the men of most distinguished genius.

I believe that if we take other groups of somewhat similar character, eminent painters, for example, we shall find the proportion smaller, though still marked. Among notable scientific men we should find the proportion of those with mixed blood lower still. Mr. Galton, who made a long list of contemporary British scientific men of ability, remarks that, "on an analysis of the scientific status of the men on my list, it appeared to me that their ability is higher, in proportion to their numbers, among those of pure race." The Border men come out exceedingly well, but the Anglo-Welsh and the Anglo-Irish would on the whole rank last. While we have found that among twelve eminent British imaginative writers no less than ten show more or less marked traces of foreign blood, and not one can be said to be pure English, Mr. Galton found that out of every ten distinguished British scientific men five were pure English, and only one had foreign blood. Among successful politicians, again, mixture of race appears to be still less common. It is worth while, however, in this connection, to quote an utterance of the most distinguished of living English politicians. "Now, you must know that I am a Scotchman," said Mr. Gladstone to an interviewer, "pure Scotch. In fact, no family can be purer than ours, which never mixed with extraneous blood except once in the seventeenth century." As a matter of fact, Mr. Gladstone unites, on his father's side, the Saxon Lowlander of the south of Scotland with, on his mother's side, the typical Highlander of the north, two utterly distinct races, although by accident confined within the same country. We always have to guard against these fallacies, but as a rule, no doubt, politicians of ability are of comparatively pure race. It has generally been believed by those who have concerned themselves with the philosophy of art that poetry is the highest and most complex form of human expression, and the result indicated by the evidence before us seems in accordance with that conclusion.

Looking at the matter somewhat broadly, and omitting minor variations, it may be said that two vigorous but somewhat widely divergent races (or groups of races) now occupy Europe and the lands that have been peopled from Europe. The one race is tall, fair, and usually long-headed; the other, short, dark, and usually broad-headed. Since the dawn of European history, at least, and with special vigor about a thousand years ago, the tall, fair, energetic race has been shed as a seminal principle from the northeast of Europe over a great part of the continent held by a darker and perhaps more civilized race. The physical characteristics of Europe have been very favorable to the spread and fusion of these fine races, and the outcome has

been the strongest and most variously gifted breed of men that the world has seen. Wherever the races have remained comparatively pure we seldom find any high or energetic civilization, and never any fine flowering of genius. Sweden, where the tall, fair, long-headed race exists in its purest form, has produced no imaginative genius. Auvergne, where the dark, broad-headed race may be found in great purity, has, in like manner, produced a vigorous but an undistinguished breed of men. Corsica and the Pyrénées-Orientales, where a fairly unmixed race of dark, long-headed men live, have, unlike Sicily or Gard, produced no poets. Wherever, on the other hand, we find a land where two unlike races, each of fine quality, have become intermingled and are in process of fusion, there we find a breed of men who have left their mark on the world, and have given birth to great poets and artists. Such are the men of Sicily, a race compounded of the most various elements from east and south and north, which has produced, and is to-day producing, so large a share of the genius of the Italian peninsula. Such are the fair and tall but broad-headed men of Lorraine, a cross between Celt and Teuton. Such are the Lowland Scotch, on the border land between Gael and Saxon. Such well-tempered breeds have been yielded by Normandy and Tuscany and Swabia. We know little of the physical anthropology of the ancient Greek, but it is certain that one of his most characteristic types was the tall, fair man we know in the north; and the geographical and geological characteristics of Greece present in perfection the conditions which enable varying races to settle and develop in the closest proximity to one another.

Great Britain and Ireland were placed, by a happy chance, broadside on to the invasion of the fair race. The elongated islands thus presented the maximum of opportunity for intercourse between the two races. Even at the present time the process of fusion is still going on. The comparatively fair race extends along the east coasts of both islands, and the comparatively dark race along the west coasts. The islands form, therefore, a well-arranged pair of compact electric batteries for explosive fusion of the two elements. Both races are necessary for the production of imaginative genius, at all events, for it is a mistake to suppose that high imaginative genius is a characteristic of the unmixed dark races. In Dr. Beddoe's map of the British Isles, showing what he terms the index of nigrescence, one solitary islet of the dark race only may be seen in England, east of the Welsh border, and apparently at one time joined to it. This islet is in Warwickshire; that is, in the county of Shakespeare. Milton's family belonged to a neighboring county, and Milton himself, we know, had Welsh blood in his veins. Out of the play of these two races has come all that is finest in English imaginative genius.

It need scarcely be said that this cross-breeding is not the only factor in the causation of genius. If that were so, genius would be much more common than it is, while it would be the rule, instead of a rare exception, to find it shared by brothers and sisters. There are other influences that tend to produce genius, and various conditions that promote its development. I have here simply tried to indicate one of the factors in the determination of imaginative genius.

Havelock Ellis.

A GREAT LADY OF THE FRENCH RESTORATION.

THE most careless reader of the annals of the French Revolution must be struck by the simple, unaffected heroism with which young girls, matrons, and aged women mounted the steps of the guillotine. Such heroism in the case of their fathers and husbands scarcely calls for notice. If the traditions of noble birth and warlike ancestry had often led the French patrician to regard with scornful indifference the welfare and rights of those beneath him, they would at least tend to make him endure with dignity the last outrages of the rabble he despised. But the high-born dames and demoiselles, who a few years before were seen flirting and dancing in the halls of Versailles, or masquerading in hooped petticoats and with gilt crooks as shepherdesses of Arcady in the Great and Little Trianon, all on pleasure bent, their minds so engrossed by gayety and enjoyment that we can hardly believe them swayed by a single serious thought, — where did they find the secret of demeaning themselves with such humble, trustful piety, such high and holy courage, when the awful hour was at hand?

The memoirs and autobiographies of the victims or witnesses enable us to solve the mystery. With every new publication which the pious hands of their descendants have given and are giving to the world, the spirit and principles which actuated and sustained them become clearer. We see that, behind all the frivolity and apparent absorption in worldly pleasure which are the most tangible characteristics of the women of the eighteenth century, there was something real, something which taught them to endure martyrdom nobly: it was the solid and thoroughly Christian training which they had received from their mothers, and which they in turn were to hand down to their children.

The autobiography of the Duchess of Gontaut,[1] which has not yet, we think, been given an English dress, illustrates in a vivid and most fascinating fashion the sterling quality of the education that moulded so many women of her class in the latter half of the last century.

She was born in 1773, and both by her father, the Count of Montault, and her husband, one of the Birons, was connected with all the historical families of France. She was carefully brought up by a pious and accomplished mother, and had also the advantage of attending the lessons of the celebrated Madame de Genlis, in company with the young Orleans princes, when she was eight years old. The glimpses she gives us of that able but eccentric woman, who, as Napoleon said, "spoke of virtue as if it were her own discovery," are very amusing and lifelike. Madame de Genlis, although always professing herself a Catholic, was tinctured with the philosophy of the time, and the education of her pupils was conducted in accordance with the humanitarianism, partly sincere, partly sham, of Rousseau's Émile. She was very careful to impress upon her young charge, the Duke of Chartres, the obligation of showing consideration for humble people; but he was to do so rather ostentatiously, and with a view to that popularity which was afterwards to make him king.

"I went with the young princes," says Madame de Gontaut, "to attend the funeral service of Marshal Biron. The narrow streets leading to the cathedral made it hard for the huge carriage,

[1] *Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse de Gontaut, Gouvernante des Enfants de France pendant la Restauration.* (1773–1836.) Ouvrage accompagné d'un Portrait en Héliogravure. Paris: E. Plon, Nourrit et Cie. 1891.

drawn by six horses, to approach. Madame de Genlis was constantly calling on the Duke of Chartres to 'shout out to the coachman every ten minutes that he must take great care of the people, and above all avoid trampling on any one.' The duke obeyed her, but with much indifference and coldness. At last she lost patience, and said crossly, 'Will you never learn how to speak to the people, Monseigneur? Are you always to be an awkward boor? Will you never have any spirit?' I exposed myself to a good scolding in my turn by saying, 'Come, now, Monseigneur, do have some spirit; it is so easy.' 'It 's not so easy for you to hold your tongue,' grumbled our governess. At this they all laughed, and I with them, although the fun was at my expense."

Madame de Genlis's pupils were to have a playmate whose name is connected with one of the saddest incidents in Irish history. They were informed, one morning, that the Duke of Orleans's master of the horse had been dispatched to England in search of "the most beautiful little girl in the world," who did not speak a word of French. There was great joy among the young people on her arrival. "We overwhelmed her with caresses and bonbons. We asked her name. It was Pamela, which appeared to us quite too commonplace for such a wonder. But we were not satisfied, and insisted she must have a family name, also. That of Seymour was selected and approved. However, the ambitious little thing would not be content except we called her also 'my lady.' This pride in a child eight years old amused every one, and we called her 'milady' in sport."

As there is little doubt that Pamela was the daughter of the Duke of Orleans, her desire to be addressed as "lady" may be explained without perceiving in it a symptom of precocious vanity. According to the ideas prevalent in England at that time, the daughter of a royal prince, although illegitimate, would naturally be addressed by this title in the family that reared her. Madame de Gontaut describes Pamela as a good and charming creature in her childhood and girlhood, but says that she afterward adopted most revolutionary sentiments, and even wore the *bonnet rouge* at the celebration of her marriage with Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

The mother of Madame de Gontaut was not long without suspecting that the society of Madame de Genlis and the Orleans princes was not the best for her daughter. She had her taught at home; and she had her reward in a daughter who, when she met dangers and encountered vicissitudes of good and evil fortune, was to display always firmness of character and elevation of soul.

The Revolution was approaching with rapid strides. The town house of the Montaults, in the Rue Royale, was in the centre of the most disturbed part of Paris. Madame de Gontaut gives many vivid experiences of the dangers to which a family of rank was exposed even in the earlier stages of the outburst.

"The next day was horrible. We saw the French guards flocking pell-mell with the people from the boulevards into the Rue Royale, screaming, dancing, and dragging on their arms abandoned women disguised as nuns, and with them men hauling along by force other poor innocent women, and shouting and singing, 'Aristocrates à la lanterne!' etc. The crowd stopped opposite our house, and broke into the royal armory in search of arms. After an hour's pillage, priests and women, soldiers and nuns, came out loaded with booty, and in a frightful state of intoxication and excitement. We believed ourselves lost. My father had barricaded the doors and windows, and was determined to defend us to the last. Coaches were piled up at the carriage entrance, and our servants were armed to the teeth and mad with rage. My father took his station

in front of me, on the top of the staircase, with a pistol in each hand, prepared to sell our lives dearly. I was frightened, I can assure you!"

But the mob, intimidated by the resistance it was likely to encounter, left for the time.

After the death of her father, and a variety of adventures, some amusing and some very nearly tragic, the future Duchess of Gontaut and her mother became *émigrées*, and joined the other noble ladies of that class at the headquarters of the Prince of Condé, on the frontier. There, in company with her fellow-exiles, she encountered every kind of wretchedness and calamity with the cheerfulness and the desire to make the best of things which seem never to desert the Frenchman or Frenchwoman in extremity. When the army of the princes was beaten, it was the women who were the greatest sufferers. Mademoiselle de Montault and her mother had to travel long distances on foot, as all the carriages were not sufficient for the accommodation of the wounded. After one of those wearisome journeys, they were glad enough to come upon a barn and find a little straw to rest on. If they saw a steeple in the distance, their hopes ran high, for it showed that a town was not far off which might afford them an asylum. The enchantment, however, which distance lent to the view, in their case was apt to vanish on a nearer approach. The Germans were evidently getting tired of their visitors, and the latter were likely to see a notice posted on the gates of the capital of some petty German state: "Every one may enter here except a Jew or an émigré."

Madame de Gontaut had always a keen eye for the humorous aspects of a situation. Little episodes were constantly occurring, like the following, which appealed to her French gayety. Not every one, however, would find in them a compensation for very real hardships.

"We found a spacious barn, with plenty of fresh straw, and expected to pass a very comfortable night in it. The Duchess of Guiche, Mesdames de Poulpry and de Lage, my mother and myself, with several others, stretched ourselves along the walls. A chasseur of the Duchess of Guiche, sword in hand, was entrusted with the charge of watching over us. In the middle of the night, we were roused out of our slumbers by a furious knocking and a woman's voice demanding admission. 'Open! open at once! It is I.' The door was opened, and there stood Madame de Calonne, the wife of the famous minister, painted, powdered, frizzed, dressed in the height of fashion, with long train, hoops, high-heeled shoes, etc. 'Where are the apartments?' she exclaimed. She entered, and looked around her with terror. 'But what is this I see before me? Why, this is a hospital! Women on straw! A man armed! Ho, there! Where are my lackeys? Some lights! Torches at once!' The lackeys ran up. The barn was illuminated. Then her screams became louder and louder. 'Where am I? What is that in front of me? Dead men hanging along the wall!' Whereupon we looked up, and we also saw a score of — sheep, skinned and hanging from hooks, ready to be sent to market the next morning. At last she recognized us, as we did her, with a roar of laughter. This was the poor lady's first experience of our disasters. She learned from our situation what she must resign herself to, and, like ourselves, she soon did so courageously."

After a thousand difficulties and privations of all sorts, Mademoiselle de Montault escaped with her mother to England, where she shortly afterward married M. de Gontaut-Biron. She appears to have been received at once with open arms by the English aristocracy, many of whom had been intimate with her own and her husband's family in their days of prosperity. She was a close observer, and most, indeed all, of her anecdotes

of Pitt, the Duke of Wellington, George III., the prince regent, and other social and political personages are new and historically interesting. She came to feel an intense love and admiration for the English people, sentiments to which she was true during her long life of eighty-four years. Many offers of help were made to her as delicately as possible, but a prudent self-respect deterred her from accepting them; and when the resources of the family became exhausted, the accomplishments learned in days of prosperity served to supply their modest needs. She painted miniatures, her husband burlesque subjects, her mother worked at embroidery, and their productions were disposed of at a fair in London, opened by the government for the purpose, where the French émigrés could sell their wares without being forced to give their names.

At last the welcome news reached them that Robespierre had fallen. There was a large amount of money in the Bank of England due the Gontaut family, which could not be obtained without the production of certain papers still in the possession of friends at Paris. It would be death for M. de Gontaut to enter France while his name was on the list of proscription. His wife determined to brave the danger, notwithstanding the refusal of her family to consent to her departure. She procured a pass belonging to a Madame François, a Hamburg milliner, dressed up to the character, and started for Calais.

No anxiety or danger could repress Madame de Gontaut's sense of the ludicrous. She turned from a future anything but reassuring to divert herself with the oddities of some of the characters on board the vessel which bore her to the shores of France. The important airs of a certain Madame "Roussin" (as we might say Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Hodge) excited the amusement of the *grande dame.*

"A lady, not in any way remarkable, was dreadfully alarmed lest her arrival in Calais should be noticed. For oh, her name was so well known and highly thought of; and oh, she had been so often in Calais that she must have attracted universal attention there. And then she had been in England; why, she was even something of an émigrée! 'Faith,' she said, 'it is no joke for me to venture to return. If I could only change my name, what a godsend it would be!' A lady near her offered to do her this favor. 'Let us exchange names, madame,' she said. 'Mine is at your service. Have the kindness to tell me yours.' 'Roussin, madame, a name well known, as perhaps you are aware.' 'Well known! I should say it is,' replied the lady. 'But as I have never been in Calais, I shall not incur any danger by using it.' Madame Roussin was charmed, and exchanged passports. She read that of Citoyenne Coigny aloud. 'Couny, Couny! Oh, such an unimportant name as that is not likely to compromise me. But there is one thing that ruffles me a little. There is — well, a brilliancy about my eyes which is, I think, noticed in the description on the passport, and which yours have not.' 'Oh, that does n't matter,' returned the 'Citoyenne' Coigny. 'I shall take care to wink like mad whenever any one looks at me.' And so the Marchioness of Coigny escaped the sharp-eyed detectives of the Committee of Public Safety at Calais with ease, while poor Madame Roussin had a hard time of it to convince them that she was not a vile aristocrat."

But Madame François was soon to be in greater trouble than either of her shipboard companions. There was another lady of high rank, wife of a Knight of the Holy Ghost, on board the vessel, for whom she was mistaken, and she was in as much danger as if she had come in her own real character. The ship had no sooner entered the port than she was visited by soldiers and police-

men, who ordered her to drag her valise after her up the ladder to the jetty, and conducted her, followed by a curious crowd, before the Committee of Public Safety.

"The very name of that tribunal sent a shudder through me. Nothing could be more frightful than the aspect of the persons in whose presence I stood, and who appeared to be judges; they filled me with terror. At last, one of them, the chief seemingly, with a tricolor scarf and feathers in his hat *à la Henri Quatre*, said, 'Approach, citoyenne.' Then my examination began.

"'Who gave you this passport?'

"'My husband.'

"'What is your name?'

"'Madame François, lace-woman, going to Paris on business.'

"'That may be. But where does your passport come from?'

"'I know nothing about that.'

"'Explain yourself in a loud and intelligible voice.'

"'I was at Dover, and wanted to leave it as soon as possible. My husband learned very early in the morning that a vessel was about to sail for Calais. The weather was favorable, my preparations were soon made, and I set out with the passport he gave me without thinking even of opening it.'

"'Citoyenne, what is your husband doing in Dover?'

"'He is waiting for me.'

"'Citoyenne, this is a serious business for you. You are suspected of being an émigrée.'

"'I am too young, and cannot be on any list of proscription.'

"'But it is said you are a great lady, a rich émigrée, and the wife of a *ci-devant* Knight of the Holy Ghost.'

"'I give you my word of honor, I am neither a rich émigrée nor the wife of a Knight of the Holy Ghost. Look at my valise,' I added, smiling; 'that 's my fortune.'

"There was a laugh at this, and monsieur of the ostrich plume repeated, 'This is a serious business for you. You cannot leave. Your passport is false; the date is false; the person supposed to have signed it at Hamburg was at the very time in Calais, as we are going to prove to you.'"

The game was all up with poor Madame de Gontaut. Madame Grandsire, a hotel keeper, proved that the genuine Madame François was staying with her on the date mentioned in the passport, and the fictitious one was given in charge of a keeper who was to be answerable for her safe custody. On her entreaty to be placed under the surveillance of Madame Grandsire, she was permitted to live in the hotel, but with a peephole in the door of her room, and an Argus-eyed policeman constantly on the watch, who, she says, drove her nearly wild. She was not, however, entirely friendless. She had been able to render some little services as an interpreter, during the passage from Dover, to a gentleman she took to be an Englishman, but who was really the famous American inventor, Fulton. A member of the Contributors' Club [1] has already told the amusing story of Fulton's reckless proposal to save her from her fate by marrying her. Madame de Gontaut found a less violent means of release; but she was indebted to Mr. Fulton for a piece of information which filled her with the greatest hopes. English commissioners were about to arrive at Calais, harbingers of the short-lived peace of Amiens; and they were all her intimate friends, — Lord Malmesbury, Lord Granville, and Lord Cowley. She hoped to have news of her husband, as they must have met him at Dover. Madame Grandsire, her jailer, and also stanch friend, offered to take a letter to Lord Malmesbury, and afterwards even to bring about an interview between them, on condition that neither in the letter nor in the inter-

[1] See Fulton in Love, Contributors' Club, Atlantic Monthly, August, 1891.

view should she appear other than Madame François.

"Lord Malmesbury, on receiving my note, which was worded rather mysteriously, and gave him no clue to the identity of his fair correspondent, had a moment of folly, and confided to his attachés that he had an appointment with a pretty woman, and they must be good enough to keep out of the way for the time. They promised, but took a mutual and solemn oath that they would not fail to witness the raptures of the mature and lovelorn swain.

"Meanwhile, Madame Grandsire, although well knowing the great danger her kindness was exposing her to, did not falter, but took precautions to render the interview as secret as possible. She muffled me up in her husband's overcoat, wig, and hat; you can fancy what a fright I looked! She gave me her arm, and I passed by my horrible Argus unnoticed. Lord Malmesbury was, or thought he was, alone. I entered a spacious hall, dimly lighted. Madame Grandsire, who had promised not to leave me, sprang forward, and said, 'My lord, this is my prisoner!' My singular appearance was assuredly rather different from that of the fair lady he had expected to see, and he recoiled from me in terror. The attachés burst into a roar of laughter, and came forth from their hiding-place. I threw off hat, coat, and wig, and shook hands with my friends, asking them for news of my people. Alas! my disappointment was cruel. They had spent the night in Dover, but saw nothing of my husband. When I explained my position, they became most anxious for my safety, and suggested several plans of escape. As none of them seemed practicable, they proposed hiding me in one of the mission carriages, and getting me out of the city in that fashion. 'And what will you do with me then?' I said."

Madame de Gontaut thought the only chance of salvation was to trust to the good nature of the Hamburg consul at Paris, on whom she was about to practice an innocent deception, and begged that Lord Malmesbury would forward a letter she would write to him as Madame François; intending to explain the matter when she met him. The result was that the consul claimed her, and she was sent to Paris. She entered his presence in fear and trembling, and confessed everything. But she met a generous-hearted gentleman, full of sympathy for her troubles, and eager to help her in every way. He advised her to go to a certain hotel, and call on him whenever she required his aid. When she reached the hotel, she found she had just five francs. But this did not matter so much if she could discover her relatives. So she hired the cheapest room in the house, and sat down to write a letter to her brother-in-law, the Marquis of Gontaut, telling him that Josephine, now Madame François, had come to Paris on business, and wished to see him. After waiting for the answer, which seemed to take an age in arriving, she received the messenger only to learn that he had given the letter to a gentleman, who appeared very angry after reading it, and told him he knew no Madame François. She had prepared another letter for her grandmother, and addressed it to her father's house in the Rue Royale, — then the Rue de la Révolution, — and awaited the reply with renewed agitation. The messenger returned with the news that all the people who had formerly lived in that house had been guillotined, and the person to whom she wrote was unknown there. She was heart-broken, and even the loss of the two francs she had to give the messenger added to her troubles. "I wanted to be alone. I shut the door, and threw myself on my knees, asking God for courage to endure the trials that had become so painful. What was going to become of me? To whom could I address myself? Who would take pity

on me? Without other resources than my three francs, what was I to do?"

Strange to say, she fell into a profound and refreshing slumber upon her knees, from which she was aroused in the middle of the night by her brother-in-law, who was at first astounded and indignant at her imprudence in venturing into Paris. He and his wife had been for nearly a year in prison, and were about to take their place in the fatal tumbril the very morning that Robespierre was guillotined. But when he learned the object of her visit, he was kind, and eager to serve her. He advised her to resume her family name of Montault, which she could do with comparative safety. He conducted her to her grandmother, whom she longed to see and console.

"My grandmother had known, and in part witnessed, the horrors of the time; and then the arrest of her brother, her son torn from her arms, with no possibility of learning their fate! She could only scan, with the keenness of agonizing love, the tumbrils that conducted the condemned to the scaffold, in search of those dear to her. To see that they were not there was for this hapless sister and mother a hope that another day had been granted them. But at last the cruel hour arrives, and the dull rumbling of these carriages of horror, the hideous noise she knows so well, is heard in the distance; she shudders, and gazes eagerly into the carts. They are there! They see her, also. She utters a piercing shriek. When she reached this point (poor mother!) she could say no more, and her faithful attendant told me they heard, or thought they heard, the crunch of the fatal knife that ended the lives of her brother and her son on Place Louis XV. She did not become mad, but she believed and hoped she would die. Then this angel of resignation and sanctity found, after a time, relief for her anguish in prayer. She even found a consolation in thinking of the Christian heroism of the martyrs. 'The conduct of the priests,' she said to me, 'was sublime beyond expression; all, rather than renounce their faith, preferred death. It was impossible to weary their patient endurance.'"

When Madame de Gontaut received the precious documents that were to insure the comfort of her family, she determined to leave at once for England. It was nearly time. The 18th Fructidor (September 4, 1797) had occurred. There was every evidence of the approach of a new Reign of Terror, and France for some time was little likely to be a safe resting-place for the wife of an émigré. She started in a post chaise, and reached Calais, not without meeting some adventures by the way.

Shortly after her arrival in England, led by her irrepressible devotion to the royal family of France, she traveled from Dover to Edinburgh, in order to be near the Count of Artois. She rode in a little one-horse phaeton, in which were packed herself, her maid, her husband, and two children. The journey lasted over a fortnight, and must have been uncomfortable to ordinary people. But Madame de Gontaut was the heartiest of optimists, and we suspect there was a spice of the gypsy in the patrician. She looked on the whole expedition as altogether delightful.

It is hopeless for us to try to analyze, or even understand, the devotion which led thousands of the loftiest and purest of men cheerfully to sacrifice their lives for the Stuarts or the Bourbons. The sentiment that produced it is as alien to our mode of thinking as some inexplicable rite of the Hittites or Ugrians would be. The emotion of Madame de Gontaut at the condescension of the Count of Artois in crossing the quadrangle of Holyrood Palace to meet her, who had traveled six hundred miles to meet him, would be ludicrous, if it were not almost pathetically genuine. "He advanced, with his frank and noble graciousness, to thank me for coming. I was tempted to fall on my knees, in presence of such grand

and serene resignation." Yet the prince who provoked such adoration had few princely qualities, except a noble bearing and the capacity of looking young and handsome even when over seventy. "Charles X.," says Lamartine, "never had a wrinkle on his countenance. Thought makes wrinkles, and Charles X. never thought."

There were circumstances in Madame de Gontaut's relations with this prince that might, one would think, have damped the ardor of her loyalty. The Marchioness of Polastron, the victim of this middle-aged Lothario, — in her fall and in her repentance the Louise de la Vallière of the last Bourbon king, — was her near relative. Madame de Gontaut's account of the remorse and death of this poor woman is one of the most affecting in the entire work. It is much fuller, more vivid and interesting, than anything on the same subject in the Restoration of Lamartine, or in the much-padded volumes of Saint-Amand. Yet the fact remains that, while Madame de Gontaut was principally instrumental in leading her cousin to the goal of humble and heart-felt repentance, it would appear never to have entered the thoughts of this model wife and saintly woman to blame the greater sinner of the two! Truly, for Madame de Gontaut, "the divinity that doth hedge a king" was an impenetrable and an unapproachable mystery. We may remark in passing that the Count of Artois took a solemn vow at the death-bed of Madame de Polastron which he kept up to his death. However foolish he was to show himself as a king, as a man he was thenceforward blameless.

After a year the little French colony in Edinburgh broke up, and Madame de Gontaut returned to London. We wish our space would allow us to transcribe her long interview with George III., which is of considerable historical value. Speaking of the French Revolution, the stubborn monarch said, "It went against the grain to be forced to recognize one republic. Be sure that strange things must happen when I recognize two of them." He informed her that England was greatly indebted to Marshal Biron, the granduncle of Madame de Gontaut's daughters; for nothing less, indeed, than the release of Lord Rodney, admiral of the American fleet, who was arrested for debt on his way through Paris to join his command. Marshal Biron, from a chivalrous motive, paid the debt and released him from prison. He feared it might be said that the arrest of the English admiral was caused by the alarm the French government felt at the thought of an encounter between his fleet and theirs. However, Madame de Gontaut found her advantage in the transaction. The king recommended Parliament to grant her daughters a pension, and so she was no longer in dread of the *res angusta domi*.

She carefully gave her children the same wise training her mother had given herself, and was at the same time a welcome guest in society, enjoying it heartily. Her first meeting with the Duke of Wellington, at Cheltenham, was sufficiently amusing. She was staying with Lady Templeton and her sister, Miss Upton, who were so fond of her that they wished to have her entirely to themselves, and made her very uncomfortable by their jealousy of her other friends.

"One morning I received a letter from Lady Mornington, asking me to show some attention to her brother-in-law, Arthur Wellesley, who had returned from India covered with glory, and was about to seek repose under his laurels at Cheltenham. 'He knows no one there,' wrote Lady Mornington. 'It will be a charity to take care of him.' He would arrive, she said, on that very day, and would look me up. He would also do himself the honor of making the acquaintance of Lady Templeton and Miss Upton. For nothing in the world would I have neglected to comply with such a request, and

I declared I should at once set out to find the person entrusted to my good offices; a member of a family for every one of which I had a sincere attachment.

"My companions were far from sharing my enthusiasm. The indolence of Lady Templeton took alarm; the jealousy of Miss Upton was inflamed. Both 'were awfully bored at the idea of having the man on their hands, of whom they knew absolutely nothing; it would be, oh dear! such a terrible bore, don't you know?' And so, lo and behold, discord invaded our tranquil realm, which reminded me of the fable of my childhood, — 'The hens were living peacefully until the cock arrived,' etc. Without paying any attention to these murmurs, I started for the pump-room in search of the new-comer. I had the greatest difficulty in prevailing upon Miss Upton to be my companion. I ran over the list of arrivals, found the name Wellesley, and read it aloud, so that Miss Upton should hear it. She listened with the grim composure of her nation. A stranger beside me was also reading the same list. He put his finger on a name, and said, regarding me with a smile, 'Madame de Gontaut?' Was it not charming? We had never met, and here we knew each other at once! Miss Upton would have liked to escape, but I took good care she should not have the chance. I set Arthur Wellesley at his ease by proposing to conduct him to Lady Templeton, and presented him to Miss Upton. But my shy companion said not a word. We started homeward, Sir Arthur offering me his arm, which I accepted. In the midst of our journey a terrible catastrophe! My garter got loosened, and fell at the feet of Wellesley! To drop one's garter there in full noonday, — in England, of all places in the world! It was terrible. I confess I blushed. He picked it up, and, with a graceful and well-bred smile, said, 'Now is the time or never to say, Honi soit qui mal y pense.' 'Lucky for you,' Miss Upton whispered in my ear, 'it was clean.' I answered, 'Just what I was thinking.'"

Sir Arthur Wellesley made many confidences to Madame de Gontaut during their long promenades, among which the following is not the least interesting: —

"One evening he told me of a trouble that disturbed him much. 'In a few days,' he said, 'I must leave Cheltenham for Ireland, on a business that may influence my whole future. In very early youth I became attached to Miss Pakenham, a sweet girl, pretty and good. We were betrothed. She was very young, and so was I. I had a passionate desire to enter the army, and we parted, but with the hope of meeting again some day. Years passed. Miss Pakenham took the smallpox. She wrote to me that, while she put me in mind of my promise, she must warn me she was no longer pretty. It would seem the smallpox, in injuring her beauty, had not impaired her memory.' He said this in a way peculiar to himself, and I could not help laughing. 'The promise is there, and I am bound in honor to keep it; and it was noble in her to write to me with such simplicity and truth. I am, then, leaving for Ireland. Perhaps I may pass through here on my return, alone or with her.'" He did return, and with his bride.

Madame de Gontaut exclaims, with not unnatural complacency, "My *protégé* at Cheltenham became the Duke of Wellington, and my father's at the École Militaire of Paris was — the Emperor Napoleon!"

Her return to London took place in the height of the season, and she was not at all disinclined to be a participator, though never sacrificing duty to pleasure, in the hurly-burly of Vanity Fair. She even attended masquerades, but warns her grandchildren, for whom she wrote these memoirs in her eighty-first year, and who might naturally be scandalized at the escapades of their venerable relative, that a masquerade in London was

a very innocent affair, and did not at all resemble its dubious namesake of Paris. At one of these entertainments she met the notorious Lady Hester Stanhope.

"There was a festival of this sort given in a magnificent garden by a lady whose name I cannot for the life of me recall. Every one noticeable in society was present, and I went there in the company of Lady Clarendon, her sister, Mrs. Wilmot, etc. We were disguised as fortune-tellers. Mrs. Wilmot sustained her character with much spirit, but she had the unlucky idea to bring a donkey with her, a real donkey with panniers, and it was the centre of our party; and lo, in the middle of the music the ass became frightened, and commenced braying with such persistence that Mrs. Wilmot could not utter a single word of the sentences she had prepared. Every one crowded round us, roaring with laughter, and we had to do our best to conceal our agony of shame under a brazen exterior. This was not all. At the moment we were retiring to hide our diminished heads, Mr. Pitt brought his niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, to Mrs. Pole, with the request that she would chaperon the young lady, as this was her first entrance into society. This was not so easy. Lady Hester was in a decidedly bad temper. She evidently did not care to be patronized by her uncle or anybody else. She recognized, however, the necessity of joining us. She was dressed in a garb in which there was nothing feminine except the mask. This was the first time I met her. She struck me as being very tall, very lean, very decided, and very independent. When she saw our donkey speaking, and ourselves as silent as the grave, she said aloud, with the utmost coolness and contempt, 'You are all a good deal more *bêtes* than your ass!'

"Lady Clarendon, who was anxious to chaperon her, followed her in every direction, but could never reach her. When Lady Hester happened to pass near us, she would cry out, 'Don't bother yourselves about me! I am independent.' The after life of this lady among the wild tribes of Mount Lebanon is known to the world."

Madame de Gontaut, as was to be expected, was one of the most important personages at the court of the Bourbons after the Restoration. She held high rank in the royal household, and when she was appointed governess of the children of France she had the most exalted office a subject could fill. Her observations on men and events are very keen and brilliant, and make the latter portion of her Memoirs perhaps the most valuable part of the book. As an instance of how "coming events cast their shadows before," the following incident is significant. The king, Charles X., was opening Parliament in the Louvre.

"The dais prepared for the royal family was the same as that used on similar occasions by the late sovereign. Through inadvertence, a little piece of wood had been left on it, against which the king, not observing, struck his foot. He staggered a little, and the movement caused him to drop his hat, which he held under his arm. The Duke of Orleans picked it up. The Duchess of Orleans said to me, 'See! the king was near falling, but my husband saved him.' 'No, madame,' I answered, 'Monseigneur did not save his Majesty; he only picked up his hat.' At that moment the dauphiness turned round and looked at me. We did not speak of this till six years later, but neither of us had forgotten it."

The system employed by the Duchess of Gontaut in the education of the royal children might be well worthy of study even in the present time, when the mind is bewildered amid the multiplicity and complexity of pedagogic methods. We cannot enter fully on the subject here. She was particularly anxious to arm her youthful charges against the poison of flattery, a baneful plague to which young

princes must certainly, in the nature of things, be more susceptible than any other class of human beings.

"One morning the prince and princess were playing. It was their hour of recreation. I was informed that a party of ladies and gentlemen requested to see them for a few minutes. As I had already been induced to make a sort of promise, I could not refuse. Although the prince and princess were usually gentle and obliging, they were made a little peevish by having to give up their game. Still, I could see that the absurd compliments paid by their visitors were telling on them. Their beauty was admired, and even their hair was spoken of as something divine; but what pleased them particularly was the admiration expressed for their charming sweetness. I was disgusted with such gross, exaggerated compliments, and soon put an end to the interview. I saw that my pupils, naturally frank and upright, were half pleased and half embarrassed by praises so little deserved. At this very moment, fortunately, a half-open door gave them an opportunity of hearing the strangers as they were leaving.

"'Well, indeed, it was not worth while to come so far and see so little!' grumbled an old lady, evidently very much ruffled. 'Oh, for that matter, they were as dumb as snails,' remarked a fat youth. 'They could hardly find two words to thank papa and mamma for all the fine things they said about them. Did n't I find it hard to keep from laughing, papa, when you said, "What lovely complexions! What beautiful hair!" Why, she is as pale as an egg, and cropped like a boy!' 'Very true what you say, my lad,' returned the old lady. 'Doctor, it would n't be a bad thing for her if she took a little of your medicine. And then what puny little shrimps they are for their age!' 'Did you notice the governess?' continued the fat youth. 'Was n't she in a temper when you spoke of their sweet dispositions! But the little fools were as proud of it all as peacocks.' The rest of the conversation was lost in the distance, but the prince and princess had heard enough. They remained rooted to the spot. 'Oh, what bad people!' cried the Duke of Bordeaux. 'They are simply a few of the flatterers you are sometimes fond of hearing,' I said. 'After never stopping praising us for a moment, and saying a hundred times and more that they thought us charming, and how beautiful we were!' said Mademoiselle. 'And I heard them say, the nasty things, that they would like to give me medicine, because I am so ugly and ill looking! Did any one ever hear the like! I know now what you mean by flattery. It is to say what is n't the truth. Why, it is a sin! I will always remember that.' The lesson was providential. They felt instinctively a truth I could never have so well impressed on their minds of myself."

Although Madame de Gontaut carefully abstained from meddling with public affairs not connected with her office, her passionate devotion to her sovereign led her to transgress this rule when the king expressed his intention of appointing Prince de Polignac prime minister, and also when he was about to issue the fatal *ordonnances*. She had a more vivid perception of the dangers that surrounded him than his ministers and courtiers. Her eloquent and indeed statesmanlike protests against both measures were vain. The royal line which the gods had doomed was not to be saved by a woman.

She accompanied her sovereign into exile, following him into Scotland and Bohemia. But she was destined to be another witness to the fact that the intrigues and jealousies of a mock court are generally more intense and bitter than those of a real one. Those who were wedded to the idea of a French monarchy such as it was before the Revolution feared that her influence

over her young pupils might weaken in their minds the rigid allegiance to the principle of right divine in which they would have them trained. So, happily for herself, after a few years of banishment she was forced to return to her family. Her daughters had married into two of the noblest houses in France: one was the wife of the Prince de Léon, and the other of Count Bourbon-Busset, the heir of a younger branch of the royal line. Their married life would appear to have been ideally happy, and their mother, after a checkered career, spent a peaceful and pleasant old age in the midst of her children and grandchildren, who admired and almost worshiped her. She must have been a very happy and lively old woman indeed to take up her pen at the end of fourscore years, and write such a bright, gossipy work as she has written, simply to please her granddaughters, never expecting it would meet the eyes of the public.

The words with which she concludes her Memoirs may well end this brief study of the career of a remarkable woman: —

"It only remains for me, then, to render thanks to God for all that he has already granted me on this earth. The love of my children and the esteem of all have amply rewarded a life filled with sacrifices. I have walked through the world in the full light of day, holding the hands of the illustrious pupils who have ever been my glory, the thought of whom supports and beautifies the few years that may be left to me. May the recollections I have just traced afford some interest to my children, and long remind them of a mother who has always kept the first place in her heart for them!"

PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN ROME.

In Pagan and Christian Rome,[1] Signor Lanciani, the engineer and antiquarian, whose lectures in this country will be remembered with pleasure by many, has given to English readers another volume of Roman antiquities strung upon a slender thread of general subject. As it is a long way from the farmer's plough to the table of the citizen, so the distance is very great from the spade of the antiquarian to the mind of the reading public. Signor Lanciani essays to communicate directly with the reader, without having recourse to any middleman.

This method has its distinct advantages as well as its compensating drawbacks. No knowledge is so interesting as that which comes to us with the suggestion that it is absolutely new to others as well as to ourselves. No matter how dry a subject may be, or how ill presented, it cannot help being attractive when we find it out ourselves, or participate in the anxiety of the search and the satisfaction of the discovery; and we do so participate by sympathy whenever information is given fresh from the inventor's brain, with a narrative of the search. It is almost as if we had done the thing with him. And however thirsty men's minds are for knowledge in general, it is after all the chase that pleases far more than the game. To seek, whether one finds or not, is the natural attitude of the human intellect. It is sometimes said that "there is no culture in facts;" but certainly in the search for facts is all the culture there

[1] *Pagan and Christian Rome.* By Rodolfo Lanciani. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

is or can be. So, dealing directly with the investigator is second only to being an investigator one's self.

On the other hand, the mental attitude of the investigator is rarely the one most suitable for the presentation of knowledge in an organized, well-digested form. The preparation of a monograph requires a very different kind of mental effort from that employed in setting forth a large subject completely and lucidly, with all its parts in logical order, each in its due proportion and proper perspective. The microscopic myopia necessary for the discovery of new truths nowadays is at least a hindrance to a broad general view of a subject, and a series of monographs and *notizie dei scavi* does not constitute an effective treatise.

Thus, Signor Lanciani's book is not merely an account of the great discoveries which he has himself made, and with which he has been connected, discoveries whose value is recognized by all students of classic literature, of art, and of religion, nor is it strictly an account of the changes from Pagan to Christian Rome. Such a narrative would require a dozen volumes like his, and, despite the wealth of material already discovered, is not yet ready to be written. His book is in some manner an attempt to combine the two. It is distinctly a popular book, and in its handsome binding and fine workmanship a "holiday" volume. It gives a running account of recent discoveries in the field and in the archives in which the author has been concerned, interspersed with much other material, illustrative and explanatory, for those who have little or no previous knowledge of the subject. As these discoveries bring to light important links between the two great civilizations, the book may well enough be called by the title which the author has given it. But almost inevitably some things are introduced which are not directly connected with his theme, and hence there is an occasional aspect of scrappiness, an occasional cicerone style, which is perhaps unavoidable.

It is doubtful, however, whether the author could have found any more effective form of presentation for the general reader than that which he has chosen. The compromise between a scientific and a popular method has been on the whole very well managed. He is a picturesque and an enthusiastic writer, and gives a very vivid if not always exact impression of whatever he wishes to convey. We share in his delight at important discoveries, and feel a sense of proprietorship in them, so contagious is his enthusiasm. The whole gets a freshness that could not be given to a formal treatise on the subject, however eloquent. The zeal of the actual discoverer shines through the statement even of things which have been known to investigators for many years. For along with the new discoveries there is a great deal of old matter, which either gets or gives new significance when taken in connection with the later discoveries; and most of what is given is hidden in scientific publications and in foreign languages.

Besides the actual facts recorded, there are many suggestions of points of view which, though not new to archæologists, are quite strange to most American readers. Few persons, for instance, have any adequate idea of the nature and action of the forces which effected the union of the Pagan and Christian civilizations. Our natural divisions of history tend to make us consider the dates B. C. and those A. D. as far apart as the epochs of Chinese and American history. Our sense of a Christian inheritance makes us think that Paganism and Christianity were mutually irreconcilable forces, waging a war of extermination; and this is especially true in this country, where the intellectual and ethical sides of religion are more prominent than sides which manifest themselves in the sensuous cults of the Old World.

The first chapter of this book suggests an entirely different point of view. It gives some idea of the gradual fungus-like growth of the new sect, beginning with Jewish slaves, and propagating itself until it had permeated the whole structure of society, so that when the time came for the state establishment of Christianity under Constantine it was already established. It also gives a hint at the ease with which Pagan usages were bodily transferred and incorporated, or were utilized and absorbed, into the new system. One begins to think that Christian and Pagan are not such contradictory terms, after all.

The second chapter, on Pagan Shrines and Temples, even in its somewhat rambling form, will give many persons new ideas of the simplicity and godly sincerity of the Roman religion. Particularly the accounts of *ex voto* offerings and the details of sacrifices suggest how intimately the ancient religions entered into all the affairs of life. The shrine of Diana Nemorensis could not have differed much from that of Our Lady of Lourdes or of La Bonne Ste. Anne, either in its use or its efficacy; and the state of mind of Tullia Superiana, who put up a tablet to Minerva showing her gratitude for the restitution of her hair, must have been much the same as that of a modern Catholic devotee or of Mr. Moody on the Spree.

All persons interested in the history of religion, who are not antiquarian specialists, will find much food for thought in the whole of this chapter. Perhaps the most interesting detail is the account of the discoveries relating to the Secular Games, — that great festival of Augustus, which is inseparably associated with the name of Horace. This account has appeared before in The Atlantic Monthly, but it well deserves preservation in a more permanent but still popular form. By the way, the inscription printed at the end of the book is a blunder for which, we are told, Signor Lanciani is in no way responsible. Possibly he ought to have given it for publication in a correct form, but the incorrect transcription is not his work at all. This error might be easily remedied.

The relief representing a Roman family "going to church," so to speak, on page 83, is a lesson in Roman private life worth a score of treatises on ancient religious feeling. We are familiar with state sacrifices, and are accustomed to regard them as perfunctory ceremonials, at which the officials winked at one another whenever they could do so unnoticed by the ignorant crowd; but the private devotions even of princes and potentates are rarely brought to our attention. The reliefs of which the one given is a specimen have long been known, it is true, but in this connection, and in the more enlightened state of the public on the subject of religion, they acquire new significance.

The final settlement of the location of the Capitol is interesting to travelers and classical students, categories which must include all readers of The Atlantic. The discoveries described by the author are not strictly new, but they are certainly not well known, and the facts told in regard to the use made of this great temple, as well as others, belong to very recondite lore.

The account of the discovery of the temple of Isis and Serapis, a discovery which really uncovers a period of more than five hundred years, shows the peculiar position of foreign cults in the Roman religion, and throws light on the status of the Jewish and Christian cults. In fact, throughout the book there are many suggestions bearing upon the obscure history of Christianity in the first two centuries.

The third chapter, Christian Churches, though containing much that is interesting, does not seem to us so good as the preceding chapters. In fact, much of it seems, in its general tendency, to be misleading. The statement of the origin of

the Christian house of worship is, to our thinking, especially wrong. The theory advanced, not, to be sure, as certain, but as the only one worth mentioning, is clearly incorrect. It is very likely that the private house suggested the appropriateness of the form later adopted, but the Christian basilica cannot possibly be separated from the Roman basilica, a secular edifice, which was itself borrowed from Greece long before Christianity was thought of. Again, the account of the origin of the two great churches of St. Peter and St. Paul contains much that is extremely doubtful. Still, after all, there are so many things that are certain and almost entirely unknown to Protestant readers that we may well be glad to have the whole in so interesting a form, particularly when the uncertainties are in matters which to Protestants are unimportant. Whether St. Peter or St. Paul was buried exactly in one spot or another concerns only pilgrims (but who is not one to the Eternal City, in some sense?) and devotees. At any rate, as the old story goes, "Abram *was* thar, or tharabouts." But the evolution of the basilica is a more important matter.

The fourth and fifth chapters have rather more of the guidebook quality than is observable in the others. In them there is hardly any notice of modern discoveries, or of any facts not to be found in various sources of information; but the matter is in itself very interesting and extremely well told. The popular accounts of the Monumentum Ancyranum and of the manner of its preservation, of the obsequies of Augustus and his mausoleum, of the ruins on the Via Quirinale and Venti Settembre, of the later imperial tombs, all written from the point of view of the investigator, although the remains were discovered long ago, have an interest which no learned disquisition could possibly have, even if such were easily accessible to the public. The reader feels like taking his spade and digging in his own back yard for relics of the Norsemen or the Indians, and rewriting a chapter or two of American history. There is a peculiar sensation from the idea of living on a soil that consists of innumerable strata of past civilizations, and treading, like the Italian, on the certain relics and possible treasures of departed potentates. Think of going to a circus (as we did once) in the mausoleum of the great Augustus, or of picking up a missing page in the world's history while mending your drain!

The notice of the papal tombs, in the fifth chapter, is less redolent of antiquity, but is perhaps not less effective upon the imagination. The whole chapter, though a list of relics, is written in the spirit of the discoverer, and not of the showman, and, interspersed as it is with bits of ecclesiastical and Italian history, becomes so interesting that one forgets to inquire whether he is reading a guidebook of Rome or a history of the Popes.

The two chapters on Pagan and Christian Cemeteries are among the most interesting in the book. Nothing is so human as death, so that tombstones and burial rites always have a most pathetic interest; and the Romans seem to have been more simple and natural in their "mortuary utterances," if we may venture on such an expression, than almost any other people. Their very lack of inventive genius tended to give a special realism to the records thus preserved. The tombs furnish also some of the best preserved specimens of works of art in all its various forms. Paintings, stucco, sculpture, gem-cutting, and metal work are all represented in the tombs lately discovered by the author, or mentioned in connection with them.

The account of "the marvelous boy," Quintus Sulpicius Maximus, on page 281, is as good as an American "short story." It is a pity that the artists among them should have made such a botch of his statue as the reproduction opposite page 282. The objects found in the grave of

Crepereia Tryphæna, represented opposite page 302, make a whole chapter of girl life. So, again, we find the record of Helius the shoemaker, who left in stone his portrait and the insignia of his trade, and of the Christian, Alexander the dentist, whose tomb is a suggestive memorial of that now honored profession. In fact, throughout the book there are constant hints at the continuity of civilization and the "solidarity" of human nature, which will appeal to the public much more strongly, perhaps, from the somewhat disjointed manner in which they are introduced.

The discovery of a marble statue of Christ, a few years ago, prompts Signor Lanciani to a most interesting excursus on Christian art in the catacombs, and particularly the types of the figure of Christ in art. This part is made more valuable by frequent citations of authorities. An illustration taken from the catacombs, given on page 357, will perhaps suggest new ideas to many as to the early celebration of the Lord's Supper. Our modern symbolism has become much etherealized since the time when "*Irene da calda*" and "*Agape misce mi*" could be regarded as religious mottoes.

On the whole, in spite of many statements which, if not untrue, are at least "premature," the book is a valuable one. Signor Lanciani is, as it were, a "romantic" archæologist. It is probable that he owes his success in great part to this quality. His constructive imagination often enables him to scent a conclusion where other less active minds are at fault, and his conclusions turn out, in the main, sound; but occasionally a *salto mortale* over a gap where the stepping-stones are faint or insecure takes him in the wrong direction. Thus, on page 4, the tombstone assigned to Marcus Acilius Glabrio, consul A. D. 91, cannot possibly be his, nor is there the slightest convincing evidence that he was a Christian. We might almost as well infer from the aquatic exploits of the "Adams boys" that John Adams was a yachtsman. There is no doubt that Christianity, coming in at the back door, so to speak, did make some progress in the salon and win over some of the great. The indications which Signor Lanciani gives point clearly in that direction; but when it comes to proving the Christianity of particular individuals, it is a much more difficult matter. Even in the case of St. Petronilla it is uncertain what her relation was to the Petronilla who was the favorite (*delicata*) of Flavius Clemens. How early any members of the Flavian family were won over to Christianity is uncertain. It was in the nature of things that the new religion should work its way silently, and leave slight records of its onward advance.

The style of the book is marvelous for a foreigner. We have found hardly an error in the application of words. One, however, on page 22, is misleading. The word "uncompromising" is used where the author evidently means "noncommittal." A hasty reading might wholly obscure the sense of the passage.

The mechanical execution of the book is admirable, except the one picture mentioned above. In fine, if one reads the book through, from one scarlet cover to the other, he cannot fail to be continually interested and edified; and nobody but a reviewer could ask that the book should be other than what it purports to be and is.

SYMONDS'S LIFE OF MICHELANGELO.

Mr. Symonds's Life of Michelangelo[1] is the fourth exhaustive biography of the great master which has been issued in the past thirty years. This is a remarkable fact, not to be paralleled in the case of any other artist, nor, so far as we recall, of any other of the world's great men. Three centuries and more after his death, historians are busying themselves with Michelangelo almost as if his life were of contemporary interest; and in addition to the four biographies we have mentioned, many smaller treatises have been devoted to a discussion of his work. Why is this? That Michelangelo was one of the few supreme men, and therefore that he is of perpetual significance, will hardly account for all the attention he has recently received. The dominant explanation is that it is only within the past generation that materials for an adequate biography have been set free. In 1858, his house, with its archives, was bequeathed to the city of Florence, and in the following year the British Museum bought a large batch of his letters. The celebration, in 1865, of the four hundredth anniversary of his birth further stimulated research; the result being that all the biographies which had been written previous to 1860 — we except, of course, the lives by Condivi and Vasari, which appeared during his lifetime — have been permanently superseded.

The earliest biographer to avail himself of this new material was the German, Grimm, whose diffuse volumes still enjoy an exaggerated vogue. Grimm had the advantage of first occupying the field, which always counts for much, and by using Michelangelo's career as a thread on which to string much discursive information about the history of Italy from the time of Pius II. to the Council of Trent, and many reflections on the fine arts, from Cimabue to Cornelius, he produced an entertaining book. Thirty years ago the Renaissance was less familiar to English readers than it is now, and they were willing to hear what Grimm chose to tell about it while he was incidentally narrating the life of his hero. We need not now insist that this method does justice neither to Michelangelo nor to the Renaissance. He was not a great political figure; he was only indirectly affected by many of the political events to which Grimm devotes much space. With equal relevance might a biographer of Shakespeare deem it incumbent upon him to write the history of England during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Therefore, as we have now books in which we can study the Renaissance in proper historical perspective, it seems likely that Grimm's work, which already shows signs of flagging, will not much longer hold its popularity.

Still, by borrowing from Michelangelo's letters at the British Museum, Grimm was able here and there to reveal many lifelike personal traits, an achievement in which he was surpassed by Gotti, the second of the recent biographers. Gotti had access to the Buonarroti archives, and also to the artist's complete correspondence. He restricted himself to the writing of a life instead of a history, and though his style is dull, marked by that tendency to adjectives and the superlative which Italian writers on art and history have not yet overcome, his biography is still the best. Heath Wilson, a patient and discriminating if not

[1] *The Life of Michelangelo Buonarroti.* Based on Studies in the Archives of the Buonarroti Family at Florence. By John Addington Symonds. With Etched Portrait and Fifty Reproductions from the Works of the Master. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

an original student of art, proposed to translate Gotti's book into English; but he soon began to paraphrase and to add, until in the end he produced a work which he could fairly call his own. Paying more attention to Michelangelo's art than to his personality, and investigating with much perseverance the remaining frescoes, statues, and drawings, Heath Wilson's is a valuable contribution to a technical understanding of the subject; but his translations from the Italian, whether of Gotti's text or of Michelangelo's letters, display an ignorance of the rudiments of that language which none but an Englishman, with John Bull's hereditary contempt for foreigners and their speech, would have been willing to display.

These being the most important modern lives of Michelangelo, Mr. John Addington Symonds now publishes a fourth. His qualifications for such a task are well known. His voluminous history of the Italian Renaissance, not less than many detached essays, showed him to be familiar with this period not only in its broader phases, but in most of its less explored crannies. He had treated with equal luminousness subjects so different as the philosophy of Giordano Bruno, the rollicking songs of the Goliardi, and the crimes of the fifteenth-century despots. We have come to look for the careful collation of much material, and the straightforward presentation of it, in whatever he writes. He assimilates readily, and often forgets that he did not originate the views he has absorbed. In a word, he is the type of a scholar of remarkable breadth and insatiate curiosity, who has at the same time a faculty of fluent expression uncommon to most scholars. Richter somewhere says that in literature there are two classes: one, of those who, like a great ship, bring a rich cargo from far-off lands; and the other, of those who, like barges or lighters, unload and distribute that cargo. We have no hesitation in assigning Mr. Symonds to the latter class; many are the rich galleons he has helped to unload.

But this lack of originality would not necessarily preclude Mr. Symonds from being an excellent biographer. Lewes, in the last generation, did, in different fields, work similar to that which Symonds has been doing in our time, and Lewes certainly produced an excellent life of Goethe. Mr. Symonds's defects lie deeper. He is essentially an essayist and critic rather than a narrator; and we hold that whoever would write good history or biography, which is merely history in detail, must have the story-teller's gift. This he has not, and no amount of erudition can compensate for its absence. Despite accumulated details and lucid explanations, he never makes us feel that the men and time he describes are quite alive; at most they are galvanized into a semblance of life.

Having spoken in these general terms in order to show that we have applied the highest tests to Mr. Symonds's new work, we are aware that generalizations are often partial, and that many books which fall below the highest yet merit consideration, and even great esteem, and this we can truly say of his Life of Michelangelo. He has not been led into Grimm's error of submerging the artist's career in the flood of public events in which he was only partly concerned; he has more literary skill than Gotti; he is not so technical as Heath Wilson. He has endeavored to bring out Michelangelo's personality in deep relief, without, however, slighting his works, and he has furnished a sufficient but not too extensive account of political happenings; and yet his book has stretched to nearly nine hundred pages, more than twice the length of Gotti's volume of biography. Part of this expansion is due to legitimate causes, — to the insertion of new material, and of copious translations from the letters and from Condivi; but the larger part must be charged to the

diffuseness of his style, which, though always lucid, is never terse. He has incorporated what are really essays on the fine arts wherever a pause in the narrative gives an excuse for so doing. His intellectual conscience seems to impose upon him the obligation of expressing an opinion about every minute topic which comes in his way, and this, coupled with incapacity for being emphatic, swells his chapters beyond necessary bounds. We shall always remember four or five pages of Ruskin, whether we agree with them or not; but after a few days, only by a strong effort of memory do opinions which Mr. Symonds expresses at ten times that length emerge from a clinging haze.

Nevertheless, Mr. Symonds has done patiently all that it was in his power to do. You feel respect for the pains he has been at to ferret into the obscure places in Michelangelo's career, and you find carefully set down details gathered from many sources. We are not aware, for instance, that any other biographer has given so precisely the long "tragedy of the tomb" of Julius II.; taking up the various contracts by which Michelangelo was harassed for nearly forty years, describing each plan, and tracing the fate of each fragment of the colossal monument. Equally minute is his description of the Medicean chapel, or of the Sistine frescoes, or of Michelangelo's relations with his fellows. He has swept away, we hope permanently, several of the stock legends; as that Michelangelo worked in morose solitude at the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, envious of the popularity of genial, easy-going Raphael. He has shown anew the absurdity of the common belief that Michelangelo, at past threescore, was romantically in love with Vittoria Colonna, a widow of five and forty, with an absorbing preference for the cloistered life. Since no vehement love affair could be attributed to the master, early biographers and gossips made the most of this Platonic friendship. It is time that the rather cheap romance they fabricated were discarded. Mr. Symonds has also put the sonnets in their proper light, as it is natural that he who long ago made a special study of them should do. But we are astonished that he should blemish a work of this kind by raking up and trying afresh the vile scandals which, if true, could not be proved now, and ought therefore not to be unearthed. To dignify that arch-ruffian, Pietro Aretino, by translating in full the letter in which he vilifies Michelangelo by innuendoes is to show slight respect for decency and a total lack of historical perspective. If all biographers imitated Mr. Symonds in perpetuating the calumnies which blackguards have uttered about great men, we should ask to have the writing of biographies made a penal offense.

It is not our purpose to traverse the main points in Mr. Symonds's criticism of Michelangelo's art. He agrees with the verdict reached by contemporaries three and a half centuries ago, that the quality of *terribleness* distinguishes Michelangelo's paintings and statues from all others. He recognizes in part the validity of Ruskin's strictures, but he maintains that to see only "anatomical diagrams" in the Sistine frescoes is to see less than they contain. He separates, somewhat arbitrarily perhaps, the artist's development into several periods, laying less stress than usual on the effect the newly discovered antique statues are supposed to have produced on Michelangelo's style, and he assumes that an unrecorded early visit to Orvieto revealed to him in Signorelli's frescoes a pattern for his own. Mr. Symonds's elaborate word pictures of the sculptures and paintings confirm the opinion we had previously formed as to the futility of attempting to convey by language any adequate notion of the quality of a work of art. A description of the artist's subject may well enough be given, but when the critic digresses into technical disser-

tations on values, and lights and shades, and modeling, — much more, when he gives rein to his fancy or his sentiment, and tells what impression the work produced on him, — he indulges in loquacity of little profit to any student who has not the given work before his eyes. By restraining this tendency, Mr. Symonds could have lessened the bulk of his book without in the least impairing its worth.

But the first question we ask, and the last, is, What manner of man was this Michelangelo? The mighty products of his genius remain. For well-nigh four centuries they have aroused the wonder of men. One school of æsthetic criticism after another has said its say about them. Every traveler in Rome or Florence has lavished his store of adjectives upon them, and then has turned from the contemplation of the works to speculate upon the character of their maker. His genius we all acknowledge, but what of the man, — what of his daily life, his virtues and defects, his power to cope with the vicissitudes of fortune, his personal, mortal part? All this it is the business of the biographer to answer, if he can, in order that we may learn what sort of an instrument Providence chose for these particular revelations.

Mr. Symonds has endeavored to satisfy this legitimate curiosity, and has not failed to make copious use of well known passages in Condivi and Vasari and in the less known letters. These last, indeed, strike us as the most interesting parts of the book. Their characteristic intensity, their evident sincerity, their vigor of thought even when the language is not terse, make Mr. Symonds's style seem sometimes almost pedestrian by contrast. Certainly, if nothing but the following note remained from Michelangelo's correspondence, we could infer much about his character: "Most blessed father, I have been turned out of the palace to-day by your orders; wherefore I give you notice that from this time forward, if you want me, you must look for me elsewhere than at Rome." Remember that the man who wrote this was then a young sculptor of thirty-one, and that the Pope who received it was Julius II., and you will not be surprised that the writer subsequently modeled the Moses and painted the Last Judgment. On the whole, the more we learn of Michelangelo's character, — his "psychology," as Mr. Symonds is fond of calling it, — the more we are disposed to respect it. The sordidness of his habits, in which he reminds us of Turner, and his ambition to be ranked with the best families of Florence — as if any patent of nobility could have ennobled him — were foibles on the surface. In the depths there were virtues which no mean spirit can harbor: loyal support of his kindred, even when they were ungrateful; candor in an age of overweening despots and truckling courtiers; real religiousness in an age when most men sneered at the religion to which, for prudence' sake, they outwardly conformed; and an unswerving fidelity to the ideals of his art. Mr. Symonds errs, we think, in condescending to refute Lombroso and Parlagreco, two psychologists who have recently classed Michelangelo among the unsane men of genius, alleging as proofs his irritability, his love of solitude, his insensibility to women, his timorousness, and similar evidence. What are the facts? Michelangelo started poor, and though usually ill paid, and though he gave much of his substance to his family and received no compensation at all for very important work, he died passing rich. Do practical men of affairs, whose sanity is taken for granted, achieve more than that? Michelangelo, consecrating his life to his ideal, renounced luxury, curbed his passions, and shunned whatever might interfere with the freest expression of his genius. Are these to be regarded as indications of lack of mental balance? At twenty-four he executed the Pietà, at twenty-seven the David; at thirty he began work on the tomb of

Julius; at thirty-one he drew the cartoon for the Battle of Pisa; at thirty-seven he finished the vault of the Sistine Chapel; at forty he was set to work upon the Church of San Lorenzo; at fifty he was occupied with the Medicean monuments; at fifty-four he superintended the fortifications of Florence; at sixty-six he completed the fresco of the Last Judgment; at seventy-one he was appointed architect of St. Peter's, and worked with unabated vigor till his death in his eighty-ninth year. These are but the foremost of his achievements, any one of which would suffice for the fame of a lesser man, and yet we are bidden to look upon him as morbid, as a neurotic subject! How many average men, who, by their commonplaceness, run no risk of falling under this suspicion, pursue their vocation to the age of eighty-nine? We suspect that Mr. Symonds would have done well to have paid no attention to "psychology" of this kind.

In conclusion, we can assure any one who takes up these volumes that he will find in them all the important facts that have hitherto been published concerning Michelangelo. Of Mr. Symonds's methods, which are those of the essayist rather than of the historian, we have sufficiently indicated the limitations. We feel that the materials are here for a first-rate biography, but the ideal biographer, to do justice to the subject, must possess, besides Mr. Symonds's scholarship, a vigor and grasp and sense of vitality such as characterize Carlyle at his best.

No praise is needed for the many illustrations, well selected and generally well executed, which enrich the work.

PAUL HEYSE.

THE appearance of Herr Paul Heyse's Merlin,[1] in the sixtieth year of the author's age, recalls the fact that this is the age Goethe had reached when he wrote Die Wahlverwandtschaften; and just as Goethe went back, in the latter novel, to the idea that had given origin to Werther, so, by a further singular coincidence, does Merlin revive the moral that underlies Kinder der Welt. In Goethe's case, what is depicted is the conflict that arises when the passions of the individual run counter to the conventions of society. In Herr Paul Heyse's two romances, Kinder der Welt and Merlin, the Faustus creed is preached, that men may work out their own salvation without the conventional props of either society or religion. The hero of Kinder der Welt, who is wanting in all concern for social laws and regard for orthodoxy, is represented as being none the less happy and successful, inasmuch as he progresses steadily along the pathway of art. His duplicate, George, in Merlin, fails so to progress because he commits a fault, gives himself up to inactivity and remorse, — to remorse, which is retrospection, the very reverse of progress, — and ends, in consequence, most miserably.

The substance of the philosophy of the early romance is maintained intact, but Merlin adds to its pagan, masculine creed a provisional clause, — the clause, namely, that man may work out his own salvation, provided only he works. From the moral standpoint, this clause is, therefore, the new element which the book offers. And the fact that the spirit of the provision is qualifying reminds one again of Goethe and Die Wahlverwandt-

[1] *Merlin.* Roman. Von PAUL HEYSE. Berlin: Verlag Wm. Hertz. 1892.

schaften; for what is the mortal resignation of the baron, in Goethe's later novel, but a modification of the mortal despair of Werther, the hero of the poet's younger days? Indeed, authors seldom lose altogether the insights of their youth, but, as we see, they broaden them. In old age the outer eye is far-sighted. The inner eye, on the contrary, sees distant extremes in youth, — sees perfect success or Werther-like despairs. Betimes the spiritual eye takes note of averages and exceptions. And just as society makes laws first, then equity, so do poets first write books, then publish addenda; Merlin being such an addendum, — an addendum made by the author, in the decline of life, to the foregoing works of his early manhood.

At the opening of the tale, the hero, George, is standing in the market place of a provincial city. At a little distance, on the opposite side of the Platz, there is a lank young fellow, in ill-fitting clothes, who wanders among the various groups of market wives. Sometimes he is in the full light of the early morning sunshine; then he disappears under the shadow of one of the umbrellas that are planted like colossal mushrooms in the stone pavement of the square. In one hand he carries a violin case; in the other he holds a bunch of fresh pink radishes. Presently he slips into a dark, open doorway of a house, and opens the case. Within lie ensconced a piece of raw red meat, a heap of white eggs, and some small yellow carrots. He is about adding the radishes surreptitiously to the pretty bit of still life, when George claps him on the shoulder. Philip Flaut is his bosom friend, his faithful, doglike admirer, the most simple-hearted, most gifted Bohemian that ever settled in a conservative town, and had the agonizing happiness of falling in love with the daughter of its conservative rector. At present this daughter is a resident of Philip's *châteaux en Espagne*, so Philip keeps house alone, cooking his own frugal meals. George looks around the den, and declares he wants one exactly like it. Flaut laughs aloud. Let him go to the deuce with his nonsense, not come to him with it. It is quite true, however, and George explains that he has finished his course in law, has traveled, and has taken his degrees, all to please his father. Now, however, that the next step to be taken is one into a permanent profession, he has quarreled with his father, and has entered the profession of his own choice, — authorship, that is. Here he is with seventy-five cents and a manuscript in his pocket, and that is his whole fortune.

Philip, the hungry but happy idealist, blesses him. He loves him more than ever now that he is poor. The father of George's betrothed, however, whom George visits next, politely and timidly invites him, as if he were a stranger, a madman indeed, to please quit the house for good and all. He, Herr Wittekind, the foremost banker of ——, has no notion of letting his financial friends fancy that there is a weak spot in his discreet, well-kept, and pomaded head by finding him doing such a thing as countenancing a voluntary beggar. No, indeed. Precisely of the same mind, too, is the book publisher of the town; for George, who goes to him this time with the purpose of selling poems instead of buying them, meets with a cordial reception until he makes his business known, and then he gets a frigid adieu.

Unabashed, however, by either the money man or the book man, he wends his way to the theatre. The director has a tragedy of his entitled Rosamunda; and there is a *tragédienne* in the troupe, Hannah Fork by name, of imposing height and native grandeur of mien, just the right person for acting the part of his Longobard princess. Does the director not think so himself? At present she is kept in an unnaturally strained state of mind through the presence of an officer to whom she is engaged. But

once upon the stage, in a congenial rôle, she would transport the audience. Not an audience nowadays in such a piece, answers the director brusquely. An audience nowadays does not care for the acting, but for the tendency of a play. Nor does it want dramas the scenes of which are laid in times before the Thirty Years' War. Such dramas may be read; they are not looked at. What the public wants is something real, something relating to the burning questions of the day. Rosamunda will not do; it is too literary. If he had only made it modern in scene, now, and written it in prose!

"All right," George says dryly. "I will. I'll do it to-morrow. I'll make it anti-Jewish in tendency, and write it in prose. I'll kill poetry for you."

The director agrees. It is his care to see that his business is not killed, and he urges a little actress who is present to encourage the author really to work out the scheme of a new Rosamunda.

Oh, he will, George assures him, he will. The realists of the day are constantly boasting of their art as if it were difficult. He will give them a proof of the fact that if idealists do not write like them, it is because they will not, not because they cannot. As for the little actress, Esther, George keeps out of her way. His senses are fascinated by the creature, but his soul loathes her as it does mere cleverness in writing.

What is his surprise, on coming into his lodging, later, to find an invitation to dinner at Herr Wittekind's; at the very house out of which he had but just been turned! George conceives that Lili is behind the matter. Nor is his surmise wrong. Yet Herr Wittekind, under the cheering influence of his excellent champagne, fancies suddenly that the invitation was the result of his own second thought. He sees now that it will increase his financial credit to marry his daughter to George. By Jove! the man must be thought pretty rich who can afford a son-in-law who is a poet. On the spot he asks the company at his table if the scheme is not a capital business trick; and he drinks a toast to George, which George replies to by vowing to himself to relinquish Lili until he has a competency of his own, and by publicly assuring Herr Wittekind that never will he accept a single farthing of his money.

He leaves town afterwards for a farmhouse in the country. Here the only persons whom he sees are his landlord, a very sick man, who is abhorred by his heartless young wife; Abel, the doctor of the factory in a neighboring village; and the hired man. The last steals into the woods with his mistress by night, and George, who sees them from his window, thinks, with a smile of contempt, that a realist in his place would use the pair as material for a romance.

There is a scene in which the actress Esther appears in his lodging, her white, full arms and bosom clothed in a transparent lace, her insidious errand being to request for herself the chief rôle in the revised Rosamunda. George tells her the part has been promised to Hannah Fork. As for the drama itself, which he had rewritten in four weeks, yet which had been accepted by the director and praised by his troupe, George expresses his opinion of that when he tells Abel that society used to take tobacco snuff; now it takes the intellectual stuff manufactured by the man of Bayreuth and the men of the *quartier Latin*.

For himself, he clings with every fibre of his mind to Aristotle and his doctrine of uplifting terror as the true effect of tragedy. So he returns with a sense of deep relief from his anti-Jewish play to the completion of a drama that has the heroic Madame Roland as its central figure. When it is done, at the close of a half-year, he reads it aloud to his friends. They are every one profoundly impressed. All the same, they doubt if he will find a manager in the land to put it upon the stage; and a friendly journalist tells him that Germans will not stand a French

character that is magnanimous. Frenchmen must be represented as either immoral or silly, or be wholly ignored.

Philip Flaut determines to compose an overture to the drama; the only thing against it, in his mind, being Abel's liking for it. This doctor, he jealously thinks, is altogether too much attracted towards Dora, the rector's daughter. He tells her so, too. Dora bursts into laughter, and for a reply begs that he will march straight to her father. She cannot stand finding bits of cabbage leaves in her music-master's violin case any longer. She will have to marry him, or he will ruin that case. But alas! the austere rector cares nothing for the domestic disorder of the bashful musician's house. From his point of view, Philip's soul is in a far worse state than his habitation. Hence he advises him sternly to become a Christian before thinking of becoming his son-in-law, — advice that strikes honest Flaut like a doom, as indeed it does the reader, also, considering what insights he has been given into the innate paganism of the Bohemian's mind.

With the episode of Philip's wooing the middle of the romance is reached. The threads of the story are in a state of utmost complication. From here on, therefore, they begin either to untangle, or to tighten further into fateful, inextricable knots. For Philip, matters set themselves to rights. The rector dies, and he marries Dora; Heaven's fiat putting that of the deceased to naught. So also does the father of George die, leaving so large a fortune that George becomes independent, and weds Lili. But the social knot, as it proves, is not the Gordian one in the destiny of the hero of the tale. That tangle, characteristically enough, is literary. George is represented as putting his foot into its meshes when he consents at last to write a play for the coquettish Esther, — to put off writing heroic tragedies, like his unsuccessful Spartacus, in order to compose a taking piece on Merlin. The step is from the ideal plane of historical drama to that of melodrama, and is a step downward in his art. The consequence of taking it is an almost immediate moral misstep, likewise; for George, like a second Merlin, gives way, in Berlin, on the night of the *première*, to the seductive charms of his temptress.

At home, later, where Lili had succumbed to a contagious disease, caught from their children during his absence, George, as we have said, surrenders himself wholly to sentiments of self-disgust and remorse. His literary work is allowed to remain fragmentary. He neglects his health so that the physical forces degenerate; then his mind grows ill. Esther reappears, and the unexpected sight of her is the cause of an outbreak of insanity, and poor Flaut takes him to an insane asylum. Here George reads through the palings of his ward to Hannah Fork in the adjoining ward, — for Hannah's wrath with him she loved has wrought at last a real madness in her brain, — and from talking with her of tragedy he comes in time to writing a drama. This is founded on the Biblical account of John the Baptist, and George gains permission to enact it in the hall of the asylum, he playing John to Hannah's Herodias. With mad cunning, he concocts a scheme that he keeps secret in his own morbid mind until the opening night. Then Hannah, in her rôle as Herodias, lifts the cloth from the blood-stained platter, to be met with the sight of genuine blood and an actual human head, — George's own!'

There can hardly be imagined, we should say, a scene and moment more original. Upon one side is the raised platform, and on it the crack-brained, tall tragédienne, in complete poise of soul and with grisly, quiet deportment; upon the other is the dark room below, its spectators all stiffening with one harrowing apprehension.

Herr Heyse might well have made

use of the inspiration as an effective close to the madhouse scenes and his hero's life. But evidently the desire not to let an opportunity pass for showing that the true idealist adopts the current sensational methods of realistic writers only when he has become diseased was too urgent and strong for the author. George's daring, therefore, is represented as being a trick; for, although the face in the platter is real, the lips that Hannah kisses are warm, and the eyes that droop for the audience are moved by vital muscles, not by mechanism, beneath the bottomless platter the head is still joined firmly to George's shoulders. The reader has many pages more to peruse ere a suicidal hand is at last turned in earnest against that head.

The story, only the moral and general outlines of which are given here, covers in the original nine hundred pages. That the author should have been able to write it, as he declares he did, in the six weeks of the summer of 1891 is a fact that can be explained only by learning that the main contents of the romance are the ripened fruit of previous years of reflection: the writing was a gathering in rather than a sowing of ideas; a harvest, not a new creation. All the chief incidents of the plot were ready drawn twenty years ago or more, those of the earlier chapters being founded upon events in his own life. The experiences which he underwent when he resigned the prospects offered by a lucrative profession in Berlin, in order to pursue literature in Munich, against the will of the elder (Professor) Heyse, had supplied him with the material necessary for the introductory narrative of the novel, and the picturesque market of der Thal, that had caught his eye on entering Munich, afforded a good scene for the opening description. Then, as for the store of sentiments needful in working up a portraiture of George's character as that of a man of proud independence, Heyse found himself in possession of that in 1868, when King Ludwig II. withdrew the pension of the poet Geibel. It was done as a punishment for Geibel's liberalism in politics, in a despotic manner, and Heyse, out of disgust, for the sake of the dignity of the profession of poetry, threw up his own pension. Similarly, too, with the experiences that he went through in respect to his early drama, Francesca di Rimini: the realism of that piece and the criticism which it met with suggested all that he needed for describing what his hero lived through in regard to his drama Rosamunda. The very reasons that made Heyse repudiate Francesca di Rimini serve as grounds why George disavows his revised Rosamunda. In like manner are the experiences that the publication of the Goddess of Reason called forth in 1881 used in the episode of Madame Roland, and those which accompanied the production of Alcibiades in the account of George's drama Spartacus.

Merlin, in short, was for many years the author's mental diary; and unless his present intention not to write his memoirs be given up, the literary student will hardly come into possession of a better guide through certain circumstances of Herr Heyse's literary life than this romance affords. It fills a place among his books corresponding to that which The Mill on the Floss fills among the writings of George Eliot; there are more personal reminiscences, or rather more analogies of personal reminiscences, in Merlin's pages than have been confided to any other book. The complete author is here, even in such details as his methods and habits of work. For, like his hero, Herr Heyse writes only in the morning, as a rule, while capable, under the pressure of inspiration, of working from twelve to fourteen hours a day. His facility of expression is remarkable; and although he rewrites his dramas several times, all his short stories have been composed in two or three

sittings, and been published just as they were penned at the first writing. The personages of his tales, too, like those of his hero's, are creations of imagination; never does he model them (at least consciously) after his acquaintances in actual life. Just as George closes the window of his chamber that he may not see the peasant's wife as she sneaks at evening into the woods with her paramour, so does Heyse exclude from his poetic vision the gross figures of Labor and vile Lust. The factory in Merlin is kept characteristically in the background of the tale, whereas an open-air sermon of the factory doctor's is allowed to rise by force of innate grandeur into memorable prominence. George Falkner's scorn of fashion in literature, finally, and the front that he starts out to maintain against it, answer, in this symbolical and disguised biography, to the author's own literary attitude.

The motto which, like a bugle note of defiance, opens the tale of Merlin —

> "Ich hab ein Werk mir ausersehen,
> Nicht soll 's der Welt zulieb geschehen" —

could accompany nearly all of Heyse's works; his latest volume of short stories, Aus den Vorgebirgen, as well as his new drama, Wahrheit.

The style in Merlin is broad throughout, and is the same for narrations, descriptive paragraphs, and conversations. A closer likeness to Goethe's Wilhelm Meister and Elective Affinities, in this particular, has not been produced of late years. Like these books, moreover, Merlin abounds with matter superfluous, with Confessions of a Beautiful Soul, in the form of poems, aphorisms, and fragments of tragedies: it is, in short, a genuine poet's vade mecum, or precisely that which nearly every notable German romance of the elder novelists has been for three generations past. M. Brunetière describes "vade mecum" as the *roman teutonique*. The same type of novel was in vogue in France, but died out with the followers of Lamartine. Why does it survive in the Fatherland? M. Brunetière thinks it is because the geographical boundaries of Germany are "sans contours arrêtes, et l'esprit allemand, naturellement informe, se meut à l'aise." But if this be true, how has it come to pass that America should have evolved the opposite type of novel, the concise short story? — a type as peculiar for its exaggerated exclusion of as much as possible as is the vade mecum of the Germans in its inclusion of as much as possible.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Theology. The Bible, the Church, and the Reason, the Three Great Fountains of Divine Authority, by C. A. Briggs. (Scribners.) Whatever the outcome of the ecclesiastical trial of Dr. Briggs, the real trial is by thinking people at large, and this book is one of the chief occasions of the trial. The fearlessness, the reverence, and the positive character of this tract — for it is a tract of three hundred pages — make it a most valuable solvent of men's doubts. When men are disturbed in their minds, it is not the man who is carefully looking after his defenses, but the one who is a leader in faith, to whom they listen most readily. — Creation of the Bible, by Myron Adams. (Houghton.) A popular work which aims to coördinate the results of the higher criticism into a systematic account of the evolution of the Bible. One may think the writer a little too ready to accept as final the judgments of scholars like Kuenen, and too eager to find a parallel between the growth of the Bible and the development of nature according to the hypothesis of evolution; but the author's candor and his sincere love

of truth make one ready to accept the book as a contribution toward a reasonable faith. — The second volume of Dr. Wendt's The Teaching of Jesus (Scribners) is occupied mainly with the important section of The Testimony of Jesus to his Messiahship, and further illustrates the writer's principal contention that there is a magnificent inner unity in the teaching of Jesus, and that the synoptic and Johannine gospels offer parallel indications of it. The freedom and intelligence with which Dr. Wendt uses his material are marked also by that high reverence which makes him not scrupulous of mere decorum, but earnest in his pursuit of the fullest truth. The entire work is a very interesting contribution to New Testament criticism. — Christian Ethics, by Newman Smyth. (Scribners.) A volume in the International Theological Library. Dr. Smyth writes in a refreshingly clear, manly manner. He seeks to follow the historical method, but he is constantly driven back by necessity from Christianity to Christ, recognizing in the words of Jesus not only the germ, but the test of organized Christianity. The work is divided into The Christian Ideal, in which the revelation of that ideal, its nature and its progressive realization, are set forth, and Christian Duties, in which the personal and social exercise of those duties, and finally their exercise in direct relation to God, are considered. The final chapter, on The Christian Moral Motive Power, brief as it is, shows how instinctively a Christian ethical philosopher goes straight to the impact of a personal Christ for his most complete and his profoundest explanation. — The Love of the World, a Book of Religious Meditation, by Mary Emily Case. (The Century Co.) A little volume devoted, in thirty brief chapters, to the meditative illustration of the thesis that there is nothing irreligious but sin. There is no such audacity in the treatment as one hearing this statement might fancy, but a gentle insistence on the religiousness of whatsoever things are lovely, of good report, etc. Occasionally a bright remark is made, but the book is reasonable and thoughtful rather than incisive and epigrammatic. — The Genesis and Growth of Religion, by S. H. Kellogg. (Macmillan.) A series of eight lectures given before Princeton Theological Seminary. Dr. Kellogg, after an acute examination of the current definitions of religion, makes a good one of his own, and then proceeds, after a study of naturalistic theories of the origin of religion, to scrutinize in particular the positions of Herbert Spencer and Max Müller. Having cleared the ground, he contends for a subjective and objective factor in the genesis of religion, treats of the development of religion with a criticism of Réville, examines the historic facts bearing on the subject, and closes with a special study of Shemitic monotheism. Within the narrow compass of his book Mr. Kellogg has given his theme a particular as well as a general critique. — Faith-Healing, Christian Science, and Kindred Phenomena, by J. M. Buckley. (The Century Co.) Dr. Buckley's object is to furnish facts in regard to the subjects named in the title of his book, and under the head of Kindred Phenomena he treats of events connected with Astrology, Divination, Coincidences, Dreams, and Witchcraft. Many anecdotes are introduced, sometimes only alluded to, without much attempt at deduction or comparison. The statement of facts which have set so many minds agog is somewhat like a question half answered, and no doubt some readers will use Dr. Buckley's material in a way to lead to conclusions opposite those reached by him.

Economics. The Tariff Controversy in the United States, 1789–1833, with a Summary of the Period before the Adoption of the Constitution, by Orrin Leslie Elliott. (Leland Stanford, Jr. University, Palo Alto, California.) The first number of a series of Historic and Economic Monographs. The most interesting portion is that which details the entanglement of the subject with the political heresy of nullification. The work shows industry, research, and a commendable desire to treat the topic in an historical spirit. — The Old English Manor, a Study in English Economic History, by Charles McLean Andrews. (The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore.) The introduction to this carefully written study has a special interest as marking the decline, at the centre of its greatest activity in America, of the exclusive theory of village communities as historically antecedent and necessary to the development of Teutonic freedom. The body of the book is devoted to an examination of manorial rights, laws, and customs among the Anglo-Saxons, the

date taken being that of about the year 1000. — The Economy of High Wages, an Inquiry into the Cause of High Wages, and their Effect on Methods and Cost of Production, by J. Schoenhof. (Putnams.) Mr. Schoenhof's contention in the former half of this tract is that high wages result from the demand made upon laborers by a rapidly expanding civilization, and that the prosperity of the United States is due to the widely distributed ownership of land and the freedom of educated employment. In the second part, his contention is that the effect of high wages is to improve production, and he goes into detail in a variety of industries to maintain his proposition. He believes that legislative enactments have little to do with this prosperity, but in another breath he deplores the effort made to encourage high wages by protective tariff. The great variety and particularity of his facts save his book from being the mere illustration of a theory. — Echoes of the Sunset Club, comprising a Number of the Papers read and Addresses delivered before the Sunset Club of Chicago, during the past two years. Compiled by W. W. Catlin. (Howard, Bartels & Co., Chicago.) The subjects discussed are largely those of a sociological and economical character, and the form is practically that of a debate by two or three speakers. The debate does not necessarily suppose two opposite sides, but sometimes two points of view. One might profitably be a member of such a vigorous club. If he prefers reading, or perhaps if he has no choice, since all cannot live in Chicago, he will find pointed, forcible discussion of Land Taxation, Municipal Control of Heat, Light, etc., Party Allegiance, The Sunday Question, Our Jury System, Our Public School System, and similar topics, in this energetic volume. — The Case against Bimetallism, by Robert Giffen. (Macmillan.) A collection of Mr. Giffen's papers, in which he treats both the general theory and the specific illustrations provided by Laveleye and by American advocates. In his plea for monometallism, he maintains that the subordinate coin would perform its functions more naturally and more obediently to law than if the attempt were made to adjust by law the relation of the two metals to each other.

Domestic Economy. Letters to a Young Housekeeper, by Marie Hansen-Taylor. (Scribners.) Mrs. Taylor has achieved a success. She has entered a field which seemed fully occupied, and has made a place for herself in it. Her method is so orderly, her instructions are so clear and definite, and her sense of the needs of young housekeepers in the provision for their families is so intelligent that the result is seen in a singularly useful handbook. — Common Sense in the Household, by Marion Harland. Majority Edition. (Scribners.) The coming of age of this widely popular manual has been celebrated by the publication of a new and revised edition of it, — a fit compliment to a book which still continues to hold its own against later and well-equipped comers in the same field. — The Little Dinner, by Christine Terhune Herrick. (Scribners.) In this attractive little volume, Mrs. Herrick again proves good her inherited right to act as an intelligent and competent household guide. She does her best to solve the not altogether easy problem of dinner-giving by mistresses of small establishments, who are forced to combine an abundance of good taste with strictly limited incomes. For her suggestions in regard to the little dinner, which she follows through its whole course, from Laying the Table to Something about Sweets, giving a number of well-approved receipts by the way, she will doubtless earn the gratitude of many perplexed or inexperienced hostesses.

Fiction. The Medicine Lady, by L. T. Meade. (Cassell.) An English novel of strong characteristics. The writer has conceived a woman of impulses, and set her in a position where the mingled good and evil of her nature have full play to the end. In doing this, she has been faithful to life, even though her invention takes her along some slightly improbable avenues. There is a good deal of irregularity in the telling of the story, but there is a story, and at times a very forcible one. The book lies outside the range of commonplace fiction, though the crudeness of the execution scarcely permits one to give it a very high place as a piece of art. — The Woodman, by Jules de Glouvet ; translated by Mrs. John Simpson. (Harpers.) An admirable translation of a notable book. M. Guernay de Beaurepaire, who has of late years made his own name famous as that of the most fearless of French magistrates, is also, as the novelist "Jules

de Glouvet," a leader of the Idealists in their contest with the dominant school in French fiction; Le Forestier being one of the earliest protests, so to speak, against the prevailing cult. If this shall prove other than a temporary revolt, and the New School have the fortune to produce many works comparable in quality to the story of Jean Renaud the Poacher, the battle need not be a hopeless one. — Fifty Pounds for a Wife, by A. L. Glyn. (Holt.) Starting with a highly improbable incident, in which a young man buys for fifty pounds a theatrical manager's so-called daughter whom he is misusing, this story goes on heedlessly through a series of equally improbable incidents, until the reader finds he has been occupying himself with a cheap piece of fiction, even though the characters are supposed to be gentlemen and ladies. — Vesty of the Basins, by Sarah P. McLean Greene. (Harpers.) An odd mixture of real humor, fantastic sentimentality, and allusive story-telling. The exaggeration in which the author deals cannot wholly conceal her genuine appreciation of humorous situations, but it is hard luck for the reader when he has to scrape off such an accumulation of artificiality to get at the real nature in the book. — The Reputation of George Saxon, and Other Stories, by Morley Roberts. (Cassell.) A collection of eleven single-number stories, not without subtlety and some power, but bearing a somewhat amateurish and artificial character, as if the writer were a clever man of taste, who tried his hand at work of this sort much as he might amuse himself with wood-carving or water-color painting. — Beggars All, by L. Dougall. (Longmans.) The reader of this novel will be a little puzzled by the comings and goings of the characters, for the author, having conceived a certain mysterious central design in the structure of the story, has, wittingly or not, allowed the mystery to spread by a kind of contagion; but an interest in the characters is readily formed, and from being puzzled one comes to be thoroughly engaged in the movement. It is a story out of the common run. — Christmas Stories from French and Spanish Writers, by Antoinette Ogden. (McClurg.) A little volume of holiday aspect, containing translations from a dozen different writers. On the whole, the stories are well selected, and so as to give sufficient variety to the collection. The reader is impressed more by the unlikeness than by the likeness to Christmas tales of English and German origin; but in at least one respect there is a strong resemblance, falling snow being apparently as necessary an accompaniment to the great festival in French and Spanish stories as in those of more northern climes. — From A. C. McClurg & Co. come two attractive little books of the series of six Tales from Foreign Lands. England is represented by Mrs. Gaskell's Cousin Phyllis, a Story of English Love. Marianela, a Story of Spanish Love, translated by Helen W. Lester from the Spanish of B. Perez Galdos, is the touching story of a poor little misformed girl who served as guide to a blind youth, expounding all things by him unseen in accordance with her quaint beautiful notions. Her great unhappiness was fear that he should discover her real ugliness and lose his avowed love for her, — which indeed happened when sight was restored to him. — In the new and revised edition of William Black's novels, a recent number is Green Pastures and Piccadilly (Harpers), in which the author amiably, but with wise caution, sets his characters on foot in America.

Education and Textbooks. — Shelley's Prometheus Unbound, edited by Vida D. Scudder (Heath), contains the text, preceded by an Introduction, which is in substance the papers on the subject published by the editor in The Atlantic, and followed by notes, extracts from criticisms, and a bibliography. There is also an interesting paper of Suggestions towards a Comparison of the Prometheus Unbound with the Prometheus Bound of Æschylus, by Miss Lucy H. Smith. Altogether, the book is a treatment of an English piece of literary art more upon the lines of an edition of a Greek classic than we often meet. — Free-Hand Drawing; Light and Shade and Free-Hand Perspective. For the Use of Art Students and Teachers. By Anson K. Cross. (The Author, Normal Art School, Boston.) This little book is in effect the notes used by the author in his classes at the Normal Art School. Many of the points brought out were suggested by inquiries of the pupils. Thirty-two plates illustrate Mr. Cross's methods. It is a book which teachers can use better than students. — It was a capital notion to bring together for school use

Wordsworth's Prefaces and Essays on Poetry with his Letter to Lady Beaumont. This has been done by A. J. George (Heath), who has already shown himself a close student of the poet. These prefaces, besides being very helpful to the reader of Wordsworth, constitute a most valuable aid to the intelligent study of all poetry. — Goethe's Faust, edited by Calvin Thomas. (Heath.) The first part only is given in this volume. Mr. Thomas furnishes an interesting preface, in which, we are glad to see, he does not worry himself much over the Faust legend. The text is in clear, clean type, and the book is not overloaded with notes. — A Primary French Translation Book, by W. S. Lyon and G. de H. Larpent. (Heath.) An ingenious system of retranslation is adopted, by which a French exercise has a corresponding English exercise; not a direct translation, but a fresh statement using the words found in the French. — The Bible and English Prose Style, Selections and Comments, edited, with an Introduction, by Albert S. Cook. (Heath.) An interesting little book, though we could have spared some of the comments, by a variety of authors, if we could have had more representative selections. It is singular, indeed, that Mr. Cook should have drawn nothing from the book of Job, perhaps the most consummate piece of English in the Bible, and nothing, either, from the parables. — Outlines of English Grammar, with Continuous Selections for Practice, by Harriet Mathews. (Heath.) The writer of this textbook has reduced to form the practice which she has followed, and the form is in the main simple and intelligible; but we think it possible that some teachers not taught by her would be puzzled over a few of her directions. The main idea of giving continuous passages rather than brief sentences for the application of the rules and definitions seems a sensible one.

Books for the Young. The two bound volumes of St. Nicholas for 1892, covering the twelve months from November, 1891 (The Century Co.), show a goodly range, from nonsense verses to biographical sketches, scientific studies, and sketches of travel. By rights, story-telling holds chief sway, and an effort is made to treat the young of the human race as pretty equally divided into male and female. — The End of a Rainbow, by Rossiter Johnson. (Scribners.) Mr. Johnson calls his story, on the title-page, An American Story, and the characters and scenes are native, even to a somewhat free and independent use of the English language. But it is a little hard to believe in the laborious self-delusion of the first chapter, and these American young people resemble more the denizens of Mr. Stockton's solemn world. If one can part with his critical faculty, however, he can get a good deal of honest entertainment out of this lively book. — Condemned as a Nihilist, a Story of Escape from Siberia, by G. A. Henty; illustrated by Walter Paget. (Scribners.) Mr. Henty is a practiced story-teller, and it makes little difference to him whether his scenes are laid in England or Colorado or Russia or India, in this century or in a remote antiquity. All he asks is scope for adventure, and he has no lack of material in modern Russia. His hero is of course a boy, though no chick, and he passes him through all the possible contingencies of a suspected Nihilist. It is a manufactured story, but skillfully manufactured. — A Rosebud Garden of Girls, by Nora Perry. (Little, Brown & Co.) A half dozen stories of girl life, each with its slight sub-cellar stocked with lessons in good manners and minor morals. Miss Perry writes with a strong sympathy for the class to whom her characters belong, and the manifest qualities of young maidenhood are emphasized. Perhaps, in her desire to set forth these figures, she has unconsciously been betrayed, in her descriptions and narrative, into something of a young girl's extravagance of manner. — Stories from the Greek Comedians, by the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M. A. (Macmillan.) Mr. Church has been exceedingly successful in the difficult task he set himself in this volume. He has put into narrative form nine of the comedies of Aristophanes, and six of the new comedies which we know only from the versions of Terence and Plautus, occasionally introducing snatches of the dialogue, as well as some of the beautiful verses to be found in the older dramatist. He acknowledges his indebtedness to several eminent translators, especially to Mr. Hookham Frere; but he has used these authorities with great freedom, and has again shown his excellent judgment and good taste in selection, arrangement, and condensation. While the book is intended for

young readers, we suspect that it will prove even more attractive to their elders. — Tom Paulding, the Story of a Search for Buried Treasure in the Streets of New York, by Brander Matthews. (The Century Co.) A capital story for boys, full of bright invention, good humor, and boyish sport. The young people have enough reality to save them from the fate of most story-book boys and girls, but the reality is not secured at the cost of good manners and decent English. — The Children's Life of Abraham Lincoln, by M. Louise Putnam. (McClurg.) Miss Putnam writes with sincere veneration for her hero, and gives the accredited acts of his life in orderly sequence. We could wish she had enriched her narrative with more of the characteristic anecdotes of the President, since they serve to make his personality vivid ; and we suspect that children old enough to read a biography of Lincoln will resent, perhaps silently, the extreme simplicity of some of the phraseology and the direct address, which Miss Putnam uses somewhat freely. — Axel Ebersen, the Graduate of Upsala, by André Laurie. (Lippincott.) A Swedish tale, illustrative mainly of the advantage gained by manual training in a boy's education. The story is, besides, quaintly descriptive of scenes in Swedish life. — The Wild Pigs, a Story for Little People, by Gerald Young. (Macmillan.) A story of pigs and their adventures, of dogs, and of one or two human creatures. The forced gayety of this narrative does not delude one, and we think children, as well as their elders, will justly demand that the animal kingdom be exhausted before pigs are made *dramatis personæ*.

The Literature of Childhood. Five Hundred Books for the Young, a Graded and Annotated List, prepared by George E. Hardy. (Scribners.) Mr. Hardy has accomplished well a difficult task, for he has aimed at classifying and arranging in successive grades the most available and desirable books for the young. Available, we say, since he has introduced a number whose special value is in their cleanliness and their capacity for expelling meaner literature appealing to a like taste for excitement and adventure. He has made a list, not of what children ought to read, but of what the great rank and file may be won to read with no great difficulty. Ten years from now, we think it not unlikely that a similarly planned list would have even a higher standard. — Children's Rights, a Book of Nursery Logic, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Houghton.) Mrs. Wiggin's enthusiastic interest in kindergarten work has given her exceptional opportunity for the sympathetic study of childhood as it is at large, not of some selected favorites of fortune ; and she has taken up the subjects of playthings, books, the relation of the kindergarten to the public schools and to social reform, and similar matters, treating them with no less good sense that she treats them with lightness and humor. — Children, their Models and Critics, by Auretta Roys Aldrich. (Harpers.) An admirable book, written by a true mother, on Early Influences, Discipline, and Kindergarten, the advice pointed with apt examples, and always wise ; as good for those of us who have not children, and are all the more disposed to reflect how wisely we could bring them up if we had them, as for the parents themselves, who need a great deal of teaching.

History and Biography. Thomas Carlyle, by John Nichol. (Harpers.) In the English Men of Letters series, and a praiseworthy addition. Dr. Nichol writes as a Scotsman tamed by English association. He never parts with his right to judge and to state roughly his own conclusions, but he seems to make a desperate effort to be cosmopolitan, and not to treat his hero on too limited a scale. His analysis of Carlyle is shrewd and effective, though assessments of this sort have an irritating power, and especially does one crave simplicity and evenness in a summary of a man whose own explosive style furnishes all the condiment of quotation required. — The Three Episodes of Massachusetts History, which Mr. Charles Francis Adams details at length in two volumes (Houghton), are The Settlement of Boston Bay, The Antinomian Controversy, and A Study of Church and Town Government ; the last being based on the town of Quincy, as indeed the whole work is an examination of the New England life which there had its exposition. By concentration of his subject Mr. Adams allows himself all the more room for expansion of treatment, and we have thus a minute display of facts ordered and generalized and set in relations with so much precision and largeness of temper that we are

enabled to trace the personality of the town as a microcosm of New England life, social, political, and religious. The thoroughness of the survey is most satisfying, and the vividness which results from the imaginative force of a hard-headed business man of history is most captivating to the reader insatiate of details. — History of the Nineteenth Century in the United States and Europe. Period I. During the Triumphs of Napoleon's Empire. By Henry Boynton. (Press Co., Augusta, Maine.) Mr. Boynton has written a book which is in part annalistic, in part personal judgment ; for in spite of his assumption that the history of the period has been written heretofore in a partisan spirit, it is not impossible to discover Mr. Boynton's own likes and dislikes. To the willing reader this history is a queer jumble of facts whose relation to one another is not immediately apparent. — The Battles of Frederick the Great, abstracted from Thomas Carlyle's Biography of Frederick the Great, edited by Cyril Ransome, M. A. (Scribners.) There may be differences of opinion as to the desirability of "abstracted" books in general, but in this case there will be but one in regard to the intelligence, good taste, and we may add modesty, with which the editor has done his work. In his brief introduction he clearly traces the causes leading to the War of the Austrian Succession, and then gives Carlyle's spirited and vivid descriptions of the battles of that conflict and of the later Seven Years' War, — omitting much matter not strictly relevant to the object in view, but scrupulously adhering to his author in what remains. Concise introductory notes to each chapter make a connected narrative of the whole. The illustrations are exceedingly good, and the book is well supplied with maps and plans. — Mr. Whitelaw Reid in France, 1889–1892. The Farewell Dinner to the United States Minister. (Brentano's, Paris.) A comely pamphlet of sixty pages, in which is gathered the series of complimentary speeches made to and by Mr. Reid. One reads with special interest M. Ribot's speech. — Cæsar, a History of the Art of War among the Romans down to the End of the Roman Empire, with a Detailed Account of the Campaign of Caius Julius Cæsar ; with 258 Charts, Maps, Plans of Battles and Tactical Manœuvres, Cuts of Armor, Weapons, and Engines. By Theodore Ayrault Dodge. (Houghton.) The third in Colonel Dodge's important series of Great Captains. Even more, perhaps, than was the case with the other volumes is this a military history. Although written for mature readers, the style is so clear and the arrangement so orderly that a schoolboy spelling out Cæsar's Commentaries would find this book more serviceable and more enjoyable than any amount of ordinary textbook notes, and we commend it for this particular use. — Writings of Christopher Columbus, descriptive of the Discovery and Occupation of the New World, edited, with an Introduction, by Paul Leicester Ford. (Webster.) A convenient little collection of the letters, will, and other documents which are constantly cited by critics of Columbus. The faithful reader will get closer to the navigator by means of these papers than his admirers or judges will always permit.

Poetry and the Drama. Songs of Sunrise Lands, by Clinton Scollard. (Houghton.) Mr. Scollard has done well to bring into one group the poems which have been suggested by Oriental travel. He is not the first, as he certainly will not be the last poet from the West to be strongly affected by contact with Eastern life. In his case, a thoughtful, careful, observant nature has been inflamed by the color, the richness, the luxury of the eye, which one may encounter in this new experience, and the result is seen in a flowering forth not into mere extravagance, but into imaginative beauty of a lawful sort. We may fairly expect that, having thus gathered the store of his Eastern experience, Mr. Scollard's fine poetic taste will be equally enriched when he deals with nearer themes. — Alaskana, or Alaska in Descriptive and Legendary Poems, by Bushrod W. James. (Porter & Coates.) The writer has turned his visit to Alaska into this metrical form. One would think that a diligent reading of Hiawatha would give one who had any rhythmical faculty the power to reproduce its general effect, yet this author has made his verses look like Hiawatha to the eye, but not sound like it in the ear. — The End of Time, a Poem of the Future, by L. D. Barbour. (Putnams.) Scenes in heaven contrast with earthly scenes of warfare and religious discussion. The long metre of Milton's Paradise Lost is used to uphold the solemn parts, while

shorter measure is brought in frequently to relieve it. Hell and the Devil are disappointingly prominent at the finale, and get plenty of booty. Though the poem does not offer much religious satisfaction, it raises many questions of controversy. — Three Plays, by W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson (Scribners), have little in common except vigor of treatment. Deacon Brodie, or The Double Life, is the first, and follows the notion of a person who is a carpenter and most estimable man by day, and a burglar by night. Thackeray once used a similar situation in an amusing fashion. Beau Austin, the second, has its scene laid at Tunbridge Wells in 1820 ; and Admiral Guinea, in which our old friend David Pew figures, works up the bold scheme of a blind man planning and executing a burglary. There is no lack of plot and characters in these masculine productions.

Travel and Chorography. An American Missionary in Japan, by Rev. M. L. Gordon, M. D. (Houghton.) The candor and simplicity of Dr. Gordon's narrative will win many readers who might be indifferent to a more studied and formal treatise. The author, who has been long resident in Japan, tells with the familiarity almost of conversation the experience which a missionary is likely to meet in his work in Japan. He does not minimize difficulties, and he certainly does not exaggerate the value of the work. His sense of humor is a saving quality, and the genuineness of his testimony is apparent. The book affords a true glimpse of missionary life. — Paddles and Politics down the Danube, by Poultney Bigelow. (Webster.) Given a canoeist who has had exceptional opportunities for forming independent opinions on the people among whom his route lies, let him travel leisurely, stop when he will, make acquaintances, have light adventures, and then make a book of the journey, and you have material for an interesting sketch ; but if to this be added a really clever faculty for writing, and a good nature which keeps one on the alert, you may have an exceptionally readable book, and that is what one gets in this lively production of Mr. Bigelow's. — Harper's Chicago and the World's Fair, by Julian Ralph. (Harpers.) Mr. Ralph contributed a series of papers on Chicago to the Harper periodicals, and has collected them, together with notes on the Fair as it could be assessed in the summer. He is a picturesque writer, quick to note salient features, and with a clever touch in description. His book is more satisfactory as a lively exhibit of the city than as a precursor of the Fair, since his notes on that are fragmentary, and the result of hearsay rather than observation.

Literature and the Library. Twelve English Authoresses, by L. B. Walford. (Longmans.) The pleasurable anticipations with which one naturally begins this book will be apt to end in the disappointment of readers at all exacting. The dozen studies here collected are slight and commonplace. An admonitory tone which occasionally appears in them leads us to think that, as originally published, they may have been intended for young persons. If this is the case, the want of careful revision is the more to be regretted. For instance, in the sketch of Jane Taylor, one of the best in the book, and evidently written *con amore*, the place of honor in that author's Original Poems is given to The Spider and the Fly, which is somewhat unfair to a still more admirable writer for children. Though the question of Mrs. Browning's birthday has been definitely settled, the incorrect date, 1809, is here given; but we are also told that she was exactly twenty-one in 1825, and in her thirty-ninth year in 1846, all of which is rather confusing. Mrs. Walford, in these studies, seldom leaves the beaten path, but when she does so the result is sometimes not particularly happy. She speaks of Jane Austen and Mary Russell Mitford as having been in all probability playfellows in childhood ; oblivious of the fact that there was eleven years' difference in their ages, and that the death of Dr. Russell and the removal of his widow and daughter from the neighborhood of Steventon brought all intercourse between the two families to an end several years before Miss Mitford's birth. The impression left by the book throughout is that of hasty and perfunctory work. — Essays in Miniature, by Agnes Repplier. (Webster.) Readers of The Atlantic have a friendly acquaintance with Miss Repplier, and they will find in this little book some of the papers which they have already enjoyed ; they will not mind reading them over again, and making, too, the happy discovery of the authorship of some delectable contributions to the Con-

tributors' Club. Miss Repplier's generous love of good literature is contagious, and her routing of shams is one of the most refreshing literary adventures we have nowadays. — The volume of The Century from May, 1892, to October, 1892 (The Century Co.), is a good index to the subjects uppermost in the minds of readers during that period : as Columbus, which is treated rhetorically by Emilio Castelar, and liberally illustrated with portrait, pictures, and poem ; The Columbian Exposition (unnecessary adoption into the English tongue with a new meaning, when we had a first-rate accredited word in "Exhibition"), with Mr. Van Brunt's admirable studies and their helpful illustrations. Besides these and the dignified series of Mr. Stedman's papers on Poetry, the most notable points in the volume are the strong full-page designs, with or without accompanying text. The Century is also very hospitable to the poets. — Mr. Andrew Lang has taken advantage of a new edition of his small treatise, The Library (Macmillan), to add a new preface, and to have Mr. Dobson's chapter on Modern English Illustrated Books extended. A few new illustrations are given, but the book remains substantially what it was when first published a dozen years ago, an agreeable, not too learned *compagnon de voyage* of the book-hunter. Any one who collects books can read it with pleasure, and some will read it with profit.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Painter's Snug Corner.

If there is any one who needs to be convinced that picturesqueness and dirt have no necessary and inherent connection, he should make a pilgrimage to little seaside Newlyn, whose fame is now fast being spread abroad by the colony of clever artists who have adopted it as their home. At Newlyn, one may fairly sate one's eyes on uninterrupted and undiluted picturesqueness, and at the same time learn to know how dear cleanliness may be to the makers of the picturesque, if they have had the good fortune to be born on Cornish soil, and reared in the good old traditions of the remote Cornish peninsula. For Newlyn is not a score of miles distant from the Land's End itself. Its granite bluffs are washed by the sounding tides of the English Channel. As yet it is happily innocent of a railway station. Penzance, its near neighbor on Mount's Bay, has the railway and the hotels, and the other ugly adjuncts of a watering-place, leaving Newlyn to the undisturbed possession of its fisher folk and its artists.

How intimately and unitedly its fisher folk and its artists have learned to live is the first surprise that Newlyn has for the sentimental traveler. Here is a mite of a cottage, clinging close to the ground, as the Cornish cottage loves to cling. Under its beetling roof of thatch, it looks almost too tiny to harbor the broad-chested, yellow-bearded fisherman whose home it is. Your eyes wander from one to another of its quaint details, and lo, in the midst of the weather-beaten thatch there is a large glass skylight. It is in these primitive quarters that an artist has found a nook for his studio. Only a few yards higher up the stony zigzag that makes a Newlyn thoroughfare, you come upon a minute gray dwelling, built of incongruously huge blocks of stone. A grapevine drapes the low front, which stands at a defiant angle to the fronts of all its neighbors. You peer around its side, and another glass light proclaims the workroom of another of the picture-making brotherhood.

No matter how steep the ascent is, the little flower-filled gardens, the trimly kept interiors seen in glimpses through the low doorways, the apple-cheeked children at the thresholds, the constant succession of subjects for a sketchbook, still tempt you upward. At the corner of a second precipitous zigzag, a board bearing the words "Rue des Beaux Arts" reminds you afresh that it is a metropolis of art, and not a mere fishing-village, you are straying through. Presently the sight of an open meadow, overgrown with tall ripe grasses, lures you through a stone gateway, and you find yourself in a veritable artists' paradise.

The meadow, which slopes no less steeply than the village, is dotted at irregular intervals with studios, each adorned at its threshold with the bloom of midsummer flowers. The most complete of these field-built haunts of art belongs to Mr. Stanhope Forbes, well known on the walls of London exhibitions, and *facile princeps* among the Newlynites. A small cottage, built of the beautiful blocks of granite that are one of nature's gifts to Cornwall, adjoins the glass-covered studio. It has a low lattice over the doorway, and upon the lattice clambers a vine whose huge leaves flaunt themselves with an almost conscious perfection of ornamentation. Sunflowers, sweet peas, and marigolds fill the foreground of this idyl within an idyl.

If by chance, or the friendly guidance of a native, you find your way into one of the studios hidden among the houses in the heart of the village, and, after climbing up the ladder-like staircase that is its sole approach, you are fortunate enough to have a chat with the artist who has discovered its possibilities, he will tell you several things about the art of the Newlynites. In the first place, he will disclaim the idea that they are Impressionists. The Impressionists, he will tell you, paint with their eyes shut. The school of Newlyn, on the contrary, endeavors to keep its eyes very wide open. Its chief end and aim is to paint things as they actually look. "No, we are not Impressionists; we are Realists," your artist will reiterate, thrusting his hands into the pockets of his white flannel trousers, and glancing alternately at you and the picture in progress on his easel. The model for the picture, a gray-haired tar, will in the mean time have retired as far as the limits of the low four-windowed room will permit. But after looking at him, and at his counterfeit presentment on the easel, it is quite certain that you will not wish to leave Newlyn without some speech with his brethren of the dark blue jersey jacket.

There they stand in a line, leaning over the iron rail on the stone embankment, and looking with sagacious eyes over the glancing blue surface before them. Sundown is the time when they go out in their red-sailed "trollers" and "drifters," to come back in the early dawn with the night's haul of fishes. Until then they are ready for a friendly chat with a stranger. Their own discourse will be of the things the stranger loves to hear about: of the finding of pilchards in the dark, twenty feet below the surface of the water; of the mackerel that are caught at the top; and of the soles and plaice that must be trolled for many fathoms deep. A fine scorn will creep into the old salt's manner when he tells you of the difference between the ice-packed fish that finds its way to London and the freshly caught mess that graces his own board. Then, turning adroitly from the discussion of his craft to the beauties of his coast, he will look across the shimmering bay to St. Michael's Mount in the distance, and tell you, in his rich Cornish dialect, that it is a fine view.

So, too, the artists seem to think, to judge by their manner of gathering on the beach at sunset, when the western front of the castle on the summit of St. Michael's Mount gleams like marble above its rocky foundations, and sedulously transferring to canvas as much of the beauty before them as their skill can compass. If the Newlynites do not become a famous school of colorists, it will not be because nature has not unfolded before them a combination of color as rich and rare as even southern lands can boast. The sea that washes the time-stained granite cliffs is unrivaled in the depths of its blue, and in the clearness of its emerald hues in shallow pools and inlets. There is the high square gray tower of the Penzance parish church to give character to the shallow white curve that the town makes around the bay, and there is the inimitable beauty of the famous Mount "that guards the western coast." With a love of the picturesque that binds them to a primitive fishing-village, it will not be strange if the artist colony give to Newlyn and its surroundings the fame that another group of artists have given to Barbizon and Fontainebleau.

Slang. — Slang is the foe and the friend of the English language. Broadly defined, it is the using of a word or a phrase differently from the common acceptation. Its object may be to intensify meaning, or to hide the lack of meaning. This happens whenever one's own vocabulary falls short of the demands of one's thought. This is also the case when a writer or speaker quotes from a foreign tongue.

That is an implied confession that the native language is inadequate. It is like the bank check which one offers in payment when the pocket is empty. It is open to the same hazard as the check, that the account may be overdrawn, or the taker cannot be identified when presenting it. But on its face every check is a call upon the abundant wealth in the bank vaults, and every quotation from another language is a demand upon the thought stored up in that language. The only question is whether the quoter has the right to draw, and whether the hearer can make use of it. But many native slang phrases are like the irredeemable paper money of a bankrupt state, which for a time circulates because of convenience. It is in itself worthless, and there is nothing behind it. Other phrases and words are as the gold dust of Californian or Australian diggings. They are uncoined, but pass by weight and measure at coin rates till they reach the mint, and reappear as eagles or sovereigns. Now it is indisputable that a large part of any civilized tongue, and of the English speech in particular, is made up of just such additions. Every new discovery in art and science is like a placer, in this respect; it is a fresh yield of ideas which at once obtain currency in language, and erelong are stamped with the image and superscription of authority. The phrase "to coin a word" expresses this fact. The most of the technical vocabulary of our language thus came into being.

The distinctive test of good slang from bad is that it has a real meaning. Bad slang has no meaning; it is simply a succession of sounds which, because they come trippingly from the tongue, impose on the ignorant imagination of the hearer. When the mathematical professor silenced the fishwife by calling her a "scalene triangle," a "parallelopiped," and an "hypothenuse," he used this weapon. As a rule, the slang of the very low classes, the thieves' Latin, the "argot," the "flash language," is not inexpressive. Not only is its meaning clear enough to the initiated, but there is apt to be a vigorous and picturesque felicity in its terms when once their history is disclosed. For instance, the word "soedollager," once quite current, was manifestly an uneducated man's transposition of "doxologer," which was the familiar New England rendering of "doxology." This was the Puritan term for the verse of ascription used at the conclusion of every hymn, like the "gloria" at the end of a chanted psalm. Everybody knew the words of this by heart, and on doctrinal grounds it was proper for the whole congregation to join in the singing, so that it became a triumphant winding up of the whole act of worship. Now a "soedollager" was the term for anything which left nothing else to follow, a knockdown blow, a decisive, overwhelming finish, to which no reply was possible.

There is a slang of great cities which owes its whole life to senseless repetition. Its phrases are like the unsavory missiles caught up from the gutter, dead rats, old shoes, battered tins, which street Arabs throw at one another. To this order belong most party and national nicknames, class appellations; and such slang may be described as the quintessence of vulgarity. They have their brief run in a city, get a place in the leaders of a daily journal or two, where they appear in quotation marks, as a pickpocket in irons before the court of police, and then disappear forever. Such terms as "in the soup," "boodle," "the bar'l," "fat-frying," etc., belong to the more recent unsavory imbecilities of politics.

Good slang is idiomatically expressive, and has a narrow escape sometimes from being poetical. An English traveler had a quarrel with the mate of a Mississippi steamboat, and the case came into court. The counsel for the plaintiff, in his opening address to the jury, thus stated his cause of action: "The first officer of the Bella Richards addressed my client in most violent and peremptory terms, and threatened him that if he did not immediately remove his personal effects from the entrance-way of the steamer he would precipitate him into the raging flood below." The evidence of the bystanders as to the mate's words was as follows: "Look here, stranger, if you don't tote your plunder off that gang-plank right smart, I'll spill you in the drink."

It is to be hoped that these few lines will help to illustrate the distinction between the admissible and the objectionable, or, wider yet, between the desirable and the intolerable. Every new word which has a new meaning of its own, and is not a vain du-

plicate or pedantic substitute for a sufficient old one, enriches the language. Every metaphor which turns a new facet of diamantine thought to the light is a gain. Much of the slang which is religious, professional, mercantile, or political is made up of terms which have failed, chrysalids which have never broken through their limitations. But they might have done so, and soared aloft on butterfly wings as broad as any in Brazilian meadows. No one can say of a new word, on its first using, that it has come to stay, while the humblest term which lands on the shore of time may, like the unnoticed emigrant, have the future of a Stewart or an Astor awaiting it. He who first formed the word "electricity" from the Greek name of amber little thought what a family tree was to bourgeon therefrom in the ages after. So, again, a new word with the brightest of prospects, with the blue blood of the oldest American families, with every appearance of fitness, dies in the cradle of its primal proof-sheet, and is seen no more. The word "gerrymander," born of an epigrammatic retort, has endured, while others as apt and euphonious have not even a headstone on the historic page. When I was a small boy, I lived in a town divided by a broad river from another smaller and less wealthy town. We called the boys from the opposite village "Coskies;" why, we did not know, but it was a word of obloquy, to be resented with fists and stone-throwing. I have since found out the reason. In the days of James Madison the town on the western shore was patriotically Federalist. The town opposite was bigotedly Democratic Republican. Hence its inhabitants were worshipers of Bonaparte, and were only fit to be called "Corsicans," which title of scorn the Boston Centinel (the proof-reader will kindly preserve the orthodox and ancient spelling) bestowed upon the radical and sans-culottic Democrats. Therefore the name which James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck, proudly wore in his hat at the Shakespeare Stratford Jubilee became, in my schooldays, a term of reviling and bitterness, albeit we were utterly ignorant why it should be. Long ago it went to its misspelt grave, and I, like Old Mortality, clean the moss from its headstone.

There is a moral to this desultoriness. (I came near writing "a moral pocket handkerchief," but remembered just in time that this might be regarded as slang, even if spoken by Sam Weller, the immortal.) And this moral is that slang is to be eschewed. But another side of this moral is that one must make sure that what is rejected *is* slang, and not the protoplasm of legitimate and classic English. Protoplastic germs look uncommonly alike. And as a postscript moral, let me add that "idioms," that is "slang," current in one language will not always bear literal translation into another. Unless the proper equivalent exists, the result is apt to be misleading. My friend Brown was disputing with a Swiss guide the tariff of the guide's services. "Spalten wir den Unterschied!" (Let us split the difference), cried Brown. "Was? Wie meinen Sie?" answered the perplexed Helvetian. "Wie kann man einen Unterschied spalten?"

Hexametrical Horace. — The stanchest lover of Horace would perhaps be the most prompt to declare that he is essentially untranslatable. Indeed, as to the favorite poet of each of us, we are quite sure to feel, above all else, the charm, the aroma as it were, of a familiar and intimate personality. One instinctively resents any attempt of a third person to repeat, in other tones, the utterances of the beloved voice. And Horace,

> "To men grown old, or who are growing old,"

is in a peculiar sense such a well-tried and ever-welcome comrade on the sloping path trodden of all men. Of course the sterner critic of the idealist school will say that the Horatian thought is never either inspiring or novel, and that translation only reveals the naked poverty of the commonplace.

And having thus agreed, from points of view as diverse as may be, that our genial Augustan diner-out, amateur farmer, and versifier is inimitable, we thereupon, with hardly less unanimity and truly human consistency, set about our several versions. For surely every college-bred man or woman in the Club has before this begun trying to recall that dingy fly-leaf on which was scribbled, not the professor's careful remark upon the peculiar shade of contingency in the subjunctive, and the reference to Andrews and Stoddard, § 242, 6, n. 4 a), but rather some jingling rhyme,

much erased, interlined, and corrected, to the effect that

> Soracte's heights are white with snow,
> The burdened pines are bending low,
> The ice-bound brooks are still,

with the eminently relevant appeal to Thaliarchus to

> Heap high the logs, drive out the cold,
> And from the Sabine vintage old
> A generous beaker fill.

How the dear old class-room in University, long since remodeled and forgotten, the boyish faces, row on row, — now scattered and deep-lined and bearded, if yet they are, — flashed across the imagination, one placid summer day of travel, when Soracte's unmistakable sweeping curve suddenly shaped itself in green against the Sabine sky! And now that, too, is a far-off memory

> "Of a land beyond the sea."

But to repine at the lapse of the inevitable years is to expose ourselves to the sharpest thrust of Horatian reproof.

At our time of life, it is chiefly the tolerant wisdom of the gentler satires and the mellow epistles that keeps its hold on our regard. To our boyish enthusiasm for the fiercest of the odes we look back somewhat as the poet himself did on the cruder follies of his own youth.

> I to whom delicate robes and anointed hair were becoming,
> Who, though with empty hands, was to Cinara dear, the rapacious,
> I who the flowing Falernian quaffed so early as midday,
> Now love a simple repast, and a nap on the grass at the brookside;
> Not of my follies ashamed, but a shame 't were still to indulge them.

Under our grimmer skies, the siesta, long ere we come to forty year, is best transferred to the study lounge; but Ponkapog is not the valley of the Vicenza.

My fellow-members will have discovered by this time that my own project is to try how Horace, grown staid and middle-aged, sounds to an English ear in his own rhythm. There is no insufferable audacity in the attempt, at any rate, for two reasons. The hexameter was only less artificial and foreign to the Roman poet than to Kingsley or Clough; and, moreover, Horace did not himself take it too seriously, and indeed earnestly disclaims any lofty poetic purpose or form.

> First, from the number to whom the name of poet is granted,
> I would except myself; for merely to keep to the metre
> Surely you deem not enough; and if one scribbles, as I do,
> Things far nearer to prose, you must not account him a poet.

And again, still alluding to the homely diction of satire, contrasting it with the mouth-filling words and phrases of Ennius' heroic lines: —

> If from the verses that I, now,
> Or from those Lucilius made of old, you dissever
> Merely the metre and rhythm, restoring our words to their order,
> . . . You will descry not even the limbs of a poet dismembered.

Every constant reader of Maga, — and we of the Club surely never leave each others' leaves uncut, — every lover of literature, I say, remembers Miss Preston's visit to the site of Horace's farm. We do not dare take down the bound volume to see if she transcribed there (perchance in the smooth-sliding free iambics that had anglicized the Georgics so gracefully) the glowing description of the Sabine farm from the sixteenth epistle; for we hope the remorseless shears — the allusion is not a classical one, but merely a timorous glance at the editorial table — will not forbid us to give the lines here in our own fashion. Sir Theodore Martin, the most indefatigable of us all, remarks that this passage is "so vivid that it has been the chief means of identifying the locality."

> Lest you may question me whether my farm, most excellent Quinctius,
> Feeds its master with grain, or makes him rich with its olives,
> Or with its orchards and pastures, or vines that cover the elm-trees,
> I, in colloquial fashion, will tell you its shape and position.
>
> Only my shadowy valley indents the continuous mountains,
> Lying so that the sun at his coming looks on the right side,
> Then, with retreating chariot, warming the left as he leaves it.
> Surely the temperature you would praise; and what if the bushes
> Bear in profusion scarlet berries, the oak and the ilex
> Plentiful food for the herd provide, and shade for the master?
> You would say, with its verdure, Tarentum was hither transported.
> There is a fountain, deserving to give its name to a streamlet.
> Not more pure nor cooler in Thrace runs winding the Hebrus.
> Helpful it is to an aching head or a stomach exhausted.

Such is my ingle; sweet, and, if you believe me, delightful;
Keeping me sound and safe for you even in days of September.

There are other bits laid aside in our portfolio for this little mosaic, which we reluctantly leave uncopied. But one complete epistle, not long, but rising to a somewhat more earnest tone than usual, will serve to test, quite severely enough, no doubt, this special method of "perversion" ("*traduttore traditore!*"), which is, so far as we are aware, as untried as it is obvious.

"Honesty is the best policy," says the business man to his son; "I have tried both ways." And even so it is, after we are ourselves sated with the sight of foreign skies and year-long familiarity with the sounds of alien speech, that we begin to preach persuasively the blessedness of home-keeping contentment. Only our saintly Whittier, of all the rhyming craft, could be consistent as well as wise. His unrepining confession,

> "I know not how, in other lands,
> The changing seasons come and go,"

makes more comforting, if not convincing, his assurance,

> "He who wanders widest lifts
> No more of beauty's jealous veils
> Than he who from his doorway sees
> The miracle of flowers and trees."

But Horace was like Longfellow, and indeed like us all, gifted or not to sing. We give the best years of youth eagerly, if we may, to hear

> "The Alpine torrent's roar,
> The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,
> The beach at Elsinore,"

and then earnestly advise mankind, and particularly womankind, to rest content at the home fireside, and

> "turn the world round with my hand,
> Reading these poets' rhymes."

Horace had himself roamed in Asia, either in students' vacations from Athens, or later, gathering recruits as Brutus' lieutenant for that brief and luckless campaign, his only martial experience. The restlessness he reproves in his friend was not unfamiliar to his own soul, as many a burst of frankness reveals. Indeed, perhaps even here Bullatius is in a literal sense the poet's alter ego. Of Lebedos we know less even than Horace did, but it is evidently an obscure and nearly deserted Asiatic seaport. Ulubræ apparently stood supreme even among the decaying Latian towns for its dullness and loneliness. The epistle is notable above all as containing the line proudly inscribed in an Italian autograph book by "Johannes Miltonius, Anglus,"

"Cælum non animum muto dum trans mare curro."

But the whole is as true and as helpful now as ever, since *ennui* and discontent are not Roman nor Anglo-Saxon alone.

Horace. What did you think, my friend, of far-famed Lesbos and Chios?
How about Samos the dainty, and Crœsus' capital, Sardis?
Colophon, too, and Smyrna? Above their fame, or beneath it?
Tiber's stream and the Campus excel them far, do you tell me?
Have you been praying for one of Attalus' cities, I wonder?
Lebedos is it you praise, of the sea and your journeyings wearied?
Bullatius. Yes! You know what Lebedos is: more dead than Fidenæ,
Ay, or than Gabii; yet I would gladly abide there, forgetting
Those I have loved, and, expecting that they in their turn will forget me.
There I would dwell, and gaze from the shore on the furious waters.
Horace. If a man travel, in mud and in rain, from Capua Romeward,
Drenched though he be, he will choose not to tarry for life in the tavern.
Even when chilled to the bones, we praise not the bath and the furnace,
Truly believing that they would make life full and successful:
Nor, if impetuous Auster has tossed you about on the billow,
Would you for that get rid of your vessel beyond the Ægean.

If you are perfectly sound, then Rhodes and fair Mitylene
Help you no more than a cloak in the dogdays, trunks in midwinter,
Or in December a plunge in the Tiber, a furnace in August.
Now that you may, and the face of Fortune is smiling upon you,
Here at Rome praise far-off Rhodes, and Chios, and Samos.
This one hour, that a god has bestowed upon you in his bounty,
Take, with a grateful hand, nor plan next year to be happy:
So that wherever your life may be spent you will say you enjoyed it.
For if anxieties only by reason and foresight are banished, —
Not by a spot that commands some outlook wide on the waters, —
Never our nature, but only the sky, do we change as we travel.
Toilsome idleness wears us out. On wagon and shipboard
Comfort it is that we seek: yet that which you seek, it is with you,
Even in Ulubræ, if you lack not contentment of spirit.

The Pathos and Humor of the Definite Article.

— Within the narrow bounds which inclose child life there is little choice of nomenclature, for of objects of the same kind but a single sample is presented. For instance, to the boy of twelve years there is but one minister, — the one who officiated at his baptism, and who in due time will preside at his marriage, at his burial, or such other scenes as shall require the sacerdotal presence. In all the broad land there is for him but one doctor, — the one who shakes out the powder that tastes so bitter, the one who vaccinates and scarifies and does manifold cruel things that good may come. Here no creed, no 'pathy, is involved, — nothing but the designation *the*, which is equivalent to saying *our* parson, *our* doctor. Within the charmed circle of the household the same designation prevails, adapted to the humblest members thereof, being applied to *the* cat, *the* dog, *the* horse, as well as to *the* "man" (referring, of course, to the stubby foreigner who presides over stables and gardens). It is only in the household's inner circle, the *sanctum sanctorum*, that a stronger word is required, — *our* father, *our* mother, *our* governess; in short, the proprietary word is made to refer to all who rule us by affection. Once without that inner circle, and the definite article is used, to refer to "*the* President of the United States and all others in authority," and is fraught with an indefinable fragrance of fond possession. Any one who has been a *the* to childhood will always thereafter be recalled as part of that blessed institution of home; and years thence, away in foreign lands, our eyelids will quiver, and perhaps our lips writhe emotionally, at the thought of any person who once wore this childish prefix, be he what the Indians call the "Great Father," or simply the village schoolmaster trudging home in the tired twilight.

Another prefix, a family relative of *the*, is quite as significant, though in a somewhat less agreeable way; it is the word *that*. Here the usage ascends from childhood to mature womanhood. Gracious and tender beings, who are utterly incapable of "strong expressions," do not hesitate to denounce the object of their antipathy as *that*. This, like many other feminine epithets, doth indeed cover a multitude of sins half suggested; and if history could be written by the aid of a mildly echoing phonograph attached to the voice of some good woman, we would find the obnoxious characters in the world's continued story comprehensively described and analyzed as "*that* Judas Iscariot," "*that* Nero," "*that* Louis XI.," to say nothing of "*that* Benedict Arnold." Much that is deliciously indefinite and incomprehensibly comprehensive in woman's dear phrases and epithets is simply the terse verbiage of childhood grown to maturer form. *That* may be regarded as little *The*, who has attained to the years of womanhood and of charming coquetry.

It may be added that the definite article does not limit its service to sentimental or to æsthetic purposes. The bold advertiser sees in its distinctive brevity his opportunity; many specialists of trade and the professions, too, — not omitting the learned professions, — so far from disdaining the pungent conjecture aroused by this brief verbal character, have sent it upon its illuminating way with a compacted emphasis that no other part of speech can be made to sustain. Therefore, as we run we may read such legends as the following, to this effect: Sniggin's is "*the* tonic remedy of the hour," and will "remove *that* tired feeling."

Hunger.

— The pathology of hunger has some peculiar attendant phenomena which I have not seen mentioned. It is for this reason that I venture to think the following episode of my own war-time reminiscences may be found of interest by the Club.

It was on our return home, after an experience which the Scripture-reading and serious youth of our command likened to the alternatives presented to the children of Israel: seven years of famine, a three months' driving before the enemy, or a three days' pestilence. It seemed to our fevered memories as though we had experienced all three, varying only in degree; for we had had three months of famine, we had been driven two months before the enemy, and we had suffered many weeks of pestilence as a natural result of our hardships. Many had died of starvation, and the frenzied look of a famished dog was in the eyes of almost all.

At last we reached the Ohio River, and were borne down on the broad, raftlike transports of that stream to the vicinity of

Parkersburg, where we landed at Blennerhassett Island. Thence a forced march brought us to Williamsport, where we crossed the river and were in Maryland. We were followed by our unsparing foe to the banks of the river, and even cannonaded after we were across. Then came another, and the last, forced march of the raid ; but this time we were not forced on by a *vis a tergo* enemy, but beckoned forward by *vis a fronte* shelter and food and rest. These were all awaiting us at Harper's Ferry, whence we had started three months before ; and as our wearied men fell into line and drifted staggeringly over the highways, they must have presented a sorry aspect, — ragged, famished, and distressed ; for the rain had been pouring for a week. The bad weather, however, elicited one statement never to be forgotten : " All 's damp now, all save the indomitable heart of General Crook." This was indeed true. Seated upon his horse, our general looked defiance at the elements, as he had, during our bitter trial, shown it to the enemy.

As our weary band waded through mud and water and soggy grass, the steam from their moist bodies hovered in a cloud along the line of march. The day wore on ; the roads became better, and our spirits rose, because, halting though we were, our faces were turned homeward ; so, when evening came, there was little or no grumbling at the information that we would continue marching through the night. But hundreds walked, sound asleep, sustained by comrades on either side. I learned that many took turns in the use of this peripatetic couch, just as they had often before taken turns on guard or picket, relieving one another at intervals. As the night deepened, although there was no moon, the stars vouchsafed a quality of light which made all objects appear unusually distinct, especially those at a considerable distance.

Soothed by the rocking motion of my horse, I fell asleep, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts to keep awake. Soon my hunger-haunted brain found rest and refreshment in such dreams as came. I dreamed of food. Through the weary raid we had all of us dreamed of little else ; and we woke to find the unsatisfied longing still persistent, and that the hopes popular tradition had held out to us — that our hunger might be blurred with sickness — were not to be realized.

I had supposed that a famished man, in the prime of youth, abandoned wholly to his imaginings, " his helm of reason lost," as Young says, would revel in a dreamland flowing with milk and honey ; he might even be pardoned for repeating in thought such robust feasting as that wherewith the Saxons ushered in the morn at Hastings. But no ; it would seem as though a peculiar sense of loneliness pervaded our hunger-stricken bodies as well as our minds ; for our dreams were usually of home and kindred, of cheerful firesides and most frugal suppers. I do not recall eating, in these Barmecide feasts, anything more substantial than the smoked beef and flapjacks of a New England tea. Something small, neat, and tasty was what the boys wished, when hunger had tamed the tiger and reduced the flesh. Many told me, with grim humor, that they dreamed of pickles and codfish balls, and I know that bread and molasses was a favorite viand among the starving sleepers of George Crook's army.

On this particular occasion, I had no sooner lost consciousness of present surroundings than I found myself seated at a farmhouse tea-table, before a Lucullian banquet of hot biscuit, peach preserves, I think, and apple butter, this last being a favorite " condiment " (the local word) at a Virginia fireside. The rosy faces around the table had given me such joyous welcome as dreams and strangers give always — and friends sometimes. I passed slowly from this scene, and entered another which was but a reminiscence: the whole incident of my being wounded at Antietam and nursed at a farmhouse hard by was reënacted in my mind with a vividness and a celerity that were like the magic illusions conferred upon the hasheesh-eater. I saw the torn roof which a cannon-ball had ploughed just over my head, as I lay, tranced with pain and stiff with blood, in a log outbuilding near the house ; and one sight, too startling to relate, awoke me, all quivering and weak. Looking around, I beheld what caused me to clutch my horse's mane for a moment with something like terror. There was the very scene of my dream in vivid reality before me ! There were the house, the shattered roof still unmended; the fence, still lacking the rails which had made our camp-fire two

years before ; the familiar bridge ; the turn in the road which brought us to the creek that two years before had run red with the blood of thousands of men. Hurriedly I leaned forward and asked a negro sitting on a fence (it was yet early evening) where we were. We were indeed passing over the field of Antietam, which had been hailed as our first victory over the enemy, and the greatest battle ever fought on this continent. It was all peaceful now ; two crops had grown over the one that we trampled, and, looking at the tall shocks of corn, I unconsciously repeated the line, —

"How that red rain has made the harvest grow!"

A few weeks later, — and the interval is but dimly recalled, — I was in my father's house at Staten Island, all the officers of my regiment having been sent home, after the terrible raid, to recuperate. Some workmen were blasting out a well near by ; and almost my first consciousness of the things of this life was connected with the sounds of the blasting. With the boom of the first assault upon the rock, I leaped from the sofa, on which I had been ordered to spend the day, and called out loudly for my horse and sabre. This manner of waking occurred several times, and I was with difficulty persuaded that peaceful Staten Island had no need of my services. In the evening, some neighbors called, partly from friendly curiosity, let us hope, to see a survivor of the dreadful Hunter's raid. I heard them talking animatedly at the window, and as I approached, with a dim purpose of joining in their conversation, there was an ominous silence following an admonitory "hush." "Oh, don't mind him," remarked my father ; "he knows nothing of what is going on now."

Such was the dream, such the dreamer, that hunger had produced.

Another View of Renan.

— I spent the year 1875 in Paris, and occasionally went to hear the lectures which were delivered at the Collége de France. After a time I sought out the lecture-room of Joseph Ernest Renan, whose Life of Jesus I had been reading, although it was contrary to the advice of one of my own American college professors. Renan lectured in a small room to a small audience, ranging in numbers from five to twenty, — more frequently the former ; but as his lectures were devoted entirely to the Semitic languages, his coterie of regular listeners would naturally be small. He sat at one end of a long table, around which were gathered his pupils in Oriental literature. He made constant use of the blackboard, and his drawings were produced with marked rapidity and force. He had extremely white and beautifully formed hands and wrists, that were in strong contrast to his general appearance, which I made a note of at the time in the following words : "Imagine a short, stout, well-dressed man, with a large head, sparsely furnished with graying hair, joining his shoulders, with only the suggestion of a neck intervening ; large, rugged features ; a florid, heavy, smoothly shaven face, more German than French, — a face that would be repellent but for the kindly gleam in the small gray eyes. Add to this a marked vivacity of French gesticulation, a pleasing voice, rapid utterance of elegant diction, perfect ease and naturalness of manner, and you have a portrait in large strokes of one of the most accomplished and learned men of France."

After hearing his first lecture, I tarried to speak to M. Renan, and told him that I had been reading his book, adding laughingly that I had been warned against its perusal. (I was at this time a young girl.) He asked, with an amused gleam in his eyes, if I had been harmed by reading it ; to which I replied that I had found it perfectly harmless, and wondered what any one could find in it to criticise as harmful. After this, circumstances led to the exchange of letters between us anent some personal matters, and an invitation came from him and his wife to visit them at their home ; Madame Renan coming in from the country (it was in the early summer) to their town house to receive my visit. They lived on the fourth floor, in a modest but well-furnished apartment, in the Rue de Varenne ; and upon my arrival Madame Renan met me with such cordiality and graciousness of manner as to make me her ardent friend for all time. She was one of the most beautiful Frenchwomen I ever saw, — tall, large, fair, superbly formed, and at that fascinating age of a handsome woman which lies anywhere between thirty-five and forty-five years. She spoke some English, and so our conversation proceeded in my native tongue, plentifully pep-

pered, however, with French expressions, for which she seemed unable to find English equivalents. She told me much about her husband's early life, — of his bigoted but devoted mother, of the drowning of his father in the port of Tréguier, his education, his struggles with his religious convictions, the sympathy between him and his sister Henriette, his final renouncement of Romanism, and his rebound to the other extreme of religious faith.

In the midst of our talk M. Renan himself came in, and as he spoke no English the conversation was continued in French. "As Madame Renan has been telling you so much about me, I must be revenged and tell you something about her," he began, with charming gayety of manner. "You must know that she is a daughter of Henri Scheffer, thus a niece of Ary Scheffer, and that I first met her at a soirée given by Ary Scheffer to a number of distinguished Americans then in Paris. I thought she was an American! She looks like one, — do you not think so? And has she told you that we were married three times in one day, — once by the magistrate, once by a Catholic priest to satisfy my Catholic family, and once by a Protestant pastor to please the Scheffers?"

M. Renan spoke of his sister Henriette, and, although she then had been dead a dozen years, tears filled his eyes and a profound sigh escaped his heart. There was no mistaking the largeness of M. Renan's nature for affection and gratitude. Henriette was twelve years his senior, and to her was largely due Renan's renunciation of the priesthood, to which his family had in a way consecrated him. She passed some years in Germany as a governess, where her own views took on the "advanced" forms of German savans. She was one of the most devoted sisters on record. For her brother she lived, studied, toiled, economized, sacrificed; and in the whole history of fraternal affection nothing has come under my observation equaling that which existed between Renan and his sister. Madame Renan showed me Henriette's portrait, which she said was a very poor one; but it would have required an artist of the most idealizing faculty to turn that excessively plain face, which had been rendered still more unfortunate by a cruel disfiguring wound, into an attractive one. It resembled Renan's in no way, being long and thin, that of an ascetic. She accompanied Renan on one of his Oriental expeditions, and died at or near Amschit, where she was buried, or rather placed in a vault, from which her brother never had the heart to remove her to the "sad cemeteries of France which she regarded with repulsion." After her death, Renan wrote the story of her life, a book of which only one hundred copies were printed; and when I left the Renans, that day, Madame Renan gave me one of the precious brochure, which reads as if the pen that wrote it had been dipped in tears. In it Renan tells of the trial of soul that Henriette endured after he had met and loved Cornelia Scheffer, and how, when he saw her sufferings and realized what he owed to her, he resolved to give up Cornelia, and allow no other woman to come in between him and Henriette. This resolution he made known to his sister, which so affected her that she went immediately to the house of Henri Scheffer, sought Cornelia, confessed her feelings, and declared that the marriage must take place; but it was only after children came to the home of the Renans that the soreness in Henriette's heart seemed to be wholly healed. Her death, occurring before fame had come to the brother for whom she had given her life, touched Renan deeply, for she had been so identified with his work, was so his other working self, that he felt she had passed away without having received her just compensation, and it left in his heart an ineffaceable sorrow.

Such, in brief, is a glimpse of the man whose recent death removed not only a romantic and learned figure from the literary world, but also one of the most sincere and devoted of men.

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OLD KASKASKIA.

IN FOUR PARTS. PART FOURTH.

THE FLOOD.

The moonlight shone in through both windows and the lantern glimmered. The choking smell of gunpowder spread from room to room. Two of the slave men sprung across the sill to pursue Dr. Dunlap, but they could do nothing. They could see him paddling away from the house, and giving himself up to the current; a desperate man, whose fate was from that hour unknown. Night and the paralysis which the flood laid upon human action favored him. Did a still pitying soul bend above his wild-eyed and reckless plunging through whirls of water, comprehending that he had been startled into assassination; that the deed was, like the result of his marriage, a tragedy he did not foresee? Some men are made for strong domestic ties, yet run with brutal precipitation into the loneliness of evil.

A desire to get out of the flood-bound tavern, an unreasonable impulse to see Angelique Saucier and perhaps be of use to her, a mistakenly silent entering of the house which he hardly knew how to approach, — these were the conditions which put him in the way of his crime. The old journey of Cain was already begun while Angelique was robbing her great-grandaunt's bed of pillows to put under Rice Jones. The aged woman had gone into her shell of sleep, and the muffled shot, the confusion and wailing, did not wake her. Wachique and another slave lifted the body and laid it on the quickly spread couch of pillows.

Nobody thought of Maria. She lay quite still, and made no sound in that flurry of terror.

"He is badly hurt," said Angelique. "Lizette, bring linen, the first your hand touches; and you, Achille, open his vest and find the wound quickly."

"But it 's no use, ma'amselle," whispered the half-breed, lifting his eyes.

"Do not be afraid, poor Achille. I will show you how myself. We cannot wait for any one to help us. What would my father and Colonel Menard say, if they found Monsieur Reece Zhone killed in our house?"

In her panic Angelique tore the vest wide, and found the great stain over the place where the heart should be. She was kneeling, and she turned back to Peggy, who stood behind her.

Death is great or it is a piteous change, like the slaughter of brutes, according as we bear ourselves in its presence. How mighty an experience it is to wait where world overlaps the edge of world, and feel the vastness of eternity around us! A moment ago — or was it many ages? — he spoke. Now he is gone, leaving a strange visible image lying there to awe us. The dead take sudden majesty. They become as gods. We think they hear us when we speak of them, and their good becomes sacred. A dead face

has all human faults wiped from it; and that Shape, that Presence, whose passiveness seems infinite, how it fills the house, the town, the whole world, while it stays!

The hardest problem we have to face here is the waste of our best things, — of hopes, of patience, of love, of days, of agonizing labor, of lives which promise most. Rice's astonishment at the brutal waste of himself had already passed off his countenance. The open eyes saw nothing, but the lips were closed in sublime peace.

"And his sister," wept Angelique. "Look at Mademoiselle Zhone, also."

The dozen negroes, old and young, led by Achille, began to sob in music one of those sweet undertone chants for the dead which no race but theirs can master. They sung the power of the man and the tenderness of the young sister whose soul followed her brother's, and they called from that ark on the waters for saints and angels to come down and bless the beds of the two. The bells intoned with them, and a sinking wind carried a lighter ripple against the house.

"Send them out," spoke Peggy Morrison, with an imperious sweep of the arm; and the half-breed authoritatively hurried the other slaves back to their doorway. The submissive race understood and obeyed, anxiously watching Peggy as she wavered in her erectness and groped with the fingers of both hands.

"Put camphor under Ma'amselle Peggy's nose, Wachique," whispered Achille.

Peggy found Rice's chair, and sat down; but as soon as she returned to a consciousness of the bottle under her nose and an arm around her, she said, —

"Go away. A Morrison never faints."

Angelique was kneeling like a nun. She felt the push of a foot.

"Stop that crying," said Peggy fiercely. "I hate to hear it. What right have you to cry?"

"No right at all. But the whole Territory will weep over this."

"What right has the Territory in him now? The Territory will soon find another brilliant man."

"And this poor tiny girl, Peggy, so near her death, what had she done to deserve that it should come in this form? Are men gone mad in this flood, that Dr. Dunlap, for a mere political feud, should seek out Monsieur Reece Zhone in my father's house, and shoot him down before our eyes? I am dazed. It is like a nightmare."

Peggy set her mouth and looked abroad into the brightening night.

Angelique dropped her face in her hands and shook with sobbing. The three girlish figures, one rigid on the bed, another rigid in the chair, and the third bending in vicarious suffering between them, were made suddenly clear by an illumination of the moon as it began to find the western window. Wachique had busied herself seeking among piles of furniture for candles, which she considered a necessity for the dead. The house supply of wax tapers was in the submerged cellar. So she took the lantern from its nail and set it on the floor at the head of the two pallets, and it threw scattered spots of lustre on Rice's white forehead and Maria's hair. This humble shrouded torch, impertinent as it looked when the lily-white moonlight lay across it, yet reminded beholders of a stable, and a Child born in a stable who had taught the race to turn every sorrow into glory.

The night sent its quiet through the attic, though the bells which had clamored so over the destruction of verdure and homes appeared now to clamor louder over the destruction of youth.

"Do you understand this, Peggy? They died heretic and unblessed, yet I want to know what they now know until it seems to me I cannot wait. When I have been playing the harp to tantegra'mère, and thinking so much, long, long afternoons, such a strange homesickness has grown in me. I could not make anybody believe it if I told it.

These two have found out what is beyond. They have found out the great secret. Oh, Peggy, I do want to know it, also. There will be an awful mourning over them; and when they go into their little earthen cellars, people will pity that, and say, 'Poor things.' But they know the mystery of the ages now, and we know nothing. Do you think they are yet very far away? Monsieur Reece? Mademoiselle?"

Angelique's low interrogating call, made while she keenly listened with lifted face, had its only response in a mutter from Wachique, who feared any invocation of spirits. Peggy sat looking straight ahead of her without a word. She could not wash her face, soft with tears, and she felt no reaching out towards disembodiment. What she wanted was love in this world, and pride in her love; long years of glad living on the verdure of earth in the light of the sun. One presence could make the common old world celestial enough for her. She had missed her desire. But Rice had turned his face to her as he died.

Two boats moved to the eaves and rested there, shaken only by a ripple of the quieting water. The overflowed rivers would lie calm when the wind allowed it, excepting where a boiling current drove. The dazed girls yet seemed to dream through the strong indignation and the inquiry and fruitless plans of arriving men. It was a dream when Captain Saucier sat down and stared haggardly at the two who had perished under his roof, and Colonel Menard stood with his hat over his face. It was a dream when the brother and sister were lowered and placed on one pallet in a boat. The hollow of the rafters, the walls on which one might mark with his nail, the waiting black faces, the figures toiling down the roof with those loads, — were any of these sights real?

"Wrap yourselves," said Captain Saucier to Peggy and Angelique. "The other boat is quite ready for you."

"But, papa, are Monsieur Reece and his sister going alone with the rowers?"

"I am myself going with them."

"Papa," urged Angelique, "Mademoiselle Zhone was a young girl. If I were in her place, would you not like to have some young girl sit by my head?"

"But you cannot go."

"No, but Peggy can."

"Peggy would rather go with you."

"I am sure she will do it."

"Will you, Peggy?"

"Yes, I will."

So Angelique wrapped Peggy first, and went with her as far as the window. It was the window through which Dr. Dunlap had stepped.

"Good-by, dear Peggy," whispered Angelique; for the other seemed starting on the main journey of her life.

"Good-by, dear Angelique."

Peggy's eyes were tearless still, but she looked and looked at Angelique, and looked back mutely again when she sat at Rice's head in the boat. She had him to herself. Between the water and the sky, and within the dim horizon band, she could be alone with him. He was her own while the boat felt its way across the waste. The rowers sat on a bench over the foot of the pallet. Captain Saucier was obliged to steer. Peggy sat in the prow, and while they struggled against the rivers, she looked with the proud courage of a Morrison at her dead whom she must never claim again.

The colonel put Angelique first into the waiting boat. Wachique was set in front of her, to receive tante-gra'mère when the potentate's chrysalid should be lowered. For the first time in her life Angelique leaned back, letting slip from herself all responsibility. Colonel Menard could bring her great-grandaunt out. The sense of moving in a picture, of not feeling what she handled, and of being cut off from the realities of life followed Angelique into the boat. She was worn to exhaustion. Her torpid pulses owned the chill upon the waters.

There was room in which a few of the little blacks might be stowed without annoying tante-gra'mère, but their mothers begged to keep them until all could go together.

"Now, my children," said Colonel Menard, "have patience for another hour or two, when the boats shall return and bring you all off. The house is safe; there is no longer a strong wind driving waves over it. A few people in Kaskaskia have had to sit on their roofs since the water rose."

Achille promised to take charge of his master's household. But one of the women pointed to the stain on the floor. The lantern yet burned at the head of Rice's deserted pillows. Superstition began to rise from that spot. They no longer had Angelique among them, with her atmosphere of invisible angels.

"That is the blood of the best man in the Territory," said Colonel Menard. "I would give much more of my own to bring back the man who spilled it. Are you afraid of a mere blood-spot in the gray of the morning? Go into the other room and fasten the door, then. Achille will show you that he can stay here alone."

"If mo'sieu' the colonel would let me go into that room, too" —

"Go in, Achille," said the colonel indulgently.

Colonel Menard made short work of embarking tante-gra'mère. In emergencies, he was deft and delicate with his hands. She never knew who caught her in coverlets and did her up like a papoose, with a pillow under her head.

"Pull westward to the next street," he gave orders to his oarsmen. "We found it easy going with the current that way. It will double the distance, but give us less trouble to get into dead water the other side of the Okaw."

Early summer dawn was breaking over that deluged world, a whiter light than moonshine giving increasing distinctness to every object. This hint of day gave rest to the tired ringers in church tower and convent belfry. The bells died away, and stillness brooded on the water plain. Hoarse roaring of the yellow current became a mere monotonous background for other sounds. A breath stole from the east, bringing the scent of rain-washed earth and foliage and sweet mints. There was no other wind; and the boat shot easily on its course alongside a thicket made by orchard treetops. Some birds, maybe proprietors of drowned nests, were already complaining over these, or toppling experimentally down on branch tips.

Kaskaskia had become a strange half-town, cut off around its middle. It affected one like a man standing on his armpits. The capital of the Territory was composed chiefly of roofs and dormer windows, of squatty wooden islands in a boundless sea. The Church of the Immaculate Conception was a laughable tent of masonry, top-heavy with its square tower. As for cultivated fields and the pastures where the cattle grazed, such vanished realities were forgotten. And what was washing over the marble tombs and slate crosses in the churchyard?

The flood strangely lifted and forced skyward the plane of life, yet lowered all life's functions. An open and liberal sky, dappling with a promise from the east, bent over and mocked paralyzed humanity.

The noble bluffs had become a sunken ridge, water meeting the forests a little below their waists. From their coverts boats could now be seen putting out in every direction, and, though the morning star was paling, each carried a light. They were like a party of belated fireflies escaping from daylight. Faces in dormer windows waited for them. Down by the Jesuit College weak hurrahs arose from people on roofs.

"The governor has come with help for us," said Pierre Menard.

In this dead world of Kaskaskia not

a dog barked; not one of the shortened chimney-stacks smoked. Some of the houses had their casements closed in terrible silence; but out of others neighbors looked and greeted Angelique in the abashed way peculiar to people who have not got used to an amputation, and are sensitive about their new appearance in the world. Heads leaned out, also, firing jokes after the boat, and offering the colonel large shares in the common fields and entire crops for a seat in his conveyance.

Drift of rotten wood stuck to the house sides, and broken trees or stumps, jammed under gallery roofs, resented the current, and broke the surface as they rose and dipped. Strange craft, large and small, rode down the turgid sweep. Straw beehives rolled along like gigantic pine cones, and rustic hencoops of bottom-land settlers kept their balance as they moved. Far off, a cart could be outlined making a hopeless ford. The current was so broad that its sweep extended beyond the reach of sight; and perhaps the strangest object carried by this tremendous force was a small clapboarded house. Its back and front doors stood open, and in the middle of the floor stood a solitary chair. One expected to see a figure emerge from a hidden corner and sit down forlornly in the chair.

The slender voice of a violin stole across the water, — an exorcism of the spell that had fallen on Kaskaskia. As the boat reached the tavern corner, this thread of melody was easily followed to the ballroom on the second floor of the tavern, where the Assembly balls were danced. A slave, who had nothing but his daily bread to lose, and who would be assured of that by the hand of charity when his master could no longer maintain him, might take up the bow and touch the fiddle gayly in such a time of general calamity. But there was also dancing in the ballroom. The boat turned south and shot down a canal bordered by trunkless shade trees, which had been one of the principal streets of Kaskaskia. At the instant of turning, however, Father Baby could be seen as he whirled, though his skinny head and gray capote need not have added their evidence to the exact sound of his foot which came so distinctly across the water. His little shop, his goods, his secret stocking-leg of coin, — for Father Baby was his own banker, — were buried out of sight. His crop in the common fields and provision for winter lay also under the Mississippi. His late lodger had taken to the river, and was probably drowned. He had no warrant except in the nimbleness of his slave's legs that he even had a slave left. Yet he had never in his life felt so full of dance. The flood mounted to his head like wine. Father Olivier was in the tavern without forbidding it. Doubtless he thought the example an exhilarating one, when a grown-up child could dance over material loss, remembering only the joy of life.

Wachique had felt her bundle squirm from the moment it was given to her. She enlarged on the hint Colonel Menard had given, and held the drapery bound tightly around the prisoner. The boat shot past the church, and over the spot where St. John's bonfire had so recently burnt out, and across that street through which the girls had scampered on their Midsummer Night errand.

"But stop," said Colonel Menard; and he pointed out to the rowers an obstruction which none of them had seen in the night. From the Jesuit College across the true bed of the Okaw a dam had formed, probably having for its base part of the bridge masonry. Whole trees were swept into the barricade. "We cannot now cross diagonally and come back through the dead water at our leisure, for there is that dam to be passed. Pull for the old college."

The boat was therefore turned, and thus took the same course that the girls had taken. The current was at right angles with its advance, though the houses

on the north somewhat broke that force. The roofless building, ridiculously shortened in its height, had more the look of a fortress than when it was used as one. The walls had been washed out above both great entrances, making spacious jagged arches through which larger craft than theirs could pass. Colonel Menard was quick to see this; he steered and directed his men accordingly. The Jesuit College was too well built to crumble on the heads of chance passers, though the wind and the flood had battered it; to row through it would shorten their course.

Angelique did not say a word about the changed aspect of her world. A warmth in the pearly light over the bluffs promised a clear day: and how Kaskaskia would look with the sun shining on her predicament! The boat cut through braiding and twisting water, and shot into the college. Part of the building's upper floor remained; everything else was gone.

The walls threw a shadow upon them, and the green flicker, dancing up and down as they disturbed the inclosure, played curiously on their faces. The stones suddenly echoed a slap. Tante-gra'mère's struggling wrath, which Wachique had tried to keep bound in the coverlet, having found an outlet, was swift as lightning in its reprisal. The stings of the whiplash had exhilaration and dignity compared to this attack. It was the climax of her midget rages. She forgot the breeding of a gentlewoman, and furiously struck her slave in the face.

Wachique started up, her Pottawatomie blood painting her cheek bones. That instant she was an Indian, not a slave. She remembered everything this petted despot had done to her, and, lifting her bundle, threw it as far as her arms could send it across the water floor of the college. The pitiful little weight sunk with a gurgling sound.

"Sit down, woman!" shouted Colonel Menard.

Wachique cowered, and tried to obey. But the motion she had given the boat was not to be overcome. It careened, and the water rushed over their knees, filled it full, and became a whirlpool of grasping hands and choking heads.

The overturned boat, wedged partially under the flooring, lodged against the eastern wall. Both negro rowers came up from their plunge and climbed like cats upon this platform, smearing a mire of sodden plastering over their homespun trousers as they crawled. One of them reached down and caught the half-breed by the hair, as she rose at the edge of the flooring. Between them they were able to draw her up.

The shock of a cold flood around Angelique's ears sent life as vivid as fire through her brain. The exhaustion and stupor of the night were gone. She felt her body swallowed. It went down to the floor where the girls had walked when they chanted, "Hempseed, I sow thee." It rose, and all the rapturous advantage which there was in continuing to inhabit it took mighty possession of her. She was so healthily, so happily lodged. It was a sin to say she was longing for the mystery hereafter, when all the beautiful mysteries here were unknown to her. Then Colonel Menard was holding her up, and she was dragged to sight and breathing once more, and to a solid support under her melting life. She lay on the floor, seeing the open sky above her, conscious that streams of water poured from her clothes and her hair, ran down her face, and dripped from her ears. A slow terror which had underlain all these physical perceptions now burst from her thoughts like flame. Her great-grandaunt, the infant of the house, was all this time lying at the bottom of the old college. It was really not a minute, but minutes are long to the drowning. Angelique caught her breath, saying, "Tante-gra'mère!" She heard a plunge, and knew that Colonel Menard had stood on the platform only long enough to cast aside his coat and shoes before he dived.

The slaves, supporting themselves on their palms, stretched forward, open-mouthed. There was the rippling surface, carrying the shadow of the walls. Nothing came up. A cow could be heard lowing on the bluffs to her lost calf. The morning twitter of birds became an aggressive and sickening sound.

"Where is he?" demanded Angelique, creeping also to her trembling knees. "Where is monsieur the colonel?"

Both men gave her the silent, frightened testimony of their rolling eyes, but Wachique lay along the floor with hidden face. Not a bubble broke the yellow sheet smothering and keeping him down.

As the driving of steel it went through Angelique that the aching and passion and ferocity which rose in her were love. She loved that man under the water; she so loved him that she must go down after him; for what was life, with him there? She must have loved him when she was a child, and he used to take off his hat to her, saying, "Good-day, mademoiselle." She must have felt a childish jealousy of the woman called Madame Menard, who had once owned him, — had owned the very coloring of his face, the laugh in his eye, the mastery of his presence among men. She loved Colonel Menard — and he was gone.

"Turn over the boat!" screamed Angelique. "He is caught in the cellars of this old house, — the floors are broken. We must find him. He will never come up."

The men, ready to do anything which was suggested to their slow minds, made haste to creep along the weakened flooring, which shook as they moved, and to push the boat from its lodgment. The oars were fast in the rowlocks, and stuck against beams or stones, and made hard work of getting the boat righted.

"Why does he not come up? Does any one stay under water as long as this? Oh, be quick! Turn it, — turn it over!" Angelique reached down with the men to grasp the slippery boat, her vivid will giving their clumsiness direction and force. They got it free and turned it, dipping a little water as they did so; but she let herself into its wet hollow and bailed that out with her hands. The two dropped directly after her, and with one push of the oars sent the boat over the spot where Colonel Menard had gone down.

"Which of you will go in?"

"Ma'amselle, I can't swim," piteously declared the older negro.

"Neither can I, ma'amselle," pleaded the other.

"Then I shall have to go in myself. I cannot swim, either, and I shall die, but I cannot help it."

The desperate and useless impulse which so often perishes in words returned upon her with its absurdity as she stared down, trying to part the muddy atoms of the Mississippi. The men held the boat in a scarcely visible stream moving from west to east through the gaps in the building. They eyed her, waiting the motions of the Caucasian mind, but dumbly certain it was their duty to seize her if she tried to throw herself in.

They waited until Angelique hid her face upon a bench, shivering in her clinging garments with a chill which was colder than any the river gave. A ghostly shadow of themselves and the boat and the collapsed figure of the girl began to grow upon the water. More stones in the moist walls showed glistening surfaces as the light mounted. The fact that they had lost their master, that his household was without a head, that the calamity of Kaskaskia involved their future, then took possession of both poor fellows, and the great heart of Africa shook the boat with sobs and groans and useless cries for help.

"Come out here, you black rascals!" called a voice from the log dam.

Angelique lifted her head. Colonel Menard was in plain sight, resting his arms across a tree, and propping a sodden bundle on branches. Neither Angelique nor his men had turned a glance through

the eastern gap, or thought of the stream sweeping to the dam. The spot where he sank, the broken floor, the inclosing walls, were their absorbing boundaries as to his fate. As the slaves saw him, a droll and sheepish look came on their faces at having wailed his death in his living ears. They shot through the door vigorously, and brought the boat with care alongside the trunk supporting him.

The colonel let them take tante-gra'-mère in. He was exhausted. One arm and his cheek sunk on the side of the boat, and they drew him across it, steadying themselves by the foliage upreared by the tree.

He opened his eyes, and saw rose and pearl streaks in the sky. The sun was mounting behind the bluffs. Then a canopy of leaves intervened, and a whir of bird wings came to his ears. The boat had reached dead water, and was moving over the submerged roadbed, and groping betwixt the stems of great pecan-trees, — the great pecan-trees which stood sentinel on the river borders of his estate. He noticed how the broken limbs flourished in the water, every leaf satisfied with the moisture it drew.

The colonel realized that he was lying flat in a boat which had not been bailed dry, and that his head rested on wet homespun, by its odor belonging to Louis or Jacques; and he saw their black naked arms paddling with the oars. Beyond them he saw Wachique holding her mistress carefully and unrestrained; and the negro in her quailed before him at the deed the Indian had done, scarcely comforted by the twinkle in the colonel's eye. Tante-gra'mère was sitting up meekly, less affected by dampness than anybody else in the boat. She had a fresh and toughened look. Her baptism in the rivers had perhaps renewed her for another century.

"Madame, you are certainly the most remarkable woman in this Territory. You have borne this night marvelously well, and the accident of the boat even better."

"Not at all, monsieur the colonel."

She spoke as children do when effectually punished for ill temper.

"Are you cold?"

"I am wet, monsieur. We are all wet. It is indeed a time of flood."

"We shall soon see a blazing fire and a hot breakfast, and all the garments in the country will be ours without asking."

The colonel raised himself on his elbow and looked around. Angelique sat beside his head; so close that they both blushed.

They were not wet nor chilled nor hungry. They had not looked on death nor felt the shadow of eternity. The sweet mystery of continued life was before them. The flood, like a sea of glass, spread itself to the thousand footsteps of the sun.

Tante-gra'mère kept her eyes upon them. But it is not easy to hear what people say when you are riding among treetops and bird's-nests in the early morning.

"Mademoiselle, we are nearly home."

"Yes, monsieur."

"It has been to me a great night."

"I can understand that, monsieur."

"The children will be dancing when they see you. Odile and Pierre were awake, and they both cried when the first boat came home last night without you."

"Monsieur the colonel, you are too good to us."

"Angelique, do you love me?"

"It is true, monsieur."

"But it must be owned I am a dozen years older than you, and I have loved before."

"I never have."

"Does it not seem a pity, then, that you who have had the pick of the Territory should become the second wife of Pierre Menard?"

"I should rather be the second choice with you, monsieur, than the first choice of any other man in the Territory."

"Mademoiselle, I adore you."

"That remains to be seen, monsieur."

"What did you think when I was under water?"

"I did not think, monsieur. I perished. It was then you conquered me."

"Good. I will take to the water whenever any little difference arises between us. It is a lucky thing for me that I am a practiced river man."

"I do not say it could be done again. Never will there be such another night and morning."

"Now see how it is with nature, Angelique. Life is always rising out of death. This affair of ours, — I call it a lily growing out of the water. Does it trouble you that your old home is out there standing almost to its eaves in the Mississippi?"

"Papa cannot now give me so good a dower." The girl's lowered eyes laughed into his.

"We will not have any settlements or any dower. We will be married in this new American way. Everything I have left from this flood will be yours and the children's, anyhow. But while there is game in the woods, or bacon in the cellar, or flour in the bin, or wine to be tapped, or a cup of milk left, not a child or woman or man shall go hungry. I was not unprepared for this. My fur storehouse there on the bank of the Okaw is empty. At the first rumor of high water I had the skins carried to the strong-house on the hill."

Angelique's wet hair still clung to her forehead, but her warmth had returned with a glow. The colonel was a compact man, who had passed through water as his own element. To be dripping was no hindrance to his courtship.

"When may we celebrate the marriage?"

"Is it a time to speak of marriage when two are lying dead in the house?"

His countenance changed at the rebuke, and, as all fortunate people do when they have passed the selfish fury of youth, he apologized for success.

"It is true. And Reece Zhone was the only man in the Territory whom I feared as a rival. As soon as he is laid low I forget him. He would not so soon forget me. Yet I do not forget him. The whole Illinois Territory will remember him. But Reece Zhone himself would not blame me, when I am bringing you home to my house, for hinting that I hope to keep you there."

"To keep me there, monsieur the colonel! No, I am not to be married in a hurry."

"But I made my proposals months ago, Angelique. The children and I have long had our secrets about bringing you home. Two of them sit on my knee and two of them climb my back, and we talk it over. They will not let you leave the house alive, mademoiselle. Father Olivier will still celebrate the sacraments among us. Kaskaskia will have the consolations of religion for this flood; but I may not have the consolation of knowing my own wedding-day."

"The church is now half full of water."

"Must I first bail out the church?"

"I draw the line there, monsieur the colonel. You are a prevailing man. You will doubtless wind me around your thumb as you do the Indians. But when I am married, I will be married in church, and sign the register in the old way. What, monsieur, do you think the water will never go down?"

"It will go down, yes, and the common fields will be the better for it. But it is hard a man should have to watch a river-gauge to find out the date of his own wedding."

"Yet one would rather do that than never have a wedding at all."

"I kiss your hand on that, mademoiselle."

"What are those little rings around the base of the trees, monsieur the colonel?"

"They are marks which show that the water is already falling. It must be two inches lower than last night on

the Church of the Immaculate Conception. I am one sixth of a foot on my way toward matrimony."

A tent like a white blossom showed through the woods; then many more. The bluffs all about Pierre Menard's house were dotted with them. Boats could be seen coming back from the town, full of people. Two or three sails were tacking northward on that smooth and glistening fresh-water sea. Music came across it, meeting the rising sun; the nuns sang their matin service as they were rowed.

Angelique closed her eyes over tears. It seemed to her like floating into the next world, — in music, in soft shadow, in keen rapture, — seeing the light on the hills beyond while her beloved held her by the hand.

All day boats passed back and forth between the tented bluffs and the roofs of Kaskaskia, carrying the goods of a temporarily houseless people. At dusk, some jaded men came back — among them Captain Saucier and Colonel Menard — from searching overflow and uplands for Dr. Dunlap.

At dusk, also, the fireflies again scattered over the lake, without waiting for a belated moon. Jean Lozier stood at the top of the bluff, on his old mount of vision, and watched these boats finishing the work of the day. They carried the only lights now to be seen in Kaskaskia.

He was not excited by the swarming life just below him. His idea of Kaskaskia was not a buzzing encampment around a glittering seigniory house, with the governor's presence giving it grandeur, and Rice Jones and his sister, waiting their temporary burial on the uplands, giving it awe. Old Kaskaskia had been over yonder, the place of his desires, his love. The glamour and beauty and story were on the smothered valley, and for him they could never be anywhere else.

Father Olivier came out on the bluff, and Jean at once pulled his cap off, and looked at the ground instead of at the pale green and wild-rose tints at the farther side of the world. They heard the soft wash of the flood. The priest bared his head to the evening air.

"My son, I am sorry your grandfather died last night, while I was unable to reach him."

"Yes, father."

"You have been a good son. Your conscience acquits you. And now the time has come when you are free to go anywhere you please."

Jean looked over the flood.

"But there 's no place to go to now, father. I was waiting for Kaskaskia, and Kaskaskia is gone."

"Not gone, my son. The water will soon recede. The people will return to their homes. Kaskaskia will be the capital of the new State yet."

"Yes, father," said Jean dejectedly. He waited until the priest sauntered away. It was not for him to contradict a priest. But watching humid darkness grow over the place where Kaskaskia had been, he told himself in repeated whispers, —

"It 'll never be the same again. Old Kaskaskia is gone. Just when I am ready to go there, there is no Kaskaskia to go to."

Jean sat down, and propped his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands, as tender a spirit as ever brooded over ruin. He thought he could bear the bereavement better if battle and fire had swept it away; but to see it lying drowned before him made his heart a clod.

Singly and in bunches the lantern-bearing boats came home to their shelter in the pecan-trees, leaving the engulfed plain to starlight. No lamp was seen, no music tinkled there; in the water streets the evening wind made tiny tracks, and then it also deserted the town, leaving the liquid sheet drawn and fitted smoothly to place. Nothing but water, north, west, and south; a vast plain reflecting stars, and here and there showing spots like burnished shields.

The grotesque halves of buildings in its foreground became as insignificant as flecks of shadow. The sky was a clear blue dome, the vaporous folds of the Milky Way seeming to drift across it in indistinct light.

Now, above the flowing whisper of the inland sea Jean Lozier could hear other sounds. Thunder began in the north, and rolled with its cloud toward the point where Okaw and Mississippi met; shaggy lowered heads and flying tails and a thousand hoofs swept past him; and after them fleet naked men, who made themselves one with the horses they rode. The buffalo herds were flying before their hunters. He heard bowstrings twang, and saw great creatures stagger and fall headlong, and lie panting in the long grass.

Then pale blue wood smoke unfolded itself upward, and the lodges were spread, and there was Cascasquia of the Illinois. Black gowns came down the northern trail, and a cross was set up.

The lodges passed into wide dormered homesteads, and bowers of foliage promised the fruits of Europe among old forest trees. Jean heard the drum, and saw white uniforms moving back and forth, and gun barrels glistening, and the lilies of France floating over expeditions which put out to the south. This was Kaskaskia. The traffic of the West gathered to it. Men and women crossed the wilderness to find the charm of life there; the waterways and a north trail as firm as a Roman road bringing them easily in. Neyon de Villiers lifted the hat from his fine gray head and saluted society there; and the sulky figure of Pontiac stalked abroad. Fort Gage, and the scarlet uniform of Great Britain, and a new flag bearing thirteen stripes swam past Jean's eyes. The old French days were gone, but the new American days, blending the gathered races into one, were better still. Kaskaskia was a seat of government, a Western republic, rich and merry and generous and eloquent, with the great river and the world at her feet. The hum of traffic came up to Jean. He saw the beautiful children of gently nurtured mothers; he saw the men who moulded public opinion; he saw brawny white-clothed slaves; he saw the crowded wharf, the bridge with long rays of motes stretching across it from the low-lying sun.

Now it disappeared. The weird, lonesome flood spread where that city of his desires had been.

"Kaskaskia is gone. 'But the glory remains when the light fades away.'"

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF WILLIAM HAZLITT.

THE peculiar rarity of letters, and even notes, in the handwriting of Hazlitt, the essayist and critic (1778–1830), seems to have arisen from his repugnance to put pen to paper in the absence of an absolute necessity. In the quarter of a century which has elapsed since the publication of the Memoirs by his grandson, barely twenty examples, including several of no special moment, have presented themselves in the market, and, with one or two exceptions, these are all in the hands of the editor of the present article, who has acquired them by purchase or gift. At the time when the Memoirs were in preparation, every effort was made to obtain additions to the early correspondence preserved in the Literary Remains, 1836, but with the most limited success; and there is very slight ground for the hope that the store will be appreciably or importantly augmented

in the future. Many of the communications are merely brief business notes; one is a long juvenile letter, of some interest as illustrating Hazlitt's boyish nature; but those of most concern to the student of literature are such as relate to Hazlitt's connection with Leigh Hunt and to his affair with Blackwood. Before presenting these, however, we introduce two which have reference to his literary work and friends in London in 1806. The first is addressed to Johnson, the publisher of the abridgment of Tucker, or Search, from Great Russell Street, to which John Hazlitt had removed in 1804 from Rathbone Place.

I.

Dear Sir, — I have sent you the abridgement I have made of the two first volumes. The proportion in quantity is, as near as I can guess, about 210 pages to 790, that is, considerably less than a third. I imagine the 3 last volumes, though much larger, will not take more than the 2 first, and that the 3^{d} & 4th will be about 400 pages, or perhaps more. If you should think this too much in quantity, the sooner you let me know the better. I find that going on in the way I have done, I can insert almost every thing that is worth remembering in the book. I give the amusing passages almost entire. In fact I have done little more than leave out repetitions, & other things that might as well never have been in the book. But whether I have done it properly, or no, you will be able to determine better than I. If the first manuscript should be awkward to print from being written both ways, I could easily have it transcribed.

I am with great respect
your ob^{t} servant
W. Hazlitt.

August 30th [1806].
109 Great Russell St.

The second letter, which is of greater importance, was evidently written from his own lodgings in Southampton Buildings, a locality which he selected at this early date for the sake of its convenient position. He gives a remarkably full and gossiping account (for him) of his doings. He alludes to his painting, and we note how he was in touch with his brother's circle, and even with others, such as Hume, of the Pipe Office, whom he knew through Lamb. The criticisms on Fox, Pitt, and others were for the Eloquence of the British Senate, then in preparation, but some of them had previously appeared in Free Thoughts on Public Affairs.

II.

My Dear Father, — I have just seen Tom Loftus, who told me to my surprize that he left you last Friday. He called last night but I was out. I was rather surprized because though I knew of his going into Wales, I did not think of his going your way. He seems much pleased with his reception & with his journey altogether. He has brought home some Welch mutton with him, which I am going to eat a part of to-night. He stopped a whole day at Oxford, which he thinks a finer place than Wem or even Shrewsbury. I have just finished the cheeks which I had dressed last Friday for my dinner after I had taken a walk round Hampstead & Highgate. I never made a better dinner in my life. T. Loftus came to help me off with them on Saturday, and we attacked them again at night, after going to the Opera, where I went for the first time & probably for the last. The fowls I took to Lamb's the night I received them & the pickled pork. They were very good. But I found only one tongue in the basket, whereas you seem to speak of two.

The book I took to John's yesterday. The preface to Search[1] is finished and printed to my great comfort. It is very long, & for what I know very tiresome. I am going on with my criticisms, & have

[1] The Light of Nature Pursued, by Abraham Tucker, was published under the *nom de plume* of Edward Search.

very nearly done Burke. I do not think I have done it so well as Chatham's. I showed the one I did of him to Anth. Robinson [1] who I understand since was quite delighted with it, & thinks it a very fine piece of composition. I have only Fox's to do of any consequence. Pitt's I shall take out of my pamphlet which will be no trouble. I am to settle with Budd [2] tomorrow, but I doubt my profits will be small. These four viz. Burke, Chatham, Fox, Pitt, with Sir R. Walpole's will be the chief articles of the work, & if I am not mistaken confounded good ones. I am only afraid they will be too good, that is, that they will contain more good things than are exactly proper for the occasion. Have you seen it in any of the papers? It was in the M. Chronicle. It is a pretty good one. I might if I was lazy take it, and save myself the trouble of writing one myself. I supped at Godwin's on New Years day, & at Holcroft's on Sunday.

I am going to dinner at Hume's tomorrow where I also was on Christmas day, & had a pleasant time enough. It was much such a day as it was two years ago, when I was painting your picture. Tempus preterlabitur. I am afraid I shall never do such another. But all in good time: I have done what I wanted in writing & I hope I may in painting.

My mother I suppose was much pleased to see T. Loftus. He said that he intended returning the same day having no time to spare, but that you pressed him so much to stop. Did not you think him a good deal like me? He intends calling on John to say that he has seen you.

I can think of nothing more but my best love to my mother & Peggy, and that I am

Your affectionate son
W. Hazlitt.

Tuesday.
[Endorsed] Revd. Mr. Hazlitt,
Wem, Salop. Single.

[1] The brother of H. Crabb Robinson.
[2] The publisher.

Whatever Hazlitt might think or say about his abridgment of Tucker, Dr. Parr thought highly of the work, while Sir James Mackintosh extolled the preface. This, the essay, and the characters of Pitt and the rest in the Eloquence of the British Senate deservedly tended to bring the author into notice among the members of the press, as well as with an enlarged circle of literary admirers. His critical acumen was manifest, and he was at this time beginning to feel an interest in the theatre. The preface to the British Senate contains a reference to some of the old actors, with whom Holcroft and Lamb must have assisted in familiarizing him.

It has been already stated very fully in my Memoirs of my grandfather how the difference between Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt arose out of the strictures by the latter on Shelley, and the alleged attitude toward his political and literary friends. The feeling on the part of Hunt seems to have gradually intensified, and to have sought relief, like the pent-up resentment of Lamb against Southey, in a formal epistolary attainder, of which the ink was scarcely dry when, on the receipt of an elaborate defense of himself by the subject of his remarks, his anger melted away, — like Lamb's again, — and led to the preparation and dispatch of a second letter, couched in a gentler strain.

The original letter to Hazlitt of 1821 constitutes perhaps the most remarkable feature in the Hunt correspondence. But it is only a recent discovery that Hunt wrote two letters, both of which are before us, and of which the final text — the only one seen by Hazlitt — was softened by some rumor that his friend projected a concession. The variations are mainly verbal, but we have no space to enter more at large on this part of the matter, for the composition occupies nearly six quarto pages.

The letter of Hazlitt to Hunt, which extends to five folio pages, and which has never seen the light since it reached

his hands, seventy years ago, is undoubtedly by far the most vital and interesting of all the surviving correspondence of the writer. It is impossible to refrain from feeling sorry for the isolated position which such a man as Hazlitt held in every respect at this time, after having been recognized by his contemporaries as one of the foremost intellects of the age; but regarding the question judicially, we cannot shut our eyes to the natural umbrage arising from his policy of carrying his genius for portraiture, when he relinquished art as a profession, into another sphere, and painting his friends on paper instead of on canvas. There is something very apposite to this in the account of the Fight, where he says, "It 's the devil for any one to tell me a secret, for it 's sure to come out in print. I do not care so much to gratify a friend, but the public ear is too great a temptation to me."

It was a situation of complicated difficulty in which Hazlitt stood all his life. The trial to his sensitive and enthusiastic temper offered by the fruit of his political opinions, which closed against him the avenue to official patronage or power, reacted on his private relationships, and rendered a man who, under somewhat brighter auspices in a social and pecuniary respect, would have been habitually, what Lamb described him as being in happier moments, the most delightful of companions, — and, we may be allowed to add, the most liberal and just of men, — moody, misanthropic, and combative.

It necessarily militated against Hazlitt that he carried with him into the political and literary arena that stubborn and ineradicable persistence in proclaiming at all costs his view of truth and right which proved so fatal a bar to success and fortune in his father's case; and assuredly, if we estimate the powerful agencies which were kept in motion during so many years to crush his spirit and his efforts, we must grant that, altogether, his intellectual force and prestige must have been great indeed to enable him to withstand even as long and as courageously as he did the malignant combination against him, and the scurrilous and cowardly attacks on his writings and character.

Here is the letter to Hunt: —

III.

Saturday night [*April* 21, 1821].

My dear Hunt, — I have no quarrel with you, nor can I have. You are one of those people that I like, do what they will: there are others that I do not like, do what they may. I have always spoken well of you to friend or foe, *viz.* I have said you were one of the pleasantest & cleverest persons I ever knew; but that you teazed any one you had to deal with out of their lives. I am fond of a theory, as you know; but I will give up even that to a friend, if he shews that he has any regard to my personal feelings. You provoke me to think hard things of you, & then you wonder that I hitch them into an Essay, as if that made any difference. I pique myself on doing what I can for others; but I cannot say that I have found any suitable returns for this, & hence perhaps my outrageousness of stomach! For instance, I praised you in the Edinburgh Review, and when in a case of life & death I tried to lecture, you refused to go near the place, & gave this as a reason, saying it would seem a collusion, if you said any thing in my favour after what I had said of you. 2. I got Reynolds to write in the Edinburgh Review, at a time when I had a great reluctance to ask any favour of Jeffrey, & from that time I never set eyes on him for a year & a half after. 3. I wrote a book in defence of Godwin some years ago, one half of which he has since stolen without acknowledgment, without even mentioning my name, & yet he comes to me to review the very work & I write to Jeffrey to ask his consent, thinking

myself, which you do not, the most magnanimous person in the world in the defence of a cause. 4. I have taken all opportunities of praising Lamb, & I never got a good word from him in return, big or little, till the other day. He seemed struck all of a heap, if I ever hinted at the possibility of his giving me a lift at any time. 5. It was but the other day that two friends did all they could to intercept an article about me from appearing in the said E. R. saying 'it would be too late,' 'that the Editor had been sounded at a distance, & was averse,' with twenty other excuses, & at last I was obliged to send it myself, *graciously* & by main force, as it were, when it appeared just in time to save me from drowning. Co[u]lson had been backwards & forwards between my house & Bentham's for between 3 & four years, & when the latter philosophically put an execution in my house, the plea was he had never heard of my name ;[1] & when I theorized on this the other day as bad policy, & *felo de se* on the part of the Radicals, your nephew[2] & that set said : 'Oh, it was an understood thing — the execution, you know!' My God, it is enough to drive one mad. I have not a soul to stand by me, & yet I am to give up my only resource & revenge, a theory — I won't do it, that's flat. Montagu[3] is, I fancy, cut at my putting him among people with one idea, & yet when the Blackwoods (together with your) shirking out of that business put me nearly underground, he took every opportunity to discourage me, & one evening, when I talked of going there, I was given to understand that there was 'a party expected.' Yet after this I am not to look at him a little *in abstracto*. This is what has soured me, & made me sick of friendship & acquaintanceship. When did I speak ill of your brother John? He never played me any tricks. I was in a cursed ill humour with you for two or three things when I wrote the article you find fault with (I grant not without reason). If I had complained to you, you would only have laughed ; you would have played me the very same tricks the very next time ; you would not have cared one farthing about annoying me ; & yet you complain that I draw a logical conclusion from all this, & publish it to the world without your name. As to Shelley, I do not hold myself responsible to him. You say I want imagination. If you mean invention or fancy, I say so too ; but if you mean a disposition to sympathise with the claims or merits of others, I deny it. I have been too much disposed to waive my own pretensions in deference to those of others. I am tired with playing at rackets all day, & you will be tired with this epistle. It has little to do with you ; for I see no use in raising up a parcel of small, old grievances. But I think the general ground of defence is good.

W. H.

I have given Hogg's papers to Baldwin, and wish you would write a character of me for the next number. I want to know why everybody has such a dislike to me.

A somewhat new light is cast on the origin of the connection of Hazlitt with the London Magazine by an unpublished letter of January 20, 1820, from John Scott, its first editor, to the proprietors. It seems that Scott had met Hazlitt at the house of a common friend, and, the conversation probably turning upon literary matters and the new venture of Baldwin, Cradock & Co., Hazlitt placed in the hands of his acquaintance, by way

[1] Could Bentham have been ignorant? I have heard that he would make his visitors do obeisance to the tablet in honor of Milton, let by my grandfather into the garden wall of the house, — the earliest example of a practice now become common in London.

[2] Mr. Henry Leigh Hunt, of the firm of Hunt and Clarke.

[3] Mr. Basil Montagu.

of sample, something which he had by him. The specimen struck Scott as displaying talent, but as not suited, as it stood, to the columns of the magazine. Scott writes to his principals as follows on this subject: —

"I am sorry to say that I cannot honestly tell you that Mr. Hazlitt's MS. is likely to suit us in the Mag. It falls into all those errors which I know are his besetting ones, but which I hope to keep him clear of, when he is directed to particular topics, such as the Drama, &c. His talent is undoubted, — & his wish to serve us I believe at present very sincere. Since I last saw you, the friend at whose house I met Hazlitt on Sunday has called upon me to make a sort of semi-authorized communication from that Gentleman. The fact is, as you surmized, that Mr. H. is in want of a certain sum of money, & he says that, this sum in his power, he would be very free in every respect, & would devote the whole power of his mind to the preparation of the dramatic [articles] or any thing else we might suggest. If so, he would be a very valuable Contributor. What the sum is, I do not know, but I apprehend the terms he asked for the Volume (of which I am ignorant) reach the mark. If I could have told you that the Essays, of which a specimen has been forwarded, would surely suit us, the difficulty probably would be small: but altho very anxious to find it so, I would not act fairly by you, were I to give this as my opinion. At the same time, I will engage for the gentleman, from what I know of his character, that he would be most ready to listen to suggestions, & to strain every nerve for us, in return for a service. He is naturally grateful, & though an original, is an honest one. I have not spoken to him for several years until Sunday last, but I see that in a very short time I shall be able to influence him to proper subjects & to a proper manner of handling them — I mean *proper* in regard to the Magazine, as, generally speaking, I should have little claim to be his judge or guide. — Would it therefore suit you to say to him, that w^th^ regard to the Essays, of which one has been sent, you beg leave to think a little farther over the matter, & claim the privilege of suggesting what may occur to you, but that on the general score of Dramatic Articles, & such other Contributions as might hereafter be arranged between himself and you, on mutual agreement, you have no objection to treat, as for the volume, *immediately*. — I do not know what he has asked for the vol. Of course my recommendation must have a reference to the reasonableness of his demand, of which you will judge & decide as seems to you proper.

"But I think him a desirable man to secure, & will be responsible for his fully meriting any service you may deem it right to render him.

"He wished me to ask of you to write Elliston a note, enclosing the Magazine, & stating in dry official language that if it falls within the usual arrangements of his theatre to furnish the common ticket of admission to your Dramatic Correspond^t^, you would be glad to have it for his use. He says if he does not get this (as he has from Cov^t^ Garden) he is afraid he will find 20 reasons (*independent of expense*) for keeping away from Drury Lane — for such, he says, is human nature. I think you may do this for him without conceding dignity."

In a letter from John Keats to C. W. Dilke, September 21, 1818, the writer observes: "I suppose you will have heard that Hazlitt has on foot a prosecution against Blackwood. I dined with him a few days since at Hessey's — there was not a word said about it, though I understand he is excessively vexed." And in a note the editor of the Letters calls attention to the gross and indecent attacks on Hazlitt. As we learn from Smiles's recent Life of John Murray, the action really proceeded, Patmore

acting for the plaintiff; but it was finally compromised by the defendants, who agreed to pay all the expenses incurred on both sides. The affair, however, was the proximate cause of the secession of Murray from the London agency of the magazine, and its transfer to Cadell and Davies.

Blackwood, under the auspices of Wilson, Lockhart, and Croker, did not abandon the personalities which Murray had so wisely deprecated and censured. In a letter from Hazlitt to John Scott of April 12, 1820, there is a reference to the growing friction between Blackwood and the London Magazine, and we see that Hazlitt was not for making any concessions.

IV.

Dear Sir, — I return the proof which I prefer to the philippic against Bentham. Do you keep the Past & Future? You see Lamb argues the same view of the subject. That 'young master' will anticipate all my discoveries, if I don't mind. The last N° was a very good one. The Living Authors was spirited & fine. Don't hold out your hand to the Blackwoods yet, after having knocked those blackguards down. My address after you receive this will be Winterslow Hut, near Salisbury. Send me the article on Past & Future, if you can spare it. Ask Baldwins, if they would like the articles on Modern Philosophy, 8 in number, at 5 guineas apiece. W. H.

We judge from a letter directed by them to Hazlitt on the 5th of March, 1821, that the proprietors of the London Magazine, after the death of Scott, entertained some idea of proposing to the former the vacant editorial chair. This communication, written only six days after the loss of their able and lamented friend, marks the rapid growth of Hazlitt's influence on the concern, and of his employers' sense of the value of his services. Mr. Baldwin suggested that he should proceed with the series of Living Poets, and hoped to see him personally in a day or so respecting the choice of an editor. And that there was at one time a current idea that he might succeed Scott a note to him from John Landseer, soliciting information as to the insertion of something sent by him, seems pretty clearly to show. But Hazlitt did not, at all events, undertake the work, for which he was, indeed, indifferently qualified by his temper and habits, though so long as he remained on the staff his papers were gladly accepted; and he is credited with having further enriched and strengthened the magazine by introducing Lamb.

Hazlitt has been charged with having been almost an accessory before the fact to the catastrophe of which poor Scott was the victim. He had been, in 1818, the central and prominent figure in the prosecution against Blackwood which led to the magazine losing Murray as its London agent; but the attacks on him and his friends were not discontinued, and five years later there came to the new representative of the Tory organ in the metropolis a communication foreshadowing a renewal of hostilities.

V.

April 19, 1823.

Sir, — Unless you agree to give up the publication of Blackwood's Magazine, I shall feel myself compelled to commence an action against you for damages sustained from repeated slanderous & false imputations in that work on me.

W. Hazlitt.

4 Chapel Street West,
Curzon Street.
[Endorsed] Mr. Thomas Cadell, Bookseller, Strand.

The complaint here made is general, and does not specifically refer to any article in the magazine as having been the immediate ground for the menace. Whether Cadell sent any reply to Hazlitt, or whether the Blackwoods took any cognizance of the representation, it is so far out of our power to state; but with

the peremptory summons to Cadell there fell into our hands his letter to the Edinburgh firm, forwarding a copy of Hazlitt's communication, and rather anxiously soliciting instructions. The cartel which had been sent to him could not be said to be either intemperate or redundant; but the recipient, from what had occurred on a previous occasion, clearly apprehended the possibility of mischief, while at the same time he signified his dislike even to indirect implication in such charges. Here is what he wrote to his employers: —

STRAND, *Saturday*, 3 o'clock,
April 18, 1823.

DEAR SIR, — Annexed is a copy of a letter I have just received, the contents of which certainly make me feel somewhat uncomfortable. This is the first appeal to me accompanied with a threat, as publisher of your Magazine, and though Mr. H. may be considered deserving of censure upon most occasions, my feelings would not be of the most agreeable nature, were my name brought before the publick by him as disseminator of slanderous & false imputations. I shall therefore be glad if you will now suggest the mode best calculated to avert the impending storm, & I will take care to act accordingly.

Yours in haste
[Signed] T. CADELL.

Mr. W. Blackwood, Bookseller,
Edinburgh.

The curtain falls at this point. The terms of the incisive little note lead one to surmise that it was written after consultation with Montagu, Talfourd, or Procter. It breathes the air of a lawyer's chambers.

The subjoined correspondence, relating to the ill-fated Life of Napoleon, from which we perceive that the author anticipated, as he certainly deserved, a very different issue, was addressed to Hunt and Clarke, the publishers of the work, while Hazlitt was exerting his utmost efforts to complete it at Winterslow. He was, as we know from a letter already printed in the Memoirs, in a very indifferent state of health, and had gone down into the country to combine the effects of change of air and of freedom from interruption. His distance from books explains his request to Henry Hunt, in the first communication, to verify certain points; the second letter is to Cowden Clarke. It might almost be augured from the latter, if not from both, that there was no adequate precaution taken to secure the coöperation of the press.

It is highly curious that in writing to Clarke, in 1828, he reverts to the subject matter of his notable letter, in 1821, to Leigh Hunt, and reproduces what we find there as to Hunt's refusal to attend or notice his lectures almost *totidem verbis*.

VI.

DEAR SIR, — I am obliged by the £2 & am glad the account is no more against me. The Appendix, Nos 4 & 5, must be given at the end of vol. 4 (to be said so in a note). No. 6, Character of Marat by Brissot, will be found infallibly at the end of one of Miss Williams's volumes from France, year 1794, which can be had at any library, Saunders & Ottley's certainly. Also, I sent it up to Clarke some time ago. Tell him, I received the letter, & am much gratified by it, vanity apart. I am not surprised at what you tell me; but drowning men catch at Buckinghams. Still so far, so good. What follows is important, not a drowning, but a shooting matter. You *must* give me one cancel at p. 209, vol. ii. & alter the word Buccaneer to cruiser. An Erratum won't do. Second, do learn the width of the valley of the Nile from some authentic person (*forsan* Travels in Mesopotamia), and if it be more than five leagues (which I suspect it must be), cancel & change to fifteen, fifty, or whatever be the actual

number. It is *five* in Napoleon's Memoirs followed by Thibaudeau *in vitâ*. Is the Preface to go? You 'll see I can bear it out, and perhaps play the devil with some people. Don't you think an account in the Examiner would tell in just now, after the London Review & Athenæum, & give us a kind of pre-possession of the ground? Tell St. John I wrote to thank him last week; but I find I directed the letter wrong to 150 instead of 159. Have the kindness (if you have room) to insert the inclosed paragraph. I see your leader of Sunday confirms my theory of good-natured statesmen.

Yours ever very truly,

W. H.

P. S. I won't send Clarke any more of my Georgics. — Buckingham *had* an article the day before, which I dare say he has yet, unless he has given it to Colburn to keep. Pray send me down the second vol. corrected in a day or two. I won't send any more to B. unless he *remits*, which he does not seem inclined to do. I think this book will put your uncle's head above water, & I hope he will keep it there — *to vex the rogues*. I wish he had not spoken so of Hook, but Colburn *has a way with him!*

Jan^{y} 16, 1828.

In spite of Hazlitt's determination to write no more to Cowden Clarke on this point, we find that his irresistible persuasion that nothing adequate was being done to bring the forthcoming work, on which he had lavished so vast an amount of thought and manual labor, before the world in such a manner as to make it answer the purpose of all concerned forced his hand a fortnight later, and elicited the annexed categorical appeal to Hunt's partner.

VII.

[*February* 1, 1828.]

Dear Clarke, — 'To you Duke Humphrey must unfold his grief' in the following queries.

1. Is it unworthy of our dignity & injurious to our interest to have the Life noticed favourably in a journal that is not the pink of classical elegance?

2. Are we to do nothing to secure (beforehand) a favourable hearing to it, lest we should be suspected or charged with being accomplices in the success of our own work by the Charing-Cross Gang who would ruin you and me out of their sheer dogmatism & indignity?

3. Must we wait for Mr. Southern to give his opinion, before we dare come before the public even in an extract? Or be first hung up by our enemies, in order to be cast down by our zealous Whig & Reform friends?

4. When the house is beset by robbers, are we to leave the doors open, to shew our innocence & immaculateness of intention?

5. Were you not pleased to see the extracts from Hunt's book in the Athenæum? And do you not think they were of service? Why then judge differently of mine?

6. There is a puff of Haydon in the Examiner, like blue ruin, *out of pure generosity*. But with respect to ourselves we shut our mouths up like a maidenhood, lest it should look like partiality. So Hunt said he could not notice my lectures, or give me a good word, because I had praised him in the Edinburgh, & it would be thought a collusion.

7. You sent me L. H.'s letter in the Chronicle, which I was glad to see, particularly that part relating to a literary cut-throat; but why, my dear Clarke, did you not send me the puff of myself in the London Review, which I was perhaps — perhaps not — more pleased to see?

If you continue to use me so ill, I shall complain to your sister. Think of that, Master Brook. I like the *Companion*[1] very well. Do not suppose I am vexed; I am only frightened.

Yours ever very truly,

W. H.

[1] Leigh Hunt's work, so called.

It is evident that Hazlitt felt a good deal of solicitude about the success of the Life. Much depended on it, and coming in the wake of the one by Scott, which, whatever its relative merit may appear to us at the present moment to be, enjoyed the double advantage of his prestige and of chronological precedence, every exertion seemed desirable to secure a favorable reception by the public.

In a further appeal to Clarke, which has survived in a mere fragment, the author asks, "Do you think it would be amiss to give Buckingham the first vol. for next week's Athenæum, though Hunt, &c. do not write in it? The public are to be won like a widow, —

> 'With brisk attacks & urging,
> Not slow approaches, like a virgin.'"

The failure of the publishers of the Life involved that of their undertaking, and the disappointment and worry accelerated and embittered the death of Hazlitt in the autumn of 1830.

William Carew Hazlitt.

THE AMERICAN OUT OF DOORS.

We are too prone to look at modern life as cut off from the past by a great gulf: it is so much more important to us. A Greek, a mediæval Italian, seems spectral, impossible. We cannot realize that Athenians and Florentines loved and hated, bought and sold, jested, wept, talked scandal, suffered and died, quite as men do nowadays. The world is so old, and yet so new. These same commonplaces I am writing have been written so many times before and seemed just as commonplace. Yet we forget them.

Notwithstanding, certain differences, marked differences, do separate the nineteenth century from the past. Great forces have worked to mould our civilization, some of them external and material, yet even these reacting on the internal and spiritual, as the external, to a greater or less degree, always must. To go some way back, there is printing, a force that made itself felt long ago; but the development of printing in the daily press is something absolutely modern, and who can estimate its importance? Then there is democracy, closely connected with the preceding; the belief that the numerical majority of mankind is not only entitled to equal consideration by government, but competent to control that government, almost, if not quite directly. Again, we have the great mechanical discoveries, which fall within the last hundred years: steam, the breaker down of barriers, the annihilator of nationality, the agent that has tripled man's control of nature and drawn tighter the girdle of the world; electricity, which already regards telegraph and telephone as trifles, and looks forward to producing in another century a locomotive power that will make us cast steam into a corner, forgotten.

There are spiritual influences, too, subtler and harder to investigate, which may be considered either as cause or as effect. For instance, there is the extraordinary development of music, which in the modern sense can scarcely be said to be three hundred years old: music, so different from all the other arts in its combination of sensuous appeal with supersensual suggestion; so quick to profit by mechanics, yet so far above them; so capable of expressing all moods and all passions; so various in its methods and styles; in a word, so preëminently modern. Another influence, quite as modern and even more powerful, is the love of nature. Perhaps I should say, the scien-

tific study and comprehension of nature. Neither expression by itself is sufficient.

All literature and history prove that the character of a people is largely modified by the topography of the region it inhabits; and the extremes to which a theory based on this is carried by M. Taine and critics of his school are well known. Most nations have been conscious of the part thus taken by their surroundings in their moral development, and have recognized it in one way or another. This is, however, quite different from scientific study. Observation, the patient search after facts, seems to be a late fruit of civilization, a fruit that was very long in ripening. Socrates, at least in Xenophon's report of him, anticipated Pope in proclaiming that "the proper study of mankind is man." Aristotle, with his immense curiosity, discovered and recorded many things; but the natural history of the ancients is largely fabulous and *a priori*, as in the elaborate work of Pliny; and the mass of deduction and hearsay transmitted by that industrious personage influenced the science of the Middle Ages to an astonishing degree. Those who are familiar with Elizabethan writers are well aware of this. The extravagant zoölogy and botany which formed an important element in the style of Lyly and the Euphuists have been frequently ridiculed. Even Shakespeare is by no means free, as in his

> "Sweet are the uses of adversity,
> Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

But patient scientific study had not been wanting in the Renaissance, amid all the riot of the imagination. The great voyagers and explorers, although they brought home new fictions of their own, yet destroyed many of the old. Copernicus had revolutionized astronomy, and even among the Elizabethans his discoveries were beginning to have their effect on the literary world. Bacon laid the foundation of modern scientific methods, and the temper developed rapidly, as we see in Browne's book on Vulgar Errors, which admits some extraordinary conclusions, but shows a true spirit of curiosity, of critical research, and of respect, at least, for thorough experiment.

In the eighteenth century such a spirit spread everywhere, as reason began to supplant imagination, and poetry to give way to prose. The eighteenth century was, however, too busy with political and social problems to concern itself seriously with great scientific movements. Philosophy and political economy, the study of man, took precedence of the study of nature. With the nineteenth century the latter pursuit finally asserted itself. The great mechanical inventions and practical applications of science increased the facilities for theoretical investigation, and made it more attractive. The theories elaborated by Darwin were, as is well known, in the air some time before he formulated them. He is but the representative of his age, at least in that direction; nor would it be possible to find a better example of the ideal scientist than he. Patient, spending years in the accumulation of facts, never hastening, never fretting, putting results as far as possible out of sight that they may not tempt him from severe and unprejudiced investigation, working for no end of practical utility, and for fame only carelessly and as a secondary object, such a man personifies the best that nature has to teach us. We learn from him respect for details that seem insignificant; we learn not to jump at conclusions; we learn once more the lesson — alas, so often forgotten — of Newton "picking up a shell here and there on the beach, while the vast ocean of truth lay open before him." Darwin is perhaps too favorable an example of the naturalist's modesty and simplicity, but familiarity with nature appears to breed these qualities more than some studies peculiarly associated with man.

What could be more important than the change produced in our view of

the external world by the theories which are generally connected with Darwin's name? A French critic writes: "Is it preposterous to say that posterity will draw a line, a deep line, in the history of human thought, between the men who lived before and those who lived after Darwin? It is somewhat as the change that was formerly brought about by the discovery of America and of Copernican cosmology." Whether this feeling be true or false, it would be foolish to deny the immense hold it has taken on men's minds. We may not formally accept the principle of evolution, but we are all of us inclined to put man in a very different position in nature from the one he occupied a hundred years ago. He is no longer a little god, with the rest of the universe prostrate at his feet, but takes his place among other beings, an essential element, — the most essential, possibly, but still only an element in the vast play of the organic and inorganic world. Nor is this view contrary to philosophy as distinguished from science, though the conclusion may be reached along a different line. To the Hegelian, as to the Darwinian, man has ceased to be cut off and dissociated from nature; she has no reality but in him, yet neither has he reality but in her. It is evident that to a man who has accepted these doctrines the external world assumes a new aspect: it is no longer something indifferent, or an enemy to be kept under and controlled; it is an inexhaustible store of facts, each bound up with others and bearing upon them, each pregnant with its own teaching, and perhaps with a lesson that no man can afford to overlook or neglect.

I believe this new growth of interest in nature is nowhere so widespread as among the people of the United States. The Teutonic and Celtic races seem to take to it more readily than the Latin, and even than the Greek. Greek poetry is full of allusions to natural objects, but these are almost always referred to in illustration of human passions. The gift of painting in clear lines and with imaginative feeling, as we see it, for instance, in Theocritus, which is characteristic of the divine Greek genius in everything, must not be confused with the love of description which has become conspicuous in modern literature. Occasional touches of outdoor life with an exquisite charm are to be found in Lucretius, in Catullus, in Vergil; but here, too, everything is subordinated to man. It has been observed that to the Romans Switzerland was merely desolate and repulsive, which is enough to show that they had not the modern sense of the picturesque. A somewhat careful study of the Italian poet Leopardi has convinced me that he had nothing of the peculiar sentiment of nature-worship so striking in his contemporaries, English, French, and German. Nor do we find it in the great poets of Spain, if a conclusion on the subject be permitted to one who has only entered the skirts of the great forest of seventeenth-century drama. The plays of Calderon are full of roses and waves and winds and nightingales. It would be hard to surpass the melancholy and Vergilian grace of his flowers, —

> "Durmiendo en brazos de la noche fria;"

but one does not find in him that subtle observation combined with imaginative color which abounds in Shakespeare: —

> "A mole cinq-spotted, like the crimson drops
> I' the bottom of a cowslip."

> "Daffodils,
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty."

The love of the Celts for nature, and their method of interpreting her as compared with the methods of other races, are admirably analyzed in Matthew Arnold's Lectures on Celtic Literature, one of his most charming books. Whether it be indeed owing to a difference of race instinct, or to the close contact with the material world induced by the necessity

of combat with it, the northern nations of Europe are certainly more familiar with that world than those of the south.

Familiarity with nature takes two forms, one exoteric, the other esoteric: either nature is viewed in detail, as an object of endless interest and amusement, or she is deified with a passionate and religious adoration. The first of these forms is probably more general in the United States than it has ever before been anywhere. No other people read as we do the current literature of the day, newspapers, magazines. But that literature is kept full of scientific speculation in every form. It is in the air all about us. We imbibe the chief fact of evolution from our infancy, and look upon monkeys with a weird interest and a superstitious eye for ancestral traits. The discussion of these matters is not confined to scholars and professors; one hears it every day among men of business, even among mechanics.

We are a nation of travelers. We are not rooted and moss-grown, like Europeans. Moving house and home is the excitement of life, and a man who dies where he was born is a curiosity. Men and women work hard all their lives, and at sixty set out to see the world. They go to California or Mexico or Alaska for six weeks, like it, and make a journey to India. In one sense, this perpetual locomotion cuts us off from nature. It interferes with the forming of associations. It abolishes the peculiar kinship that knits up some fact of the past with every tree and stone, making old houses seem like old faces well beloved. I do not think any of our people have the attachment which, it is said, in some European countries binds the peasant to the soil; nor indeed have we a peasantry, in the European sense, anywhere within our borders.

Yet if our acquaintance with nature is not intimate, it is extensive. In almost every company you will find people who are familiar with the swamps of Florida and the prairies of Kansas, the Rocky Mountains and the Yosemite Valley. It is important to note that in our American journeying, at any rate, we look especially at such natural objects because nothing else is new. From Boston to San Francisco man is substantially the same. Variety must be sought in nature. Curiosity can spend itself no longer on manners and customs. If we look from the car windows, we have no eyes for the eternal John Smith; he stands for insignificance in the foreground of the picture. The feeling thus fostered is, indeed, often shallow and idle. These universal sight-seers have no reverence, not even a spirit of thoughtful and sober inquiry. The scenery they are whirled through becomes a panorama, a theatrical spectacle, and their only impulse is a longing for some higher mountain, or broader river, or wilder valley, to rouse dull eyes once more into a languid enthusiasm. They have a catalogue, a collection of objects of interest, and compare notes: "Have you been there?" "Oh, you ought to see that!" Yet an effect remains. Petty prejudices and provincial notions are partially obliterated. You cannot come in contact with nature even in this superficial way without gaining something of her largeness and her calm. There is a gain of sympathy, also. Perhaps we are not naturally a sporting people, like our English cousins. If we are so, we have lost the taste to a great degree, and acquired a dislike for shooting, even for fishing. We prefer to live and let live, with beast as well as man. A simple walk is enough for us; the sight of birds and animals pleases us more than the destruction of them. We love the open air for itself, and are contented with it. How many of us revel in that joyous cry of Emerson, "Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous"!

This sweet, fresh renewal that comes from contact with nature is felt even by

people who have little imagination or sensibility, who abhor solitude, and certainly would not choose the country as an abiding-place. In summer the whole population flock to the mountains and salt water, and they are not quite the same there as at home. Mr. Bradford Torrey, in his charming A Rambler's Lease, says: "I hope I am not lacking in a wholesome disrespect for sentimentality and affectation; for artificial ecstasies over sunsets and landscapes, birds and flowers; the fashionable cant of nature-worship, which is enough almost to seal a true worshiper's lips under a vow of everlasting silence." Certainly there is a great deal of such cant, and the canter is only too apt to go away and forget what manner of man he was. Yet even the lightest, the most frivolous, the most hardened, get something from these things. The very existence of the fashion shows a tendency.

A large class of people do, however, take the matter more seriously. The scientific views I have referred to above give the study of nature an interest which strikes deeper than a mere desultory curiosity. There are many men and women who have picked up a smattering of botany or ornithology in childhood, and find it afterwards a never-failing occupation, opening new vistas and revealing deep secrets, always within reach and always fascinating. Careful study of this kind sometimes breeds a contempt for large effects, keeps the eyes near earth on microscopic beauty; but how close it brings one to the intricate mystery of life!

Science, too, has the great advantage of being accessible in fragments, and not requiring lifelong familiarity for the appreciation of its pleasures. It is different from literature, which demands a patient apprenticeship, and is not open to the first comer. A busy man can see a great deal out of doors to interest him at odd moments; but he is not likely to make close friends of Homer and Dante.

I have not, I think, exaggerated the importance of what external nature has done and is doing for Americans; but it may be exaggerated by confusing the two forms of familiarity with natural objects that I have noted above. One hears a good deal of talk about the religion of nature, about a worship which will put aside churches and go into the woods, about a reverence which will associate itself more deeply and truly with trees and flowers and stars than with buildings fashioned by the hand of man, about a devotion bred by quiet in the fields rather than by liturgies or outgrown creeds or dim cathedrals. We must distinguish here. At the opening of this century, in the passionate reaction against the social and religious conventions of the last, poets and men of letters were strongly moved to substitute for certain traditional theories of religion a deeper, ampler, and vaguer sentiment. Beginning with Rousseau, this tendency spread to many men of a quite different stamp. The poets of England, France, and Germany poured forth upon natural objects all the ecstasies of lovers. The beauty of color, sound, motion, filled them, mastered them. They lost themselves in the sway of great winds, in the slow majesty of midday clouds, in the undulation of grass floating in the summer light. English poetry will show us this better than any other. Let us take Cowper, still timid, still Christian in the sense that made Sainte-Beuve say, "The great Pan has naught to do with the great Crucified One," yet striking again and again notes passionate as this: —

> "Lanes, in which the primrose ere her time
> Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn root,
> Deceive no student;"

or Keats crying to the Nightingale: —

> "Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
> To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
> While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
> In such an ecstasy;"

or Wordsworth: —

"The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion;"

or Byron: —

"I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling;"

or, above all, Shelley, who drank more deeply than any at the spring of

"that sustaining love,
Which, through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst."

These poets, each in his own way, threw themselves into nature. They were ready to say with Keats's Uranus, —

"My voice is but the voice of winds and tides."

This feeling was to them, indeed, a religion. Yet in one form or another they all looked "through nature up to nature's God." They felt everywhere the presence of some divine mystery which was open to them in the sweet language of the natural world. Some kind of union with this they sought passionately; and the imperfection of what they were able to attain filled them with sadness, with the delicate melancholy which is an important feature of their work. The religion they cherished was a high and mystical pantheism; only it is essential to bear in mind the profound saying of Goethe, which should never be forgotten when pantheism is in question: "Everything Spinozistic in poetry becomes in philosophy Machiavelism." That is to say, the contumely which universally attaches to pantheism soberly maintained as an intellectual theory is quite out of place in judging poetry, where the same thing is present as a desire, not as a creed.

Now, this element of passion, of intense religious emotion, does not, I think, belong to our American love of nature. Even in England there has been a change in the last half-century, a change not enough insisted on. The difference between the poetry of Shakespeare and that of Dryden is not greater than the difference between the poetry of Byron and Shelley and that of Tennyson and Browning. With the former, intense, absorbing personal feeling is everything. With the latter, there is a complete effacement of personality. Different as are Tennyson and Browning in other respects, in this they are alike; and though it would be a mistake to say that passion is never found without the intrusion of the poet's own personality, the lack of passion is unquestionably the most marked defect of both these great poets. Certainly it is the defect in their rendering of nature. With Tennyson, external nature becomes a mere means of elaborate ornamentation; with Browning, it is generally subordinated to the analysis of humanity: in neither poet have we the peculiar charm of the generation before.

In America, have we ever had passion in any branch of literature or art? It must not be forgotten that most of our great writers have come from Puritan stock; that is, from just that portion of the English race which had the least imagination, the least sensibility; which was the most profoundly penetrated with the moral view of things; which mistrusted most profoundly any self-abandonment, any compromise with the devil. A hundred years hence, the mixture of German, French, Irish blood will have changed all this. The change is going on; but up to this time Puritan rationalism has predominated in the view of nature as in most other things. Take, for instance, Thoreau. No one could be a more devoted observer of nature; no one could record more carefully her subtlest changes, her moods serene or stormy, her infinite variety. His knowledge of natural history was, I suppose, ten times wider and more accurate than that of Shelley or Keats. But where in Thoreau do you find touch or trace of the passion we have seen in them,

the enthralling, absorbing worship — call it pantheism, or what you will — that pants and burns in Keats's Nightingale or Shelley's West Wind? Without any assumption of pessimism, it may be said, as I have hinted above, that one of the greatest charms of nature in these poets is the subtle and inexplicable melancholy that attends her; the vast and fleeting storm of intangible suggestions and associations that wait on a single simple sound or odor, and vanish before we can half imagine what they mean, as when Obermann writes, "The jonquil or the jessamine would be enough to make me say that such as we are we might sojourn in a better world." Penetrated with feelings like these, one comes to Thoreau and finds him proclaiming, "The voice of nature is always encouraging."

The truth is, that for Thoreau, as for his master, Emerson, Puritanical stoicism has set up a barrier that cuts him off from half of life. His creed is not a conceited or presumptuous one, — it is too dignified; but it sets the man on a pinnacle of self-satisfaction, which inclines him rather to identify nature with himself than himself with nature. One hears Thoreau constantly saying, "Nature is delightful, delightful to me, Henry Thoreau." He patronizes her. Now, this is inconsistent with passion of any kind. To a man of that temperament the study of nature may be an amusement, even an interesting and absorbing occupation; a religion — never! This is precisely the state of the case not only with Thoreau, but with most of our American poets, and with the greater number of the men and women who are to-day engaged in ransacking the fields and woods for facts of natural history.

With the love of nature as with so many other things, the saying is profoundly true, "Unto every one that hath shall be given." We get back only what we give. As a humanizing influence, as teaching patience, tolerance, sympathy, the scientific appreciation of the natural world, the intimate and daily contact with it, cannot be overestimated. But to think that these things will ever replace religion or poetry; to believe that the senses of the average man, though backed with all the botanies and ornithologies ever written, will perceive as do those of the poet, will create for themselves the energy and intensity of feeling, the glow of imaginative color, the throng of associations, which he can call forth in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, is to be profoundly mistaken.

Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.

MY COLLEGE DAYS.

II.

I HAVE intimated that the greater part of the instruction given in the four years when I was in Cambridge was by recitation. Each section was of about twenty persons, seldom more, and you had a regular lesson assigned, in which you were expected to recite, precisely as a boy is at school. According as the section was larger or smaller, the larger or smaller proportion of men present were called upon. I say "men present," because we called ourselves "men," though in fact the greater part of us were boys.

If you had run for luck, and had not learned the lesson, you said, "Not prepared." You sat at recitation, which was a great surprise to us, who had always been expected to stand in the schoolroom. You were seldom called upon alphabetically; generally the teacher

took you by surprise, for fear you should have been reading up in advance the sentences which were to come to you. I should say that nine tenths of the time which we spent with the teachers was spent in this way; as nearly profitless as any exercise can be, unless the teacher tries to give interest to it. It merely exposes a person who has learned the lesson to the annoyance of sitting, for an hour, to hear the blunders of others who have not. If you have not learned the lesson, it is true that it is a way of learning it; but it is a very poor way, and I should not suppose that people would make a system for the benefit of those who do not study.

Instruction by lectures was not unknown, and there were traditions of very remarkable courses of lectures in college. Of such lectures we did not have many, but we had some. I always remember with great pleasure Professor Lovering's lectures in natural philosophy. They made good entirely the traditions of John Farrar's, which were fresh in the Cambridge mind. For myself, I had heard John Farrar, who was an excellent lecturer, in the various lecture courses in Boston, such as have been alluded to.[1] Professor Lovering had worked and studied under him, and was quite competent to fill his place. We went over a wide range in what was called natural philosophy in those days, so that every one of us, to this hour, who cares anything for such things, has a slight smattering of scientific information with regard to it. The apparatus of the college was not large, but what there was was well handled. In the same line, Daniel Treadwell, a very distinguished student of mechanics, and of the sciences connected with practical mechanics, gave admirable lectures. He was on the Rumford foundation. Count Rumford was a Massachusetts man, who unfortunately proved to be a Tory in the Revolution; but, in the service of the elector, afterwards the king, of Bavaria, he achieved a good deal in the scientific way. When he died, he left to Harvard College a sum of money for instruction in the sciences which are of use to human life; and this chair has been filled successively by Jacob Bigelow, by Daniel Treadwell, by Eben Norton Horsford, who has just now died, by Wolcott Gibbs, and is now held by Mr. Trowbridge. Treadwell had such interesting subjects as Railways to lecture on, in the very infancy of railroad business, and his lectures supplemented admirably the lectures which we had heard, and I may say had seen, from Mr. Lovering.

While I was in college, Mr. Sparks came as professor of history; he was afterwards president. He was an old and very intimate friend of my father's, and had been a great deal at our house, so that I do not remember when I did not know him. He was of a most lovely personal character, and in the early days of children's life, sitting round the table in the parlor, we were always delighted if Mr. Sparks came in. It may readily be imagined that, busy as we were of evenings, we generally detested the presence of any visitor; the great exceptions were Mr. and Mrs. Palfrey, Dr. Jacob Bigelow and his charming wife, and Mr. Sparks. So, when Mr. Sparks came to lecture to us on the history of the American Revolution, I felt as if I were welcoming an old friend, and almost as if I ought to do the honors of the lecture-room to him. A good many of our fellows knew him, because he engaged those who wanted to earn money in copying the documents of which he had to use so large a number in his historical books. I owe to these lectures with him, and to my conversations with him afterwards, two or three of the personal anecdotes which keep me in touch with Revolutionary times. He had himself seen ever so many of the Revolutionary people, and had inter-

[1] A New England Boyhood, in The Atlantic for November, 1892.

viewed them to great purpose ; his recollections of Lafayette, for instance, were very interesting.

Our dear Channing had some lectures which he had to deliver, as Boylston Professor, on subjects immediately connected with rhetoric and oratory. That chair had originally been filled by John Quincy Adams. His lectures when he was in that chair are in print, and I observe in his grandson's history that, when Jefferson or any of that crew wanted to speak contemptuously of John Quincy Adams, they called him "Professor Adams," as if a professor in college of course knew nothing of statecraft. But either we were too young, or Channing's lectures were too recondite ; we got no good out of them.

A line of instruction more amusing, to say the least, was the instruction in music. The exercises in chapel on Sunday required, according to the old Puritan traditions, three hymns. Two hymns before the sermon and one after are a regular part of the Congregational ritual. In the gallery, reserved for the choir, was a wheezy little organ, which had formerly belonged to Mrs. Craigie. Somebody was appointed to play the organ, and he was considered responsible for getting enough men who could sing into the choir to sing the hymns. But on one fatal Sunday, I think in the year 1837, the singing broke down. Mr. Quincy was as used to doing things by word of command as Napoleon was, and the next morning he sent round for the organist, and asked him what the matter was. The organist replied that nobody in college knew how to sing, and this was the reason that there was no singing. So the president went to the corporation, and got leave to engage a teacher who should teach the boys how to sing, and he supposed that all would be well. This was just the time when, under the guidance of Mr. Samuel Atkins Eliot, father of the present president, and other gentlemen of his public spirit, music in Boston began to receive some consideration. The great teachers of vocal music for the public at large were Lowell Mason and George J. Webb, names not known to this generation excepting as they still linger in connection with certain hymn tunes.

Accordingly Mr. Webb was engaged, and we were told that everybody might learn to sing. It was to be a volunteer exercise, and to be attended from twelve o'clock to one, an hour which was free, because, under the old traditions to which I have alluded, it was not in what were called "study hours." When the day came, half college proceeded to the dining-room assigned to Mr. Webb, and, with a blackboard, he told us the difference between *do* and *re* and *mi* and *fa*, and how a quaver differed from a semiquaver. He gave some additional elementary instruction, with which we were more or less familiar, and then he started us all on singing by ear together. I remember we sang, "O County Guy, the hour is nigh." All this answered very well for two or three days. After a few such exercises, however, he said it was desirable to separate the voices, and that he would like to have gentlemen come down to him and try their voices one by one, so that he might separate his basses from his tenors, and get somebody to sing the alto. I imagine he did not dare to say that some of us could still sing soprano, or treble, as he would have called it. He spoke in a sort of "meaching" way, as if he were rather apologetic, — in just the way which does not impress youngsters at all, soliciting us instead of ordering us. And he said he hoped some gentleman would be first.

Now, it was a characteristic of mine, is now, perhaps, if I can get out of a room without incivility, to get out of it. Consequently I rose first, and, to the admiration of a hundred and fifty other undergraduates, sang up the scale and back, with tolerable success. Then Webb smiled with a wise grin upon me, thanked

me for being the first, when it was so disagreeable to be first, and said, "Your voice is what is called a baritone voice: you will sing with the bass."

I bowed, and retired to my room. Soon the other fellows of my set joined me, to tell where they had been assigned, and to ask what had come to me. I said that mine was a baritone voice, and I was to sing with the bass. But so utterly ignorant were even intelligent people then of the most familiar terms in music that there was not one of us who had ever heard the word "baritone" applied to any subject but the accentuation of a Greek word of three syllables. So we looked out "baritone" in Walker's Johnson's dictionary, and found the definition, "A voice ranging higher than the bass, and lower than the tenor." We all agreed that this was Webb's civil method of telling me that I could not sing bass, and that I could not sing tenor; and I never darkened his doors again. If I had only known what brilliant positions in the world the great baritone singers have gained, if I had even so much as heard the title which belongs to them, there is no saying but at this moment I might be in some dingy theatre rehearsing for my part in Meyerbeer's Prophet.

Something came to pass, however, from Mr. Webb's teaching, and the singing recovered itself after a fashion. The choir in the college chapel is now, in my judgment, the best choir for a religious service with which I have ever had the satisfaction of joining. For the men's parts, you have the pick of a couple of thousand students; and for the boys', the pick of the Cambridge public schools, who send sixteen nice little fellows to sing the soprano and alto parts of the music. For many years of my later life I was in very pleasant relations with these boys, some of whom were as old as I was when I was a freshman.

The general atmosphere of undergraduate life was literary, — very much more so than it is now. It is rather difficult to say what is now the drift or fashion at Cambridge, but of this I am sure, that athletics is more talked of among the young fellows than any other one subject which occupies their lives. Social science is quite a fashion at Cambridge, and all lectures bearing upon that are well attended. Of course, with this belongs politics, and to a certain extent history. These occupied us very little as students, though we read Jean Baptiste Say's Political Economy with Mr. Bowen; and Paley's Moral Philosophy dabbles a little in the science of government. After these, I think I should say now that physical science, including chemistry, botany, many other studies of natural history, makes perhaps a good third, in comparison with the first and second subjects which I have noted.

But in my day literature and matters connected with belles-lettres were decidedly ahead of all other things that engaged us. In lectures, in societies, or in discussions, literary subjects took a very large place. We were, as perhaps I have said, enthusiasts about Byron; Moore's Life of Byron was a familiar book to everybody. The poems of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats had just been republished here in one great volume, and we were quite familiar with them. While we were in college, Mr. Emerson returned from Europe with the first volume of Tennyson. We recognized the king at once. We passed that volume, which Lowell had borrowed from him, from hand to hand; and, because we could not have the book, we copied it, and had the verses in manuscript. It was a very fine instance, it seems to me, of the prompt prescience of young people in knowing where the light was to break forth. By the same token, I always like to say that we knew just as well that James Lowell was to be one of the living poets of his time as we know now that he has been one.

Out of such an enthusiasm for literature Harvardiana grew, and the last three years of Harvardiana cover exactly the first three years of my college life. With the second volume men were at work on the editorial staff whom we knew; and when we were sophomores we knew a good many of the seniors. Charles Hayward was the brother of our George Hayward. Hildreth, the poet, who died too young for the rest of us, — younger brother of the historian Hildreth, and uncle of the distinguished teacher of to-day, — Hildreth was always kind to us younger fellows. So we began then to watch Harvardiana with especial interest.

It is a good enough illustration of the life of the time that, when we were freshmen, Baker, who was afterwards governor of New Hampshire, had the courage to write to John Quincy Adams to ask him for his autograph. I think it was the first letter I ever heard of in which one person asked another for his autograph. It was by no means so commonplace an affair as it is now. To the delight of the rest of us, but to the terror of Baker, Mr. Adams sent the autograph in the shape of a translation of the first half of the thirteenth ode of the first book of Horace, and told Baker he should be glad to have him send back to him the translation of the other half. Granted that Baker could translate the ode decently, this was certain, that he had never, to anybody's knowledge, attempted poetry; and horror ran along the lines to think of the disgrace which the class would sustain if Mr. Adams should learn that we could not comply with his request. But Baker was quite equal to the emergency: he went round to Hildreth's room, showed him the letter, and Hildreth kindly translated the verses. I thought then, and I think I thought rightly, that his verses were much better than Mr. Adams's were. Well, Hildreth was one of the editors of the second year of Harvardiana.

In the fourth year, Harvardiana fell into the hands of five men with whom I happened to be entirely familiar, because my brother was one of them. Lowell was another, and some of his verses in Harvardiana have recently been reprinted, as all of us were going back to the earlier omens of his fame. The other three editors were Rufus King, afterwards distinguished as a judge in Ohio, Charles Scates, and Francis Lippitt, who was so long in the diplomatic service of the United States in Vienna. Of all this I speak more at length, because it was really in the council chambers of Harvardiana that the Cambridge branch of Alpha Delta Phi was formed.

Alpha Delta Phi is one of the best known of the college affiliated literary societies. There are one or two rather queer things about its history which I have speculated a good deal about, and some questions which I have asked which nobody has ever answered. The first of such societies, made up of "scions" affiliated with each other, and in theory springing from a common stock, is that of Phi Beta Kappa. It was founded in William and Mary College in 1776, before the formation of any union among the colonies. So soon as Elisha Parmelee, a young man who had studied both at Harvard and Yale, appeared at William and Mary, the Virginia Phi Beta made him its representative, probably at his own request, to introduce Phi Beta Kappa in both of those colleges. Parmelee was a young fellow with weak lungs, who had gone South for a winter. Phi Beta Kappa, as it happened, was in the habit of giving charters to branches outside itself in the State of Virginia; apparently, when its members graduated, giving them the authority to make branches on their own responsibility. The union of William and Mary, Harvard, and Yale in these three chapters precedes the actual "confederacy" of the United States. As it happened, however, the Virginia society died in 1781.

William and Mary College was then broken up by the advance of Cornwallis upon Virginia; and it is traditional that when the secretary of the society charged with his troop of cavalry, at Guilford, against Tarleton's men, the seal of Phi Beta Kappa was in his pocket. The branches of Harvard and Yale, however, still lived; they established a branch at Dartmouth, and from this beginning several branches were chartered in different parts of the country. These subsisted as the representation of the best scholarship in each college, and they exist to this time.

But in the year 1831, when the excitement with regard to Masonry broke out, it swept so far as into these literary circles. John Quincy Adams was a great anti-Mason, and he was at the same time very closely connected with the administration of Phi Beta Kappa. The Cambridge chapter was, by this time, the oldest chapter, and under his lead many meetings were called, to determine whether the secrets of Phi Beta Kappa should or should not be revealed. I have somewhere a long account of these discussions, which were just before my day. They ended in a vote, very closely contested, which threw open the secrets of the society to the world; and the world has them now, if it wants them.

Now, the queer thing is that, at the very time when Phi Beta Kappa thus abandoned its affectation of secrecy, there were founded, both in the State of New York, I think, the society of Alpha Delta Phi and the society of Psi Upsilon, proposing to affiliate the different colleges in precisely the same way, for purpose of literature and good-fellowship; and these two establishments have had great success, and have suggested the foundation of countless other Greek-letter societies, in the same spirit and for the same purpose.

What I do not know, and what nobody has ever been able to tell me, is, whether the abandonment of the secrecy of Phi Beta Kappa gave the signal for the establishment of two other secret societies; or whether those societies were established by undergraduate enthusiasm, without any reference to the fact that Phi Beta Kappa existed or did not exist in the world.

Another curious thing is this: that at the moment when Alpha Delta Phi was established, by a young man named Eells, in Hamilton College, the plan which it proposed for coöperative life and work among sister societies was as absolutely impossible as a similar society would be now to unite us to the moon and the planet Venus. But Eells laid his foundations in faith, and within ten years the different parts of the country were so linked together by railways that his plan could be carried out. With every year since this union has grown more and more perfect, and at this moment I could travel from Boston to the Mississippi, and back by another route, and, if I chose, I could sleep every night in some chapter-house of Alpha Delta Phi, welcomed with really brotherly hospitality. When the annual convention of Alpha Delta Phi takes place, you may always meet at it men who have traveled several hundred miles, perhaps more than a thousand miles, to be present as delegates, without any material interruption of their work in their respective colleges. What Mr. Quincy or Dr. Kirkland would have said if they had been told that four or five of their best scholars expected to leave Cambridge and attend a convention of a college society in the heart of Michigan, to be absent there for three days, and to return to Cambridge without having been missed by any of their professors, I am sure I do not know. Mr. Eells is thus one of the extraordinary instances of a man who built a great deal better than he knew.

The editors of Harvardiana, by a little enlargement of their number, created the Cambridge branch of Alpha Delta Phi. They did not ask for any per-

mission from the college government, for they knew perfectly well that it would not be granted. It was absolutely in the face of all college authority that they formed the society. This required a pretty severe assessment, because it was necessary that they should hire rooms outside the college. They did hire such rooms, and they were very near, if not on the spot, where the pretty Alpha Delta Phi club-house now stands. It was an honor of the first grade to be chosen to join these men, and the work which was done in those early days in Alpha Delta Phi was work of the first value to all of us. We were expected to read carefully in the classics or in modern writers, and to give the best results of our reading in what we wrote for the society. Lowell's first work on the old English dramatists was done in Alpha Delta Phi. I rather think most of the members of our time would be able to tell some similar stories about their own literary experience. In all this, we were unconsciously led by the subjects which had been given to us in our themes, and occasionally, indeed, in the discussions which were called "forensics."

As to the general drift of all this literary enthusiasm, it was in one direction. Dr. Bellows, who graduated three years before I entered college, used to say that Wordsworth made all the better men of his time. Wordsworth was a revelation to them, when they were in college. In our time Carlyle wrought similar work, and it goes without saying that all the men of the last generation who have used the English language, who have been good for much, have been very largely under the influence of Carlyle. Mr. Emerson was just coming forward as a rising star. It seems absurd now to say that the old-fashioned people always said he was crazy. The year I was admitted into Phi Beta Kappa, — that is, in 1837, — he delivered his first Phi Beta Kappa oration. A few years ago, I was three quarters of the way up the Rocky Mountains, and in one of the most elegant houses in the world I fell in with a new edition of this address, celebrated even when it was delivered. I had not read it since the year it was written, and I read it again with great curiosity. It seems impossible now that statements as simple, even as commonplace, one might say, as are the statements of this address should have seemed to anybody then to be in the least out of the common. But while everybody listened with curiosity, many listened with scorn. At the dinner party of Phi Beta, afterwards, Mr. Everett, who was then the governor, and was one of the guests, alluded to the "new philosophy," as he called it, in Emerson's presence, by comparing it with the thunderbolts which Vulcan forged for Jupiter: —

> "Three parts were whelming fire, and three were wasting wave,
> But three were thirsty cloud, and three were empty wind."

The sublime scorn with which he said "three were empty wind" seemed to us sophomores perfectly magnificent. The toast was itself very happy, and I have had the pleasure of using it myself on full twenty occasions since. It adapts itself very easily to any subject of immediate discussion. The same address of Mr. Everett contained a most charming reference to Charles Emerson, the brother of Waldo Emerson, who died so young. And I may say, in passing, that Waldo Emerson never lost the regard, I might say the enthusiasm, with which he spoke of Edward Everett, whom he had known as professor of Greek literature at Cambridge, when really he revived the enthusiasm of the college for classical literature. To the good-natured criticism in the quotation from Virgil, Emerson made no reply. It is clear enough that if he had needed a reply he could have said that, whatever the bolts were made of, the result was lightning.

One of the breaks in college life, in those days, came with the exhibitions. In later days they have been abandoned, dying out in the face of the pressure of modern life, I think from the difficulty that it proved impossible to secure an audience. Probably the great festivity of Class Day takes the place of all such minor entertainments. But in these prehistoric times of which I write the minor festivities held their own, and at the three exhibitions and at Commencement there were large parties of ladies and gentlemen who visited the college, and who were entertained with more or less success.

Exhibitions were known as "junior exhibitions" or "senior exhibitions." This meant that the highest part in the junior exhibition was taken by the highest junior; while in the senior exhibition the highest parts were taken by the second and third seniors. You knew who was the first scholar in the junior class when the junior exhibition parts were given out; at the same time, you knew who were the first eight sophomores, for they had minor parts in the same exhibition. The October exhibition gave the second senior his part, the first having had his as a junior; and the April exhibition gave the third senior his part. At the October exhibition you knew who were the second eight in the junior class, and at the April exhibition who were the third eight. The theory was that twenty-four pupils had such honors before Commencement; at Commencement one or two more were added to the list.

If you had had one of these subordinate parts, as belonging to the first twenty-four, and did not lose ground, you had, at your second exhibition, an original part, a disquisition or dissertation or an oration. What I have called the subordinate parts were translations. So, if you were in the upper twenty-four of your class, you spoke at two exhibitions before Commencement. At Commencement you had another part, an oration, a dissertation, a disquisition, or a Latin or Greek part, according to your rank. So much was matter of college regulations, but the custom was that men who spoke invited their friends out to hear them; and as there were sixteen speakers at each exhibition, this generally made a company of two or three hundred ladies and gentlemen, who came out to "see the colleges" on those particular days.

On those days there were no other college exercises; generally the Pierians were in attendance, and thus they made pretty fêtes for us on a small scale, as Class Day makes one of the most charming fêtes of the year now. If you had a part, you of course rehearsed for it with the teacher of elocution. What was quite as important, you went down to see Ma'am Hyde, who had a little shop on Dunster Street, and you hired your silk gown. You paid her fifty cents for a day's use of it. She had enough of these gowns to answer for the whole class; and unless a boy was the son of a clergyman, or otherwise connected with a good silk gown, he hired one for use. They were very sleazy silk, and certainly would not stand alone, but they answered their purpose.

The exhibition itself began with a Latin salutatory, in which you said civil things about the pretty girls, and thanked the professors and president for their kindness to you. Then went on discussions of the character of Napoleon or Alexander the Great, or speculations why there were or were not literary men in America, with a Latin or Greek dialogue, translated backward from some modern poet; and after every four or five numbers "music by the Pierian Sodality." While the music went on, you walked round and talked with your pretty friends, or your uncles or your aunts, and invited them to the spread at your own room, — but the word "spread" was not then invented. So the sixteen numbers pulled through, every speaker

bowing to the president and then to the audience, making his speech, bowing again, and retiring.

There were certain "silent parts," as they were called, because the mathematical and chemical departments wanted to show who were their best men, irrespective of general college rank. These were assigned to three or four men, who wrote them out, and tied them up in rolls with highly colored ribbon. When their time came, they marched across the stage, made their bows to the presiding officer of the overseers, gave the roll to him, made another bow to the president, and retired.

This will be as good a place as any to tell the varying fortunes of Class Day itself, of which I happen to remember one of the most important crises. Class Day seems to have originated as early as the beginning of the century. The class itself chose a favorite speaker as orator, and some one who could write a poem, and thus had its own exercises of farewell. There grew up, side by side with these farewell exercises, a custom by which the class "treated" all the rest of the college, and eventually "treated" every loafer in Cambridge. As I remember the first Class Days which I ever saw, they were the occasions of the worst drunkenness which I ever saw. On the night before Class Day, some of the seniors, I do not know but what all, went out to the lower part of the college grounds, where there was still a grove of trees, and "consecrated the grove," as the phrase was, — which meant, drank all the brandy, whiskey, rum, and other spirits that they liked. Then, on the afternoon of Class Day, the class met at the same tree which is now the centre of dancing. There were pails of punch there, and every loafer in Cambridge and the neighborhood drank what he pleased. It really was a very bad debauch, not so much for the students as for the hangers-on.

With such memories of Class Day, President Quincy, in 1838, sent for my brother and one or two others of the class of that year, in whom he had confidence, to ask what could be done to break up such orgies. He knew he could rely on the class for an improvement in the customs. They told him that if he would give them for the day the use of the Brigade Band, which was then the best band we had in Boston, and which they had engaged for the morning, they felt sure that they could improve the fête. The conditions, observe, were a lovely June day, the presence in the morning at the chapel, to hear the addresses, of the nicest and prettiest girls of Boston and neighborhood, with their mammas, and the chances of keeping them there through the afternoon. Mr. Quincy gladly promised the band. And when the day came, it became the birthday of our Class Day. Word was given to the girls that they must come to spend the day. In the chapel, Coolidge delivered a farewell oration. Lowell, alas, was at Concord, not permitted to come to Cambridge to recite his poem; it had to be printed instead. When the ode had been sung, the assembly moved up to that shaded corner between Stoughton and Holworthy, the band people stationed themselves in the entry of Stoughton between 21 and 24, with the windows open, and the "dancing on the green," of which there still linger traditions, began. The wind-instrument men said afterwards that they had never played for dancing before, and that their throats were worn dry; and I suppose there was no girl there who had ever before danced to the music of a trombone. When our class came along, in 1839, we had the honor of introducing fiddles. I shall send this paper to the charming lady, the belle of her time, with whom I danced in the silk gown in which I had been clad in delivering the Class Poem of my year. For we marched from the chapel to the dance. Does she remember it as well as I do?

Commencement was a function far more important than the exhibitions or than Class Day, which, to speak profanely, were side shows. No audience can now be persuaded to sit six hours, or more, to hear perhaps thirty addresses. So now, while a certain theory is maintained that certain of the best scholars in the large graduating classes prepare addresses, by far the larger number of them are excused, and only four or five speakers, representing four or five branches of the university, actually address the audience. No one has to be in the Theatre more than two hours.

But in the first half of the century the function consumed the day. People had more time, and, with a certain ebb and flow of the assembly of auditors, the First Church was kept full. Originally there was a recess in the middle of the day, for dinner, I think; but of this I am not sure. In our day, about twenty-five of the graduating class spoke, and there were one or two addresses by speakers who represented the "masters;" that is, those who took their second degree three years after they graduated. A "master" might have fifteen minutes for his address, I believe. The three seniors who had "orations" — that is, the highest scholars in the graduating class — had ten minutes. In order of rank, there followed dissertations, disquisitions, and, if anybody could write verse, a poem. A dissertation was eight minutes long, and a disquisition four. Of all this you were notified when you were appointed. Now, if the reader will imagine that, after every group of five parts, there was an interlude of music, and people got up and walked about, and those of us who could not stand it any longer went off, so that seats were changed, he will see that a good deal of time ebbed away before the different addresses and all the music were finished. Then came the distribution of degrees, very much according to the forms which are still in use. The whole function lasted six or seven hours even then.

All this was hard enough on the audience; but if a person spoke at Commencement, he was pretty sure to have some members of his family, and perhaps a large group of friends, to hear him; so that you were more sure of the numbers of your audience than you are now. The galleries, in particular, were always crowded with ladies, — mothers, sisters, and sweethearts of the combatants. There was a Latin salutatory; but very little Latin or Greek was left in the performances in my time. There were traditions of Hebrew addresses, but I never heard Hebrew spoken from the college stage.

The president and his guests went to dine at Harvard Hall after the Commencement; but it was not until later years, under the auspices of the Alumni Association, that the Commencement dinner was made an occasion for good speaking, and became a festivity which any one cared to attend. All the same, a regular charge was made in the last term bill for "the expenses of the Commencement dinner," up to the year 1833. This involved a contract that the graduate should receive his Commencement dinner free as long as he lived. That contract is still faithfully kept up, and at every Commencement dinner at Harvard you see a body of gentlemen, now becoming smaller and smaller, appear, who paid for their tickets sixty or more years ago.

And thus we launch the schoolboy upon life. Commencement meant commencement; it was the beginning of responsibility. He had to make his own chance now. If the bell rang, he obeyed or not, as he pleased. All this means that his boyhood was over.

Edward E. Hale.

A THOUGHT

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF FANNY KEMBLE.

THE soul of Man, evolving more and more
Life's deeper meaning, slights the outer round
Of mere display. The thrill that tells the ground
Spring is above and Winter's bondage o'er,
The melodies that ripple on the shore,
Awake emotions stormy and profound
As in the savage breast the thunderous sound
Of avalanches, or the earthquake's roar.
Thus she in whom men's memories rejoice
Forsook the mimic stage, nor could endure
The noisy mockeries that so arouse
The raptures of the mob. — In that one voice
More sweetly sang the birds on Arden's boughs,
More fiercely raged the madness of the Moor.

John Hall Ingham.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

THE history of the great family of Colonna for the century which followed the death of Petrarch, in 1374, has little of striking interest. It may be summed up in a succession of petty wars with the rival Roman houses of the Orsini and Savelli, and a catalogue of fiefs bestowed by one pontiff and withdrawn by his successor, only to be restored by the next Pope.

Martin V., who occupied the chair of Peter from 1417 to 1431, was born Oddo Colonna, and the pressure of his pontifical duties, though great, did not make him forget the claims of his own kindred: neither those of the Colonnesi di Palestrina nor those of Paliano, the branch to which the Pope himself belonged, and on whose members he bestowed titles and estates with a lavish hand. When, in 1427, he arranged for the distribution of the vast Colonna lands among his nephews, we note, in the imposing list of fiefs assigned them, Genazzano, Olevano, Paliano, Carpineto, Castro, Nettuno, Vico, Ardea, Frascati, Albano Marino, Rocca di Papa, and Celano. At this time, then, a single family possessed the whole of that range of enchanted country, which even now, in its semi-desolation, comprises more of natural beauty and of thrilling association than any other tract of similar dimensions upon the surface of the earth; and a glance at a map of the environs of Rome will suffice to show that the possession of this series of strongholds gave to the Colonnesi an easy preponderance of power in the Roman territory.

But what Martin V. had done, his successor, Eugenius IV., a declared partisan of the Orsini, began at once to undo; and although, in the war which ensued between the Colonnesi and the Pope, the former had the advantage,

upon the whole, still the contest was terribly costly, and, after many fluctuations of fortune during the fifty years which followed the death of Martin V., the Colonna family, at the close of this period, found itself decidedly reduced both in possessions and in prestige.

Prospero Colonna, created cardinal by his uncle, Martin V., had himself come near being made Pope on the death of Eugenius IV., in 1447; having in fact received, on several ballots of the Conclave, ten votes out of a possible eighteen. A rumor spread through Rome that he was actually elected, and, "agreeably to the custom of the time," says the ingenuous Coppi, "a crowd rushed to the palace of Cardinal Colonna and sacked it." Prospero died in 1463, and Pius II., who was then pontiff, notes in his memoirs that he was universally lamented. "Pius," he says (that is, himself), "always loved the man, and for his sake treated his brothers, nephews, and the whole Colonna tribe with especial favor."

Of the brothers in question, the elder, Antonio, espoused one of his cousins of Palestrina, and was great-grandfather to that Isabella, Princess of Sulmona, who figures, rather disagreeably, in the correspondence of Vittoria Colonna; the other, Odoardo, died in 1485, leaving one son, Fabrizio, who married Agnese, second daughter of the renowned Federigo di Montefeltro, Duke of Urbino, and sister to Guidobaldo, the last Montefeltro duke of that territory. Of this union were born three children: Federigo, who died unmarried; another son, Ascanio; and a daughter, who received the family name of Vittoria. The year of Vittoria's birth is usually given as 1490; the place was Marino, in the Alban hills, still one of the principal possessions of the Colonna family, to whom it passed early in the fifteenth century. Marino had been the scene of Giordano Orsini's gallant defense against Cola di Rienzo in 1347. During the struggle between the Colonnesi and Eugenius IV. the property changed hands repeatedly; but it finally remained with Vittoria's grandfather, who surrounded the town by the picturesque towered wall still in existence. The huge pile of the castle itself has little of architectural beauty, but it is eminently *signorile*, and without doubt it reckoned, five centuries ago, as a stately residence; while the matchless view which its windows command would console almost any one with the modern feeling about landscape for a good many petty discomforts.

Of the early years of Vittoria Colonna we know little. In the almost incessant wars between the papal see and the kingdom of Naples, her branch of the family habitually took the part of the latter; and they also upheld the claims of the house of Aragon against those of France to the Neapolitan throne. Alexander VI., on the other hand, warmly espoused the pretensions of Louis XII., and many of his official acts were further embittered by an intense family jealousy of the Colonnesi. In 1501, the latter found themselves obliged to abandon all their strongholds except Rocca di Papa and Amelia, and only Alexander's death saved them from complete ruin. As it was, there ensued for them an interval of prosperity. For the time being, Colonnesi and Orsini even composed their family feud, and the warlike sons of either house found ample field for their military prowess in the service of France or of Spain.

Already in 1495 Vittoria had been betrothed. The bridegroom, who, as Giovio says, "became Marquis of Pescara while still wailing in his cradle," was very near her own age, probably a little younger. Ferrante Francesco d'Avalos was grandson and heir of Inigo d'Avalos, whose father, a Grand Constable of Castile, had followed King Alfonso from Aragon to Naples, where his descendants remained in high favor at the Neapolitan court. The father of this illustrious infant died in 1495, and his aunt, Costanza d'Avalos, the child-

less Duchess of Francavilla, had the charge of bringing him up, a duty which she is understood to have performed in the most admirable manner. Vittoria's education, also, had certainly made good progress when, about a dozen years later, in 1507, the betrothal of the two young people was formally ratified at Marino. The contract drawn up on this occasion still exists, — a long and very minute document, composed in a barbarous polyglot, of which a little specimen may be found amusing. First, Fabrizio Colonna "promette proprio nomine assignare in Marino ad casa sua la dicta ill. domicella Victoria al dicto Ill. sig. Marchese, o ad suo legitimo mandato pro ipso traducendo matrimonialiter et honorifice ut decet ad sua casa infra uno anno incomenzando dal primo di del mes. di Jennaro proximo futuro anni 1508."[1]

It was provided that the dowry bestowed by Vittoria's father should be returned by the Marchese di Pescara if the marriage were broken off, and that in any case there should be secured to the bride her "thirds" (*terciaria*), "according to the fashion of noble barons and magnates in this kingdom of Sicily." The union was, however, not ratified within the time prescribed; for the marriage contract itself, another elaborate document, is dated at Ischia, December 27, 1510. An earnest effort appears to have been made to draw up this instrument in proper Latin, but the vocabulary of the notaries evidently failed when it became necessary to make out the inventory of Vittoria's possessions, and they are forced to chronicle in the vernacular that she brought with her to her husband's house "a bed *à la Française*, with curtains and hangings all of crimson satin lined with blue taffeta, with a broad border wrought in gold thread, and gold fringe; also three mattresses, and a coverlid likewise of crimson satin with the same embroidery, and four crimson satin pillows with border and tufts of gold thread."[2] Vittoria also received from her father three state costumes, a diamond cross, and a set of elegant trappings for the "white mule she rode with round the terrace." Meanwhile, the bridegroom bestowed on her a great many fine gowns, petticoats, and pelisses, which probably had belonged to his mother, and three articles of jewelry, thus described: "A small diamond cross with a gold chain, worth 1000 ducats; a ruby, a diamond, and an emerald set in gold, worth 400 ducats;" and a mysterious something called a gold "*desciorgh*," and appraised at 100 ducats.

The D'Avalos possessed a villa at Naples, on the heights above the town, near the Certosa; and the first months of Vittoria's married life were passed there and at Ischia, where the Duchess of Francavilla held a sort of little court, much frequented by the clever men of the day. But the honeymoon was brief, for in the summer of 1511 the Marchese di Pescara left his wife under his aunt's care, and, joining his father-in-law in the field, made under him the campaigns of this and the following years. Fabrizio Colonna was now second in command over the allied papal and Spanish forces, sent to meet the French army under Gaston de Foix; and he and Pescara were both made prisoners in that memorable battle near Ravenna, in which Gaston was killed. Their captivity was neither severe nor of long duration. Both were taken at first to Ferrara, and here Fabrizio remained in official confinement, which, however, was made as agreeable

[1] That is, he promises in his own name to assign at his own residence in Marino the aforesaid noble damsel Vittoria to the aforesaid noble marquis, or to his authorized representative, to be taken matrimonially and honorably, as behooves, to his residence, within one year of the January next to come of the year 1508.

[2] The importance assigned to the bedstead and its fittings is in perfect accordance with the present Neapolitan fashion, where these are still the essential part of a girl's dowry, even in the lowest class.

as possible by the friendly attentions of the Duke of Ferrara and his brother, Ippolito, Cardinal d'Este, as well as by the charms of a certain damsel of the court, Nicolina Trotti, in whose honor he composed a great many poems. Before the close of the year he was set free without ransom, a compliment which he was speedily able to return by contriving the Duke of Ferrara's escape from Rome and the power of the infuriated Pope.

Ferrante d'Avalos, who had received two wounds in the battle of Ravenna, one in the face, but neither of a serious nature, was transferred from Ferrara to Milan in time to attend the magnificent funeral of Gaston de Foix, and in a few months received his liberty at a cost of 6000 ducats.

The news of the battle of Ravenna, and of the fate of her father and husband, reached Vittoria at Ischia, and gave occasion for what is probably the earliest bit of her composition which has been preserved. It is a poetical epistle in *terza rima*, addressed to her husband:

"Mine own most noble lord, these lines are sent
To tell thee in what shifts of fond desire,
In how sharp martyrdom, my life is spent.
I did not look to suffer torment dire
From one who might attain the richest prize,
If Heaven would with his own deserts conspire;
Nor that my husband and my father wise,
Fabrizio's self and my marchese dear,
Would cause such bitter tears to fill my eyes."

And so she goes on, descanting at length upon the varying phases of her own distress, as people who are new to suffering often love to do. External nature sympathized with her, of course, reflecting in its universal aspects the fluctuations and apprehensions of one quaking feminine heart.

"There came an hour when on the island shore
That holds my frame (my soul is aye with thee!)
A shadow fell, and deepened more and more,
Till the whole air about me seemed to be
One mirror of blackness. The sad bird of night
That murky day did wail importunately,
While from the tossing lake — oh, fearsome sight! —
Methought the chained Typhœus[1] strove to rise.
'T was Easter, too, when spring should aye be bright."

Overcome by all these gloomy portents, Vittoria fled, weeping, to the "magnanima Costanza," who soothed the agitated girl by the old grave argument that her case was neither new nor strange. There is a certain tone of impatience with her sorrow, almost of reproach to the innocent authors of it, about this early effusion, which contrasts curiously with the lofty resignation and serene *contegno* of Vittoria's later poems; and the piece is worth noting, if only as affording a point from which to measure the moral progress achieved, under earthly conditions, by this naturally intolerant and high-strung spirit.

There seems to be some doubt whether Ferrante d'Avalos joined his young wife, upon his release from captivity. In 1513, at all events, we find him again in the field, helping his father-in-law to conduct a much more prosperous campaign than the last; while this and the immediately succeeding years witnessed such changes in the occupancy of the chief European thrones as sufficed to alter the aspect of the whole political situation. Leo X., the first of the Medici Popes, was elected in 1513; in 1515 Francis I. succeeded Louis XII.; and early in the following year the future Emperor Charles V. ascended the throne of Spain, and received the kingdom of the Sicilies in his mother's right. During this time we find frequent mention of the Marchese di Pescara: now as commanding a Spanish army sent to conquer the duchy of Sora, a possession

[1] The legend of Enceladus under Etna was repeated in the tradition that Typhœus was confined under Mount Epomeo, the fatal volcanic mountain of Ischia.

of his wife's own cousin, Francesco Maria della Rovere, first Duke, in this line, of Urbino; now as ambassador to Charles at Brussels. Vittoria, meanwhile, lived at Naples and Ischia, superintending the education of two orphan cousins of her husband, Alfonso, Marchese del Vasto, and his sister, Costanza, married in 1517 to the Duke of Amalfi. In this year, also, we get a glimpse of her as one of the escort of noble dames who attended Bona Sforza, on the occasion of her marriage in Naples to Sigismund, king of Poland. Vittoria is described by a contemporary as sitting upon a horse "whose trappings were of crimson velvet bordered with gold and silver. At her side went six *palefreniers* dressed in yellow and blue silk. Her own costume was of brocade and velvet, crimson in color, with applied branches of gold; and she wore a coif of cloth of gold, upon which was poised a cap with massive gold ornaments, to match her belt. She was also attended by six damsels of noble birth, clad in pale blue damask."

On the eve of this grand wedding Ferrante arrived, but only to depart again immediately, having been appointed to escort the bride upon her northern journey. Some time, however, in the course of these three years, the Marchese and Marchesa di Pescara made a long stay at Rome, and it was at the brilliant court of Leo X. that Vittoria first became acquainted with those warm friends of her future days, Bembo, Castiglione, and Sadoleto. Her immediate family circle was, however, narrowing sadly. Her elder brother, Federigo, a youth of much promise, lamented in one of her most tender sonnets, died in 1516, her father in 1520, and her mother two years later.

War having been declared in 1521 between Francis I. and Charles V., Ferrante d'Avalos received the command of the Spanish infantry, and his young cousin, Alfonso, accompanied him to the field. The story runs that Pescara, finding himself childless, and seeing in Alfonso the only hope of his family, would fain have left him at home, but that his aunt, Costanza, and his wife, Vittoria, alike repudiated the idea. "Take the boy with you," was their Spartan counsel; and Vittoria is reported to have added these bracing if slightly ruthless words: "Should there be a man the less in the world through any mischance, or even a family the less by the extinction of your own, 't were better than that the glory of your ancestors should be obscured by the sloth of their descendants." Having carried her heroic point, she indulged her love of splendor by presenting young Alfonso with a magnificent tent, whose purple silk curtains, embroidered by her own hands with "golden dates," bore the legend, borrowed from Scipio Africanus, "Never less idle than when in repose." The youth himself seems to have shared to the full Vittoria's sumptuous tastes. He proved a gallant fellow enough, but Brantôme says of him that, "alike in war and in peace, he gave the utmost attention to his toilet, and used so much perfumery that his very saddle reeked of it."

At the end of two years the French were temporarily driven out of Italy, thanks chiefly to the able generalship of Pescara. The husband and wife had met but once during this long campaign, and then only for three days in the autumn of 1522. Vittoria seems to have spent most of the time at Naples and Ischia, but it is from Arpinum on the Liris, the birthplace of Marius and of Cicero, on the 8th of May, 1523, that she dates the first letter which we possess in her hand.

At her husband's request, as it would seem, she had undertaken, to put it plainly, to *dun* the Duke of Mantua, Federigo Gonzaga, for 4000 ducats which he owed Pescara; and she does it with as much dignity as the case admits. "I dislike exceedingly to trouble

your Grace, but, knowing your sentiments toward my marchese, I trust you will not be annoyed either by my letter or my request. I write to beseech you to order the payment of the sum owed him, having with great difficulty obtained a delay of twenty days in the sale of a certain castle" (probably at Arpinum). "The condition and means of your most illustrious Grace are such that it would be an insult for me to hesitate about making this request; and still, were my necessity less, I should not have written, for it is certainly much harder for me to ask than it can be for your Grace to pay."

The duke must, one would think, have inclosed a check, or rather dispatched a courier with a bag of gold, at the earliest possible moment. Eight years later, at all events, we find these two on very much pleasanter terms with each other. On the 11th of March, 1531, Duke Federigo writes to Vittoria in a strain of the frankest compliment; first thanking her for having sent him a most exquisite rose sachet, and begging her, "for the fraternal love he bears her," to ask anything which it may be in his power to bestow. "And not being able at this moment," he says, "to think of anything better than the suggestion of Fabrizio Maramaldo, who told me that you would very much like a fine picture of the Magdalen from the hand of some excellent painter, I have sent to Titian, in Venice, — he being perhaps the best of our time in his own art, and also devoted to me, — and I have earnestly requested him to paint one who shall be as beautiful as possible, and still more tearful (*lagrimosa più che si può*), and to let me have it without delay. I have good hope, therefore, thanks to his ability and my importunity, that the work will prove a masterpiece, and that I shall get it between this and Easter, in which case I shall at once forward it to your Highness, to whom I ever recommend myself."

An order to Titian was certainly no bad inspiration for a magnate who was casting about him to devise a handsome present; and though we learn from another source that the painter at first objected to suspending the work he had in hand, he was induced to do so, and the Magdalen went to Vittoria some time in the spring. Her letter of thanks has not been preserved, but we can judge of its tenor by Federigo's reply, dated at Mantua, July 28, 1531, in which he expresses his pleasure that his "little gift" should have proved acceptable to her ladyship, and says that he has forwarded her note to Titian. The duke had himself written the painter concerning the picture, "I knew it would be very beautiful, but it proves the most exquisite thing I ever saw;" and he perhaps ordered a replica for his own gallery, since a Magdalen by Titian was one of the pictures bought from the Gonzaga gallery in 1627 by Charles I.

In 1533, we find that perfumed youth Alfonso del Vasto also bargaining for a Magdalen which he wished to present to Vittoria. But this special fondness of hers for pictures of the penitent saint seems to have developed only after she had sustained that great and unlooked-for bereavement which changed the whole tenor of her life. We return for the moment to her earlier correspondence.

On the 19th of November, 1523, Giulio de' Medici became Pope, under the title of Clement VII., and two days after his election a brisk correspondence began between Gian Matteo Giberti, his head secretary, and the Marchesa di Pescara, which continued throughout the year, and constitutes the most complete series of Vittoria's letters which we possess. They are less interesting than might have been expected from the position and character of the parties, — for Giberti was a man both of integrity and of marked ability, — and from the extreme im-

portance of the political moment. The epistolary style of Vittoria Colonna at thirty-three was invariably stilted, and sometimes very obscure. She was destined to exemplify, both in her life and writings, the pathetic yet consoling truth that sorrow, nobly accepted, can simplify as well as purify the character. She had hoped that Giulio de' Medici would be chosen Pope on the death of his cousin, Leo X.; and when, after the short and insignificant pontificate of Adrian VI., her wishes were fulfilled, she cherished for a time the most ardent faith that Clement would be able to carry out his ambitious programme of reconciling the two great rival sovereigns of France and Germany, and restoring peace to Europe. Had she known that the new Pope's vacillating and ambiguous policy, his alternate coquetries with Francis and with Charles, would result in bringing Italy to the lowest point of degradation which she has touched in modern times, the marchesa might have found fewer words than these in which to express her congratulations on his accession: —

NAPLES, *November* 21, 1523.

TO GIOVAN MATTEO GIBERTI:

MOST REVEREND AND MAGNIFICENT SIGNOR, — To-night I have received the longed-for news that his Eminence, your beloved cardinal, has been made Pope. Everlasting thanks to our Lord God, and I pray him so to continue and consummate the work thus begun that it may clearly appear to be the most perfect ever known, the most wisely conducted as well as intrinsically worthy of success. There is no need for me to attempt to describe my sentiments; you share them all, and you know how I felt on a former occasion. . . .

Vittoria passed the winter of 1523–24 in great retirement at Aquinum, the town of the Angelic Doctor, where Pescara had a castle. The very vacancy and monotony of her days there seem to have impelled her to write frequently to Mattei, and she even apologizes for intruding so often upon his crowded hours. She went down to Marino for Holy Week, however, and there Mattei sent her a blessed palm and a madrigal in her praise; the latter he appears frankly to have ordered from that clever and versatile scoundrel, Pietro Aretino.

Meanwhile peace came not, nor Vittoria's long-absent lord; and the very energy of Vittoria's expressions of confidence in the following letter of June 15, 1524, may indicate that her belief in Clement as the arbiter of Christendom was beginning to wane: "To valor and merit like those of his Holiness all difficulties are easy, as recent events prove; for he who has forced his very enemies to exalt him, and his adversaries, willingly or unwillingly,[1] to kiss his feet, may well constrain princes, drained in purse, exhausted by war, and uneasy in their own consciences on account of the still greater injustice of their new enterprises, to a holy alliance and the tranquillity so needful to the Christian world." But at the close of the next letter the marchesa drops her grandiloquent tone, and avows the piteous personal motive which almost always underlies a woman's political convictions: "I beseech your Eminence to intercede earnestly on my behalf. Assure him" (that is, the Pope) "that I adore him with all my heart and mind and soul, that there is no other from whom I can hope for repose for the marchese and myself, and that I kiss his most holy feet."

All that summer and autumn, however, the war continued to rage, until on February 24, 1525, came the fatal battle of Pavia, where Francis I. was

[1] There had been great opposition to Clement's election, especially from Cardinal Wolsey, who himself cherished pontifical aspirations.

made prisoner, his army totally routed, and a tremendous preponderance of power in Italy and in Europe thrown at once into the hands of the German Emperor. This great victory was due largely to the military genius of Pescara, and, in the first blush of his gratification, Charles V. wrote in his own royal person to congratulate the marchesa. "Ala Illustre y amada nra," he begins, and he alludes very handsomely to the services rendered in past times to the Ghibelline party by Vittoria's distinguished house, discovers a happy omen in her very name, and assures her that no reward can be too great for her husband to expect from his own imperial gratitude and liberality.

In the course of her necessarily formal answer, which is dated at Ischia on the 1st of May, 1525, Vittoria says, with real dignity, that she holds the truth, honor, and devotion to his interests of her husband and her house to have been not unworthy his Majesty's acceptance; and that she has tried to fulfill the augury of her name by conquering her own longing desire to have her marchese beside her, rather than exposed to the imminent perils of camp and field. This looks rather as though she had already begun to feel that the promised reward of her husband's eminent services was a little slow in arriving; and as a matter of fact, no such reward was ever bestowed. A certain jealousy of his too successful general seems early to have sprung up in the brooding mind of Charles, and we can fully understand that Pescara may have been moved by a feeling of natural resentment to listen for a moment to the overtures of that party at Milan which was already planning a league of the Italian states, with the Pope at their head, to resist the encroachments of the German Emperor. There is less excuse for his subsequent betrayal of the conspirators themselves, if conspirators they deserve to be called.

The prize they offered Pescara for his coöperation was the throne of Naples. He, on his part, invited the author of the plot, Girolamo Morone, grand chancellor of the duchy of Milan, to meet him at Novara and fully explain its details; giving him his word, so all the authorities say, that his person should be safe. Morone went, but an officer of Charles, who had been concealed behind the tapestry during the interview, arrested the chancellor as he was leaving the house, and conducted him to prison in Pavia, whence the result of his examination under torture was at once dispatched by Pescara to Charles. The marchese was a Spaniard, Charles V. was his sovereign, and intrigue was the order of the day. But it was also a day of high chivalrous ideals, and almost fantastically fine standards of honor in conduct. The Chevalier Bayard, the fearless and stainless, had fallen in the selfsame war, barely a year before. On the whole, therefore, and remembering that when Pescara took the town of Como, in 1521, he caused it to be sacked, in direct breach of his pledge to its inhabitants, we feel compelled to accept as none too severe the summing-up of his character by the historian Ripamonti: "No man of his day was more valiant in arms, or more infamous in his perfidy."

But the betrayal of Morone was the marchese's last public act. He had never been a vigorous man; he was enfeebled by the hardships of a long campaign, and in less than a month after the interview at Novara he sank so suddenly that his adoring wife, who was hastening to his bedside, was met at Viterbo by the tidings that all was over.

How is it that a woman of keen mental and moral perceptions, who has been fully alive to her husband's failings while he lived, is able to see in him an absolutely immaculate hero the moment he has passed away? The

fact is of every-day occurrence; the explanation is obscure. Vittoria Colonna certainly knew of the overtures made to Pescara by the Italian party in 1525, for Giovio, who wrote the biography of Pescara during her lifetime, who visited her at Ischia, and even submitted his manuscript to her inspection there, says that she dissuaded her husband earnestly, and even indignantly, from considering for a moment the offer of the crown of Naples. She possibly never knew the exact manner in which Morone was handed over to the tender mercies of the Emperor. At all events, there was to her no perceptible spot on the radiance of that "*bel sole*" of her life, to whom, after the fashion of the laureate in our own day, she slowly raised an imperishable memorial in a volume of grave, noble, and self-searching verse. It is Pescara's only visible monument. His mortal remains, inclosed in a metal-bound sarcophagus, with a sword laid crosswise upon it, and a piece of parchment, setting forth his name and titles, attached, are still, strange to say, awaiting interment, along with some scores of Aragonese royalties, arranged in three tiers above the *armadii* for the priests' vestments, in the sacristy of the highly interesting church of San Domenico at Naples.

Vittoria's impulse, under the first shock of her bereavement, had been to take the veil, but this the Pope himself interfered to prevent. She did, however, pass the early months of her widowhood at the convent of San Silvestro in Capite at Rome, which had long been under the special patronage of the Colonnesi, and where certain of her own kin lay buried. The convent church, with its elegant seventeenth-century decorations, still remains in the centre of the very busiest portion of the modern capital, and an enthusiastic English convert was preaching there, in his native tongue, in the Lent of 1892; but the monastic buildings have long since been secularized, and the pretty green court of the general post-office is all that remains to remind one of the extensive gardens which made a leafy solitude about the place in the spring of 1526.

Vittoria Colonna issued from that retreat the altered and chastened creature whom her own and all succeeding generations have united to revere, — a resigned, collected, clairvoyant woman, gentle and inexhaustibly charitable to those beneath her, lofty of bearing among her equals, and it may be over-austere; ready to play her part punctiliously in that high and exposed station to which she had been called, keenly alive always to large political and intellectual interests, but dwelling by preference in her own thoughts on the deeper mysteries of faith and morals, her capacity for passion spent, her conversation and her hopes on heaven.

Her country's unparalleled misfortunes may have been of service in rousing Vittoria from her first trance of selfish grief. The Italian league against Charles V., temporarily defeated by the finesse of Pescara, was revived in a more formidable shape in 1526; but Vittoria's brother, Ascanio, with the mass of the Colonnesi, true to their family traditions, adhered to the imperial side. It was Ascanio who effected his sister's removal from San Silvestro to Marino before his shameful sack of the Vatican, in September of that year, when Clement and his secretary, Giberti, were forced to take refuge in the castle of Sant' Angelo, escaping thence to Orvieto. In 1527 followed that siege of the city by the imperial troops, whose incidents of almost incredible outrage live in the fantastically vivid pages of Benvenuto Cellini; but in 1528 the fortunes of war veered again. Ascanio Colonna and Alfonso del Vasto were taken prisoners in a naval fight in the Bay of Salerno, and Vittoria was fain to sue Clement for their release; nor can we find it other-

wise than most honorable to her that, though her position must have been one of extreme delicacy, her friendly relations with the pontiff and with Giberti were never interrupted throughout this angry and chaotic time. Her energies were devoted to relieving, so far as one wealthy and willing woman might, the widespread distress caused by protracted war, with its inevitable concomitants of pestilence and famine; and in the beautiful words of Visconti, "she proffered her own substance to the unfortunate, and gave pledges on her estate for the ransom of prisoners and the security of Clement's hostages to the Kaiser. In a word, she was, from first to last, like a star of peace in that stormy sky."

By and by, however, even that devastating tempest passed over. Peace having been made on such terms as we know, the Eternal City rose as ever from her trance of exhaustion, swept aside the ashes of her latest burning, and set her palaces in order once again. The Pope returned to the Vatican, and more or less of the artists and men of letters, whom Leo X. had attracted and the long war had dispersed, came back to make the pontifical court brilliant.

The winter of 1530 found Vittoria established in Rome with her brother Ascanio and his beautiful wife, Giovanna of Aragon, whom she tenderly loved, and to whom she has addressed a graceful sonnet. The younger sister of Giovanna was married to Del Vasto; their brother was to wed Vittoria's cousin, Ippolita della Rovere of Urbino. A daughter of Ascanio bore her aunt's name, and was a great favorite with her. The bereaved and solitary woman was thus once more, for a little while, set in the centre of a fond family circle; while at the same time she renewed her old friendly relations with Pietro Bembo, and admitted to a certain degree of intimacy Paolo Giovio, the historian who was to write her husband's life, Claudio Tolomei, the Sienese philologist and translator of Virgil, the irrepressible Pietro Aretino, and other clever men. Her own writings were now first beginning to be talked about, and it is thus that Bembo, from Bologna, on the 20th of January, 1530, performs his initial act of literary homage: —

"M. Flaminio Tomarozzo . . . will tell you how I, in common with our age, have been delighted, during the last few days, by the perusal of your many sonnets, composed on the death of the noble marchese. As the age in question has given us in him a man equal in military genius and valor to the most illustrious and renowned of the ancients, so have you, among women, attained in the poetic art an excellence which seems incredible, beyond that which nature has conceded to your sex. Amazement mingles with my infinite pleasure in your performance, and, like the good and devoted servant I am, I kiss your ladyship's hand."

A few months after this, Giovio inclosed to Bembo a sonnet which Vittoria had addressed to the latter, on the appearance of one of his books. It is the sixty-first in the Rime Varie, beginning,

"Bembo gentil, del cui gran nome altero."

Bembo was of course highly flattered, and responded by another, addressed to the marchesa under cover to Giovio, concerning which Vittoria, now returned to Ischia for the summer, wrote on June 24 to the latter: —

"I must confess, reverend sir, that I am wholly at a loss for words in which fitly to praise the divine sonnet of my friend Pietro Bembo; and on second thoughts, even could I rise to the occasion, silence on my part would perhaps be the more just and appropriate eulogy. But indeed it seems to me that, in his endeavor to imitate the greatest writer in our language" (that is, Petrarch), "he has even surpassed him in style; and if I may be excused for presuming to judge, I will say that to me no writer of sonnets, whether in the pre-

sent or the past, can be compared with him."

Thus they played the game of triangular compliment by the rules which have prevailed in all ages. To the modern reader, Vittoria's later poems, the Rime Sacre e Morali, are of larger scope and far profounder interest than her long and melodious In Memoriam. The vertical rays of the "bel sole" come at last rather to fatigue the eye. But the early sonnets are no more monotonous in theme than Petrarch's own, on which they are confessedly modeled; they have much of his elegance and refinement of form, and abound in touches of keen and true feeling, as well as in the sweetest passing glimpses of that glorious Italian nature amid which they were composed.

There was, so far as we know, but one dissentient voice in the loud chorus of contemporary praise, and this belonged to a man with a very proper literary grievance against the peerless marchesa. The story of her relations with the author of the Cortegiano is a curious one.

Baldassare Castiglione had composed that flowery but ever fascinating picture of the castle and court of Urbino more than ten years before the time of which we now speak. He had then submitted the manuscript to the literary authorities of the time: to Bembo and his circle in Rome, where Vittoria had shone as a brilliant bride; and with special deference to Vittoria herself, both on account of her repute for literary acumen, and because of her own descent from the house of Montefeltro. Months passed away, and the author heard nothing more of his work. At last, in 1524, the year before Pescara's death, Castiglione was appointed papal nuncio to Spain; and before leaving for that country he wrote to the marchesa, and respectfully requested the return of his manuscript. Her reply, dated at Marino, September 20, is profuse both in apology and in praise.

"I have not forgotten my promise," she begins by saying. "Indeed, I really wish that I could do so, for the thought that I must send back your book without having re-read it as many times as I desired has constantly interfered with my delight in its perusal." She then enters, minutely and with warm appreciation, into the merits of the book, and closes with the very handsome remark that it is no wonder Castiglione was able to describe a perfect courtier, since he had but to consult a mirror in order to behold a clear image of the same, both in outer aspect and inner qualities. She also begs to be allowed to keep the book just long enough to finish her second reading, after which she promises faithfully to send it back.

Another interval of six months went by, and then Castiglione wrote the marchesa from Madrid an exceedingly diplomatic and delicate note, congratulating her on the glory with which her lord had covered himself at the battle of Pavia, and adding, in the ingenious manner of the time, that he "knows she must be able to divine all which he leaves unsaid, because she knows that the moment the idea had occurred to her that somebody ought to write a Cortegiano his prophetic soul (*animo presago*) had perceived the unexpressed wish, and obeyed the tacit command."

More than two years elapse before Castiglione again recalls himself to the great lady's remembrance. Then, on the 25th of August, 1527, he writes her from Valladolid a ceremonious note, containing no reference to his own affairs, but saying simply that while he had not ventured to intrude upon her in the freshness of her great personal grief, now that the misfortunes which have fallen like a flood upon their common country have made, as it were, all human miseries equal, his tongue is loosed, and he craves pardon for having even seemed to forget her. Four weeks later, however, from Burgos comes a much longer and less mellifluous letter. He thanks her for having deigned at last to write to him, — this letter has not

been preserved, — and if, he says, she has heard of him as making certain strictures upon herself, she may regard the report as true, and Del Vasto as responsible. "For he showed me a letter from your ladyship, in which you confessed to having abducted the Cortegiano. I was disposed, in the first instance, to regard this as a signal favor, fancying that you were merely keeping him under close guard until you could hand over your prisoner to me." (Here his growing anger compels Castiglione to drop the figure.) "Subsequently, however, I learned from a Neapolitan gentleman, who is now in Spain, that fragments of my poor Cortegiano were in Naples, and that he himself had seen them in the hands of divers persons; also, that the individual who had thus made them public said that he had them from your ladyship. I was somewhat disturbed, as a father may be who sees his boy ill treated; however, I reasoned with myself that the merits of my offspring probably deserved no greater consideration. . . . But in the end it appeared that others were more merciful to it than I, for I was fairly constrained to get it copied as well as I might in a hurry, and send it to Venice to be printed, which has been done. Should your ladyship fancy, however, that this act argues any diminution in my desire to serve you, you would commit an error of judgment, a thing which probably never happened to you in the course of your life. On the contrary, I am more than ever in your debt, for the necessity under which I labor of printing my book with all dispatch precludes my adding many other things which I had in mind; all, doubtless, quite as unimportant as what I have already written."

This is rather cutting, but it did not satisfy Castiglione, in the way of vengeance, for the signal neglect of his "offspring." The Cortegiano issued from the Aldine press at Venice in 1528, and in the course of its dedication to the Bishop of Viseu the whole complaint against Vittoria stands restated in the most ruthless manner.

"During my stay in Spain, I received word from Italy that the Lady Vittoria della Colonna, Marchesa di Pescara, to whom I had sent a copy of my book, had, contrary to her express promise, caused a great part of it to be transcribed, . . . and that this part was in the hands of many people at Naples, where, since men are ever greedy of novelty, it seemed probable that an attempt might be made to print it."

We may smile at the author's natural touchiness; but Castiglione was undoubtedly in the right, and the marchesa culpably careless, to say the least.

The fate of the Cortegiano, that pretty little artificial flower of the Renaissance, may well have seemed a trivial matter to Vittoria, occupied as her eminently serious mind was apt to be with public affairs and subjects of profound and permanent interest. The time has now come in which to say something of her very important connection with that epoch-making movement, the beginnings of the Protestant Reformation.

We are too prone, perhaps, in thinking of the Reformation, to consider its results apart from its origin; to forget that, though the wave broke in Germany, it formed in Italy, and in the heart of the Roman Church. A reaction from the unbridled paganism of the early Renaissance was inevitable, and reform had been sanctioned and encouraged, and its lines to some extent determined, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, by the Lateran Council. Had Clement VII. summoned another council immediately on his election, the schism in Germany and England might perhaps have been averted. An abler pontiff than Clement would have seen the necessity of such a council; a weaker one would simply have yielded to the importunities which assailed him on all sides. But Clement and his pontificate were exactly what Berni so caustically described them: —

"A papacy made up of deference,
Of stately speeches, and of etiquette;
Of *ay, perchance, but, then* and *yet,*
Surely and *still,* — words without consequence;
Of secret thoughts, conceits, and conference;
Of vain conjectures, offered with intent
Baffled petitioners to circumvent,
With audiences, rejoinders, verbal fence;
Of feet of lead and of neutrality,
Of patience and of demonstration,
Of Christian faith and hope and charity,
Of innocent intent to every nation,
Of what might e'en be called simplicity,
In lack of any better appellation:
Wherefore defying confutation,
I prophesy that if all this goes on
Pope Hadrian will be canonized anon." [1]

When Clement died, in 1534, the administration which had begun so auspiciously, and which had offered so signal an opportunity to a really great ruler, was everywhere in deep discredit, and the time for reconciliation had gone by; while the effect of the final revolt in Germany and England on the various groups of would-be reformers who were scattered all about Italy was akin to that of the secession to Rome of certain distinguished Englishmen of our own time upon the followers of Dr. Pusey: it showed them the logical conclusion of the train of reasoning upon which they had entered. Thereafter, as their several idiosyncrasies prompted them, the different disciples of the new teaching paused, turned back, or pursued their way.

The leader of the movement in Naples was a Spaniard named Juan Valdès, at one time *cameriere segreto* of Clement VII.; and among the thoughtful and high-minded women who came under his immediate influence were Vittoria and two of her cousins by marriage, namely, Giulia Gonzaga, widow of Vespasiano Colonna, the romantic story of whose attempted capture on behalf of the Sultan Solyman is well known; and Costanza d'Avalos, sister of the Marchese del Vasto, and wife of the Duke of Amalfi; together with another high-born Spanish dame of the most orthodox connections, Isabella Manriquez, sister of the Grand Inquisitor of Spain, Alfonso Manriquez di Lara, Cardinal-Archbishop of Seville. Among the men who made themselves prominent in the party of reform, and whose relations with Vittoria were those of intimate friendship, were Pietro Vermigli and Pietro Carnesecchi, both Florentines and accomplished humanists, — the latter of whom was to be condemned by the Inquisition for his heresies in 1567; and a third, whose influence with her was for a time even more powerful than theirs.

Bernardino Ochino was born in Siena in 1487, in that *contrada,* or ward, of the Oca, of which his surname contains a reminiscence; hard by that 'Lasa di Santa 'Haterina, which is still a place of pious pilgrimage. Reared in the same rare and brilliant atmosphere which had nourished the enthusiasm and fortified the heroic daring of St. Catherine, a century and a half before, Bernardino makes his first appearance in the correspondence of Vittoria in 1535, as the advocate in Rome of that reformed order of the Franciscans who were afterward called Capuchins. Clement VII. began by sanctioning the new order, and Bernardino preached in Rome during the Lent of 1534. A few months later, in the same year, the hesitating pontiff banished the innovating *frati;* but they retreated only as far as San Lorenzo, *fuori le mura,* and Vittoria joined her

[1] "Un papato composto di rispetti,
Di considerazioni e di discorsi,
Di più, di poi, di ma, di sì, di forsi,
Di pur, di assai, parole senza effetti;
Di pensier, di consigli, di concetti,
Di congetture magre, per apporsi;
D' intrattenerti, pur che non si sborsi,
Con audienze, risposte e bei detti;
Di piè di piombo e di neutralità,
Di pazïenza, di dimostrazione,
Di fede, di speranza e carità,
D' innocenza, di buona intenzione:
Ch'è quasi come dir, semplicità,
Per non le dare altra interpretazione,
Sia con sopportazione,
Lo dirò pur, vedrete che pian piano
Farà canonizzar papa Adriano."

voice to that of the learned Caterina Cibo, Duchess of Camerino and niece of Leo X., who had taken the new order under her especial patronage, in pleading for their restoration. She even came down from Marino to use her personal influence with Clement; and the two ladies had actually won his promise to recall Bernardino and his friends before the Pope died, September 20, 1534.

The first year of the pontificate of his successor, Paul III. (Alessandro Farnese), bristles with enactments concerning the new order, and the first letter of Vittoria upon the burning topic which we possess belongs to this period. It is addressed to Paul through some third person, apparently Cardinal Contarini, and is so incoherent in its impassioned reproaches as to be barely intelligible in parts. In a short note on the same subject, addressed to Cardinal Gonzaga, brother of Federigo, Duke of Mantua, and dated at Genazzano, December 29, 1535, she is still vehemently in earnest, but more collected and like herself.

Most Illustrious and Reverend Monsignor, — I have written to the Bishop of Verona[1] to confirm what I have said concerning the claim on your protection of the reverend fathers of the holy and true life of St. Francis, and I send you herewith his reply, certifying the same. May your Eminence act as becomes your own character and your duty to God. You must understand that his Cæsarian Majesty [Charles V.] had merely heard from the general [of the Franciscan order] of the disbanding of fifty frati, and wrote in that sense; but he now regrets having done so, as I trust he will show clearly when in Rome. Should your Eminence chance to be with the Pope at this moment, pray do your best to combat his prejudices.

I am your Eminence's most humble servant,

La Marchesa di Pescara.

[1] This was her old friend Giberti.

Charles V. was at this time in Naples. Turning northward from thence, and having been entertained *en route* by Ascanio Colonna at Marino, he made his triumphal entry into Rome on the 5th of April, 1536, and was invited by Paul III. to take up his residence in the papal villa Belvedere, which had been designed by Pollajuolo, and adorned with frescoes by Mantegna. During his stay in Rome, the Emperor deigned to call upon two noble dames then residing there, and two only. One was his far-away cousin, Giovanna of Aragon, Ascanio Colonna's wife, and the other was Vittoria herself. He departed upon the 18th of the same month, without having, so far as we know, given any decided opinion concerning the Capuchins, though he certainly held long conferences with the Pope on various religious and ecclesiastical subjects; and in June we find Vittoria writing at length to the Duchess of Urbino to bespeak her good offices on behalf of a small Capuchin convent at Fossombrone, which was within the limits of that duchy.

"If only," she says at the close of her long and moving appeal, "I have the privilege of an interview with your Grace, on the occasion of the pilgrimage I hope soon to make to Our Lady of Loreto, I can explain to you in how divinely orderly a manner has been conducted this poor reform, which all merely worldly men have combined to persecute. . . . But, *si Deus nobiscum, quis contra nos?*"

The same affectionate and zealous partisanship of Fra Bernardino — as persuasive in private conversation as he was eloquent in the pulpit — finds voice in a long letter to Cardinal Contarini, which might almost better be called a tract on behalf of the Capuchins. In this epistle, the marchesa constitutes herself the formal advocate of the new order, taking up one by one, and explicitly refuting, the principal charges against them: first, that their views on free will savored of Lutheranism; second, that they had

virtually refused to submit themselves to the general of their order; third, their inordinate desire to make proselytes in other orders. Her plea completed, Vittoria seems to have felt a little abashed at having spoken so boldly to a prince of the Church, and she adds a half-apologetic postscript: "I know I should not have written all this to your Eminence, but for the love of Christ have the patience to read it when you find time."

Her friendly relations with Contarini were certainly not interrupted, and we find Vittoria, during the ensuing winter, writing to him to express her great pleasure at the bestowal of a cardinal's hat on the "Very Reverend Monsignor of England;" that is to say, Reginald Pole, who was destined to exercise so strong an influence over the lady's latest years.

She spent the winter of 1536–37 at Arpinum and Cività Lavinia. We know that Fra Bernardino visited her at the former place, and it seems then to have been determined between them that she should go to plead his cause at Ferrara. The new order desired a shelter from petty persecution; and where, in Italy, would they be so likely to find it as in the dominions of the Estensi, whose present head, Ercole II., was the most facile and tolerant of mortals, while his duchess, Renée of France, was really a Protestant, an open disciple of John Calvin, who had left the court of Ferrara not many months before Vittoria's arrival? It is vexatious that so voluminous a letter-writer should have left us next to no record of her own impressions of the animated court of Ferrara at the most interesting moment of its history. We would gladly know whether the fragile but high-hearted little duchess appeared to Vittoria the "monster" that the Duke of Urbino had described her,[1] or the exile of Paradise, the suffering but semi-beatified creature, celebrated by Clément Marot in his melodious verse.

Clément Marot had returned to France before Vittoria came to Ferrara, and Ariosto, that other shining ornament of the most literary of Italian courts, had died four years previously; but the marchesa stood godmother in the early summer to the baby princess who was to be Tasso's Leonora. The nunlike simplicity of the costume which Vittoria had now adopted seems rather to have scandalized a lively correspondent of the Duke of Mantua, who wrote him a few days before the royal christening: "This morning arrived the Marchesa di Pescara, in a very common gown (*abito molto volgare*), to pay the duchess a visit. The two had a long talk together, and the marchesa remained to dine."

During the ten months of her stay in Ferrara, Vittoria labored loyally to promote the interests of the new order, and to combat the daily increasing prejudice against it among the rulers of the Church. On the 12th of June she writes to Cardinal Gonzaga: —

"It has pleased God that I should have a time of great quiet and comfort here in Ferrara. His Excellency the Duke and they all have combined to secure me the privilege I crave of devoting myself exclusively to true charity, and not that very mixed sort which is the outcome of ordinary social intercourse.[2] . . . I wrote your Emi-

[1] Guidobaldo della Rovere having objected to the bride chosen for him, his father, Francesco Maria, replied that he need not complain, when Alfonso d'Este had espoused Lucrezia Borgia, — "and we all know what sort of a woman she was," — and had married his own son, Ercole, to a *monster*.

[2] The original of the above passage may be quoted as affording a fair — not by any means a very striking — specimen of the hopeless clumsiness and prolixity of Vittoria's epistolary style: "La Extia del Duca e tuti me satisfanno della mia desiderata libertà di solo attender alle vere carità et non tanto misturate como quelle che se causano dalla conversatione." The critic who once said that "Vittoria Colonna's letters were those of a farmer's wife" may have spoken "unadvisedly with his

nence concerning the tissue of slander which malice has woven against Fra Belardino" (Vittoria always writes his name thus), "for you left very suddenly, and I could not bear that in your mind any shadow should linger upon the light which he has from God. I understand from various letters that he is now in Rome, and much caressed by the Pope and all good men; that he honors the Church, and goes covered with benedictions, — which is quite enough to account for the jealousy he excites."

In Ferrara, also, Vittoria had a glimpse of Del Vasto, now commander in chief of the imperial forces in Italy; and she wrote him thence, eloquently and forcibly for her, on behalf of the last of the fine old race of Florentine patriots, Filippo Strozzi, but all in vain.

In February, 1538, the marchesa left Ferrara, having entertained the court circle the night before her departure by reciting a number of her own sonnets; and we may give as a specimen of her (comparatively) light and lively style the letter which she sent from Pisa to Duke Ercole: —

"I marveled at Jerusalem, I spent my substance in Egypt, and I meant to have been very quiet in Bologna; but on the very day that I left Castello to go thither, I received an answer from Madamma,[1] here, announcing that the father" (Fra Bernardino) "was to preach, not in Florence, but in Pisa; so I turned rein, and, to avoid ceremony, went to a convent. However, Madamma has so overwhelmed me with her caresses that if I had not already had a taste of yours and those of the duchess, I should think nothing equal to Spanish courtesy. So, then, just as we were in the full enjoyment of those wonderful sermons" (of Fra Bernardino), "there came such a peremptory summons from Florence that, however unwillingly, Madamma was obliged to send him back to that city, and I to acquiesce, for the greater glory of God and the greater fruit of the preacher's labors. I shall content myself here until it is time to go to the baths of Lucca, in this immediate neighborhood."

She seems, however, to have gone to hear her favorite preach in Florence, since Carnesecchi, during his trial for heresy, mentions having seen her there at this time, on her way to the baths of Lucca, where she must have made a long season. We find her writing from the city of Lucca, on the 3d of October, to Cardinal Trivulzio, still on behalf of her friends the Capuchins, and full of warm indignation at the hardships and persecutions to which they are in some places subjected. "I cannot understand," she even permits herself to say, "what his Holiness and the rest of them are afraid of, or why they cannot let things go as God has ordained, and the man deny himself who will." That the mind of Paul III. was not yet distinctly made up against the innovators is evident from the fact that in the ensuing March (1539) a cardinal's hat was given to Bembo, their stanch and open friend.

For three years more, in fact, Fra Bernardino was allowed to continue his preaching tours; but his language was becoming more and more intemperate, and the views which he advocated were so extreme and so obviously heretical that even Vittoria could defend them and the eloquent rebel no longer. The spring of 1542 found Ochino at Verona, where the devoted

lips," but anybody who has essayed to peruse the Carteggio can understand the transport of impatience which prompted the remark. Vittoria's was essentially a masculine mind, and by the same token she lacked the intellectual grace and lightness, the naive literary instinct, which often render the letters even of stupid women delightful reading.

[1] Margaret, illegitimate daughter of Charles V., and widow of Alessandro de' Medici, but best known to history as regent of the Netherlands, and mother of Alessandro Farnese.

bishop, our old friend Giberti, tried his best, by gentle and persuasive reasoning, to bring him to a more tractable frame of mind. His efforts were vain, and while still in Verona the *frate* finally received his ominous summons to Rome. It came in the form of a most courteous note from Cardinal Farnese, simply inviting him to the "discussion of matters of importance." But Fra Bernardino knew what this meant, and he lacked the nerve for martyrdom. There is something both painful and pitiful in pious sophistry like the following, in his last known letter to the Marchesa di Pescara, dated August 22, 1542: —

"I find myself here, outside the gates of Florence, in great distress of mind. I had come so far with the intention of going to Rome; . . . but many dissuade me, since it would mean that I must either deny Christ, or myself be crucified. The former I will not; the latter, yes, by his grace, but in his own time. To go deliberately to my death I am not now disposed. When God wants me, he can find me, no matter where I may be. Christ himself teaches me to escape many times, — to Egypt, to the Samaritans; and likewise Paul, whose precept it is, if they will not receive you in one city, to fly to another," and so on.

This melancholy apology reached Vittoria at Viterbo, where she was at this time residing; and Cardinal Pole, her chief counselor, if not yet her formal spiritual director, advised her to leave it unanswered, and should any further communications come from the recalcitrant friar, to forward them at once to Cardinal Cervini (afterwards Pope Marcellus II.) at Rome. Accordingly, in December of this year, we find her dispatching thither a letter and book of sermons which Ochino had sent her from Switzerland, — with what sorrow and sickness of heart, touched, also, it may be, with something of scorn for her old favorite's cowardice, is evident from the postscript to the note with which she accompanied them: "It grieves me much that the more he excuses himself, the more he stands accused; and the more he thinks to save others from shipwreck, the more he dares the deluge, — being himself, alas, outside the one true ark of safety!"

It is said, though the story lacks confirmation, that it was Ascanio Colonna who gave Ochino the horse on which he escaped to Ferrara, where Duke Ercole provided the disguise in which he crossed the Alps. We hear of him next, in secular garb, at Geneva.

But although Ochino had thus definitely broken loose from the Catholic Church, he was far from finding himself at home among the strict Swiss Protestants, who accused him of encouraging atheism, and even of advocating polygamy. He preached a good deal in Switzerland, however, as well as in England during the reign of Edward VI., married when nearly seventy, and died of the plague at seventy-four.

We return to the tenor of Vittoria Colonna's life during her later years. She invariably resided in some convent at Orvieto, Viterbo, or Rome; but she received her friends without restriction, and those friends were still, as always, the most eminent and thoughtful spirits of the day. This was the period of her classic friendship with Michelangelo, the tender and solemn communion of that single-minded and splendidly endowed pair, both prematurely aged by the tremendous discipline of their experience, and dead long before to the passions and ambitions of this world, — a relation which has held so irresistible a charm for the late nineteenth-century mind. We have a restless desire to know more about this unique and noble, if somewhat mystical relation; we demand of history, almost as a right, that it should give us further details; yet the minute researches of our inquisitive day have, after all, added little to the

simple and oft-quoted story as it stands in the pages of Michelangelo's pupil and biographer, Condivi: —

"Especially he delighted in the Marchesana di Pescara, of whose divine soul he was enamored, being in return profoundly loved by her, many of whose letters he still keeps, full of honest and most tender affection, and such as draw their inspiration from the heart. He, on his part, inscribed to her a great many sonnets, full of talent and sweet desire. She often left Viterbo, and other places where she had gone for change of scene and to pass the summer, and came to Rome, for no other purpose than that she might see Michelangelo. And he, in turn, was inspired by such love of her that I remember having heard him say that his one grief was that when he went to see her, as she was passing from this life, he had not kissed her forehead and face as he kissed her hands."

We have it thus upon the best authority that Michelangelo preserved a great many of Vittoria's letters to himself, but only five have come down to us, together with two from him to her. These two and three of the marchesa's are best assigned to the years 1539–40. They refer to two works which he executed for her, and the reader shall at least have these letters entire.[1]

Number one is from Michelangelo:

It was my wish, signora, to have shown myself a little less unworthy of the favors which you have so repeatedly urged on me by giving you something from my own hand; but now, having recognized that the grace of God is not to be bought, and that to resist it is a very grievous fault, I cry *mea culpa*, and agree to accept from my heart the things in question. Nay, when I have them, I shall seem to myself to be in Paradise, — not as having them in my house, but as being in theirs; and so I shall be more than ever, if that were possible, in your ladyship's debt.

The bearer of this is my Urbino,[2] to whom your ladyship can name the time when you would like to have me come and see the head you promised to show me.

Recommending myself to your ladyship,

MICHELAGNIOLO BUONARROTI.

Next shall come a note from the marchesa: —

MY MOST CORDIALLY LOVED FRIEND, SOR MICHEL AGNELO, — I beseech you to send me your Crucifixion for a little, even though it is not quite finished, because I want to show it to some gentlemen in the suite of his Eminence the Cardinal of Mantua; and if you are not too busy, you might come and have a talk with me to-day, at the hour which suits you best.

This invitation was, apparently, not accepted, but the painting was duly sent, and she writes of it thus: —

TO MICHEL ANGELO, THE UNIQUE MASTER, AND MY VERY PARTICULAR FRIEND:

I have received your note, and I have seen the Crucifixion, which remains crucified in my memory, like nothing else which I ever beheld. I do not see how anything could be better done, more vividly conceived or admirably executed. I have indeed no words in which to express my sense of its marvelous subtlety, and I am quite certain that I do not care to have any one but

[1] We have ventured to alter the order assigned to these letters by the editors of the Carteggio. They are quite without indication of date, — hurried notes sent by hand when both parties were in Rome; but the present arrangement seems to us to decrease their inevitable confusion.

[2] Michelangelo's favorite servant and color-mixer.

you paint it: so pray tell me whether this painting is an order. If so, there 's no help for it. If it is yours to dispose of, I will get it from you by some means or other; but if it is sold, and you meant to have a replica made by that pupil of yours, we must talk it over first. I realize so clearly the immense difficulties in the way of making a satisfactory copy that I would rather he did something else for me than that; but if this picture is yours, bear with me when I say that you will never have it back again. I have examined it in all sorts of ways, — by artificial light, through glass, and reflected in a mirror, — and I never saw anything so exquisitely done.

Yours to command,
La Marchesa di Pescara.

It is plain that Michelangelo, like Vittoria's latest biographer, Reumont, found this letter "*non affatto chiaro,*" for he made the following slightly aggrieved reply: —

Signora Marchesa, — It does not seem to me fitting, since I myself am in Rome, that the Crucifixion should be entrusted to Messer Tommaso, or that a third person should come between your ladyship and me, your servant, — for your servant I am to the uttermost, and I was fain to do more for you than for any man I ever knew; only I have been, and am, so crowded with work that your ladyship may well have doubted my zeal. But I know that you know that love owns no master, and that he who loves sleeps not; and so, in spite of all, the way was found, and even while I seemed neglectful I was being better than my word in the hope of giving you a surprise. My little plan is quite spoiled. "Mal fa chi tanta fè sì tosto oblia." [1]

Your ladyship's servant,
Michelagniolo Buonarroti
in Roma.

[1] "Evil works he who faith so soon forgets."

But that this cloud was soon completely dispersed is seen by the last letter of the group, which refers to a companion picture of the Deposition which the marchesa ordered about this time, and which is minutely described in Condivi's memoir: —

To Michelangelo Buonarroti:

The effects which you produce have power to dazzle the mind, and 't is a proof of this that I should have mentioned the possibility of enhancing what was already perfect. I have, indeed, seen that *omnia possibilia sunt credenti.* I had always the greatest faith that God would grant you a supernatural grace in the making of this Christ; but when I saw it, it so far surpassed my expectations in every way that I was excited by the miracle already wrought to desire that greater one, which I now see so marvelously fulfilled. I could not possibly have wished for more; I could not even have conceived so much! I must tell you how particularly pleased I am that the angel on the right hand should be so much the more beautiful, for surely the angel Michael will place you, Michelangelo, upon God's right hand at the last day. What more can I do for you than crave the intercession of this sweet Christ on your behalf, and profess myself your creature to command in all and for all!

La Marchesa di Pescara.

Before the date of Vittoria's latest notes to her immortal friend, a bitter quarrel had broken out between her brother Ascanio and Paul III.; and in the petty war which ensued Ascanio was completely worsted, the greater part of his estates confiscated, and he himself driven into exile. The Colonna palace in Rome was closed, and it was at first, perhaps, as much from necessity as from choice that in the autumn of 1541 Vittoria took up her residence at Viterbo, in the convent of Sta. Cate-

rina, where she came under the spiritual guidance of Cardinal Pole. So long as Fra Bernardino's influence had been supreme, she had practiced austerities so great as to draw remonstrances from all her friends. Thus we find Duke Ercole of Ferrara sending an earnest entreaty that she would deign so to order her life that she "might longer survive to the glory of God and the joy of mankind than at present she seemed likely to do." Carnesecchi also deposed, when upon his trial, that "the lady marchesa, before she formed her friendship with the cardinal (Pole), wore herself out with fasting, hair-shirts, and other mortifications of the flesh, till she was reduced to nothing but skin and bone. She did so, perhaps, because she attached undue importance to works of this kind, imagining that true piety and religion were summed up in these, and that on them, therefore, depended the salvation of her soul. But after she had been admonished by the cardinal that such mortifications of the flesh were rather an offense to the Lord, . . . the aforesaid lady began to abandon that extreme austerity of life, returning little by little to a reasonable and honest mediocrity. . . . She gave much in alms, and lived in charity with all men, whereby she observed and followed the counsel which she said she had received from her oracle the cardinal, namely, to believe as if by faith alone she might be saved, and to labor as if by works only could come salvation." And Vittoria herself wrote, near the close of 1541, to Giulia Gonzaga that she felt deeply indebted to his Eminence Cardinal Pole for her health of body and of mind, "both having been in danger, — the one from a bad regimen, the other from superstition."

She remained under the cardinal's "reasonable" direction until the close of her life, and she even shared, after her death, the imputation of heresy which fell upon him for the unsoundness of his views concerning "justification by faith." At this time, a circle of clever ecclesiastics had gathered in Viterbo about Cardinal Pole, the papal legate, and Vittoria saw much of them all; but many of the friends of her early days passed away during these years, among them Cardinal Contarini, Alfonso del Vasto, and the saintly Bishop of Verona.

The following letter, written by Vittoria during her stay at Viterbo, is preserved in the Museo Buonarroti at Florence: —

Mag^co^ Mess. Michel Agnelo, — I have not answered your letter sooner, because I reflected that it was merely a reply to mine, and that if you and I were to continue to write as often as your courtesy and my sense of obligation would dictate, I should have to give up attending the offices with the sisters here in the chapel of Sta. Caterina, and you that sweet colloquy with your art which you hold daily from dawn to dusk in the chapel of San Paolo (for surely your paintings speak to you as clearly as the living beings hereabouts speak to me); and thus we should both fail of our duty, — I to the brides, and you to the vicar, of Christ. So, then, precisely because I know how steadfast our friendship is, and bound by Christian ties of the securest affection, it seems to me that I ought not perpetually to be asking for the testimony of your letters, but rather patiently to await the opportunity of serving you; praying the Lord, of whom you spoke to me out of so warm and humble a heart at the time of my leaving Rome, that I may find, when I come back, his living image ever renewed in your soul by the power of true faith, even as you yourself have portrayed him in my Samaritan.[1]

[1] Vasari makes the statement that Michelangelo painted to order for Vittoria a Samaritan at the Well.

I recommend myself to you always, and also to your Urbino.

From the monastery of Viterbo, on the twentieth day of July.[1]

Yours to command,

La Marchesa di Pescara.

To my more than magnificent, and more than most dear, Michel Agnelo Buonarroti.

However light the spiritual yoke imposed by her new director, one can plainly trace in this letter the inward impulse which was moving Vittoria Colonna, in the autumnal season of her life, to the uttermost renunciation even of her innocent joys. It had been easy to the magnanimous and highly gifted woman to obey two of the three great precepts which comprise our whole duty here, — to "do justly and love mercy;" but not perhaps until the end was close at hand did she truly learn to "walk humbly" with her God. Her later sonnets afford the most affecting proof that this lesson was acquired, but with those noble sonnets we are not now concerned.

There is one more note to Michelangelo, one of the last, probably, that she ever wrote; and in this her voice, though sweet and collected, sounds infinitely remote and "thin," already "as voices from the grave."

Magnifico Messer Michel Angelo, — So great is the fame that you have won through your genius that you might perhaps have deemed it superior to time and change, had that divine light never entered your soul which shows us that all earthly renown, however long it may endure, has at last its second death. And since you yourself regard in your statues only the goodness of him who has made you a supreme master in that art, you can understand how I may thank the Lord singly even for those writings of mine which are already all but dead; thinking that perhaps I offended him less by so writing than by the utter idleness in which I now live. Please accept this as an earnest of future industry.

Yours to command,

La Marchesa di Pescara.

[1] 1543, when Michelangelo was executing the frescoes in the Pauline chapel of the Vatican.

In the spring of 1544, Vittoria Colonna returned to Rome, and took up her residence in the convent of Sant' Anna de' Funari, which stood on the southern portion of the Campus Martius, close alongside the ruined Flaminian Circus, in whose deserted arena wrought the rope-makers who gave its appellation to the convent as well as to the neighboring and still existing church of Sta. Caterina de' Funari. The position was, perhaps, not a fortunate one for a woman with an overtried constitution, especially enfeebled as Vittoria then was by the severe illness which had befallen her at Viterbo in the previous year. In Rome, at all events, her health appears steadily to have declined until January, 1547, when she was removed from the convent of Sant' Anna to the neighboring palace of the Cesarini to die. Here she lingered for a few weeks, tenderly nursed by her kinswoman, Giulia Colonna, the Princess Cesarini, and here, on the afternoon of the 25th of February, she passed away.

Her body was removed the same evening to the church of Sant' Anna, and her brother Ascanio was notified that he might lay it where he pleased. He pleased to leave it there, and the velvet-covered coffin of cypress wood stood for many years in the church, like Pescara's in the sacristy of San Domenico at Naples, and seems finally to have been placed in the tomb of the lady abbesses. But when the convent and church of Sant' Anna came to be pulled down, as late as 1887, it was found that this tomb had long since been desecrated and rifled of its treasures, perhaps during the Napoleonic wars.

Vittoria's monument, like her hus-

band's, is in her verse. The sad persuasion that she had herself survived her writings was a fallacious one. They live, and they will live so long as there are select souls who dwell, by habit and preference, on the still mountain summits of religious thought and meditation. For such the sonnets upon sacred themes, severe in their statuesque beauty, difficult always, and often very obscure in meaning, still afford a stimulus to mystical devotion, and comprise almost a manual of the same.

We have been considering Vittoria Colonna in her letters chiefly, and here it must again be confessed that she is, upon the whole, disappointing. She falls below her fame. The list of her correspondents is so varied and imposing, comprising notabilities in so many lines, — popes, emperors, kings, queens, cardinals, poets, theologians, historians, and men of science, — that we do not see how the letters can fail to be a mine of the richest and most *recherché* information. Here, for example, several times during the year 1540, we find the name of Margaret of Angoulême, the brilliant sister of Francis I., the intriguing queen of Navarre. What might not these two women, alike in their extraordinary endowments, but totally dissimilar in temperament and tenor of life, have found to say to each other! They found very little which sheds any real light on the character of either. Vittoria's are letters of the driest, most formal, most sententious religious counsel; Margaret replies, in what, one fancies, must have been a very exceptional transport of humility, that she fears her cousin the marchesa thinks much better of her than she deserves.

There is no contemporary portrait of Vittoria Colonna of absolutely unquestioned authenticity, but there are several of the seventeenth century, which are undoubtedly copies from those taken in her lifetime, and these all agree so strikingly in their main features that we seem to know with reasonable certainty how she looked. It is a face rather noble and intellectual than sympathetic, very high bred, the features delicate and regular, the head carried proudly. If we add the splendor of coloring for which she was especially renowned, the perfect red and white of her complexion, the rare golden hue in youth of her abundant hair, we have an *ensemble* which fully justifies her repute for extraordinary beauty.

Harriet Waters Preston.
Louise Dodge.

MISS TOM AND PEEPSIE.

I.

I CANNOT remember a time when I did not know Miss Tom. Of my first introduction to Peepsie, and how it came about, I am now going to tell.

The shocks in Miss Thomasine Benton's cornfield, on a certain autumn evening, some years ago, were far apart, and not very big; but sunset touched each serried top with orange-colored flame, and the crisp, light rustle-rustle of the west wind, as it passed flutteringly by over dry blades and tassels, was a pleasant sound to hear. The shadows stretched long and dark, with weed-tufted, trampled spaces of ground between shimmering faintly as through golden haze. By a pile of ears, new stripped, smooth shining, ivory white, stood our neighbor Miss Tom, as we called her, angular, erect, grim, and watchful; the man's felt hat on her gray head pulled well forward over frowning brows, her hands in the pockets of her Kentucky jeans sack coat, her indigo-blue cotton

skirts tucked up to her knees, and the country-made shoes on her large homely feet rusty brown with the soil; while Uncle Pete, her former slave and latter-day "hand on the place," heaped up his half-bushel basket in solemn, busy silence, and emptied it into the ox-cart waiting near. They were measuring the corn that had been that day shucked, when, pausing in a ramble across the field, I stopped there beside them.

Now, it befell on this particular evening that, while pleasantly loitering thus, — the usual short but friendly nod of greeting having been exchanged between Miss Tom and myself, — I perceived a faint chirping sound, very faint and muffled, coming from somewhere close at hand; and, on the alert directly, I began spying around among the weeds and scattered fodder blades to see what it might be, when Miss Tom, noticing my look of inquiry, drew from her coat pocket a new-hatched chicken, and held it up to view in the hollow of her palm.

It was a tiny thing, plump and round and soft, its brownish-yellow down crumpled and damp from recent shut-in warmth, its bright little eyes blinking half sleepily, its feet like a new-born baby's hands for clinging, crinkled helplessness. There was, too, that babyish mystery, that suggestively knowing yet secret air, about it which all very young animals seem to share in common. Nothing could have been in funnier contrast to Miss Tom herself — gaunt, stalwart, old-maid Miss Tom — than this creature; and as it gave two or three appealing "peeps," and stretched its wings with a shiver, she looked down at it with an expression flitting over her countenance that I had never seen there before.

"Oh, Miss Tom!" I cried, with all the delighted enthusiasm of a fifteen-year-old girl devoted to pets, and particularly feathered ones. "The sweet, s-sweet thing! Where did it come from, and how do you happen to have it?"

"The thing 's been a-worryin' my life out all this blessid livelong day," said Miss Tom, making a vain attempt at her common dry severity of speech. "It beats any little toad of a creeter that ever I *did* see. 'T won't be satisfied nowheres but right here in my pocket, or in my lap when I 'm settin' down, or under the tail o' my frock. There 's that gal May Lou, now, might take keer of it, but her head 's always wool-getherin', set on that place she come from, or mebbe on the notion o' marryin'; an' it don't 'pear to fancy her, noway. It 'pears to like me" (and just here came a certain curious note as of tender triumph into the speaker's voice) "better 'n anybody else. If I put it in a baskit by 't-self, it jest turns in an' hollers its heart out. The sound 's that pitiful it jest makes me — well, mad enough to kill the thing. I don't want to tread on it, creepin' under my feet, so here I am totin' it round with me same 's any human baby." And here Miss Tom lifted one rugged knuckly finger and gave the object of her wrath a gentle, furtive stroke.

"But where is its mother, Miss Tom," said I, "and why can't she take care of it?"

Now, Miss Thomasine Benton was usually a taciturn old body, but the tale of this adoption which she proceeded to tell was too long to be repeated word for word. How a certain old "dominicker," the plague of her life, who killed most of the chickens she hatched by trampling on or smothering them, had stolen a nest in some waxberry bushes near the house, and, "unbeknown" to anybody, hatched out this chick; how Miss Tom had first chanced to hear it on the previous evening, "peepin' in the grass," and had finally found it, all alone, "mighty nigh perished, with ev'ry pin feather on it wrong side out in the wind, wand'rin' right away from the nest," — all this I heard, and to call my interest breathless is not exaggeration.

"I did think at first," concluded Miss Tom, "that I 'd put it back under its mammy. I heered her, you see, a-cluckin' an' scoldin' in the bushes, an' soon come across her there, sittin' on two mo' eggs, both of 'em rotten. There 's nothin' like mother heat for sich baby things, you know. But when I started to put this here under that ole dominicker, she glared round at it so with them yeller-red eyes, an' she looked sich a no-sense, conceited fool, an' the po' little shakin' mite, it seemed so afeard of her, that I jest took it 'long indo's to the fire, an' rubbed it warm myself."

"And did it sleep by the fire, in a basket, last night?" I asked.

Miss Tom did something quite new to my knowledge of her: she actually blushed all over her face, a warm, youthful red.

"Well, n-no," said she slowly, in a sort of shamefaced way. "I fixed it in a baskit, with some soft ole rags for coverin'; but it peeped in sich a lonesome way, an' made me so mad, that I jest wrapped it up in a ole handkercher an' took it in the bed with me. I 'most felt like wringin' its neck. All it 'pears to want is cuddlin' up to somebody, but 'specially me. I put it up close ag'inst my neck, an' it slep' sweet an' quiet as any lamb all night long, jest twirlin' to 'tself, contented like, now an' then. This mornin' it picked crumbs — (you Pete, take keer! That measure ain't full yet) — picked crumbs lively as any crickit. It 's a heap o' botheration, an' it 's goin' to be mo', but I ruther fancy it 'll pay me back in eggs, some time; so you see 't ain't only because I 've took a fancy to it, or any sich foolishness as that. I ain't never keered about pet things, an' it 's ruther too late in the day, me past sixty years ole, to be a-takin' 'em up now. But I think I 'll raise this chicken."

I had got the chicken in my own hands by this time, and was holding it up under my chin, enjoying to the full its fluffy softness, its thrilling, half-frightened little movements. When it nestled up confidingly, at last, with a low quivering "twir-r-r," I thought I saw a spark of jealousy in Miss Tom's eye. A while later, as we followed the loaded cart toward the barnyard, near the little gray wooden house, not far off, under its big old locust and walnut trees, — I almost running to keep up with my companion's manlike strides, — the old woman's charge was once more in her pocket, and a generous offer on my part to take it home with me, and keep it for her till past the troublesome age, met such a firm though not ungracious refusal as convinced me at once that it was no mere hope of new-laid eggs to come, nor a hen-wife's care-taking instinct, which had prompted the same. Miss Tom had "took a fancy," as sudden and violent as I might have taken, to this particular chick. It was pure love, and no other feeling, — pure love for something thus loving her in return "better 'an anybody else," — which drew her first and last to "Peepsie."

II.

From this time on Peepsie was installed as a sharer of Miss Thomasine Benton's fireside, her bed and board. Miss Tom's pretended protests against it, her allusions to the arrangement as a bit of troublesome necessity, deceived nobody — nobody at all — in regard to this tender little chance flower of affection which had thus bloomed in her barren life out of that homely emblem of immortality, an egg. What made it more striking was the fact that my old friend had never before been known to pet anything. She openly and honestly hated cats. Captain, her big Newfoundland watchdog, though treated with all due respect and consideration, would have been rather astonished, I think, at any warmer caress than a very rare friendly pat or thump from his mis-

tress. Both amusing and pathetic it was now to see the wistful, half-jealous curiosity with which he regarded this tiny but exacting interloper. In the soft black eyes of May Lou, also, the only other dweller under Miss Tom's roof, I used to fancy sometimes some glimmers of the same feeling. Neither had she been thus dealt with, when she came, several years before, a little gypsy-faced, pensive creature ("a little black thing," as Miss Tom contemptuously called her), from the county poorhouse, to find a home none too easy as humble companion and help in this household. Not thus had May Lou, for all her prettiness and her gentleness, found favor in those sharp eyes, which could not overlook the disgrace of such an early abode. To Miss Tom, in her pride and sturdy independence, it was a thing not to be forgotten or forgiven. How could she help being fond of May Lou? I wondered now more than ever. I knew what May Lou was thinking; yet nevertheless her heart could not be, any more than mine, any more than Miss Tom's own, long withheld from Peepsie.

Now, whether that egg hatched out by the senseless old "dominicker" (I have always felt sure she never *could* have laid it) fell from cloudland, and gave life to a being of some other more ethereal sphere, temporarily disguised in feathers; or whether Peepsie was only an exceptional creature of her kind, superior to that kind as never was barnyard fowl before; or whether, after all, any chick, hatched out any day, so petted and noticed as was Peepsie, would prove equal to her, are questions which often have puzzled me. I had always a weakness for fairy tales, and, while watching this curious pair, — old woman and young chick, — I could not get rid of a haunting idea that Peepsie was something a great deal more than she outwardly seemed, and that she had been or would be, in far past or remote future, somehow mysteriously connected with Miss Tom. I found myself daily half expecting some transformation, — there was something so humanly knowing and affectionate about the fluffy, restless midget. It would not have surprised me the least bit if she had suddenly turned into a trim, quaint, bright-eyed, brown-haired little girl, four or five years old (for I could not fancy her a whimpering, sprawling baby), with a brown stuff frock on, the smoothest of white pinafores and tuckers, and the daintiest of slippered feet. That Peepsie was a pullet nobody questioned. There were never, from the first, any of the usual doubts concerning this point. A dainty femininity showed itself in every gesture, in each peck and flutter and turn of the head. The heart-piercing sweetness of her happy little cooings and "twir-r-r's," the irresistible appeal of her plaintive "peeps," coming back now, will sometimes bring the tears to my eyes. Compared with other chicks of her age, she was dwarfish and undersized, growing but slowly under these unnatural conditions, the tiny, soft, russet-brown feathers on her wings and tail late in coming out. To see her picking up crumbs on the wide stone hearth, — warming her toes occasionally, but never once venturing into danger behind the andirons; to have her come creeping under the hem of one's frock, or, standing just outside, with lifted gaze and ineffectual jumps say as plainly as any words could speak, "Take me up," and then, perched securely on one's knee, sing herself to sleep; to see her pattering anxiously after Miss Tom, upstairs and down, or out in the yard or garden, or, on those delightful occasions when one stayed to tea, eating broiled ham and buttered biscuit, chopped fine, from the edge of Miss Tom's plate, sipping tea from her saucer, and wiping her bill afterward, with a quaint flourish, on the tablecloth, — what endless amusement did all this afford!

"Sassy creeter!" said Miss Tom, be-

holding this last exploit. "Jest see that, now! I declare, if 't was n't for the loss of a good layin' pullet nex' spring, I 'd 'most wring its neck, jest to git shut of it."

But in spite of such speeches as this, grimly made with intent to deceive, any one could see how fond Miss Tom was of Peepsie, and also that with this small, softening influence a curious change had come over the old woman's life. The lines about her mouth and between her eyebrows relaxed and became faint. The underlying kindness of her voice would persist in asserting itself, in growing sometimes positively tender. More than once, on coming in suddenly, I found her sitting by the fire, with Peepsie on her lap, twirring away, — the county paper and her knitting-work alike neglected, — gazing into the embers, and evidently musing of bygone days. Was she thinking, I wondered, of that early love affair, of which I had often heard from various neighborhood elders? On the mantelshelf just opposite, looking down at her, was a daguerreotype, still unfaded, though old, in which Miss Tom appeared as a very good-looking, fresh-complexioned girl, with honest, resolute gray eyes hopefully wide open, brown curls (curled on a curling-stick, not one hair out of place), a girlish mouth with dimples where the deepest lines came afterward, and a plump white neck showing off a gold locket to the best possible advantage. In that locket (I had seen it) was a piece of light straight hair entwined with a brown tress cut from her own head. In those young and comely days Miss Tom had had her romance, and also a disappointment.

It was her only brother, Mr. Josiah Benton, storekeeper and man-of-all-business in our county town, who had broken off that match, folk said, and that by no fair means. I knew that Miss Tom, in those placid, pleasant moods, was not thinking of him. Were her thoughts of the lover who had gone West long before, been hurt in a mining accident, and died, piteously far away, in his broken, blighted youth? Was she picturing the might-have-been that he and she had missed? May Lou had a lover, too; and it was Miss Tom, this time, who stood, in the way. There was nothing to be said against Ben Shirley, the young carpenter, who, after building a new corn-house for Miss Tom, some months before, had come back courting May Lou; but Miss Tom had not minced words when she told them both to expect neither consent nor help from her. If anybody thought that she, Thomasine Benton, had "raised" a girl from the poorhouse, said Miss Tom, with the notion of either leaving her what she had, away from her own kith and kin, — her brother's children, — or helping her out in any such foolishness as a marriage with a poor young man, why, he was mightily mistaken, and that was all. True, she was not overfond of the said kith and kin, but blood was thicker than water. May Lou might send her sweetheart packing, or else find a home, if he was not ready for her, elsewhere than in Miss Tom's house. And Ben was not yet ready. Without being allowed to give even so much as a promise, May Lou had sent him away.

When Miss Tom said a thing, she prided herself on sticking to it; and yet, when she looked at May Lou now, since Peepsie's spell had come over her, looked in a pondering, undecided way, was she questioning, by the light of old tender impulses revivified, whether she had been too hard? Was it her own trouble that had made her so, and was she now, after all, going to relent?

I wondered and guessed.

III.

One chilly, blustering evening in early December, when Peepsie was about six weeks old, I ran over to Miss Tom's,

and, upon entering, found to my dismay that Miss Tom's brother was making her a visit.

Mr. Josiah Benton was enough like his sister in a few general outlines to be thoroughly, provokingly distasteful to any one who could appreciate her immense superiority. There the resemblance ended. The difference which separates simple, genuine homeliness from pretentious vulgarity lay gulf deep and miles wide between them. Self-satisfied, penny-worldly wisdom and conceit, coarse, greedy hardness and selfishness, seemed to radiate from his full-fed person like dry, unwholesome heat from a red-hot stove, — from his light greenish-gray eyes, his fat red cheeks, the fringe of grayish whiskers underneath, and the round bald spot on the top of his head. His ready-made clothes, of a "loud" pattern, seemed to proclaim their price. They were good enough clothes of a certain sort, — taken in connection with him, offensively good; and the very large shoes on his very large feet were shining to a marvel. They somehow caught my gaze, these last, and held it fascinated. I could hardly look away. Taking him altogether, one could readily believe the tales of his past conduct toward Miss Tom.

He was walking about the floor when I went in, his hands in his trousers pockets, and talking very loud, while Miss Tom, sitting bolt upright, listened with an air of dry, forced civility. May Lou, shrinking in a corner over some needlework, looked as if painfully conscious, in this important, opulent presence, of being nobody in particular, and having come from the poorhouse. Peepsie was in a basket by the hearth, covered with a bit of old rag carpeting, and faintly giving vent now and then to notes of discontent, like one not used to such imprisonment. The visitor paused in his talk long enough to shake hands blandly with me, and then went on again, as if concluding an interrupted speech.

"Well, ole lady," said he to Miss Tom, "as I was a-sayin,' you 'd better take time to think the subjeck over, an' ponder, an' make up yo' mind, befo' givin' a definable back-answer. My fam'-ly circle 's open to you, if it suits you to close with the barg'in an' let me cut off the piece. He-he! 'T ain't only the place you live at here, but the outlandish way you live, besides, that goes ag'inst my notions. To a person comin' from town" (the town where Mr. Benton lived contained about three hundred souls), "a person used to some style, an' seein' the new fashions as they come out, 't ain't nothin' short of outlandish, an' that 's a fact. Rag kyarpet, now" (he looked down, and swelled himself out with scornful magnificence), "rag kyarpet! We 've jest got a new parler Brussels, dollar 'n' a half per yard, — red roses on a yaller-buff ground; an' there 's not a flo' in the house that ain't covered, corners an' all, with some sort o' sto' kyarpetin', — not to mention ile-cloth at ev'ry do' an' afront of ev'ry stove. That 's the style now, an' if folks want to live genteel they 've got to keep up with it. As fur this ole fireplace, an' these here split-bottom chairs, an' them brass candlesticks up yonder with taller candles in 'em, — well, bein' as you 're used to 'em, I presume you can't take in how it strikes me. Now, we 've got a han'some set o' stoves as any you 'd find in town. The cheapest one cost nine dollars, an' that after I 'd jewed the price down some. When you come down, I 'll show you the new lamp I got last new-goods time. It 's nickel-plated, double burner, an' painted shade, imitation hand-painted, with a Mount Vernon landskip on one side, includin' both the house an' the tomb, an' the Capitol at Washin'ton on the yother. Blest if you could n't see the light a good mile off! Violy 's set her heart on a chandelare fur the weddin'; an' I reckin we 'll have to git one, bein' as they 're all the go. The gyirls is a-fixin' up powerful now, with

their new-fashioned fancy-work doin's, paper artificials an' crazy sofy-cushions. You know it 's the first weddin', an' gyirls will be gyirls. Then it 's a first-rate match, too. His business ain't worth a cent less 'n ten thousan' dollars. So I don't begrudge 'em the outpay fur a little extry style. If you close with this offer fur the place, Tommy, an' sell out Chris'mus, an' move down, it 'll be a lively change fur you, what with the courtin' an' the trooser an' all. Of co'se the gyirls would ixpect you to fix up some, an' take on a few town ways. You ain't so or'nary-lookin' when you 're fixed up. If you choose to help about the house a little, fillin' Violy's place while she 's entertainin' her beau, an' so fo'th an' so fo'th, why, well an' good. 'T ain't what I 'm askin' you fur; but you always liked to be doin', an' of co'se where a weddin' 's comin' off there 's plenty to be done. I know these here ole maids git mighty set in their ways, an', missin' the right man, don't 'pear to git along much with anybody" (and here the wretch winked at me in facetious confidence); "but if you 'll come an' try it, I reckin we won't fight, anyhow. Monk 's been hankerin' a long time after this farm; an' as fur his price, why, you 'll never git sich another."

Miss Tom was looking at him curiously, with a sort of dry half-smile; contempt, dislike, and amusement equally mingled on her countenance, and hardly at all disguised. I had heard of the offer in question. Mr. Monk was a neighboring farmer, who had long been hankering, as Mr. Benton said, and vainly, after Miss Tom's ninety-three acres, which it seemed her brother was now so very anxious for her to sell.

"I s'pose," said she, when the other paused, "a big price is all you 'd wish for. I s'pose the place bein' settled by great-gran'father, befo' Gin'ral Washin'ton's time, right in the howlin' wilderness, an' belongin' to us ever since, as well as its bein' the place where father an' mother an' all our folks is buried, would n't make any diff'rence to you."

Mr. Josiah Benton gave Miss Tom a sharp, hard glance, but kept on persistently smirking.

"When a person 's gittin' up in the world, Tommy," said he, with another humorous wink, "he 'd ruther furgit what a po' set he sprung from 'an have it evermo' stuck befo' his eyes. If the place was anything fur show, 't would be another thing. Now, as fur the graveyard, I 'm fur reservin' that, an' puttin' up a monnyment besides. We might go shares in it, if you 're agreeable. Them ole headstones is clean behind the times. A real stylish monnyment, one o' these here new-fashioned ones, with a weepin' figger on top, an' the fam'ly names all set down han'some, would give a kind of fixed-up look to the ole buryin'-ground. 'T ain't likely you could afford yo' share — pretty nigh a hundred dollars, I reckin — 'less you sell the place. Anyway, I 've made you a brotherly offer, an' one some ole maids would jump at: low boa'd, one o' the best back rooms, — mostly to yo'self, — ev'ry accommerdation fur *one person*" (he glanced at May Lou as he emphasized these two words); "an' a lively home in town where a weddin' 's comin' off would be likely to pearten" —

His speech broke off suddenly, for it was just here that a dreadful thing — the most dreadful, most pitiful thing that ever I saw — came to pass.

Peepsie, unnoticed by anybody, had wriggled out from under the cover and over the edge of her basket, after the way of such restless, saucy, petted creatures. With a loud, triumphant chirp she set off running across the floor. Miss Tom, May Lou, and I all saw the danger, and started up. Too late. The man had talked himself into more than his usual vainglory and self-satisfaction. Swelling like a turkey cock, his chin in the air, he was fairly spurning the despised rag carpet with high-lifted feet. We saw one of those horrible shiny shoes

come down with a "scrunch" on the little shrinking form, and then heard a cry, very small and sharp, and only one. The next moment Mr. Josiah Benton stumbled backward, with a muttered oath, and there lay all that was left us of Peepsie.

She did not even struggle, save once, very feebly. I think her little heart had broken under that cruel weight. The blood was trickling out of her mouth. The bright eyes were fixed and glazing. We could see that she was dead.

May Lou cried out, "Oh!" and covered her eyes with her hand. I sprang forward impulsively, and then shrank back again at sight of Miss Tom's countenance. Miss Tom stood still. Her face looked gray and hard as stone. Her eyes glittered strangely. It was something more than a mere unlucky accident, to be apologized for, regretted, and forgotten. It was the last unbearable straw added to a burden of small spites, crossings, and actual wrongs, growing for many years. Every one felt that instinctively, and silence for an instant fell upon us all.

I think the man was sorry; he was certainly embarrassed; but he made the mistake of trying to pass it off lightly.

"Humph!" said he, with a nervous snigger. "It 'pears like I 'd set my foot in it here, — or better say *on* it. If you 've turned the ole shanty into a hen-'ouse, Tom, it 's about time to sell out."

"You fool!" said Miss Tom, speaking lower than her wont, but with bitter distinctness. "You po' empty-headed, low-minded, no-hearted fool, that ain't even got sense enough to keep from tramplin' on ev'rything that 's worth bein' kep' alive, even when you don't mean it. You was n't satisfied, was you, with sp'ilin' all my young-day happiness, helpin' to stomp it out an' trample it down in the ground with yo' lies on *him* an' yo' tale-bearin' tricks, but you had to keep on tryin' to walk over ev'rything else I keer for, ev'ry little notion an' feelin' an' fancy, a-measurin' 'em all by yo' quarter-yard rule. An' now you come here, even this late in the day, a-settin' yo' fool foot on the only live creeter I 've been to say fond of an' took a fancy to for years an' years. You kin go home an' tell it an' laugh, if you wanter, but I was fond of it, an' it was fond o' me. It 's been eatin' out o' my plate an' sleepin' with me o' nights, an' you 've gone an' mashed the life outen it befo' my very eyes. Git out o' this house, an' don't you darken its do's ag'in whilst I 'm a livin' woman. Thank the Lord, it 's mine to have an' to hold! 'T ain't sold for money yet, nor likely to be. An' thank the Lord ag'in, I ain't in yo' house, a-livin' under you, an' helpin' to wait on yo' stuck-up, no-sense wife an' yo' stuck-up, imitation-lady daughters! You got the brazen face to come invitin' me to a weddin', after what 's been an' gone? You think the sweetheartin' an' talkin' it over would be lively for me an' pearten me up, after all what you *know* has been an' gone? You po' fool, pieced out o' dry goods an' stuffed with cheap groc'ries, with yo' veins like as not a-runnin' coal ile! You think God made me after any sich pattern? Lord knows I 've strove to treat you civil, you an' yo's, all this time. I 've got my pride, for all 't ain't like yo's, thank goodness! I did think I 'd stand by my kin, an' leave this ole place, when I went under the ground, to one o' my blood an' name. I see now it 's long enough I 've helt on to any sich notion. The house is mine, an' the ole fields is mine, an' the graveyard too, — left me by them that 's dead an' gone. Go build yo' monnyments an' ape yo' betters, well as you know how, somewheres else, — anywheres, so it 's out o' my sight. Whatever becomes of ev'rything here when I 'm cold in my grave, an' whoever it goes to" (she glanced at May Lou), "'t won't be you-all's to turn into fool finery, an' you jest better leave me in peace for the rest o' my days!"

For once in his life, at least, was Mr. Josiah Benton utterly abashed and

stricken dumb. His face was purple, his eyes glared greenly; but, without another word, he put on his hat, opened the door, backed out, closed it after him, and went his way. Miss Tom had said her say at last, and had said it most effectually.

When his footsteps had died away, Miss Tom stooped down, and, with hands by this time sorely a-tremble, picked up the dead chicken; then, seating herself in the nearest chair, she laid it on her knees, covered it with her apron, and fell to weeping aloud.

I do not think Miss Tom could ever have cried before, in all her long life, as she cried then; not even when her hardest troubles came upon her; not even when she parted with her first and only love, nor when the news came afterward that he would return no more. She might have shed a good many tears, bitterly, chokingly, and under a grim self-protest, in the dark, after bedtime, or even in daylight, when not a soul was by. No doubt she grieved enough, in her way. But to a nature like Miss Tom's not more than one such utter breaking-down as this, of pride and reserve and daily commonplace custom, one such outgush of tears unstayed, with such long and open sobs, such shaking of the body from head to foot, can come in a lifetime. It was not only for Peepsie, as both her hearers knew. If we had thought that, there might have been a touch of the absurdity which ever dances mockingly behind overstrained disproportion. Child as I was, I seemed to understand somehow (as I am sure did May Lou, also) that Peepsie had been only a sort of reëmbodiment, the love which she inspired only an echo, of something even dearer, some possibility loved and lost and yearned for many a long year in the depths of this jealously hidden yet still ardent and tender old soul. But for the chance meeting with the tiny frightened waif upon that windy evening, Miss Tom might have gone down into silence wearing her stoical mask. And yet who can say where chance ends and eternal fate begins? It was but a small and silly voice, and that not even a human one, which had cried at the door, but the innermost chamber was wide open now, and we knew Miss Tom at last.

We stood there and listened, May Lou and I, looking at each other or out of the window, anywhere but at Miss Tom, in sorrow and sympathy, and that uneasy half-shame which very young people feel while witnessing such an outburst from an elder. May Lou only cried softly, herself, offering never a word. I, more impulsive and less tactful, said lamely once or twice, "Don't cry, Miss Tom! Don't cry! It was all so quick. She did n't know what hurt her." But I knew as I spoke how poor was the attempt. However, in due time the old woman ceased to weep; seemed by degrees, like a tear-relieved child, to subside into quiet. There was silence for a while, — the spent silence after a storm. When I turned, in the midst of this, to take leave, she said to me, "Come back in the mornin', child, an' help me to bury her. She sha'n't be throwed away like any common dead thing, an' 'pears like I can't put her out o' my sight any sooner 'an that. Come, if you wanter." And I told her I would.

IV.

Well, we buried Peepsie the next day, out under a big old pear-tree that stood in the midst of the apple orchard. Her shroud was a fine worked cambric handkerchief; her pillow, some faded long-dried flowers; her coffin, a little carved walnut-wood box, which I remembered having seen once in Miss Tom's chest of drawers, with reason to think it contained some sacredly cherished valuable. Though Miss Tom had never mentioned her lover to me before, I knew very well who was meant when she said that *he* gave her these things. "I thought I 'd

keep 'em always," muttered the old woman huskily, "to be put in my coffin with me. But the box 'peared to suit for Peepsie better 'an anything else did, so I jest took the locket out, an' put her in." Here was one more proof of her fondness for Peepsie, who seemed to lie softly and safe.

In a long talk out under the trees, that bright December morning, Miss Tom told me many things, and among them her new-formed resolution to be a friend to May Lou.

"I been thinkin' it over a heap," said she, "since Peepsie come, an' now my mind 's made up. I 'm goin' to leave her this place, too, when I die. I b'lieve she 'll set mo' sto' by it 'an any of them others, an' I b'lieve she keers mo' for me, if she did come from that po'house. She kin marry the man she wants to, an' be happy her own way. The notion used to rile me up, but somehow it don't now, an' I 'm glad to think o' her bein' happy, even if I missed it my own self. Last night we 'peared to draw right close together, somehow. I think she set a heap o' sto' by Peepsie."

One thing more that Miss Tom said then I must give in her own words.

"I 'm a-goin' to put it in writin'," said she, "but I want you to keep it in mind, too, 'g'inst the time comes that I think 's a-comin' soon. I don't feel like I 'd live much longer. It 's hard on ole people to be fetched up short to the p'int where they see they 've got to break off with their nighest kin. I 'm ole an' I 'm tired, an' it 's come over me now that I 'll soon be gone. When I die, I wanter be buried right here un'neath this tree. You hear? Don't let 'em put me in that there graveyard. I reck'n Josiah Benton will fix on some stylisher place to be buried in; but he might take a notion to set up that monnyment, an' I don't want any o' his weepin' figgers over me. Don't shake yo' head at me, child. Don't talk 'bout forgiveness. There 's some people don't know how to take forgiveness. It don't do 'em any good. If the Lord kin forgive Jo Benton all he 's done to me, I hain't any objection, but it 's mo' 'an I kin. How-s'ever, leavin' out that reason, I picked out this place long ago. I always liked to come out here with my knittin' an' my quilt-piecin' from the time I was little. One day I was settin' here, on this very root, heelin' father's sock, when *he* come through the orchard unbeknown to anybody. We got to talkin', an' — well, 't was then I found out, you know, first time for certain, that he keered for me. I ain't never forgot the time nor stopped bein' fond o' the place, an' I want 'em to lay me here, right close to this grave I 've dug for Peepsie. I don't know what sort of a place *he* 's buried in. It 's mo' 'an a thousand miles away, an' there was n't anybody I knew to write to about it, not even to put him up a tombstone. When I 'm laid here, I jest want a real nice one, the kind that 'll last, with both our names on it, his'n as well as mine. They need n't put 'here lies' on it, 'cause 't would n't be true, you know, concernin' him, nor noways needful anyhow. It don't make much diff'rence 'bout what 's crumblin' under the ground, but ev'rybody wants somethin' set up somewheres to be remembered by. They kin jest say 'in mem'ry of,' an' that 'll be enough. I want my name an' his'n; an' I want Peepsie's, too, underneath of 'em. You hear? They need n't say she was a chicken. I don't want fools to have anything to laugh at, if they happen to come along; an' then — well, you see we re'ly don't know whether she *was* a chicken or not. My heart was a-gittin' mighty hard an' ole-like befo' she come, an' mebbe, if I 'd gone on an' died that-a-way, he would n't ha' been glad to see me up yonder. He never got ole, you see. There 's no tellin' who sent that little creeter, nor what she truly was, nor where'bouts she come from. I missed her last night, with her little peepin' voice an' her cute ways,

a-nestlin' up so close to me. There was n't anybody else she took to like she took to me. She done good, an' not harm, all her life, an' that 's mo' 'an most humans kin brag of; an' what reason there is for thinkin' that some people has got souls, while some dumb creeters has n't, I don't know, nor neither kin find it in Scripcher. I 'm a-goin' to leave it in writin', that about the tombstone; but I want you to promise me now that if folks think I was crazy, an' raise any word ag'inst it, you 'll stand up for havin' it done."

And I promised.

A little while later, as Miss Tom and I were going towards the house, after Peepsie's small grave had been filled in, and a heavy flat stone laid upon it, we met face to face a broad-shouldered, brown-handed, pleasant-eyed young man stepping across the yard to where May Lou was awaiting us by the garden gate. I had never seen him before, but from May Lou's flush, her half-frightened start, and her appealing glance at Miss Tom, I knew who it must be.

The young man also flushed and looked at Miss Tom, though in a sort of defiant way, as he lifted his hat and said good-morning.

"I 'm sorry to bother you, ma'am," said he, "but it 's best to be fair an' square. I want to speak a few words to Miss May Lou. I 've just come into some good luck in the line of steady work, and I 've got something to say to her just between our two selves. That 's what I 've come for."

The tears sprang into May Lou's eyes. Her hands began to tremble. But of the wrath which she evidently feared Miss Tom's countenance gave no sign. Her glance from one to the other was simply grave and kind.

"Well, walk in the house," said she, "an' settle it between you. I 've nothin' mo' to say ag'inst it. You 've been a good gyirl, May Lou, an' I want you to be happy. I think you both better wait awhile, an' save a little somethin', — that 's all I say. I 'll help you much as I kin, if it 'll make you happy right fashion. I 'm a-goin' to walk round the place some now with this young lady. Ask him in, May Lou. You 're both very welcome."

When Miss Thomasine Benton fell sick and died, a year or so after this, she was buried under the pear-tree, according to her wish. Ben Shirley, the husband of May Lou (who, by the bye, still lives at the same place, a happy wife and mother), attended to the setting-up of the headstone, the inscription upon it being one left by Miss Tom herself in a characteristic stiff up-and-down handwriting. And together with her own name and her long-dead lover's was carven that of Peepsie, who, whatever her true place in the scale of being, did good, and not harm, all the days of that little life which came to so sudden and pitiful a close.

A. M. Ewell.

SOME PELHAM-COPLEY LETTERS.

Not the least amenity (if indeed "fascination" is not the more appropriate word) of historical study is the possibility, ever present, of stumbling upon some "find" of fact or material as yet unexploited. As the prospector is led to make any exertion and endure any suffering in the search for a promising indication of precious metal, so the historian always has before him the possibility that, in the wearying and blinding study of the illegible and dusty archives

he is toiling through, the next paper may contain some revelation to him almost priceless. Under the influence of this stimulant, the present writer has spent many days in the great Babylon of historical archives, the English Public Record Office, and one product of his search has been the discovery of a series of letters on which there hangs a tale.

One of the minor points of the history of the War for Independence which offers opportunity for richer illustration is the position of the Americans in London who sided with the colonies during that period. The danger Josiah Quincy was in, the talked-of arrest of Franklin, the probable action towards William and Arthur Lee, have received passing notice, but the great body of "suspects," to use a modern term, has been largely overlooked. Among the cases investigated by the English government was that of a young American artist just returned from Rome, and his half-brother, also an artist, just fled from America. To what extent suspicion was attached to them it is now impossible to say, but it certainly went so far as to lead these two men to turn over their private papers to the government; and these, instead of being returned, drifted into this great depository of manuscripts, where they remained submerged and unrecognizable among the thousands of bundles and volumes, under the somewhat vague title of "America and the West Indies, 449. Intercepted Letters," till stumbled upon by chance. The young artist was John Singleton Copley. His half-brother was Henry Pelham. From the jumble of these papers a few have been selected as throwing light on the men and on the public and social events of the period treated.

From Peter Pelham, artist and engraver, who married the mother of Copley, both these men derived the rudiments of their art education. Copley has spoken too well for himself to need mention as an artist. Henry Pelham was a miniaturist and engraver, who did much good work, including many prints of which no copy is now known to exist. One of these was the plate referred to in his first letter. It was of the Boston Massacre, and the letter, which was written by Pelham to Paul Revere, presents the latter in anything but a favorable light.

BOSTON, *March* 29, 1770.

SIR: When I heard that you was cutting a plate of the late Murder, I thought it impossible as I knew you was not capable of doing it unless you coppied it from mine and as I thought I had intrusted it in the hands of a person who had more regard to the dictates of Honour and Justice than to take the undue advantage you have done of the confidence and trust I reposed in you. But I find I was mistaken and after being at the great Trouble and Expence of making a design, paying for paper, printing &c., find myself in the most ungenerous Manner deprived not only of any proposed Advantage but even of the expence I have been at as truly as if you had plundered me on the highway. If you are insensible of the Dishonour you have brought on yourself by this Act, the World will not be so. However, I leave you to reflect upon and consider of one of the most dishonourable Actions you could well be guilty of.

H. PELHAM.

Revere's print of the Massacre, here referred to, is well known, and has been several times reproduced; that by Pelham, though unknown, was certainly completed and printed, as is shown by the following letter from Pelham to his half-brother, Charles Pelham: —

Tuesday Even'g, May 1, 1770.

DEAR BROTHER: I embrace the first Leasure Moment since your Man Left Boston to appologize for the very ungenteel scrawl I sent by him. I beg you would attribute it to the shortness of ye

Time and not to any disrespect to a Brother whom I shall always take the greatest pleasure in Serving whenever it is in my power. I enquired of the person who takes care of Mr. Barnard's Business if he had left any Order respecting your Acct, but was informed he had not. My Mama sends her Love and Respects to you and Sister Pelham and Blessing to Nilly and Charles, kindly thanks you for the present of parsnips, hopes the Gooseberry Wine she sent will prove agreable. Inclosed I send you two of my prints of the late Massacre, and a Newspaper contain^{g} Messages between the L. Governor and the House. Extract from Lord Chatham's Speech. A sketch of the proceedings of our patriotick Merchs. who have resolved to return to England 30000£ worth of Goods imported contrary to agreement. The Wisperer No. II. The remonstrance of the City of London to his Majesty &c &c. By which you will conclude that they are in the utmost confusion in old as well as New England. What will be the final Result of these Altercations time only can discover, thus much seems to be certain that if there is not a change of Measures and that very soon the British Dominions will be plunged into one of the most dreadfull of all temporal Evills, into all the Horrors of a civil War. Yesterday Messrs. Hutchinsons who had a large quantity of Tea under the Custom house agreed to have it stored by the committee of Inspection till the Tea Act is repealed. A Vessell just arived who left London a week after Capt. Scott says the London Remonstrance was presented to the King, by three Gentlemen at the head of the largest Number of People ever assembled together in London and was most graciously Received.

The following letter, written three years later by Copley, brings us to the next great event in Massachusetts history, — the opposition to the landing of tea. Copley's father-in-law, Richard Clarke, was the merchant of Boston selected by the East India Company as an agent, to whom part of the unpopular tea was consigned. On the arrival of the tea ships, a mob smashed the windows of his house and attempted to force their way in, which so frightened Clarke that he took refuge in the "Castle," the fort of Boston harbor, and feared to return to town. He meditated a memorial justifying his conduct to the Assembly, and Copley wrote to him relative thereto as follows. The "Sukey" mentioned was Mrs. Copley. This letter is without date.

Hond Sir: I received your Letter of 11 Inst incloseing one for Col^{l} Worthington which I have not Delivered thinking it best to see Mr. Lee first, & after weiting till yesterday without his coming to Town I sent to Cambridge & had a full oppertunity of converseing with him on the matter, but being detained all night by means of an unruly horse which gave Sukey & myself some trouble I could not get to Town this Morn^{g} time enough to write you by any oppertunity of this Day.

The matter of a Memorial had started in my mind more than three Weeks ago but I had many objections to it which I could not get over, the most meterial was this, that however Clear the facts may be yet they may be controverted, your conduct misrepresented & what ever you either have or shall say misconstrued by the prevailing party in the House and a tryal brought on in which the House with ye other Branches will be the Umpires & their decision, should it be against you, will confirm great numbers in their oppinions who are but too much disposed to beleive the worst of you & are not at all solicitious to look into the facts & vew them with candor & impartiallity, & this judgment of ye Court will stand on Record & conclude every thing against you & render it more dificult than ever to bring people to think of you as they ought not only in this province but

through ye Continent & in Europe; should this be the effect, as I really think it may, your principal intention would be defeated, that of doing justice to your Injured carractor which however I think will be well effected in ye way you propose if it could be ascertained, that the leading Members in the House would take hold of such an oppertunity to reinstate you their ends being answered & having no advantage in prospect from keeping you at the Castle or Banishing you your Country, having taken up this oppinion & an oppertunity presenting itself when I was in Town on Tuesday I improved it to ye purpose finding out ye Sentiments of some of ye Heads & hope very soon to be able to ascertain what the fate of a Memorial would be should it be pursued. Should it unfavourable it appears to me a Newspaper Publication signed by the Agents would answer all ye purposes of doing justice to your injured carracter that a Memorial would, without the disadvantages.

I have no doubt that some of the many Callumneys in ye Newspapers ought to be contradicted. This has been my opinion ever since ye dispute commenced; After I had fully weighed the whole of your design the above was what struck me & being the only sentiments I could adopt, I saw your friend Mr. Lee who agreed in every perticular only he thought me almost romantick in supposeing it a possable thing that the Leaders would countinance a Memorial in ye Coart but think it may be tried. I own I think the prospect of success very small but I dont dispair neither. Mr. Lee observed to me that although his own sentiments were against the Memorial yet as they stood connected with yours he should be for trying it as he has offen found your judgment better than his own where you had differed in oppinion. Should you think on ye Whole conclude to prefer a Memorial rather than publish in ye Newspaper your justification be pleased to let me know & I will deliver the letter to Col[l] W—— immediately. Mr. Green I would not see till I had been with Mr. Lee but will see him tomorrow. As it now grows late I must conclude with assureing you I shall not neglect anything that will have a tendancy to remove every obstacle to your return & that will do justice to your Carractor as far as may be in my power.

I am Hon. Sir
your Most Dutifull Son
JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY.

Equally involved with Richard Clarke in the tea affair were his two sons, Jonathan and Isaac, who were ordered to appear before the Boston town meeting to explain their "unpatriotic conduct." Neither dared to be present, and Copley offered to act as an intermediary. He attended the meeting, and then carried to the agents, all of whom had taken refuge in the Castle, the demand of the meeting that the tea be returned. The agents could only plead their lack of power to send the tea back to England. With this answer Copley returned to the meeting. What followed is related by him in a letter to his two brothers-in-law:

Dec. 1, 1773.

On my return to the Meeting (after making an apology for so greatly exceeding the time proposed by me when I left it) I made use of every argument my thought could suggest to draw the people from their unfavourable oppinion of you, & to convince them your opposition was neither the effect of obstinacy or unfriendliness to the community, but altogether from necessity on your part to discharge a trust commited to you, a failure in which would subject you to ruin in your reputation as Merchant, to ruin in point of fortune, your friends having engaged for you in very large sums, that you were uninfluanced by any persons what ever, that you had not seen the Governor that Day (this last I urged

in answer to some very warm things that were said on this head in which you were charged with acting under the Imediate Influance of ye Governor which in justice to you & him I undertook to say from my own knowledg was not true). I observed you did not decline appearing in that Body from any suspicion that your Persons would not be intirely safe. But as the People had drawn the precise Line of Conduct that would sattisfy them, You thought your appearce at that Meeting would only tend to inflame it unless you could do what they demanded from you, which being impossable you thought they ought not to insist on, that you did not bring yourselves into this Dificulty & therefore, ought not to be pressed to do an Act that would involve you in Ruin &c. — I further observed you had shewn no disposition to bring the Teas into the Town nor would you but only must be excused from being the active instrument in sending it back, that the way was Clear for them to send it back by the Political Storm as they term'd it, raised by the Body as by that the Capt. could not unload it, & must return of coarse, that your refusal by no means frusterated their plan — In short I have done every possable thing, & altho there was a unanimus vote past Declaring this unsatisfactory yet it cooled the Resentment & they Desolved without Adding or saying anything that showed an illtemper to you. I have been told & I beleive it true that after I left the Meeting Addams said they must not expect you should Ruin your selves. I think all stands well at present. Before the temper of ye People could be judg'd of, we sent Cousin Harry to your Hond Father to urge his Imediate Departure to you, you will see him this Day. I have no doubt in my own mind you must stay where you are till the Vessel sails that is now in, at least; but I beleive not Longer; Then I think you will be able to return with Honour to Town, some few things in the mean while being done on your part. I had a Long & free conversation with Docr. Warren which will be renued this afternoon, with the addition of Col[l] Hancock Cousin Benj[a] Davis is to be with us. I must conclude with recommending that you avoid seeing the Govounor. I hope he will not have any occation to go to the Castel if he should, do not converse with him on the subject, this I think is the best advise I can give you boath as a friend to you and Him, my reason for it I will tell you when I see you. Mrs. Copley & myself went at 9 o'Clock to Mrs. Lees & return'd so late that I have no time to do any thing Scrawl, but I hope you will be able to read this. I will see you as soon as possable.

Before the next letter of the series was written, events had moved rapidly. Copley had gone to England, Mrs. Copley was on the eve of following him, and the Pelhams were discussing a like step. To understand the main reason for these migrations, it is only necessary to mention that Pelham wrote the letter to Copley shortly after the battles of Lexington and Concord. The letter is not dated, and begins thus: —

The people in the Country have made it a Rule for a long time Past to brand every one with the Name of Tory and consider them as Inimical to the Liberties of America, who are not will[g] to go every length with them in the Scheem however mad, or who show the least doubt of the justice & Humanity of all their measures. Or even entertain an Idea that they may not produce those salutary effects they profess to have in View. This conduct has rendered My Brother [Charles] P[elham] very uneasy. They have long looked askew at him, his being a Churchman is considered as a suspicious Circumstance in short he has for some time meditated a Retreat from his present place of abode and has depended upon me for Intelli-

gence of any movement in this town which might effect a threatened attack upon the tories. My Sister Copley & myself proposed going to Newton the very day after battle, but in the Morn^{g} finding a Disturbance in the Country we alterd our plan and with your horse & Chase I went alone to alarm my Brother & persuade him & my Sister to come to town as a place of safety. I went to the ferry. The ferrymen refused to carry me over, the Wind being high tho there was then a Chaise passing over. This I considerd as a great disapointment & scolded at the Ferrymen who I thot acting out of their line of Duty. I here lost an hour, being obliged to Return thro the town and go over the Neck. This in the sequal will appear a very fortunate Circumstance as it detered from attempting to return the same way. I found my brother unable to move being confined with the Gout. Anxious for my Friends, as the Country was now in the utmost Confusion my attention was drawn to our Amiable Friend Miss Sally Bromfield who was then at Cambridge. I went & took her into my Chaise. The people hav^{g} taken up the bridge at Cambridge to stop the Troops in their Retreat and fear^{g} another Disapontment at Charlestown I thot it most prudent to Return home by the Way of Watertown tho it was 13 Miles, which I happyly effected by Sunsett after hav^{g} Rid apost a Circuit of 30 Miles. Had we Returnd thro Charlestown we should have been in the midst of the Battle and have remaind a fortnight involuntary exiles from our Friends who as it was were very uneasy for us. This is evident Mr. Harry B. having gone the same afternoon to fetch his Sister down but finding she had just left her Uncle's with me, hastned immediately back to the Ferry where he found the boats stoppd by Order of the Genl. The Armies fast approach^{g} and that being a very unsafe place he had but just time to escape over Charlestow[n] Neck before the retreat^{g} army enterd it. He was forced to Remain 13 days in the Country unable to see his Friends before he could obtaind a pass to Returnd home. Amidst the Horrors of that fatal Day I feel myself peculiarly happy in being instrumental in rescuing my very lovely Friend from such a Scene of Distress and Danger. The other Circumstance was this, finding I should have no business here myself and friends thought it advisable for me to go to Philada. I had agreed for my Passage & was pack^{g} up my things expecting to sail the next morn^{g} when in the Night the Capt fear^{g} some detention went off and left all his Passengers behind. This has turnd out very lucky as advices have just arrived that New York & Philad: are in almost as much Trouble & Confusion as we are and there is an armed force going there. This with the other disapontm^{t} at Charlestown Ferry have fully taught me that present disapontment [text lacking] will doubtless be surprised to find this transmitted to London by my dear Sister who sails in Callahan tomorrow with her little Family, the perticulars she will give you the times are such as must preclude all thou^{t} of your return^{g}. I am in some expectation of prevail^{g} with our hon^{d} Mamma to undertake a Voyge to England so dont be surprized if you hear of our arrival in England. I hope to be able to sail from this in about 6 or 8 Weeks. I must now conclude abruptly with assuring you I am most sincerely and affectionately your lov^{g} Brother

& humbl Servt

HENRY PELHAM.

Pray continue to write as your letters afford us great Consolation under all difficulties. I am extremly obliged to you for the very affectionate terms with which you mention me in your letters to my Sister. My Mamma desires her kind love & Blessing to you. A Number of transports with troops have just arrived so that it will not be long before the Campain opens. We have a 74 Gun

Ship between us and Charlestown another at the back of your hill & several all round the town who each keep 2 Boats out constantly reconoitring every possable Avenue to the Town. We have a small Army of Torys who have been retiring from all parts of the Country, for 9 Months past & between 6 & 7000 Regular Troops in it and daily expect as many more.

At this time Pelham wrote to his mother's brother (Singleton) a letter which, while somewhat repeating the facts already narrated, adds enough to make it of historic interest. This letter, also, is not dated, and is as follows: —

Among other preparations of defence which the People of this province have for some months past been very industriously making they had formed some Magazines of Provisions & military stores one perticularly at Concord 18 Miles from Boston — The Granodier & light Infantry Companies belonging to the Kings Troops in this town making about 600 Men were ordered to destroy the Magazine (they began they^r^ march from town about 12 oClock in the nig^t^ of the 18 of April) which after a small Skirmish they effected. By day break there was a very general rising in the Country all were in motion alarm Guns having been fired & expresses sent to every town. About 10 oClock the 19 of April Genl G[age] having rec'd advice that the troops were attackd as they were going to Concord ordered out a Reinforcement of 4 Regiments under the command of L[ord] P[ercy] with 2 field Pieces, the whole with the first party Makeing 1800 Men. This reinforcement joined the others just time eno to prevent their being entirely cut to pieces they having nearly expended all their amunition. By this time a great Number of People were assembling fully equippd who lined the Woods and Houses along the Road thro which the troops must pass in returning to Boston. A general Battle ensued which was supported by an almost incessant fire on both sides for 7 Hours when the troops made good their retreat with the loss of 57 Killed above 100 Wounded amongst whom were two Officers who have since died and severall Missing. It is impossable to ascertain the loss on the part of the Country People they acknowledge the loss of 40 killed on the spot but this I apprehend must fall vastly short of the true number. a Friend of mine says he saw between 70 & 80 & the Gentlemen who were Spectators of the Scene universially argue that there could not be less than 150 or 200, they lost three of their Captans. Thus you have the most perticular account of this unhappy affair that I am capable of give^s^ you. Words are wanting to discribe the Misery this affair has produced among the Inhabitants of this Town. Thousands are reduced to absolute Poverty who before lived in Credit. Business of any kind is entirely Stop'd. The Town invested by 8000 or 10000 Men who prevent all supplis of fresh Provision from coming in so that we are now reduced to have recourse to the stores which those of us who were provident foreseeing a political Storm had laid in — We find it disagreable living entirely upon salt Meat, it is especially so to my honored Mother whose ill state of Health renders her less able to bear it. My Brother Jack has been near a year past making the Tour of France & Italy. My Sister Copley is just embarking with her little Family for London where she expects soon to meet him. She is the bearer of this to England. As for my self I dont Know what to say, this last manoevour has entirely stoppd all my business and annialated all my Property the fruits of 4 or 5 years Labor. I find it impossable to collect any Monies that are due to me so that I am forced to find out some other place where I may at least make a living. My present purposed plan is to remove to Great Britian where I shall be able to

look about me and where I shall have an Opertunity of consulting my Friends respecting my future pursuits. Should I be able to perswade my Hon[d] Mamma to undertake this Voyage Which I sometimes flatter myself I shall I would leave this place in 6 or 8 Weeks. With her love and sincerst affections I beg leave to tender you and my Aunt Singleton my most dutifull Respects and beg your blessing. Be kind eno to present my duty to my Uncle & aunt Cooper and Love to all my Cousins. I am Dear Sir with the sincerst affection & Respect your most dutifull Nephew H. P.

Pelham's next letter to Copley recounts with much more fullness the occurrences of that period: —

Boston, *May* 16, 1775.

My Dear Brother, — Before you rec. this you will doubtless have heard alarming Reports of a late most unhappy Event which has taken place here. I have hitherto declined giving you any account of the State of Politicks since you left us thinking it a theme which could afford you no amusement. I now reluctantly find myself obliged to give you a detail of one of the most extraordinary and unhappy transactions which can possably disgrace the Records of Mankind. Alass, My dear Brother, where shall I find Words sufficiently expressive of the Distractions & Distresses of this once flourish[g] & Happy People. The Disorders of which we were lately such anxious Spectators have produced those effects which every dispasionate Mind foresaw & every humane & feeling Heart wished to avert. My hands tremble while I inform you that Sword of Civil War is now unsheathd. For some Months past the People of this Province impelled by the most surprizing Enthusium which ever seized the mind of Man have been industriously making every preparation for carrying on a War & had formed some considerable Magazines — Genl Gage to embarrass them & Retard their Plans ordered about 600 Men to embark from the bottom of the Common which they did and landed at Phipp's farm about 11 oClock in the evng of the 18 of April & immediatly March'd to Concord 18 Miles from Town where they distroyd a Magazine of Provisions & Military Stores: By day Break the Country was all in Motion, Alarm Guns havg been fired & Express sent to evry town. About 10 oClock the Genl having recd advice that the Troops were attackd as they were going to Concord orderd out a Reinforcement of 4 Regiments under the command of Earl Percy with 2 field Pieces with the first Party making 1800 Men this Reinforcement fortunatly join'd the others just time eno to prevent their be[g] entirely cut to pieces they not having 2 Rounds left. By this time a most Prodigious Number of People were assembled under Arms who lind the Woods & Houses quite from Concord to Charlestown. An obstinate & general Battle ensued and an insessant fire was supported on both sides for 7 Hours till sunsett during which time the Regulars made a Retreat which does Honour to the Bravest & best Discipli[n]ed troops that ever Europe Bred. The fatigue & conduct of this little Army is not to be parrelled in History. They march'd that day not less than 50 Miles, were constantly under Arms part of them at least from 11 oClock at night till an hour after Sunsett the next Even'g the whole of the time without any Refreshment attackd by an Enemy they could not see for they skulkd behind Trees stone Walls &c surrounded & most vigoursly assulted by not less than 10000 Men who then were fresh Men: In short considering the Circumstances it was almost a Maricle that they were not entirely distroy. When the battle ended they had not near a Charge a Man: The Kings troops had 57 Killed above an 100 Wounded among them 2 Officers who since dead and several missing. The Rebels loss is not ascertained

as there has been scarce any Communication between town & Country since. They acknowledge they had 40 of their People killed, but this must fall Vastly short of the true number Doct. Sprig of Watertown says he saw between 70 & 80. The Officers in general agree they could not loose les than 150 or 200 among whom are 3 of their Captains. Thus I give You the perticulars of this most shock^{g} affair, must now discribe the State of this town. It is intirely invested by an Army of about 8000 Provincials who prevent all supply and Communication from the Country. The Genl is fortifying the Town in all Parts has built a Number of Battery at the Neck at the bottom of the Common round the beach to Newboston, on fox Hill, Beacon Hill, & all along from your land entirely to Mr. Wm. Vasell's on Fort Hill & Capt Hill at Bartem Point. The threatned assault upon the town now gives us very little disturbance. The Ge^{l} has entirely disarmed the Inhabitants & has permitted Numbers to move out with their Effects. We have been obliged to live entirely upon salt provisions and what stores we have in the house & I think we are very fortunate. Foreseeing a political Storm we had been for some time collecting provisions of all sorts had just furnish'd eno to last our family 6 Months. Mr. Clarke has done the same. It is inconcevable the Distress and Ruin this unnatural dispute has caused to this town & its inhabitants almost every shop & store is shut. No business of any kind going on. You will here wish to know how it is with me. I can only say that I am with the multitude rendered very unhappy, the little I had collected entirely lost, the Cloaths upon my back & a few Dollers in my pocket are now the only property which I have the least Command of, what is due to me I can't get and have now an hundred guineas worth of business begun which will never afford me an hundred farthings. I can't but think myself very unfortunate thus to have lost so much of the best part of Life to have my Business when my happyness greatly depends so abruptly cut short all my bright prospects, the little Property I had acquired rendered useless myself doomed either to stay at home & starve or leave my Country my Friends. Forced to give up those flattering expectations of domestic felicity which I once fondly hoped to realise to seek that Bread among strangers which I am thus crually deprived of at Home. This I long foresaw would be the case. The expectation of this distressing Scene was the cause of that illness which sent me to Philadelpha last fall. When I think of my present Situation it requires all my Philosophy to keep up my spirits under this acumulated Load of uneasiness. I cant help relating two Circumstances which amidst all my distress Afford me real pleasure and have tended greatly to relieve my anxiety, it has fully taught me that present disapontment may be productive of future good & that we are indispensable obliged after we have conscientiously done what appears to us our duty, to leave the issue to that Almighty being whose Fiat created & whose Providence Governs the World: & should either Adversity depress or Prosperity chear us we are equally bound humbly to adore his Wisdom & patiently submit to his all righteous Dispensations.

As narrated in the preceding letters, Copley's wife and children sailed for England, and so the next letter is from Pelham to Mrs. Copley, written July 23, 1775, after the battle of Bunker's Hill had been added to the chronology of events: —

My dear Madam, — I should ill deserve that friendship and Regard with which you have hitherto honour'd me & which I am ambitious ever to possess was I longer to omitt congratulating your departure from this land of Ruin & Distress, and arrival at a more friendly &

peacefull Shore where I sincerely pray you may long enjoy every blessing that can fall to the lot of Human Nature. You had scarcely left us before we began to experience all the inconveniences attending a siege and beheld the desolations ever consequential upon a War. As you have doubtless had the particulars of the destruction of property on Noddle Isle, of the Governour's proclimation declaring Adams & Hancock with their Abettors & aiders traitors & Rebels, of the suspension of all Civil Law & Courts and the establishment of the Martial Law and the important Battle & Victory at Charlestown and destruction of that Town of all which I had with my Telescope a very perfect, but very malencholly View, I shall forbear reciting an account which cannot fail of renewing Sensations which would be painful to a mind as yours susceptable of the finest feelings of Humanity, Benevolence & Compassion. A retrospect for a few Years back compared with the present Contest can but be a matter of uncommon surprize to the most inattentive Observer. Within the few years which indulgent Providence has permitted to rool over my head I well remember the Inhabitants of this Town and adjacent Country put into the greatest consternation and uneasiness upon a vague report of the approach of a small Army of France's & this at a time too when they had added to their own Strength the victorious Arms of the most powerfull Nation in Europe Drawn in their Defence. Now we see this very Country arming themselves & unsupported by any foreign Power ungenerously Waging War against their great Benefactors and endeavouring to Ruin that State to whom they owe their being; Whose Justice & Gennerosity has fostered them to the late flourishing & Happy Condition, and who sence has protected them in the uninterupted Enjoyment of all the blessings of Peace.

We are at present invested by an army of about 14000 Men, whose almost Continual Firi^{g} of Shot has in a gr^{t} degree reconciled us to Noise of Cannon & we are daily spectators of the Operations of War since the last Vessel sailed from this 500 Men in Whale boats attacked &, I am sorry to say it, within sight of the British Flag, carried off from long Island just below the Castle 13 Men who had fled to this Town from the Country, & Miss Lydia Sand Doct. Perkins Niece who was there for her Health. They have not since been heard off. Likewise a Number of sheep & cattle & returned the next day & burnt all the buildings with a Quantity of Hay. A few days ago they destroyed the light House at noon day within a Quarter of a Mile of a Man of War.

I with pleasure inform you that your Friends here are as happy if not more so than could be expected considering the narrow limmitts to which we are confined & our being entirely cutt off from all supplies except what our Friends in Europe will let us have.

I was in hopes I should have had the Happyness of seeing you in England this fall but now give over all thoughts of it as I can't at present prevail upon my hon^{d} Mother to undertake the Voyage and should very uneasy at leaving her during this scene of Confusion. Your Son is a fine boy in good Health. My business is entirely ceased I have not now a single days business. But to fill up time I have begun a Survey of Charlestown for which I have permission from Genl Gage & Genl Howe who were polite eno to grant me a general Pass directed to all Officers commanding Guards for going to and returning from Charleston. Genl Howe to assist me in the laborious part of Measuring has kindly put a Sargant and two Men under my Commnd. This Plan when finished will give a good Idea of the late battles & I propose sending Home a Coppy to be engraved together with a View of it as it appears in its present

Ruins with the encampment on the Hills behind it. I have often Passed Doct. Warrens Grave. It is disagreable thus To see a Townsman, an old Acquaintance led by unbounded Ambition to an untimely death and thus early to realise that Ruin which a lust of Power & Dominion has brought upon himself & partly through his means upon this unhappy Country. I would wish to forget his principles to Lament his Fate. I almost forgot to tell you that Mr. T. Mifflin of Philadel'a is aid de Camp to Genl Lee & that the Continental Congress have taken the entire direction of the War, have erected themselves into an Independant body, are addressed by the title of Excellenceys & call themselfs the states General of the united american provinces and their Army the grand Confederate Army. They have appointed Mr. Washington of Virginia Lieutenant Gen[l] & Ward Putnam & Lee Major Genls. They are all now at Cambridge. They have been very industrious in constructing fortifications all round this Town & it is said as far back as Worcester. What the Result of this Contest will be God only knows. I have not heard a Word of Brother Pelham since you left us. I wonder much at not having a single line from Brother Copley since one dated the 26th of last Sepr now near a twelve month. Mrs Cordis whom you have some knowledge off Capt Ruggles Niece & a near Neighbour at Cluny obligingly promises to deliver you this. My hon[d] Mamma desires her kindest Love & Blessing to you, My dear Brother, & my little amiable & lovly Friends. Accept my Love and best Wishes which ever att[d] You & them and beleive sincerely Dear Madam your very affectionat Brother & Humble Servat.

The last letter in our budget was written by Pelham to Copley, and shows how hard and cruelly the siege was bearing on the residents of Boston: —

My dear Brother, — It was my intention to have wrote you a long Letter to have accompanyed a plan which I have almost this moment finished proposing to have exhibited to the Publick as perfect an Idea as was possable upon Paper of the late most important and glorious action which I was an axious Spectator of and to which under God I attribute my present capacity for writing and I hope will be our future security.

I was disapointed in my expectations this morning upon waiting upon Genl Gage he acquainted me that it would not be altogether proper to publish a plan of Charlestown in its present state as it would furnish those without with a knowledge of the fortification erected there & in a polite manner desired I would postpone the sending it at present. Mrs. Copley desired we would write word when we met with fresh Meat. You will form some Idea of our present disagreable Situation when I tell you that last Monday I eat at Genl Howe's Table at Charlestown Camp the only bit of fresh Meat I have tasted for very near four Months past. And then not with a good Conscience considering the many Persons who in sickness are wanting that and most of the Convency of Life. The usual pleas now made by those who beg a little Bacon or Salt fish is that its for a sick person.

Mr. Clarke says he has inclosed you Copies of some late intercepted Letters. By them you will find whot those who stile themselves patriots are after and where there Schems will drive us. Independency is what alone will content those who have insinuated themselves into the good Opinion (generally speaking) a well meaning but credulous people. Upon the supposition that this Country was totally independent on the parent State, in the Name of common sense what one advantage could accrue? Should we be freer from Taxes? We know we could not support a government for ten times the expence. Should

we be safer from forreign insults. Reason tells us that we should be exposed to every Inconvence that a defencless and impoverish'd people ever experienced. Would our internal Peace and Happyness be greater. Here alas, we may look back to those days of Felicity & Peace which we enjoyed under the fostering Care & indulgent Protection of Britain and contemplate ourselves as having ever been the happiest people in the Empire & on this View I am sure every unprejudiced Person will execrate those distructive Schems & that unbounded Ambition which from the pinacle of Ease has plunged us into the depths of Distress & Ruin. Judge Sewall who kindly takes the Care of this just setting out on his Voyage obliges me to conclude abruptly acquant^{g} you that we are all as well as the times will permitt. Wishing My dear Sister and family ever possable felicity.

P. S. I write in this your house in the Common where the Company unite with me in good Wishes. Our hon^{d} Mam^{a} desires her kind Love to you all. I must beg when you write me to be carefull what you say as all Letters that come into ther hands are price. I beleve there is one or more of your Letters at Cambridge, I almost hope ther is as I should be gereved to find you had not wrote to me. When you write send your Letters directly to this Place.

Whether Copley's letters had been made a "price" (that is, prize) by the Continental army I cannot learn. Certainly it was a curious train of circumstances that made his letters equally seizable in Massachusetts and England. That they were never reclaimed is strange, but "what is, is right;" for had they been, they would not have been preserved, but would have suffered the destruction with his manuscripts which every biographer of Copley has deplored.

Paul Leicester Ford.

SURVIVAL.

THE knell that dooms the voiceless and obscure
Stills Memnon's music with its ghostly chime;
Strength is as weakness in the clasp of Time,
And for the things that were there is no cure.

The vineyard with its fair investiture,
The mountain summit with its hoary rime,
The throne of Cæsar, Cheops' tomb sublime,
Alike decay, and only dreams endure.

Dreams for Assyria her worship won,
And India is hallowed by her dreams;
The Sphinx with deathless visage views the race

That like the lotus of a summer seems;
And, rudderless, immortally sails on
The winged Victory of Samothrace.

Florence Earle Coates.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

In the life of Phillips Brooks there appears no trace of an inward revolution by which he attained his spiritual development. He stepped at once into his heritage of power and renown. He was as great a preacher, receiving the same tribute of recognition, while still a young man, under thirty, as at any later time. From the first his peculiar way of apprehending truth and presenting it was mature and complete, as if he had gone forth from the schools equipped with his full armor. If we compare the sermons of different periods of his life, the earliest do not suffer by the comparison, nor do they differ in any essential feature.

Most men grow by inward struggles, by revolt against some earlier training, by what we call reaction. The sermons of Frederick William Robertson show traces everywhere of the process by which he passed from the limitations of his youth into the large liberty of his spiritual manhood. The late Henry Ward Beecher lived in a condition of theological ferment, a state of transition from the older New England Calvinism, and not without an inward agony accompanying the process. So it was, also, with the late Cardinal Newman, with Theodore Parker, with others who might be mentioned: they passed through some inner, perhaps bitter mood of thought and experience before they gained their independent footing; while the traces of the conflict remained in a certain combative attitude against old beliefs or errors from which they were emancipated. Or if we go further back into history, to Savonarola or to Martin Luther, with each of whom Phillips Brooks had striking points of resemblance in the rare gift of reaching men by direct address and of revolutionizing their lives, they, too, went through long stages of inward agitation before they found themselves and were ready to face the world. But in Phillips Brooks the inward preparation does not seem to correspond with the vast influence he exerted, and certainly the negative attitude of antagonism toward rejected beliefs was almost wholly wanting. No one of his sermons is devoted to showing that certain theological formulas are no longer tenable, or that he is offering some better substitute for dead convictions. It was not his mission to combat errors; he was consumed with an eager haste to impart some positive truth, some fresh revelation of God to man.

In this aspect of his life is revealed one of the peculiar elements of his greatness, as well as what has been called the secret of his power. It constituted something new in the history of preaching as an art. If no one ever preached quite like him before, so no one was ever listened to as he was, with an intensity of expectation, as if the very mystery of existence were at last to stand forth unveiled. It marks an epoch in many lives when he was heard for the first time. It seemed as if an infinite pressure were impelling him, so that he spoke because he must speak, and could not be silent, and was in such haste to communicate the message that he could scarce allow time for the enunciation of his words. This was the external man; but despite the outward tumultuousness there was an absolute serenity of the spirit within him, betrayed by the utter unconsciousness of self, and when he came down from the pulpit he was more composed than his audience.

In connection with this, it may be said of his sermons that he rarely quoted from authors, — from poets, as the custom is of many preachers; his sermons contain few allusions to contemporary incidents, although they are born out of the moods

of his age. The local and the transitory elements of life gave way before those of enduring and permanent validity. If he was preëminently a preacher to his own time, speaking to its inmost moods and deepest embarrassments as no one else could do, yet his sermons also impress one as though he would have met men of other times as successfully as in his own day he met men of every variety of religious belief, or of no belief at all. This feature of his work constitutes a ground for thinking that his sermons are destined to live after him. For most sermons are evanescent and transitory, intended to do their work for the moment; there is a fashion about them, as in the clothes we wear. But there are a few immortal sermons which will not cease to be read and pondered. Among them we may place St. Paul's sermon upon Mars' Hill, Tauler's sermon (attributed to him) for the second Sunday in Advent, Luther's Address to the German Nobility, Chalmers's discourse on the Expulsive Power of a New Affection, Caird's on Religion in Common Life, and that sermon of Robertson's on Baptism, to which so many owe their first real insight into the Christian faith. Are we mistaken when we think that there are more such immortal sermons preached by Phillips Brooks than the record of any other preacher can display? Indeed, were not all his sermons framed on the supreme principle which makes these few to hold an honored place in what we know as literature?

And now what is this principle? We may not be able to analyze the secret of his fascinating, absorbing eloquence, for the hidden personality of the man lay behind it, — something in the last analysis inexplicable. But one thing has long seemed clear regarding his work: he has contributed more material than any other man in his age to what we may call, for lack of a better name, spiritual psychology. There is a science of physiological psychology which traces the connection between the brain and the mind, which aims to measure in its laboratories the rapidity of thought; but there is another psychology to which the laboratory cannot contribute. The true biography of man, his spiritual endowment, his real nature, the image of God within him, the imperative wants and necessities of that nature which cannot be fed by bread alone, the development of a true manhood according to some eternal ideal, — these constitute the science of spiritual psychology, whose materials are stored as in a treasure-house, unread or uninterpreted in the courses of human history. The need of the age, as Amiel has not only told us, but has impressively illustrated in the Journal which gives us the story of a human life, is the translation of Christian history into psychology, — "Le déplacement du Christianisme de la région historique dans la région psychologique est le vœu de notre époque." Into this psychology Phillips Brooks was all his life translating his own experience, his wide reading, his vast, incessant observation. Here lay the opportunity for his subtle intellect, for that combination of powers which constituted his marvelous genius. Very early in life he discovered this hitherto almost unoccupied province, and from that moment he was himself, and the great preacher stood up before the world. Others resemble him to some extent. Newman had the power, but he was not wholly free or natural; his conclusions were biased by conventional theories of life. Robertson excelled in the use of this gift, but the personal equation and the tendency to deal with mere opinion, and that too often in a negative way, entered largely into his work. Beecher, also, was influenced by reactionary impulses, strong as was his appeal to spiritual law. But Phillips Brooks was hampered by no limitations of theory or conventionality; when he entered the pulpit, he was as impersonal as Shakespeare. This was what puzzled his hearers, that there was

no trace of individual experience or theological conflict by which he could be labeled, or the route by which he traveled known.

Some traces, however, of the process by which he grew may be detected. He was always enlarging himself by entering into the experience of others, making his spirit a reservoir for the reception of all that was vitally human. "Meditation" was the old word for the method he pursued; but in its older use it was regarded chiefly as a devotional accomplishment, while he made it the habit of his life. "The dwelling on truth, self-application, as loving as possible, — this," said Lacordaire, "is the essence of meditation." But the range of Lacordaire was narrow, and emotion more than intellect inspired the process. Phillips Brooks took home in self-application, and always as loving as possible, history, literature, art, as well as Scriptures or theology. His range was as wide as the interest of human life. In his method, the highest reason shared alike with conscience or emotion. Hence he could not be indifferent to religious dogmas. He penetrated beneath the formula to the truth for which it stood. It was almost an axiom of his procedure that anything with which humanity had ever been supremely concerned, as witnessed by creeds or confessions, could not, in the nature of the case, be false, but rather needed only to be seen in its relation to life or supplemented with other truth. Nor was he content with merely making this an admission which courtesy required. He explored the ancient formula in search of truth, forgotten or overlooked, but which men needed to-day in order to be fully alive. This contributed a certain originality and freshness as well as profundity to his sermons. What he brought out as apparently new was often in reality old, while much that he did not utter lay behind in the depth of his soul as motive and inspiration. From this point of view, what had been stigmatized as heresy was also vitally related to man; even as full of significance for the interpretation of man to himself as the orthodox creed which anathematized it. In this respect he resembled one who has been called "the father of modern church history;" for who is there, since Neander's time, who has brought so rare a combination of powers to the interpretation of man, or to the revelation of his divine capacity? His sermons will hold a unique place in literature, because they have explored the hidden resources of human nature; opening up to the light the existence of disused and even unsuspected chambers of the soul, disclosing the diversified wealth of our human endowment. The attestation of their truth is in the response they have produced, as though the people had stamped them with approval, — that verdict from which there can be no appeal.

For a man occupying this high ground, from which he could survey the whole religious world, it was only natural that he should appeal with equal force to men of varied religious attitudes; nay, even with greater force, at times, than their chosen representatives could do. He gave their special truth a larger setting. He had a message for the Calvinist which no one else could bring to him so well. Unitarians and Universalists were inclined to claim him as their own, for no one else could preach so powerfully as he the positive truth for which they stood. But Methodists, also, holding to orthodox convictions, as they are called, delighted in him, as if he spoke the very word of unadulterated primitive Methodism. Candidates for the Methodist ministry sat under his ministrations as best fitting them to do their peculiar work.

It was not easy to say, if you tried to test him by a formula, exactly where he stood. He lived above the sphere of religious controversy. In the ancient Church, there had been a bitter discussion between Augustine and Pelagius as to whether a moral reformation could

be accomplished by man through the strength of his will, or whether man was so weak that his regeneration depended alone upon God. But he outdid Augustine in attributing the whole work to God, from beginning to end; and yet it sounded like mere humanitarianism, as ecclesiastics know it, because he also regarded the soul as charged with divine capacities, as thickly strown with the germs of immortal power.

How did he stand related to the institution, as it is called, and did he sufficiently appreciate the value which Christian institutionalism plays in the development and maintenance of human society? Or did he represent mere individualism, or some invisible church which could never be realized for the benefit of humanity? One church had the honor of claiming him as its own, and to this church he was loyal, in its creed, worship, and discipline. No one could have been more scrupulous than he in fulfilling its requirements. However he may have differed from others in his interpretation of its law or doctrine, it was no individual judgment which he set up for himself to follow. He stood as the illustrious representative of a great historical school in the Church of England, — the school which inherited in its large freedom the spirit and the principles of the Church in the age of the Reformation. Those who are familiar with these things never questioned his loyalty or his representative attitude as a Churchman. He had among his predecessors Cranmer and Jewell, Hooker and Jeremy Taylor; the school, also, of intuitive moralists in the seventeenth century, of whom Cudworth was an ornament; and in his own age, Coleridge, Whately, and Dr. Arnold of Rugby, Maurice, Kingsley, and Stanley, Robertson of Brighton, the present Bishop of London, and the late Archbishop of Canterbury: these were among the names which he loved and honored, whose teaching had inspired his youth. In the Church for which they stood he had grown up from his boyhood; he knew no other; he entered with enthusiasm upon its ministry; he watched its progress with deep interest; he studied its peculiar place among Christian organizations; he felt entirely at home within its fold. He was one of the most practical of men, with no quixotic tendencies in his nature. He knew the world he lived in; and if it seemed as though he limited himself by conforming to rubrics or liturgies, yet it was, on the contrary, a means to a larger influence and helpfulness. He did not tilt against institutions: he recognized their worth; they were indispensable.

All this is true, yet still it must be said that his life work will always suggest the importance of the individual man as compared with institutional Christianity. His true place is with those who loom up in the Church's history as larger than institutions. He belongs with St. Paul, whose mission it was to widen the conception of the original twelve apostles regarding the scope of their Master's teaching; with Athanasius, who forced an unwelcome doctrine upon a hostile clergy; with Francis of Assisi, the pioneer of a new epoch, who illumined with an intense light the more inward meaning of the eternal gospel; with Luther, who broke the chains which shut in the Church of the Middle Ages, and set humanity free to expand on its Godward side. In an age when many had grown indifferent to churches, or could find in no church the food for which their souls were hungering; to whom the Bible had become unfamiliar, and the conventionalities of religious expression had lost their meaning, — who, somehow, amid the distractions of modern life, had fallen out of sympathy with historic Christianity; to those so shaken by doubt that they could no longer understand, or were impatient with, creeds, catechisms, or confessions, — to all these, and they are thousands whom no man can number, Phillips

Brooks was the divine instrument for restoring faith toward God and love toward man. To such as these he was an institution in himself; in the old phrase, the Institution of the Christian Man. They did not need to have heard him often; it was enough to have heard him once, or even to have seen him, of whose existence they had become aware, as of some mysterious spiritual potency who could restore them to their true selves. To meet him on the street was a reminder of faith and hope, as if his presence held their world together. So, at least, he was regarded. It was like a new fulfillment of the ancient prophecy, "A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Because such men come to us but rarely, in the course of long ages, institutions are essential, where the faith of the many shelters, educates, and strengthens the individual solitary heart.

It was a characteristic mark of the power of Phillips Brooks as a preacher that he appealed with equal success to the educated and to the illiterate. It fell to his lot to minister to the cultivated and fashionable, for the most part, whether at the Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia, Trinity Church, Boston, or the chapel of Harvard University. But if ever there was a man of whom, after his Divine Master, it might be said that the poor heard him gladly, it was he. In later years, more especially, he gave himself to them with all the resources at his disposal. He did not need to preach down to them, as the expression goes; he gave them the one truth which ran through all his teaching, the manner and the form unchanged; and the sermon which delighted a fastidious taste or illumined the specialist for his task was heard with rapt attention by the man of no education.

> "For evermore the deepest words of God
> Are yet the easiest to understand."

There was another class to whom he ministered, and who claimed him as their own, — the graduates, as it were, from the various religious communions, who failed any longer to find in their own religious homes the direction or help which they required. All that could be done for them had only left them yearning for something higher or fuller, or left them painfully conscious of some great want. For the work of the different churches consists, for the greater part, in laying the foundation of faith and character. To receive the young, to educate them, to retain them at the most critical moment within the fold, and so preserve them from the contagion of evil influence, — this is the primary task entrusted to the churches, to fulfill each in its own way. The clergy have been sometimes classified as foundation men and superstructure men. The latter are the more rare, since the demand for them is less and the opportunities are few. So important is it to get hold of the young that ability in this respect is generally considered the first requisite, in calling a minister. It is pathetic to see the old and those of middle age sacrifice themselves to this necessity, content to go unfed, to be turned out to pasture, provided only that the young can be retained within the fold. Here again our great preacher found his opportunity. To such as these he seemed to have a special message; to lead them forth into richer fields, to make them feel at home still in God's world, to teach them how to minister to themselves. These were always among the crowd that poured into the churches when he was to preach, to listen with amazement, almost with awe, as he traced the laws of spiritual growth, or revealed the richness of life, or showed them the open heaven descending to their need. But there was something still more extraordinary than this; for if he met men in the maturity of experience as others could not do, yet he appeared as one who was forever laying

anew the foundations of Christian manhood, so that what he uttered applied to young as well as to old. Young men formed a large part of his audience; he was the favorite preacher at Harvard College, and wherever young men were gathered together.

There is something here which is phenomenal, which was never recorded before. No one could address more powerfully the mature Christian mind, the professed Christian believer, the ministers of religion; and yet when he spoke to men absorbed in business, as during one Lent in the city of New York, or again in Boston, he seemed to be disclosing the unknown reserves of his vast power. In all this he had not to adapt himself, but only to be still more himself. He touched the hidden springs of life because he spoke out as man to man, apart from any preconceptions; he made the reality stand forth; he went behind the external appearance to the thing in itself. His beautiful letter to little Helen Keller reads not unlike a page from one of his printed sermons.

Under such circumstances, other men have been tempted to become the founders of a new order; but while he ministered to individual needs, he also aimed to serve existing institutions. No one ever complained that the influence which drew men from every direction to his preaching, like some powerful magnet, was hurting the local parishes, or weakening the hold of any pastor upon his congregation. On the contrary, he was reconciling men to the different households of faith who might otherwise have been alienated. He led them to see a deeper meaning in that which they had begun to think they had outgrown. He did not deny nor underrate the diverse dogmas under which they had been trained; he taught them rather to expect these diversities, to value them as so many rich manifestations of the divine purpose in educating human character. He was very far from thinking that because character was the end of religion, therefore it stood in opposition to creeds or doctrines. What he aimed at was to make doctrine minister to life, and so vindicate its truth. He could not have done all this if he had not been at home in the sphere of religious thought, discerning its relations to the real life of man. If he moved easily from one denomination to another, receiving a welcome from all, he broke down no fences as he went. Whatever purpose the fences were intended to serve, it was all the same to him. He went his way in God's world by the direct light of the divine mind, so that he could not be lost. If he found streams without bridges, he forded them with unconscious ease. Sometimes he did so even where bridges had been carefully and anxiously provided. In this way he became the property of us all; he solved in himself, in his loving heart, his large nature, the problem of Christian unity, though generations may yet pass by before the promise of his career can be fulfilled.

When we study Phillips Brooks with reference to the preparation for his work, he appears as the resultant of the spiritual processes of history. The most influential factors of the last hundred years combined to produce him. He was the direct outcome of that wave of inspiration which swept over Europe and America from the close of the last century. His place is secure among the greatest: with Schleiermacher and Goethe; with Coleridge, Carlyle, Tennyson, and Browning; with Hawthorne, Emerson, Channing, Longfellow, and Whittier. Though the last to appear, he was in some respects the greatest of them all. He stood for the supremacy of the pulpit, the awakening and reassertion of the moral conscience and the spiritual life; yet had he gone into literature, toward which his earliest taste inclined him, it seems as if his excellence would have been equally assured. That he was a poet by nature is witnessed by all his sermons. One

brief song which he wrote, O Little Town of Bethlehem, has secured almost universal recognition, as if it were destined to be sung so long as Christmas Day is remembered. The conception which he reached at an early age, that in literature the soul of humanity is revealed, gave to his preaching a peculiar charm, as though in every sermon he sought to produce a literary masterpiece. His sermons, therefore, are related to the best literature not only by the rhythm of the style, the command of language, the ear for the music of words, but by the gift of penetration which reads the instincts of the heart in their free, spontaneous expression. His mission was to combine the fruits of the great humanitarian movement, which has made so many names immortal in the Victorian age, with the idea of God as their source and their goal. He was always showing how genuinely human is the religious sentiment, and therefore how divine. It was his work to mediate, as it were, between literature and theology; to restore theology to the place which it had lost since it died as a science in the abstractions of the Schoolmen. Great as was his love for pure literature as such, yet he so read it as if it were only another form of theology, and drew from it an inspiration for the work of the preacher.

It was his good fortune to have inherited the best traditions of New England history, coming as he did by direct descent from the Rev. John Cotton, a better type of Puritan than were the Mathers, whose reputation has eclipsed him. His mother's family name, which became his Christian name, stood for the devotion of New England to the highest learning, but also in combination with the church. In his family, too, had been felt the evil effects of the schism which divided the New England churches, and to his mother was due the transition from Puritanism to the Episcopal Church. If, as an Episcopalian, he occupied what must seem like a position hostile to Puritan traditions, yet in his attitude there was no antagonism or hostility. He believed that the Episcopal Church could reap the fruits of the long and bitter controversy only as it discerned the spiritual worth of Puritanism, and the value of its contribution to the history of religious thought or to the capital of Christian character. No chapter in the records of the Christian church seemed to him richer in materials than that which had been written in New England history. For this reason, his mission to the world may be said to have been foreordained from his birth. His heart went forth to both the divisions of Puritanism, to the so-called orthodox Calvinists and to the heterodox Unitarians; the one standing for the sovereignty of God, the other for the sacred rights and dignity of man. He stood for both, as one and indivisible.

He loved New England with all the strength of his large nature. One of the features of his character was, that while rejoicing in things that were world-wide in their range, seeming to live as if for humanity alone, yet he took such a deep interest in lesser things, as if he could have been content to live and die for them. There was in him a singular power of concentration of the affections. To those who had the privilege of his more intimate friendship, it seemed as though he loved them to the exclusion of all else; as though, when he withdrew for a moment from the sphere of public life into this small inner circle, he was entirely at home, in the one place where he most wished to be and to remain. He carried the personal interests of his friends so close to his heart that it was hard to realize how he could make this compatible with his wider obligations, as if one or other of these devotions must be unreal. This must have been the method by which he grew, rising to the universal by means of the individual affection. He loved the country, and was above all else a typical citizen of

America; yet his love for the commonwealth of Massachusetts, and for the city of Boston in particular, was so strong that it might have degenerated into absurdity, if it had not coexisted with the larger love. But so it was that he loved Boston and Harvard College, as if he could have been satisfied if all the rest of the world had not existed. If there be anything provincial in such devotion to a city or a college, he had it, he was proud of it, he cultivated it, as if making it his business to lead others, and rouse them to an enthusiasm equal to his own. It stirred his nature to its inmost depths to travel as bishop over the State of Massachusetts, to penetrate its remoter towns, recalling wherever he went the associations of a great history. One of his most perfect literary productions was an address made at an anniversary of the Boston Latin School, when he reviewed its record and disclosed its meaning. On the Tuesday morning of that last sad week of his life, when he was preparing, whether consciously or not we shall never know, for his impending translation, he laid aside his work, telling his assistant that he might go; and then he did what he himself regarded as unusual, — he spent the morning roaming about the streets of Boston.

But now we must recall that strong as he was in individual or local attachments, yet as a citizen of the world he surpassed every other man of his generation. Where shall we turn for any one who had studied humanity on so large a scale as he, sojourning in almost every country, as if he were restless or his education incomplete until he had seen for himself all that the world had to offer? For about thirty years it had been his custom to go abroad every alternate summer. In this way, visiting England so often, he was as much at home there, and his name as familiar, as in his own land. He was a favorite preacher in rural churches and in the great Abbey, and was sent for to preach before the Queen. The same phenomena attended his preaching there as here, — the thronging congregation, the thousands who were turned away for lack of room, as when he preached last summer at Westminster. He made it an object to have the acquaintance of great Englishmen of whom he knew through their books or their work. He became the warm friend of Dean Stanley.[1] He visited Tennyson at various times, one of the visitors whom the poet welcomed and loved. Only last summer he spent a day with him, talking over the great theme to which Tennyson so often reverted, the weird fascination of death. He was struck with the poet's hopefulness despite the pessimistic mood with which he struggled, with his power to extract blessedness from the sorrow and the misery of life. He made also a summer's sojourn in the other countries of Europe. Norway and Russia, Holland and Spain, were taken in this way, Italy, Germany, and France, and also Greece, Egypt, and Palestine. He gave one year to India, one of the most fruitful years in his experience, impressing him with the supreme importance of foreign missions. A summer was given to China and Japan, with the double journey across America. But he could go nowhere that his fame had not preceded him. He traveled for the increase of life and education; but as if it might seem like amusement or recreation only, he spent alternate summers at home, where he was found each Sunday in his pulpit. Many were thus enabled to hear him who would not otherwise have found the opportunity, — the dwellers at home whose churches were closed, or the traveler passing through the city.

That which strikes us, then, most forcibly, in what we may call his prepara-

[1] Perhaps Dr. Brooks's solitary contribution to magazine literature was the paper which he wrote on Dean Stanley for The Atlantic Monthly, October, 1881.

tion for his work, is the way in which he put the whole world under tribute to his genius. As we say of some mighty tree in the forest, he was a rich feeder; he needed a large amount as well as a great variety of food to support the demand of his soul for life. Only as he saw things related to life did he seem to value them; nothing was significant to him as mere theory or opinion; by some instinct he rejected whatever was artificial or unreal. Because he was so thoroughly alive himself, he made things live which to others seemed dead, whether past or present, near or remote, at home or abroad. His friends can recall how, on casual visits, he was desirous to know what they were thinking or doing, as if he would exhaust and appropriate the life that was in them. It would not do to remain too long, when he was in this mood, for it put them, with their smaller resources, at too great a strain to keep up with him.

Among the sources from which he drew most deeply were works of art, — sculpture, architecture, and painting. He was conversant with the history of art, whether in galleries or private collections, in churches or cathedrals. He was an art critic, as if it were his profession, knowing and loving only the best. He was the friend and companion of artists, who saw in him a kindred spirit. In the decoration of Trinity Church he was consulted, so that his advice or suggestion written upon its walls makes it almost a personal monument to his name. He had a love of symbols, of rare things, of which he accumulated many; beautiful things were all about him in that forever sacred room, his study; mementos, too, of every kind, as though he felt the spirit of ancient relic worship. On this side of his nature, he was not guided nor limited by any theory of the function of art, but rejoiced in its higher manifestations as in the ways and works of God. One limitation he had: he lacked appreciation of music, the one form of art most distinctive of the age. There is something here deserving of explanation, if we only knew how to explain it. Perhaps, had he known the refreshment which music brings, it might have afforded an opportunity of rest to his ceaseless activity, or retarded the exhaustion of his power.

But his chief study was man as he stood revealed in life; in this pursuit all the manifestations of life were as first sources of information. He was always studying, always observing; smallest details did not escape him, much as he rejoiced in the grander manifestations of human power; he was attracted by every illustration of power, especially in all naive, unconscious strength, whether of purity or beauty or goodness. He might have been called a humanist but that he also studied in order to the knowledge of God; reading the Creator in the image, glorying in the incarnation of God in Christ as the supreme principle of human existence. Shall we ask concerning such a man how far he was a scholar or a thinker, or how he is to be compared with those who pass for such? It throws no light upon Shakespeare if we seek to ascertain the extent of his classical or historical learning, or his mode of acquiring it; nor does it seem becoming to put him in comparison with a Casaubon or Bentley, or at least we are not helped to any truer estimate by the comparison. Of Phillips Brooks it may be said that a hint was more suggestive to him than labored volumes are to many. He grew by what he saw, by the expansion of the germ of life within. But he was also a great reader of books, and of the best books. With the limited time at his disposal, it was astonishing how much he read, till it even seemed as though he read more than those who had nothing else to do. While he followed the rule of reading important works as they appeared, and so kept himself in sympathy with the more popular culture, yet he read far and wide outside the popular

range. On his table was to be found everything of fresh interest, — the latest books, whether published at home or abroad; somehow he obtained them in advance of others; he was one from whom to seek information as to what must be read. In this respect, his large library, selected carefully, and embracing the standard works in history, art, literature, or theology, reflected the character of his mind. He had also the first requisite of a scholar: he knew where to go for what he wanted.

There are many things concerning him upon which one would like to dwell, — his charm in conversation, the wit and humor with which he overflowed, the high courtesy of his manner combined with freedom from conventionality, the naturalness and spontaneity of all he did and in all of which he so gracefully reflected himself, the exquisite modesty which clothed him as in a garment, the absence of self-consciousness. He was at home with children, reading with natural ease the child nature, and delighting to share their life. What scorn he had for hypocrisy and shams of every kind and degree, what keenness in detecting folly or weakness! He was like Carlyle in his power of depicting character in a few bold strokes. The beautiful face, also, especially when illumined with a smile; the voice, which no other voice resembled or could be put in comparison with, tender and gentle, yet full of strength, so expressive of the great soul within him, — a voice which went to the heart, which gave a new meaning to old or familiar things. How careful he was in attending to all the minuter details of life! With his immense correspondence, which must have taxed his patience and strength, he never left the smallest note unanswered, even when asked not to respond. His capacity for business was something extraordinary, but, because he was so much else besides, one never thought of mentioning it, so that some feared he might be lacking in the administrative power required for a great diocese. If he seemed to weary of committees and of routine work, it was because he needed no discussion to get at the heart of the matter. He never appeared confused, or doubtful as to how he should proceed. His force of will was like the elemental powers of nature; and as to intellectual power, he had more than any other man of his generation. The power which he wasted was enough to constitute a respectable endowment. There was a subtlety and elasticity about his intellect, as also a comprehensiveness of grasp, which astonished when he talked. He had a capacity of saying the one thing which no one else ever thought of saying, and which, when once it had been said, put an end to further discussion. Had he given himself to speculation, he would have been a philosopher of the highest order.

There remains one other feature of Phillips Brooks as a man, which was at once a source and a revelation of his power, requiring a fuller notice than can be given here, but which must at least be mentioned. He was always to be found in sympathy with great popular sentiments. He made the watchwords of the age his own, identifying himself with every cause which moved the people. That which was limited in its influence to a few, which seemed likely to remain the mere badge of a school or sect, whether in church or state, had no interest for him. He first became known as great by throwing himself into the civil war beyond any other of the Philadelphia clergy. His sermon on the death of Lincoln, and another, after the war was over, entitled Mercies of Reoccupation, are two of his most memorable utterances. The latter in particular is noteworthy as containing some of his profoundest thought, the outline of his philosophy of history. He still continued to hold the conviction that America should stand open to the world as an asylum for the poor and the oppressed.

It was this which had made the country great; and to restrict immigration seemed like the abandonment of a great principle. It made him indignant that the attempt at limitation should begin with any one people as such, as for example the Chinese.

His profound respect for accepted results made him believe in Protestantism as the greatest onward movement in the annals of Christianity, and in Puritanism as among its highest ideals. But he also affirmed with the whole strength of his nature the principle of tolerance, in which both Protestantism and Puritanism had been wanting, — the popular motive of the last century, painfully educed from the untold misery and anguish which intolerance had cost; the motive which had inspired the founders of American nationality. It may have been that he foresaw the evils which threatened from the rising spirit of intolerance among the American churches, or it may have been a chapter from his own experience; but he also discerned that toleration had never yet been rested on its true basis, the only ground on which it can continue to exist. Because it had degenerated, as some conceived it, into the cultivation of indifference, he would not, like Carlyle, abandon the word with a sneer. It was one of the great words of history, to be taken up and redeemed. The spirit of true tolerance must grow, not out of a sense of uncertainty as to what is truth, but out of a deeper certainty and assurance of the possession of truth. When a man knew that he was right beyond the possibility of being shaken in adherence to his belief, he was strong to tolerate the conviction of others in the spirit of hopefulness and charity. To those whose faith was without this inward assurance and direct vision of truth, who rested on external authority, whether of ecclesiastical councils or the letter of Scripture, toleration must be always a forced necessity, a disguised spirit of persecution waiting for its opportunity. They could not, therefore, understand how he could affiliate with men of every variety of religious belief; they thought him treacherous to his creed; they designated him an Arian, a Socinian, or a Pelagian. His book entitled Tolerance deserves especial mention, because for once he dropped the rôle of preacher, and assumed the chair of lecturer, in order to teach the world what tolerance means. In this book more than in any other of his writings, we see how the man himself had been made. He has given us a description of himself more true than any of his followers or admirers can give.

Other illustrations of these universal attitudes of his mind might be given. He not only believed in progress with all his soul, but he applied the doctrine fearlessly in every direction. He constantly dwelt on the larger inheritance awaiting the world; he regretted that he should not be here to share in its higher, diviner life. He had no sympathy with those who, from theological points of view, suspected or decried the gifts that science was offering to the modern world. All that he asked, as in one of the latest of his sermons, was that the rising generation should so prepare themselves by faith in God as to be worthy to receive the richer blessings which were descending upon the age, which were yet to be poured out in fuller measure on the expanding life of humanity. With these catholic, massive convictions there was one truth which adequately corresponded, which was the burden and the refrain of all his preaching, — that all men were the sons of God; all men everywhere, sons of God by creation and by redemption. In this large application of the divine sonship he was announcing no new truth, but only the old truth which had been from the beginning. This had been the teaching of Christ himself, reaffirmed by St. Paul at Athens, the first principle of the ancient Catholic Church; it had been reasserted by the

Church of England with solemn emphasis in the age of the Reformation. Whenever it had been limited, great prophets like Maurice or Robertson had risen to re-proclaim it. He was, then, denying no standards of his own church, but rather defending them, when he threw the weight of his eloquence and of his life into the cause of humanity as the offspring of God. But he did so illustrate and illumine and apply this truth that it sounded, when he preached it, like something which had never been heard in the world before. Those who listened to it were struck as if with awe, when ushered into the presence of the sacredness, the majesty, of the divine potentiality of the true self within them.

For thirty years and more he has stood for the revelation of this truth with an eloquence peculiarly his own, which has found no imitators or rivals. At first he delivered his message with the joyous freedom of unconscious power, with a certain objectivity of manner, as though he were merely an instrument on which the Spirit played. But in these later years we have seen a change. It might seem as though for a long time he resisted the idea that he was more to the world than any ordinary man. In his deep humility, he refused to recognize the tokens of a people's gratitude and love. The change consisted in a growing tenderness of manner, — a tenderness which became inexpressibly deep, as though he were brooding in love over the world whose love toward him was passing all ordinary bounds; a deep anxiety, too, sometimes almost passionate in its manifestation, lest any whom he loved should miss the way of life. His soul went out to the world as the soul of the world seemed to enter within him. For here again was another, the last and the greatest, source of his preparation and his power. It was the people who were contributing to make the preacher, imparting to him something of the strength which made him great. Those who have sat where they could watch his audience have hardly known with which spectacle they were most entranced, the inspired orator, or the vast congregation whom he thrilled with his words. He was afraid that, as the forces of youth diminished, he must gradually be shut off from the world to which he ministered. As he entered the forties, he was depressed with each recurring anniversary. But as the years went on, they brought no loss of influence; they grew richer in the increase of a people's devotion. The text of one of his last sermons reveals to us what he was beginning to realize as true: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now." At last he must have known, perhaps even have confessed to himself, that he stood to the people in some unique relationship, as it were their idol and their king. It was at this moment that he welcomed the episcopate as giving him a larger chance to respond to their devotion. He submitted as he had not done before to be admired and loved; but the humiliation of his spirit kept pace with the growing devotion. Like some saint of earlier ages, he was receiving the honors of canonization before his departure. For in these last years we were coming to reverence the man for the character which seemed almost without a flaw, for his Christian manhood, more even than the preacher with his brilliant, transcendent power.

There is something strange, unwonted, about his entrance upon the episcopate. A bishop, to the typical New England mind, had hitherto been an object of indifference, if not aversion. It had been the intention of the Puritans to set up a church without a bishop, as a state without a king. But the prejudices of the past died out in his presence. If there were any office where Phillips Brooks could exert a wider influence, it should be his. Superintendence, shepherding oversight, episcopacy, if he could exercise it, would be only a richer blessing. But it must belong to all in common. Like

all God's richest gifts, it could not, should not, be the peculiar property of any one religious communion. He should be a bishop to them all. In life and in death he belonged to the people. The massive response of the country, of the commonwealth, and of the city, the universal recognition, the unparalleled grief, — these are the fittest expressions of what he has been to the world. If extravagant things may seem to have been uttered about him, if the language of eulogy and laudation seems to have been stretched beyond its warrant, yet this also is part of the fuller revelation of the man.

Alexander V. G. Allen.

THE COUNTRY UNEXPLORED.

Oceans are drained and earth's dark heart is riven,
Man's daring spirit knows nor bound nor bar;
He wrests its secrets from the very heaven,
Weighing and measuring farthest sun and star!

Only one land is left, — not far away,
And yet more strange than where, in spectral skies,
Hangs the weird midnight sun, or burning day
Over mysterious deserts sinks and dies:

The Country Unexplored of Sleep and Dreams,
Whose shores we reach with mind and senses chained,
And where no compass guides, no beacon gleams,
To show how some safe harbor might be gained.

But this of that dim, phantom land we know,
This through all maze and blindness clearly see, —
That in those dells where Sleep's dark poppies grow
We seek and find and touch unconsciously

Those secret springs of life whence first we drew
Being and nurture at God's primal call,
And in their mystic deeps refresh, renew,
Each force, each power, whereby we live at all.

So, fearless and alone, night after night,
Through that strange country still we come and go,
What though its paths may skirt the fields where white
Death's lilies glimmer like eternal snow:

Fields that we enter still more darkly blind
Than Sleep's dim, unknown land, yet it may be
He who gives life even there will let us find
The hidden springs of Immortality!

Stuart Sterne.

IMMORTALITY.

My window is the open sky,
The flower in farthest wood is mine;
I am the heir to all gone by,
The eldest son of all the line.
And when the robbers Time and Death
Athwart my path conspiring stand,
I cheat them with a clod, a breath,
And pass the sword from hand to hand!

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

ARCHITECTURE AMONG THE POETS.

I have often wondered at the inadequate way in which architecture has been treated by the poets. The art is so closely connected with the development of humanity, so curiously in sympathy with the progress of civilization, so interwoven with the aspirations of the race, that, with its own intrinsic and infinite expressions of grace and fitness, apart from these associations, one might suppose it would present peculiar attractions to them; that they would delight not only to describe and interpret its manifestations as they appear in historical monuments, but to imagine new forms fit to illustrate and adorn poetry's various moods. And yet, with one or two possible exceptions, whenever the muse does celebrate architecture, she seems to stoop from her high career, and to be afflicted with a paralysis either of the intellect or of the imagination, which leaves her unfit to express an intelligible idea on the subject.

It is well known that no two architects who have attempted to restore, on paper, the villa Laurentinum of Pliny, by following the detailed and elaborate description of it in his famous letter to Gallus, have succeeded in producing similar designs. Disraeli, in his Curiosities of Literature, infers from this that it is idle to indulge in architectural descriptions, as they cannot succeed in presenting clear pictures, and that the pen should not intrude on the province of the pencil. But the question is not so much one of description as of interpretation. Architectural ideas and motifs excite in the minds of architects certain emotions, which are rarely shared in their fullness by the laity. But I hesitate to believe that it is impossible for the pen to convey to the public at least some part of these emotions. It seems unreasonable that certain defined capacities of delicate enjoyment should be in a condition of permanent and hopeless atrophy in the minds of the great mass of mankind. It is contrary to experience in other domains of human effort that there should exist in one art powers of expression which are incapable of some sort of intelligible exegesis. Of course, every fine art appeals to a certain range of faculties of appreciation which cannot be reached by other fine arts. Painting has something to say which sculpture cannot say; architecture has a message which cannot be repeated in music; and *vice versa*. If this were not the case, these arts

would hardly have an excuse for separate existence. Yet it would seem that the inspired insight and passion of the poet should be able to sympathize with, and to impart at least somewhat of, the peculiar intellectual excitement created by these arts. Indeed, poets have successfully attempted this in the case of painting and sculpture and music. But the art of the architect is hardly more technical than that of the musician, and surely his appeals to the intelligence of mankind should arouse emotions as capable of translation by the art of the poet. If a monument of architecture is like a "song without words," it certainly touches the mind and heart as much as it moves the senses. The work of Callicrates, of Apollodorus, of Anthemius of Tralles, of the builder monks of Cluny, of the Abbé Suger, of Palladio and Sansovino, of the other masters of architecture, ancient and modern, is no more a mere pedantic display of technique than the work of Mendelssohn. The art is not merely conventional or academic; it is essentially an expression of humanity in its noblest and most God-like moods.

Under these circumstances, it is remarkable that this magnificent and inspiring art is generally reduced by the poets to the subordinate function of furnishing an indispensable background to the persons and movements of the poem, and is referred to with certain commonplaces of description which nearly always fail to suggest the really essential values of the theme, which betray either indifference or ignorance as to fact, and which often present impossibilities of form and structure. Sculpture, painting, statues, tapestries, all often receive worthy recognition in verse, but the noble shrine which incloses and protects them, for which they were made and of which they are a part, is passed by with a conventional epithet, conveying to the mind no recognizable image. In fact, the intrinsic qualities of architecture seem, for the most part, to be invisible to the poets and inaccessible to their sympathies. When they refer to a monument of this art, it is generally to recall some historical association or incident connected with it, to draw an inference, to point a moral or adorn a tale. They do not seem to realize that its pilasters or buttresses, its base and cornice, its windows and doors, its panels and stringcourses, its columns and arches, have assumed shape and character coincidently with the progress of mankind; that these features can be interpreted as demonstrations of humanity and as evidences of civilization, all highly idealized and converted into visible poetry; that their ornaments of sculpture are a re-creation of the works of the great Creator, reflections of nature, slowly developed in types and conventional forms by the action of the human mind through centuries.

The old metrical romances, like those of Lydgate, the monk of Bury, Piers the Plowman, the Romance of Sir Degrevant, or Henry Bradshaw's quaint translation in verse of The Lyfe of Saynt Werburge, or the Faerie Queene contain occasional references to architectural effects, more or less fanciful, but indicating an intelligent basis of observation, and a certain appreciation of some of the characteristics of mediæval ornament. These references, however, deal, for the most part, with details of furniture and fittings, and, though they have proved mines of wealth to the antiquarian, never, even where they are most definite, convey to the mind a distinct architectural image, or touch upon the essential and vital qualities of the art.

Even Shakespeare, with his world-wide range of sympathy and his immortal intuitions, apparently is unaware of the real relations of this art to mankind. His almost divine imagination seems, in this one respect, to have no loftier vision than that common to the time of Elizabeth. Bacon has a very intelligent inter-

est in architecture, and writes of it with far more sympathy than any of his contemporaries; but Shakespeare makes no use of the frequent opportunities of his dramas to refer to it, save once, very indirectly, in the second part of Henry IV.:

"When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at least, desist
To build at all?"

Even this, however, is a recognition of practical processes of building, and not of architecture as an art. This absence of adequate allusion may serve as another proof, if another were needed, that the two great Elizabethan names do not stand for one personality.

Milton, in his description of the Satanic hall of council,

"Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars, overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze with bossy sculpture graven,"

affords us but a glimpse of what he might have done with an architectural subject; and we are grateful to Thomson's rare muse for condescending to give us, in his Liberty, this brief summary, which in fact seems to comprehend all the literary knowledge of his time in respect to this art: —

"First unadorned,
And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose;
The Ionic then, with decent matron grace,
Her airy pillar heaved; luxuriant last,
The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath.
The whole so measured true, so lessen'd off
By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
Form'd to repel the still and stormy waste
Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
That from the magic wand aerial rise."

But we search in vain through the elegant rhymed heroics of Dryden, Pope, and their imitators of the eighteenth century for a single appreciative or intelligible architectural idea. When they attempted it, the result was a shapeless, disordered, heterogeneous mass; set to most harmonious verse, indeed, but hopelessly inharmonious in the image. Vanbrugh, one of the numerous fashionable gentleman-poets of the time, himself the architect of Blenheim and Castle Howard, is not inspired, in his own verse, to correct the ignorant incongruities of his contemporaries. When Pope, imitating Chaucer in the scheme of his poem, and Milton in his architectural imagery, essays to present a poetic idea of The Temple of Fame, we have, in elegant and facile rhymes, an horrific intermingling of crude hints of Doric, Barbaric, and Gothic styles, which can convey absolutely no sane impression of structure or form in outline or detail. If the poet of Twickenham villa, in his insatiable greed for knowledge, had considered it worth his while to master the simplest elements of architecture, how readily could he have enshrined, in the elegant artificiality of his lines, a subject so much in sympathy with his poetic methods as a classic composition, with its ordered peristyle, its walls rich with color and incrustations behind the open screen of marble shafts, its pilastered pavilions and sculptured pediments, its decorations of statues and painting, and, over all, its storied dome! It is hard to conceive how such an imagination could be indifferent to a fact so poetic, so orderly, so easy to comprehend, so adjustable to the purpose of his verse.

In fact, the general insensibility to effects of art in the eighteenth century is one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of the intellect. Gothic art in especial suffered from this eclipse of feeling. Its most magnificent monuments, the great metropolitan cathedrals of the Middle Ages, were not only neglected during this long period, but despised, insulted, and misunderstood. When they were referred to at all, they were stigmatized as demonstrations of barbarism. They touched no responsive

chord in the human heart until the modern romantic school arose, and Boisserée in Germany, Viollet-le-Duc and Victor Hugo in Franee, Pugin and Ruskin in England, restored them to the admiration and affection of mankind. Until then, through all those long years, to the poets as well as to the common herd, they uttered absolutely no word, and gave no breath of inspiration. To the literature of this time architecture was merely a series of stiff, unpliant formulas of classic art, without principles, only half comprehended, — a fetich to pedants, an enigma to the people. Since the enlightenment furnished by the romanticists, since the exposition by certain late writers of the theory and principles of the art, the sentiment of architecture has begun to penetrate the tardy perceptions of the poetic instinct; yet only in two or three instances has it received anything like an intelligent recognition.

Towards the close of the period of sterility, one strong, clear voice broke the long silence with strains which accomplished more for the recognition of architecture in literature than all other agencies combined. Among all the poets, Sir Walter Scott seems to stand alone in his thorough appreciation of the value of real architectural background and accessories to the interest of romantic verse. He used his archæological knowledge and his fondness for mediæval architecture with the skill of a practiced romancer and the sympathy of a poet. His example was the potent factor in the creation of that particular romantic school in English literature which followed him. But none of his imitators approached this mighty minstrel in the truth with which the characteristic details of chapel, castle, or abbey were made essential parts of his picturesque stories. Abbotsford itself, the realization in material substance of Scott's architectural ideals, is but indifferent architecture; it is at best but pinchbeck mediævalism. These ideals of structure, however, found much happier expression in his verse, the plan of which did not necessitate exactness of portrayal, much less any attempt to interpret the intrinsic properties of his mediæval models. The architect is relieved to find that this one poet, at least, did not make nonsense of his buildings. Whether the scene of his poem was laid in Melrose Abbey or Norham Castle, or whether it took him to the Saxon monastery of "St. Cuthbert's holy isle," to the stronghold of Crichtoun, or to the towers of Tantallon, the wizard's touch was true. His poetic visions never betrayed an historical monument. The flow of his imagination was corrected and held in check by the rare quality of honest loyalty to the facts of architecture as he understood them. Even in his details of description, though he touched them but lightly, the architect recognizes the salient points of the style of the building which he celebrates. His archæological knowledge was ever sufficient to his theme, and in great part inspired it, as was the case with Victor Hugo in Notre Dame. If the schools created by these masters had, with poetic penetration and sympathy, continued the investigations of romantic art so brilliantly begun, literature would have been enriched with a new light out of the past, and architecture would, in some of its phases at least, have become an open book instead of an undecipherable myth or hieroglyph, of which the interest to the world resides in its outward grace, and not in its inward meaning.

If we turn to the entrancing stanzas of Childe Harold, whose pilgrimages included the contemplation of the great masterpieces of art in Greece, Florence, Venice, and Rome, and who dwelt in immortal verse on the Venus de Medici, the Dying Gladiator, and the Laocoön, on the Coliseum, the Pantheon, and St. Peter's, we find that the architectural subjects, among all the works of art, are alone, from the point of view of the

architect, inadequately treated. Byron's active and virile genius, prompt to appreciate a few palpable points of outline, and to enlarge upon the historical and romantic suggestions connected with the subject, exhausts itself with these. His quick insight and his descriptive powers are sufficiently evident, but, though the scheme of his poem certainly invites him to employ them on the most august themes that the art can present, he fails to touch the really vital points. We cannot but be thankful for what he deigns to give us, and regret his failure to complete the work which in each case he begins with such splendid promise. He lingers long with fine historical emotions and tuneful meditations on the Acropolis of Athens, but the Parthenon furnishes no other inspiration than a spirited denunciation of Lord Elgin for stealing the Panathenaic frieze! The Erechtheum he does not see at all, nor the Theseion; but he does espy the few remaining columns of the Roman temple of Jupiter Olympius. He visits the Bosphorus, but cannot find the matchless dome of St. Sophia, from beneath which the arts of Christianity and Islam parted on their divergent careers. What a subject for his muse! He is magnificent, however, when he enters St. Peter's, and shows clearly enough that his poetic powers can grow colossal with the greatness of his theme, and can, when he pleases, express an architectural emotion; but the pagan art by which this Christian pomp is expressed, and all that this art, as developed in the great basilica, stands for in the history of the human race, have absolutely no recognition. So far as his architectural description or references are concerned, his words would apply quite as well to the hypostyle hall at Karnak or to the Cologne cathedral. He enters the Pantheon without noticing the portico (which, however, another and later poet, Arthur Hugh Clough, did see in his time); he observes within that the sole source of light is from one aperture, and he sees the altars and the busts, but there is nothing to show that this sole aperture is open to the sky, and forms the eye of the dome, whose vast coffered concave, itself an epic poem, appeals to him in vain.

Perhaps the attitude of Byron towards this art is revealed in the stanza of the fourth canto wherein, with lofty disdain, he refers to the students of sculpture: —

> "I leave to learned fingers and wise hands,
> The artist and his ape, to teach and tell
> How well his connoisseurship understands
> The graceful bend and the voluptuous swell:
> Let these describe the undescribable."

But surely, to leave untouched all the deep human meanings involved in the purely architectural points of the great monuments of which he sings; much more, to remain insensible to such points as appeals of art, betrays at least an astonishing indolence of mind. In fact, like most of his tuneful brethren, he was a mere impressionist as regards architecture. Like them, he had not patience enough to study the subject, nor cared to penetrate the veil of conventionalism which shuts out from casual view its richest and most potent significances. They flattered and caressed the blurred and imperfect images made upon their minds by these objects of art, and delighted the world with their unstudied reflections.

Rogers is another poet who, like Byron, wandered through the old lands of art in search of inspirations; but if Byron did, at rare moments, break into irrepressible panegyric when some one of these great monuments of human intelligence and aspiration forced itself upon his reluctant apprehension, Rogers ransacked all Italy for poetic emotions, but apparently did not see a building from the beginning to the end of his metrical career.

Wordsworth, with less fire than Byron, but with a far sweeter and more patient poetic instinct, at times seemed almost to enter the enchanted castle, and

to arouse to life its sleeping beauty. No architect can read his forty-third and forty-fourth ecclesiastical sonnets on King's College Chapel at Cambridge without grateful recognition.

"Vex not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned —
Albeit laboring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only — this immense
And glorious Work of fine intelligence!
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread this branching roof,
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering, and wandering on as loath to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

"What awful pérspective! while from our sight
With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
Their Portraitures, their stone-work glimmers, dyed
In the soft checkerings of sleepy light.
Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite,
Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves unseen,
Imbue your prison bars with solemn sheen,
Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night!
But, from the arms of silence, — list! oh list! —
The music bursteth into second life;
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the eye
Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

"They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build."

There is another master who penetrated deeper yet behind the veil, and showed that he not only appreciated a work of architecture, but understood somewhat of the structural form through which its sentiment found expression. No architect could ask for a clearer picture than that presented by Browning's half-pagan Bishop when he ordered his cinque-cento Tomb in St. Praxed's Church. The voluptuous Renaissance of the episcopal cenotaph suggests a definite image in shape and color, not only of the material object, but of the idea behind it. It is but a sketch, yet it is touched with the hand of a master, whose inspiration has behind it not only feeling, but knowledge.

Tennyson, in his Palace of Art, gives us the merest phantasm, like Thomson's Castle of Indolence, or like the temple in Shelley's Revolt of Islam. These are all cloud-capped visions in a "pleasing land of drowsyhed," without foundation or tangible substance.

Lowell, too, in his Cathedral, is beautifully vague, and, though his poem is rich with precious thought, it wanders from its theme, and misses nearly all those points of true Gothic design and sentiment which present themselves with inspiring suggestion to the imagination of every architect who knows and loves his cathedral of Chartres. He himself frankly says: —

"I, who to Chartres came to feed my eye
And give to Fancy one clear holiday,
Scarce saw the minster for the thoughts it stirred
Buzzing o'er past and future with vain quest."

But we could not ask for a more exquisite sketch, as the work of an impressionist, than this of the exterior: —

"Looking up suddenly, I found mine eyes
Confronted with the minster's vast repose.
Silent and gray as forest-leaguered cliff
Left inland by the ocean's slow retreat,
That hears afar the breeze-borne rote and longs,
Remembering shocks of surf that clomb and fell,
Spume-sliding down the baffled decuman,
It rose before me, patiently remote
From the great tides of life it breasted once,
Hearing the noise of men as in a dream.
I stood before the triple northern port,
Where dedicated shapes of saints and kings,
Stern faces bleared with immemorial watch,
Looked down benignly grave and seemed to say,
Ye come and go incessant; we remain
Safe in the hallowed quiets of the past;

Be reverent, ye who flit and are forgot,
Of faith so nobly realized as this.
. . . . . .
. . . . . I give thanks
For a new relish, careless to inquire
My pleasure's pedigree, if so it please,
Nobly, I mean, nor renegade to art.
The Grecian gluts me with its perfectness,
Unanswerable as Euclid, self-contained,
The one thing finished in this hasty world,
Forever finished, though the barbarous pit,
Fanatical on hearsay, stamp and shout
As if a miracle could be encored.
But ah! this other, this that never ends,
Still climbing, luring fancy still to climb,
As full of morals half-divined as life,
Graceful, grotesque, with ever new surprise
Of hazardous caprices sure to please,
Heavy as nightmare, airy-light as fern,
Imagination's very self in stone!
With one long sigh of infinite release
From pedantries past, present, or to come,
I looked, and owned myself a happy Goth."

If, with such affluence of imagination and diction, Lowell had not been, as he confessed, "careless of his pleasure's pedigree," like the rest of the impressionists in verse and in art; if he had had more of the pre-Raphaelite qualities, which inspect and analyze the source of pleasure before attempting to portray, he would have interpreted this lovely mediæval enigma like a prophet.

Emerson, with a delicate and almost unequaled depth of poetic insight, touched, as it has never been touched before or since, one truthful chord in The Problem:

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew; —
The conscious stone to beauty grew."

But he left his brief architectural strain too soon, and left how much unsung!

Longfellow's muse, it must be admitted, is indebted for some of its happiest imagery to his fine consciousness of the romantic sentiment in Gothic art. No European poet, born and bred in the shadow of cathedral or cloister, ever felt more deeply than this sweet minstrel from Maine, or expressed more tenderly, the emotions which a true poet should feel under these influences. But he never wrote an architectural poem, and it is very evident that he never studied and did not really comprehend the true Gothic, which he loved so much, and which inspired so much of his verse, nor imagine the infinite lights and shadows of human life hidden behind the mediæval mask. If we read his lovely lines on his translation of the Divina Commedia of Dante, we may see that, when he touched upon architecture, he merely used it as a rhetorical image, secondary to a thought outside of the art. As an example of the delicacy and truth of his poetical workmanship under such limitations, I may be permitted to quote his second stanza: —

"How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers!
This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves
Birds build their nests; while canopied with leaves
Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers!
But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled eaves
Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves,
And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers!
Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This mediæval miracle of song!"

The architect can never forget that noblest of all the poetic tributes to his art which Longfellow puts in the mouth of his Michael Angelo: —

"Ah, to build, to build!
That is the noblest art of all the arts.
Painting and sculpture are but images,
Are merely shadows cast by outward things
On stone or canvas, having in themselves
No separate existence. Architecture,
Existing in itself, and not in seeming
A something it is not, surpasses them
As substance, shadow."

The architect who completed for the Duchess Marguerite the church of Brou, and the sculptor who carved the tomb within, though they aimed to appeal to such refined intelligence as that of Matthew Arnold, and to touch with their art such sensitive hearts as his, studied their careful details and created their harmonies of form in vain so far as he was concerned. His lovely lines on this church and tomb have no recognition of the fullness of the message which these objects were intended to convey, and present no clear picture even of their apparent form. His delicate instinct, when confronted by the visible poetry in these monuments of art, felt no sympathetic thrill, and saw only the effect of the tinted light from the windows as it played upon the pavement; the shafts and groined vaulting of the church appeared to him only a "foliaged marble forest;" and his poetic eye discovered only "chisell'd broideries rare" and "carved stone fretwork" on the tomb, where were sculptured the two forms, —

> "One, the Duke in helm and armour;
> One, the Duchess in her veil."

The competent interpretation which the "frozen music" of one art had a right to demand from the inspired insight of the other is vainly sought for in this beautiful verse. Here, as elsewhere, the sister arts remained strangers one to the other, and the real architecture of the church of Brou was invisible to one who should have been its oracle.

The emotions aroused in the mind of an intelligent expert by the contemplation of a work of pure architecture, in whatever style and of whatever race, are necessarily complex and difficult to describe; but I am persuaded that the quality and keenness of these emotions are such as have been awakened by no other work of human hands. To the "capable eye" there is, in the first place, the charm of repose, which includes almost all the virtues of design. Then follow the gracious and caressing appeal of technical harmony and grace in outline and proportion, in symmetry or balance of parts, in color, texture, detail, and distribution of ornament; the pleasing evidences of scholarship without pedantry, if the work is modern, of the intelligent study and adaptation of historical styles to modern use, of reserved power, of the absence of affectation or caprice; the just subordination of the personality of the author to his theme; the skillful adjustment of means to ends; the perfect agreement between construction and decoration; and, in certain cases, the glad recognition of the audacity of genius in breaking through the trammels of convention, and creating a surprise which does not offend. In the second place, outside of technique, the student is moved, in the contemplation of an historical monument, by its poetic suggestions; by the effect of national or local spirit on the treatment of outline and detail, and of that unconscious but inevitable imprint made by contemporaneous political, religious, social, or commercial conditions, which differentiates an architectural achievement from any other work of fine art, and makes it an evidence in the history of civilization. He has learned that the architectural monument is saturated with humanity; that it contains the essential spirit of history; and that even a Grecian Ionic capital, for instance, the decoration of a Roman frieze, of a Gothic spandrel or capital, or of the panel of an Italian pilaster of the fifteenth century, is a highly figurative image of a phase of civilization. Every movement of their lines, all their combinations, their various methods of presenting natural forms, are eloquent to those who can understand them. But all these remoter suggestions are conveyed to the mind by implication, by figure or symbol, as in poetry, and not, as in prose, by direct statement. The language of architectural forms is

one of infinite artifice; it is born of traditions, is shaped by conventions, and speaks in parables and apologues, which can be interpreted only by those who have studied the growth of thought in the development of its signs and symbols. This language is not so much in construction as in the decoration of construction. It becomes articulate in ornament, whether, like that of Egypt, its apparent motif is a remote paraphrase of the lily and papyrus; or, like that of Greece, a highly conventionalized and chastened apotheosis of the acanthus, the honeysuckle, and the seashell; or, like that of Rome, an ostentatious, opulent, sensuous development of the Greek forms; or, like that of the early Christians, a spiritualized reminiscence of the conventions of Greece and Rome, and a new creation of the flowers and fruits of nature; or, like the mediæval ornament, an embroidery of cusps and crockets, and an artificial adjustment of natural forms to the rhythm of architectural order and harmony; or, like the ornament of the Moslems, an intricate but orderly tangle of geometrical lines; or, finally, like that of the Renaissance, an elegant profusion of wreaths, garlands, and emblems, with flowing stalks of artificial foliage, mingled with human figures and chimæras, all created and arranged to make symmetry more beautiful. These conventions were used merely to ornament construction, with no deeper object in view; nevertheless, the spirit of the times in which they were executed unconsciously gives them a peculiar character and significance.

Much of the sentiment, many of the emotions, to be derived from architecture are of course enjoyed by the layman according to the degree of his natural sensitiveness to impressions from works of art, and according to the liberality of his education; but it is apparent that to his complete comprehension of the full meaning of an architectural monument there is needed an interpreter, who can not only feel it, as an expert, in its evident and remoter meanings, but who, if possible, can analyze and demonstrate it, thus opening to the world this most fertile and most delicate source of intellectual and emotional delight.

We would first look for such an interpreter among the poets; but apparently no poet, even in this century, the most inquisitive of all in the history of our race, has as yet endeavored to penetrate this difficult region of art, although Browning, Wordsworth to some extent, and perhaps one or two others seem to have shown that the obstacles are not insurmountable, when the spirit is willing and the mind informed.

Byron's haughty disdain for the study of a work of art may be something more than a personal idiosyncrasy; it may represent the characteristic attitude of all his poetic brothers and sisters. But a mind familiar with this noblest of the fine arts, and trained to its practice, finds it difficult to condone this indolence or indifference of the tuneful choir. Of course it may be said that a poet need not be a geologist or a botanist to enable him to treat a landscape in adequate poetic phrase, and that, therefore, to celebrate justly an architectural theme, the equipment of an architect or of an archæologist is not necessary to him; that the Tintern Abbey of Wordsworth, for instance, is a beautiful and satisfactory poem as it stands, and that it would have been no more acceptable if, instead of the exquisite reflections which were actually incited in his mind by the neighborhood of that monument, it had inspired him with thoughts more germane to its intrinsic architectural and human conditions. In fact, it is because of these conditions, because it is a creation of the culminated and combined wisdom of mankind at the moment of its erection, and a poetic expression of the civilization of its times, that a monument of architecture has a different sort of interest from the works of nature, a signifi-

cance which cannot be reached by a casual impression of some of its external effects. The Tintern Abbey of Wordsworth was not intended to be a poem of architecture. For the purposes of the poet, this building did not differ in value from a demonstration of nature; to him it was a mere mark of locality, inducing a certain range of thought because of association. An architectural poem on such a subject would be at least equally well worth writing: it would celebrate in poetic form the structural and decorative harmonies of the subject, and would enter into the feelings of the men who created it; it would reveal the deep significance of its individuality of character in form and detail; it would touch upon the human aspirations and passions unconsciously built into its walls, and would draw its inferences and lessons from these inherent conditions; it would be a poem of humanity, based upon one of humanity's most exquisite manifestations. Such a poem, apparently, has not been written.

Now, pondering these things, it occurred to me to question whether the explanation of this silence of the poets lies in the fact that no expert has as yet shown the way to this region of difficult access, so that the inspired ones might at last find an entrance by following his footsteps, and gather there the flowers that so long have blushed unseen and wasted their sweetness in vain; or whether, after all, it may be impossible to describe architecture adequately in sympathetic poetic diction, avoiding technicalities, which would be the merest stumbling-blocks to inspiration, and to express, by the same medium, somewhat of its true sentiment and meaning. The answering of the questions seemed to be worth a somewhat hazardous experiment. To this end, quite conscious of the absence of the divine afflatus in my own composition, though with a lively appreciation of its results in others, and encouraged by the reflection that genius has been called the art of taking pains, and that patience is one of its most potent ingredients, I timidly, and with no exalted expectations, ventured to try my 'prentice hand on

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

For the sake of its simplicity, mainly, and because its capacities for the purpose seemed to be reasonably obvious and manageable, I have chosen for a subject a doorway in southern Romanesque, having in my mind, not an individual example, but rather a type; so that the characteristics of the style might not be subjected to the accidents, or limited to the idiosyncrasies, of a single monument. Perhaps, however, features of the porch of St. Trophême at Arles may have had a somewhat prevailing influence over the ideal which I have attempted to portray. Though of course the development of my thought has been materially embarrassed by the unfamiliar obstructions of rhyme, rhythm, and poetic diction, and my progress has been consequently slow, laborious, and plodding, quite without anything approaching what I understand to be meant by "fine frenzy," the performance of this self-imposed task has not been without somewhat of the "pleasure of poetic pains." The theme was at the beginning mapped out in cold blood, but I fancy that the form of the composition has forced it not only to overflow the original prudent boundaries of the argument, but at several points to take an unexpected turn of emphasis or imagination, which I dare to hope may possibly be explained or condoned as the process of the evolution of prose into what may be called poetry. I am not at all sure on this point; but the process, I believe, if it has to some extent idealized the thought, or perhaps led it astray, has not betrayed the architecture, for the integrity of which I must be held responsible.

Possibly the method of presentation which I have employed may, in skilled

and practiced hands, render architecture intelligible to those who, as Burke said, are ready to yield to sympathy what they refuse to description. At all events, if the results which mere plodding industry, under the impulse of long-cherished enthusiasm and corrected by a reasonable knowledge of the subject, has reached may not afford a sort of pleasure to others, it may at least interest them, as, under the circumstances of its production, a curiosity of literature.

If it is remembered that in this modest experiment I do not rashly pretend to compete with the poets, nor even to prove that the field, which I still believe to be rich in poetic thought and abounding in food for the imagination, is accessible to them, the obvious comment will not be made, that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

I am tempted, therefore, to release this child of painful endeavor from its secret place, with the pathetic inquiry upon its lips, "Have I a right to exist?"

THE CHURCH DOOR.

A STUDY IN ROMANESQUE.

Twice four hundred years have borne
To this doorway, gray and worn,
Weary weights of grief and sin;
Contrite, have they entered in,
And, beneath the arch of stone,
Laid their burdens down, and known
That to faith, whate'er betide,
The doors of heaven are opened wide.
For, with invitation sweet,
The pastoral Church, her flock to greet,
To fold, to comfort, and to feed,
This Portal Beautiful decreed.

The narrowing arch is deep and wide;
Niched in its jambs on either side,
Shaft beyond shaft in ordered state
Stand on their solid stylobate,
Their leafy capitals upholding
Archivolt and fretted moulding;
Arch within arch, with lessening leap,
From shaft to shaft concentric sweep,
Echoing inward o'er and o'er,
Inward to the vaulted door,
Every arch by subtle hand
Wrought with roll or bead or band,
Wrought with fillet or with fret,
Dentil, billet, or rosette,
While, between the sculptured rings,
Angel choirs spread their wings,
And, soaring as the arches soar,
With viol and with voice adore.

For the happy masons said,
As the radial stones they laid,
Truly wedged, with every joint
Loyal to the central point,
And by touch of chisel taught
Utterance of human thought, —
"Let the choral arches sing
Joyfully a welcoming,
Every one in concord fair
Moulded and attuned to share
By the cunning of the mason
In a solemn diapason,
While the great arch over all,
Silent, bears the mighty wall;
Silent, while its arch-stones deep
Under the sheltering label sleep,
And the corbel-heads intone
Vespers with their lips of stone."

Then with reverent hands they laid,
Deep in the archèd frame embayed,
Circled with immortal song,
Upon a lintel deep and strong,
A sculptured slab, to symbolize
Grace Divine to human eyes.
Oaken doors they hung below,
On forgèd hinges turning slow,
The rigid iron branching wide
With foliate growth from side to side.
Blessèd they who enter here!
For, upon the midway pier,
The gentle Mother, undefiled,
Bears on her breast the Holy Child,
And, born of superstitions old,
Consecrated types unfold
To purer meanings, and impart
Dignity to childlike art.
Ranged along the lintel stone,
Each like each, and all like one,
Side by side in sad debate,
The twelve apostles sit in state.
High on the stone where Grace Divine
Shows to mankind the sacred sign,
The blessèd Lord, in glory crowned,
Sits majestic, while around
His central throne, on either hand,
The four mysterious Creatures stand,
Ready to bear, with wings unfurled,
His great Evangel to the world;
His hand, upraised in benediction,
Comforts pain and soothes affliction,
Ever blessing year by year
All who humbly enter here,
Saying at the open door,
Pax vobiscum evermore.

With craft by gray traditions bound,
The builder raised these arches round,
Developing in progress true
The ruder forms his fathers knew.
He built them strong with honest care,
With heart of pride he built them fair,
Prodigal of labor spent
In joyfulness of ornament;
Not yet by learning led astray
From nature's strong and simple way,
Not trained as yet to analyze
The gifts of God with questioning eyes,
Nor by sophistication cold
Made timid where he should be bold,
No fine restraint the builder knew;
Barbaric force to beauty grew
In types of unaffected form,
From the heart of nature warm, —
Prolific roots with strength innate
In future growths to germinate,
The perfect flower, yet unblown,
Hidden in the sheath of stone.

To him no rich, historic Past,
With strange ideals and visions vast,
Held bitter fruit of knowledge out
To tempt his innocence with doubt.
In narrow bounds his course was laid;
Not distracted, nor afraid,
Here he worked with earnest heart,
Nor knew his handiwork was art;
In images, as nature taught,
And not in learnèd words, he thought;
Carved as his fathers carved of yore,
But with a touch unknown before,
And kept his living art apace
With the progress of his race.

The sterile stones to life awake;
O'er the naked fabric break
Growths from ancient classic seed,
Acanthus, ovolo, and bead,
But the flowers of the field
Secrets to the carver yield,
And, new-created, play their part
In the symmetries of art.
Stem and tendril, bud and bloom,
Here an order new assume,
Trained to fit the builder's place
With artifice of formal grace.
All living things, by art transformed,
In this new creation warmed,
To new uses strangely grown,
Animate the bossy stone.
From these vital forces spring
Forms of prophet, priest, or king,
Scarcely wrought on nature's plan,
More of stone, and less of man,
Tall, attenuate, and still,
Like the niches which they fill;
Right and left, the door they keep,
Watching, while the ages sleep.
Here the carver's wayward tool
Breaks through order's rigid rule,
And grotesquely, as he works,
Humor gross with worship lurks.
Creatures of invention strange
Through the sculptured leafage range,
As with strains of music stirred,
By all ears but theirs unheard,
Moving rhythmic with the bent
Of structural line and ornament,
Pursue their sports or chase their prey
In a carver's holiday.
Tales of Scripture, legends old,
In the crowded caps are told,
Which, with leaf or figure, still
Under the abacus fulfill
In various forms their double duty
To bear with strength and crown with beauty.

Now, nature, with her soft caress,
Has stooped the carver's work to bless
With the mystery and surprise
Of her silent sympathies.
Centuries, whose mellow tones
Sleep upon these votive stones,
Have smoothed the thresholds with the beat
Of their penitential feet;
And age to art a grace has lent
Quite beyond the art's intent,
To conscious stone, to human thought,
A new interpretation brought.

Out of the quarry's sleeping heart,
The spirit, waked by patient art,
Taught to repeat its lessons clear
On fretted arch and storied pier
In utterance beautiful, that finds
Quick access to lowly minds,
Whispers from the graphic stone
Solemn secrets of its own, —
Runes which, heard aright, betray
Stories of the ancient day;
Tell what never scribe nor sage
Wrote on the historic page
Of arts and manners, and the place
Reached in the progress of the race,
When builders toiled, untaught but true,
And "builded better than they knew;"
Tell, in some new exotic grace
In turn of leaf or chisel's trace,
In flower's shape or carver's thought,
The sources whence the people caught
The strength to rise from old to new,
From dark to light, from false to true;
What Byzantine fires came
To set their smouldering arts aflame;
How from Roman shrines was brought
Pagan wealth to Christian thought;
What forces and what fates combined
To change the courses of the mind,

Pointing paths which men must take,
Nations yet unborn to make.

Thus the witness of the stone
Is not for date or style alone;
Still beneath these arches low
Humble generations go
To receive the peace that falls
From these visionary walls, —
Rest from toil and peace from strife,
Glimpses of the nobler life;
But what is hidden few may read
Behind the church's sculptured screed.
If the powers which shaped the fate
Alike of lowly and of great
Hieroglyphic record made
When these humble stones were laid;
If acanthus and volute,
If this growth of leaf and fruit,
This new creative force, which brings
New life to all created things,
Kindling with its vital flame
The lifeless geometric frame,
Gathered in from race to race
Increments of time and place,
And the nations set their signs
In the carver's forms and lines;
If the spirit that awoke,
'Neath the unconscious chisel-stroke,
Was the soul of history, —
Deep into its mystery
Let my new-world vision see,
When these doors unfold for me,
When upon this threshold-seat
Linger my expectant feet,
And the blessing on my head
From the lifted Hand is shed.

When, beneath far Western skies,
Seeds of this ancient art surprise
The children of a younger race
With blossoms of exotic grace;
When, in sweet and virgin earth,
They find a new and prosperous birth,
And, in spacious, strenuous air,
A growth more free, a bloom more fair,
While the vigorous germs retain
The virtues of their primal strain, —
So may a strong and simple art,
Born in innocence of heart,
Unfold beyond the builder's hope
In purer line and larger scope,
And modern life and light fulfill,
With studied aim and conscious skill,
The promises which, all unknown,
Slept in the old prolific stone;
So may the later spendthrift age
Waste no more its heritage,
In the mazes of the past
Wandering aimless, but at last
Find for art a path which leads
Out of the doubt of varying creeds,
And onward from the Christian arch
Begin a new triumphant march.

Henry Van Brunt.

BETWIXT A SMILE AND TEAR.

A CALENDAR WITHOUT DATES.

I FIND the spring, even proud pied April, is not averse to long memories and backward glimpses into the quiet years. In truth, there is a point of time when the vernal season, like youthful humanity, seems prone to brooding and to gentle melancholy of reminiscence, as though it found its Intimations of Immortality in the tokens vouchsafed of a preëxistence. The spring looks back, and we look back with it. And so, the keeper of a desultory year-book may perhaps be indulged in gathering from it, here and there, leaves bearing the date of many Aprils past; while seasonable sunbeam, light shadow, and fleeting rain are invoked to illuminate the transient page. Special entries are not noted; they are all, however, within the thirty days which April hath, in the ancient rote rule. Special localities are not indicated; but Aprilian caprice permits them, now to be the shore of a Western lake, now more near the "road of the bold," now the country or country village, and perhaps even the stony precinct of the great city.

THE CALENDAR.

"Winter-sorry" describes the worn and wan look of nature just after the

great snows are gone, and before the first traces of reviving life. The spirit of humankind, too, is a little winter-sorry at that time. But this torpid interval is past. To-day, we feel life to be stirring from root to uttermost branch. There are April lights in the hazy gray sky, nooks and alcoves of pale opal and amber, sudden glooms, sudden radiances, and soft punctuation of rain between these phases. I hear the patter of the fitful raindrops rather than see them, the atmosphere itself being of rain color.

The rain is past, and all nature has the appearance of having been hung or spread out to dry in the thorough-going west wind. The air is warm, but only in draughts is it so, or as if by importations from summer latitudes; for it is constantly crossed by cold vapors from the soaked and yet chilly earth, so that one entertains at once a vernal glow and a wintry shiver. The wrinkled pools in the meadows and pastures are driven by the wind into mimic surge, and the slender grass blades that have shot up prodigiously to fathom the height of these shallow pools are laid along the ruffled surface. The sodden leaves of last fall are being plucked up from their three months' repose, and are sent abroad by the sportive wind for flocks of living things. In fact, they rise from the ground all together, much like the sudden starts made by feeding companies of the English sparrows, or other small birds dead-leaf colored. Dead leaves! But the air is almost portentous with the flight and numbers of them! Do not they belong to those old parchment books which the Sibyl cast away, and which contained both history and prophecy? The wind utters them abroad; but no one can read, no one now understands them.

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In our world of waters, also, it is early spring. I shall not soon forget the sight I had of the lake this morning, — that vast half-moon figure of seamed and scarred ice. Far out on this expanse was the semblance of a band of watery gray and white, — the free channel with its burden of broken ice. The beach was unusually wide, and the solid lake lay upon it with a scalloped edge, just as the retiring wave had frozen. It was a novel adventure to climb the crest of such a wave, and from that point of vantage look out over the frozen field. But these immobile surges on the shore were beginning to feel the force of the vernal sun at last, and their shelving edges were already considerably worn away, thus producing many small shallow porches or caves set with stalactites of ice. Least rillets and cascades of melting water glided down from these transient cliffs of the winter's building. It seemed suitable to speak of "the time of water-drops," as in Esquimau parlance set down by Dr. Kane; for was not *our* frozen deep at last yielding to the higher sun and more clement winds?

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To-day I heard the song sparrow in the willows by the creek, just as I heard him, or one of his fluttering feather, springs ago, singing alternate songs with a distant rival. In the musical duello this little bird has no equal that I know of; so patient is he, so pertinacious, so animated, throughout the entire performance. I heard, too, the notes of the grass finch, — at least those two initial notes of his song that suggest a lazy seesaw. Did I hear, also, the liquid allegretto of the wren, from the orchard? The meadow lark's was well discerned in the *mélange* of bird voices; in it, but not of it, —

> The meadow lark that laves with pure, clear sound
> The greening hollows and the wintry hillside bound.

Nearer than ever before came the mourning dove's melancholy, slow intoning; bewilderment and unsatisfied inquiry its language. With this, too, I heard a sound, half sighing, half painful

indrawing of the breath, between the notes of inquiry. One would be moved to say that the bird is heart-broken, and this just at the dawn of the spring and better days. A robin sat on a low branch, softly whistling, to whomsoever it concerned, about nest-making. There was no heart-break in her note. She had the appearance of wearing whiskers, having in her bill a large sheaf of grass. How, with this encumbrance, she contrived to whistle, I cannot guess. At this time of the year, the feathered folk have enough to do, — enough of social and domestic employment to make their singing-time a luxury. A pair of bluebirds were crying and fluttering about a knot-hole in the old willow. I watched, to learn the cause of their anxiety. First one, then the other, would poise in air, with quivering wings, before the cavity, as though challenging some ambushed party. I disturbed their movements a little to give their enemy a chance to reconnoitre, when behold a woodpecker bobbed its head out of the knot-hole, uttering several sharp squeaks, like a mouse, but louder. Then the male bluebird flew at the woodpecker, and away both went to decide their differences by a duel in the air; the female bluebird staying composedly in the willow.

I have been listening with new delight and speculation to the song of the red-shouldered blackbird. This, it seems to me, consists of several distinct tones, blending agreeably as in a harmony of thirds. It has the quality of the mouth-organ prized by children. Certainly, to my ear, the bird was accomplishing a feat equivalent to a vocalist singing at one and the same time what is written on the tenor and on the bass staff. But I remember that the humming of the bee has often impressed me with a similar quality of composite melody, — as though I were listening to a little choir singing far away, the sounds of the several voices coming as one through mellowing distance.

On the way home, I found a dead robin, and yielded him funeral rites, remembering what had been done by his relatives, the English robins, for the Babes in the Wood; nor was his tiny requiem wanting.

> Thou shalt have a little bed
> Made for thee, and overspread
> With brown leaves for coverlet,
> Which the tearful dew has wet.
> I, among the songs of spring,
> Will miss the song thou didst not sing.
>
> . . . . . .

I see time as a stream slipping by me. I forget that I am not as sure to sit upon its banks forever as the stream is sure to flow forever. Others are bold by rushing forward. It is almost as great presumption to remain behind, and to be a Bold Loiterer.

> O brave and swift, I give ye hail,
> With whom nor sloth nor doubt prevail!
> Your feet tread out adventurous ways,
> And days to dawn shall speak your praise,
> Still bounding on, with shining face,
> All fates to challenge, or embrace.
> But leave me here to mine own lot, —
> But leave me here, and censure not!
> So bold are ye — so bold am I
> Who dare to halt while time fleets by!
>
> . . . . . .

"Vernat humus, floresque et mollia pabula surgunt."

That old miracle of the growing grass! How much has it drunk to-day from the heavenly fountains? How many shades deeper in color to-night than it showed this morning? It is so vividly green where it borders the road that the wet ground takes on a reddish tint by law of complement.

The maples are in blossom. Many of the trees, standing out against the clear western sky, and thick set with swollen buds, have the appearance of harboring swarms of bees. A higher polish is put, day by day, on the branches and twigs of the peach-trees. The buds of the cherry-trees are encased in a rich brown enamel. Brambles are reddening, and the stems of the sumach look

like those of the moss rose, being clothed with a gluey furze which stains the hands as with soot. A faint flame of low heat springs up through the ashes of the year. Henceforward it will but deepen in blossoming tree and wine-colored leaf-buds, until it is finally lost in impatient freshets of greenness, put out by the inrolling summertide.

This morning I heard a blue jay trying to whistle the robin's tune, in short, rather ineffective chirrups (or cheer-ups); and he attempted imitation not only of the robin, but of the grackle as well. I did not know before that the blue jay possessed mimetic talent. Perhaps it is the gift of the spring. However this may be, his long, strident winter war-cry of a note has given place usually to a somewhat plaintive creaking cry, with a little jangle of bells at the close. I should mention that the blue jay, when uttering this peculiar note, has a curious gymnastic trick of bobbing up and down, like a toy bird on a wire. It is very amusing to see several of these birds performing this new singing exercise and bobbing in concert. One is reminded of the blackbird and his antics, which seem to have reference to the production of the characteristic vocal sounds he indulges in.

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I sit on the fallen (or felled) trunk of the old sycamore, the fragments of his stalwart arms lying around on the ground or piled up for cord wood. His heart was sound, I see by the solid and smooth grain of the stump. This I note of the sycamore: the branches nearest the top of the tree are the lightest in color, the bark ripening there first, and falling off; while nearer the ground the bark is thicker, and, apparently, not so soon shed. With the sycamore went the black walnut and the bladder-nut shrubs, and the clambering and caressing thickets of bittersweet. The ash-tree hanging over the water is not taken yet, but he seems to be pulling his roots out of the bank, and to be leaning more heavily forward, as though grief-stricken at the ruin wrought around him. The high water laughs and gurgles among the intricacies of the roots, and collects thereunder its foolish treasures of yellow-white foam. The sun's reflection in the stream is like the fusion of gold and silver ingots, liquid and inconstant, or like an intolerably bright cirrus cloud, irregular and confused in outline, which the water would fain drown, but cannot. This submerged sunshine, as I sit on the bank, is often darted up into my face, as though some mischievous urchin under the bank were practicing with a bit of broken looking-glass, directing the flash towards me.

What simple, kindly pleasure Mother Nature has provided me in a certain low, springy pasture on the south side of the woods, where every winter the chopper exercises his discretion, slowly decimating the old graybeard and infirm trees! There are some stumps of wild cherry there, or of maple, with posthumous offshoots growing up around them, — such hope of a tree if it be cut down! All the better if the chopping has been done lately, so that there shall be a *débris* of sweet and fresh-smelling chips. In the sunshiny pools that lie about this pasture batrachian felicity has no stint. The water seems drinking itself, with much bubbling suspiration, with nasal and guttural variations. The chorus of frogs! — or might it not be as well a symphony performed by a company of ancient afternoon sleepers snoring out an invocation to Morpheus? On this sunny wood border are the first installments of wild flowers. What low but sightly knolls, dressed with the first blue violets, adder's-tongue, and cress, or displaying the mysterious little drama of the springing mandrake in all stages of development, waxen pyramid, praying monk, and the Chinese mandarin with raised umbrellas at the last!

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Great Morning! may I be
Thy joyous votary!
So shall my spirit mount
To bathe within the fount
That bursts through night and spills
Splendor upon the hills.
May I, like Memnon, lift
A voice above the drift
Of desert levels drear,
Though none but thee should hear.
Possess me of a joy
Fierce noon cannot destroy,
If I must stay behind.
Or else, give me, to bind
On these slow, mortal feet,
The wings of Hermes fleet;
And I will follow far
On the rose way thy car,
And, as we rush along,
The Hours will teach their song!

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Two great isolators are late night and early morning, but different. He who walks alone at night seems to himself to be a watcher, the sentinel of a camp of sleepers. He who walks in the early morning is, in his fancy, allowed to be a participant in matutinal mysteries, an auxiliary light-bringer and reorganizer of a lapsed and oblivious world. The first moment of awaking, after a long night's sleep, is as a watershed, or high dividing ridge, down which go the currents of thought in contrary directions, — these to the deep of yesterday and unremembering abysmal shadow, those to the bright main sea of the coming day. Something of mere mental fashion, of whim or prejudice, has become obsolete during the reign of sleep; some goad or irritation ceases to trouble; some craving is assuaged, or something lacked is seen to be unessential. There is now no obscurity or evasiveness of memory, no confusion of purpose or desire, no feather's weight on the sensitive scales of conscience.

Such thoughts came to me on first waking. And moreover this: if an interval of sleep, if the common nightly truce to conscious existence, can so recreate and rejoice us, what shall not the deep sleep of all do? We shall be all the better and brighter for death, I thought.

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This morning, as I threw open my window, in came the mornings of long ago. The languishing, vivacious, fitful April air so subtly played on the chords of reminiscence! In that moment I was old in many springs glancingly seen in long vista. But soon the intervening years dropped out of the perspective, and I was spirited away to childhood's happy vernal places: a region of rolling farm land, orchard and woods; a little stream winding out of the green near distance, to be lost in far meadows, themselves lost in sunny haze; for sounds, the tinkle of sheep-bells, the bleating of young lambs, while, like the distant laughter that might run around some amphitheatre (as a child, I thought of the circus-tent), there comes the antiphonal crowing of the cocks from neighboring farms.

Always, what pleasant intimations and solicitings of the fancy come to me with the early morning! A single thread of a spider's web thrown across the window pane is singularly beguiling to my eye. The wind gently stirs, without breaking, the gluey thread; the sun glances upon it, turning it now to amber, now to ruby. I can see this shining filament either as a floating bridge for the sylphs, or as a lance thrown in elfin challenge by a hand ethereal and invisible.

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This evening there was a distinct zodiacal light. This mysterious ghostly mountain, or "sugar loaf," that leans towards the southern heaven, what is it? One of the domes of Valhalla, a watch-tower of the warrior shades? Or shall we merely say, Spring's early candle-light, or her taper to light her up betimes in the morning? In its quality of faint adumbration, it suggests the weak shadow which any object throws on the wall when there are many lamps in the room.

The comforting unity and simplicity of the night picture appeal to me, especially of the night picture in winter, or in early spring, before the leaves have come upon the trees. To-night, a half-moon, like a bright flying mask (of Thalia), hurries through clouds that bear a hint of iridescence woven into their frail texture; a few brilliant stars in the glimpses of the deep night blue. This is all, when you except the tree-tops with their clinging swarms of swollen leaf-buds, which, however, do not now show as they did against the glow of the sunset sky. Contemplative quiet is in the air. It looks like a night of the nights primeval, the work of creation suspended until the morrow.

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A crow winging its way across Manhattan Island, incurious and undelaying, across defile after defile of the stony and clattering streets, is perhaps no remarkable sight. But to me it was a piece of live heraldry; I wished to know what provoked his transit. I did not inquire of those whom I met, "Did you know that a crow flew over New York this morning?" but the speculative interest the voyager excited in my mind remained through the day.

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Yielding to desultoriness and idleness, this rainy morning, I look out of my window, and observe the castaway and collapsed umbrellas that strew the city street, after the gusty rainstorm of last night; they look like so many dilapidated bats after a nocturnal orgy. In the city, alas, there is little difference in the quality of the rain, be it November's or April's. How different where there is anything to give it welcome! But the big stone pillars, and the flagging of the piazza upon which my window opens, look saturate with the moisture. Then I think of some solitary rough old landmark stone of the lonely fields, in the steady rain. Has not such a stone sometimes looked to me as though it enjoyed the flood from heaven, even like some organic creature of fleshy or vegetable tissues? At least, it seemed to be generously aware of the enjoyment felt by the lichen garden it supported on its north side.

What is the service of the rain?
We in the city want the sun!
Upon the wires that pass the pane
The idle drops together run.

I watch them idly; and below,
'Twixt wet and wind, in struggle vain,
I watch the crowd toil to and fro.
What is the service of the rain?

Somewhere in hollows, slow and still
The great drops bead upon the whips
Of willow, while the brooks upfill,
And to the dead turf lay their lips.

Then, all about the fields, unseen,
The Spring will go with naked feet,
And make small winding paths of green,
And even the dead leaves smell sweet!

Then, buds like eyes begin to peer,
The bladed grass takes heart again;
There may be violets, too! But here
What is the service of the rain?

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There is no sense of spring, approaching or realized, in the unalterable bosom of the sea, — at least, none that I can discern. But this may be because I have been wonted to the spectacle of the sun warming the sculptured Galatea into responsive and mobile life, of Erie awaking after her winter sleep. There may be unobvious changes betokening vernal impulse in the heart of great Neptune. There may be spring wild flowers in the deep meadows beloved of the young mermaid. Why should not all seaweeds, as well as land vegetation, have their seasons of florescence, of seeding, and of rest from growth? But if the sea has no revelation to make of springtime processes within his own domain, his touch upon the land is not unsympathetic. I have nowhere seen a more living green than that of yonder marshes, which twice a day feel the salt kisses of the sea.

The combination of ocean, rock, and bold openness of landscape here on the New England coast gives different skies from those observed inland, sublimer effects of cloud-massing, diviner coloring in the sunsets. Here I am more often put in mind of great old Chapman and his Jovian wonder-work in the lines, —

"As when from top of some steep hill the
Lightener strips a cloud,
And lets a great sky out of heaven!"

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I have just heard the story of their Scotch governess, whom my friends remember to have wept the nights through, but who brightened visibly on foggy days; for, as she said, they reminded her of home. She loved mist and rain, and, very suitably, had been in love with a blind man. She would have gone into transports with the weather to-day. A white and nubilous wilderness! Why has no one described that sense we have, in the mist, of vast reaches and sublime distances which, unmeasured and unexplored, may stretch illimitably from our very door? Imagination invents the landscape and scene beyond and out of sight, plains, mountains, frowning cliffs, still and dark forests; strange meetings with creatures of fable seem possible. One listens, too, in expectation of unwonted sounds. To-day, I hear only the rhythmical pulsings of the sea on the shore, in the midst of all this vagueness, like the metronome for some silent music, — the melodies unheard, that are sweeter.

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A snipe's nest in the border of the salt marsh, under a little sheaf of dry grasses left by the high water of a few weeks ago. Eggs colored like the mottled field of grasses and earth all around; white with brown blotches. The nest is made in what is scarcely a dimple of the ground, and is a mere displacing of the surrounding grasses, — the lowliest domicile in the neighborhood! Blessed are the poor in spirit, and Blessed are the meek! The meekest things I know are the snipe and its nest. Yet these seem, more than any other objects in the landscape, to relate themselves to the universal; to the polished floor of the sea at sunset, to the vastness of the sky and the freedom of the air. At evening, more especially, fancy is called upon to represent the peace, the heaven-guarded serenity, of that nest, as the mother snipe, with a last "peet-weet," sinks under the "protective coloring" of the grassy roof which covers herself and her hope of the coming brood.

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To-day, April looks over into May, and, at what she sees there, laughs like a child. It would be bad faith, and like old ice clinging to some last footholds of winter in the woods, if we of the human world would not melt in and fuse with the general current of joy.

Away with old sorrow, away with dim tears,
That were shed all in vain for the wreckage
of years!
It is spring in the land, it is spring at the
morn!
The forest forgets the leaf sodden and lost,
The grass forgets the fell scythe of the frost,
And the green of the bramble creeps over its
thorn.

Ah, see in the fields the white flocks stray!
They forget the cold hill where they shivering
lay;
The ewe has forgotten her lamb that died!
And the bird — oh, listen! — remembers not
The mate it loved by the fowler was shot!
They forget — they are glad! Who is it would
chide?

Doth the old leaf fret at the new-budding leaf?
Who knows that the dead desire our long
grief?
Peace be to memory, truce be to fears!
We have wept, and shall weep, but here, at the
height
Of the spring and the morn, we lay hold on
delight!
Away with old sorrow, away with dim tears!

Edith M. Thomas.

MONEY AS AN INTERNATIONAL QUESTION.

In his charming address opening the Monetary Conference at Brussels, on the 22d of last November, M. Beernaert, prime minister of Belgium, spoke as follows: —

"That which will in the future be looked upon as the characteristic mark of our century, this century so strange and grand in many respects, will be the prodigious and incessant development in it of international relations. Formerly, one belonged to his village, his province, or, at most, to his country. A man knew only his neighborhood. He shared its prejudices and its passions. The foreigner he viewed either with indifference or as an enemy. To-day, the horizon of humanity is enlarged. An immense movement is extending life and well-being everywhere. Peoples daily become better acquainted with one another, and mingle more freely with one another. The world itself hardly suffices longer for our activity. Hence the many international understandings for administering with uniformity the common interests of the civilized world. Agreements, which already apply almost universally, regulate telegraph systems, the mails, railroads, weights and measures, the publication of tariff laws, industrial and literary property. Tentatives in the same line are making to unify commercial law in several of its essential elements. Why should it not be the same with money, that instrument which is international *par excellence*, the one upon which we are all the most dependent? "

These words will serve as a text for the following paragraphs.

Every careful student of contemporary things must be impressed with the rapidity at which the world is becoming smaller. No two nations on earth are in effect so far apart to-day as were New Hampshire and Georgia when our Union was formed. This is why the growth of great states in territory and in the sweep of the central power in each is found to be, for the most part, safe and healthful as well as inevitable. In the United States, the general government now exercises authority which the stoutest Federalist of 1789 would have shuddered to foresee, yet does this with the approval of all.

It is not usually observed that the same force which shakes so many different nations into one, and consolidates so many individual nations, is compelling greater intimacy on the part of states which still remain governmentally separate. Even the mightiest sovereignties on earth cannot resist it. We have here the secret of the extraordinary advance which the science of international law has recently made. It is cultivated more than ever. The law of nations is viewed more than ever before as law proper, and its devotees cherish a project, which will never sleep until realized, of an international commission, a world court or world congress, for the trial of international disputes. Not only are sections giving way to nations, but nations are becoming one. We are hastening to a veritable "parliament of man," a "federation of the world."

The condensation of population upon our globe introduces a new necessity for conscious action by men in the direction of their greatest affairs. As civilization advances, the Power above takes man more and more into his counsel in shaping it. Idle trust in the so-called natural laws of social growth was once not so unsafe; but now the crowding and jostling occasioned by the density of society demand all possible thoughtfulness on men's part. Grave problems arise that once had no exist-

ence. They will not down, nor will they solve themselves.

The formation of an ecumenical postal union, in 1863, 1874, and 1878, was one long and benign step in this development. If we mistake not, the next, equally imperative, and destined, when taken, to be viewed as equally advantageous, will be the practical recognition of money as a matter for international agreement and action.

How splendid an achievement it would be if the nations of Europe and America would provide themselves with a few gold coins for use in common! No one can measure the good which would hence arise, from the extra ease with which accounts, prices, and statistics pertaining to one of these countries would then be understood by the people of other countries who had occasion to examine them. The perplexity which proceeds from the absence of such a common price denominator is a great barrier to international trade, making it a sort of occult science, wherein those specially skilled profit at the cost of the ignorant. Travelers as well as merchants would be saved from much trouble and loss by an international coinage. If it were introduced, a man from one country, journeying in another, would not be put to the necessity of visiting a bank at once on his arrival, in order to supply himself, at much expense, with the special money of the land.

So easy would this reform be, at least in countries using gold as fundamental money, it is surprising how little demand there is that the thing be done. The decimal system has been adopted nearly all over Europe, and, in money, also in the United States. Not merely the Latin Union, namely, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, and Roumania, but Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Russia as well, have so far introduced the decimal element into their moneys as, with but slight changes, to make possible certain highly convenient monetary unities among them.

The twenty-franc piece is already at home, under one name or another, — so many "francs," "lire," "drachmas," "lei," or "florins," — throughout the Latin Union, in the new State of Congo, and, as a trade coin, in Austria. Just to be odd, one would think, Austria is making her new twenty-crown piece a little heavier than the twenty-franc piece, putting into it 6.09756 grams of fine gold, instead of 5.806 grams. It is a pity that this coin should not have been made to agree at least with Holland's ten-florin piece, which contains only 6.048 grams fine. The Spanish piece of twenty-five pesetas is precisely equal in value to one and a quarter of the twenty-franc piece. Take about six cents' worth of gold from the English sovereign, and augment by about the same sum the German twenty-mark piece, and each of these, also, becomes a twenty-five-franc piece, exactly equaling in value one and one fourth of the twenty-franc piece. Our five-dollar gold piece could be reduced to this same value by removing some two and a half per cent of its fine gold. The Scandinavian Union would have to enlarge its twenty-crown piece but a little to make it equal to thirty francs. Can it be that such vexing diversity in the moneys of neighboring peoples will be tolerated much longer, when these trifling changes would introduce practical parity in moneys throughout the gold-using world? It will perhaps be said that the changes proposed would necessitate corresponding alterations in other gold coins. True, but the main modifications required would relate to the minor coins, of ten marks, ten crowns, etc., — coins which ought in any event to be melted, making way for silver money, to circulate in the form of certificates. This measure, which would strengthen immensely the gold holdings of national banks and treasuries, has everything to

recommend it, and not an objection to it would be offered by any one, provided the change could be made general.

A subject no less important, to which attention has not so frequently been drawn, is that of international gold and silver certificates. How insane it is that whenever exchange between Europe and America, for instance, reaches a certain figure, gold, in quantities more or less immense, must be carted to the wharf, placed in vessels, and, at great expense for freight and insurance, carried across the ocean, only to be returned after a few months in the same expensive way! Not seldom the cost of recoining is added to that of transportation. A million pounds sterling in gold, a sum which the Rothschilds frequently have to send from one nation to another, weighs eight and ninety-three hundredths tons. The same amount in silver would, at the present market value relation between the two metals, weigh a little over one hundred and ninety-six tons. I have never tried to compute the expense of this continual movement of the precious metals, but it certainly is very great.

And it is needless, at least among nations so highly civilized as those of Europe and North America. All of it might be saved by an arrangement on the part of national treasuries or banks parallel with that between the principal banks of New York, by which, in times of crisis, they utter clearing-house certificates. Such an arrangement, once become fixed and popular, would, I believe, be able to continue even through a war.

The thought at this point, so far as concerns Europe and America, relates mainly to gold certificates, because in these lands gold is now the sole means of ultimate payment; but there is no reason why much use should not be made of silver certificates as well. To be sure, they would not serve in the final settlement of balances, because silver is practically a commodity. Such papers would be like Standard Oil and other certificates used to mobilize heavy goods. But the international traffic to which silver is subject is so very important that the passing of these warrants from one side of the ocean to the other, in lieu of the metal itself, would effect great saving to all.

The necessity for international agreement in the matter of money is further seen in what occurs when, for any reason, a nation gives up the use of metallic money, and goes over to a *régime* of irredeemable paper, as we did in the civil war. One versed in political economy easily understands that such an act by one nation, liberating nearly all its gold and silver money and sending it abroad, elevates prices and cheats creditors in all the nations receiving it. That this occurs silently, and is always accompanied by certain phenomena in themselves felicitous, such as the lightening of producers' debts and taxes, does not, after all, make it desirable. It is the less so because the nations relieved enjoy the rise of prices only to suffer the reverse movement, sure to come whenever the nation first concerned resumes specie payment. There can be no doubt that the return to specie by the United States in 1877 and 1878, calling vast sums of gold from Europe, occasioned some part of the industrial distress that was experienced in England, Germany, and France during those years. Since about that time there has been, among the nations using it for money, a struggle for gold such as never occurred before. It has not yet ceased, and, unless some scheme can be devised for the rehabilitation of silver money, will not cease. About a billion dollars of gold money in excess of their previous holdings has been called for by the nations of the West since 1873. The United States required a great part of this. Germany and Italy also had to stock up with the yellow metal. More recently, Russia has been buying it far more copiously

than most surmise. That country now has a supply of about $481,600,000. Roumania has purchased largely for several years. For some months Austria has been buying, in order to range herself with the gold monometallic lands. The agency of Austria appears in the exportation of gold from the United States last year and this year, most of which has left us at moments when foreign exchange was below the gold exporting figure, showing the artificiality of this current. Austria has agents in New York, who are, directly or indirectly, securing the exportation of gold by offering for it special inducements of some kind.

The writer views this efflux of gold, not as resulting from the return of American securities held in Europe, but as the cause of that. There may be a few Europeans who doubt the continued gold solvency of the United States. Such persons are very rare, and have sent home but a small proportion of the valuable papers that have reached us since the Baring failure. The secret of both the gold outflow and the paper inflow lies in the determination of the European powers and great banks to be well supplied with gold, which can be carried into effect only by special measures. Our abnormally large importation of commodities during January of the present year is to be accounted for mostly in the same way.

Still another momentous evil, due to the fact that the world's monetary arrangements lack all coördination, is the fall in general prices which has been taking place since 1873. As I have elsewhere observed, many writers of great intelligence fall into a curious confusion of cause and effect upon this point, identifying fall of general prices with intrinsic cheapening of commodities. For instance, the Berlin Nation had, some years ago, an editorial on The Decline in Prices an Advance in Civilization, wherein such decline was set forth, not as a *sign* of economic advance, which, under the world's present economic system, it often is, but as itself an *element* in such advance, which it is not. That many manufactured articles have long been decreasing in intrinsic cost is a great blessing, and articles of this class would doubtless have gone down more or less under an ideal system of money. But it was not necessary that general prices should fall; and this fall, I maintain, has been an absolute and unmitigated curse to human civilization. Mark, it is not low prices which I condemn. Low prices, once established, are as desirable as high. That is to say, the words "high" and "low" in respect to prices are not absolute, but relative terms. The continual *fall* of prices, the act of sinking, is the accursed thing. None profit from it but such as are annuitants without being producers; and we may be sure that no civilized state is going to legislate to keep prices falling, when it is once seen, as it must soon be seen, that the fall injures all but the very few unproductive people who live upon their incomes. Bankers and money-lenders, as such, are not interested to have prices fall and the value of money increase. What enriches bankers is lively business, plentiful trade, demand for capital, high interest, — phenomena which never accompany appreciating money, and in the nature of the case cannot do so. In the absence of wars and all such acute causes narrowing the demand for loanable funds, the present abundance of these in all directions, and the consequent low rates of discount, ought to be read as indubitable signs of a morbid paucity of money in the general circulation.

All are glad, certainly, to have the costs of things become less and less. This process has been going on since 1873. Had this alone occurred, no one would complain. There are two proofs that this is not the whole of what has been going on. Intrinsic costs were falling between 1848 and 1873,

— falling as rapidly as they have done since 1873. But at that time prices were rising rather than falling, and it was a period of extraordinary prosperity everywhere. The other evidence that the fall in the intrinsic costs of things since 1873 has had an occult, baneful accompaniment of some sort is as follows: Falling costs imply prosperity. The signs of a régime of falling costs are, high interest and dividends, good wages and profits, happy merchants, manufacturers, bankers, and workmen, few failures, few strikes and lockouts, rapidly multiplying industrial undertakings, and rapidly increasing wealth. This is not a picture of men's economic life for the last twenty years. Costs have fallen, doubtless, but the fall in prices has not consisted solely or mainly in reduced costs.

Just so, an advance in prices may mean an advance in costs, as is generally, or often, the case when prices are put up by tariffs; or it may mean merely an increase in the volume of money, without increase, or even with decrease, in costs, as was the case after 1850.

I have nowhere seen these distinctions properly traced; and because they are not heeded, people of much intelligence often talk absurdly upon this subject. One class hails with joy a rise of prices, whatever its cause; when prices decline, many imagine that it must mean a lessening of the effort necessary to get commodities, and they raise hallelujahs accordingly. How many speeches in the last presidential campaign illustrated this deep confusion!

The dislocation of prices is infinitely the most important aspect of the silver question. The trouble is intensely real. It is at once economic and moral in nature, hindering productive investments and exchanges, and necessitating a measure of injustice in a vast proportion of the exchanges which do occur. The malady affects all alike, Europe as well as the United States, Germany and Austria no less than England and France. How long shall we let it continue?

Still more recondite is another evil from which modern society suffers greatly. I refer to the rupture of the industrial world into monetary hemispheres by the demonetization of silver which began in the year 1873. The result is substantially a new phenomenon in human history. Before 1873, silver as well as gold had practically been for centuries full money in all the important nations. After 1816, to be sure, silver was not full legal tender in England; but for all this, payments could be made to England in silver just the same, because France, near by, would receive this in settling her balances with England, and return gold.

This new state of affairs is a very serious one. Nations in the gold group can no longer trade freely with nations in the silver group. There is between the two worlds no mint par; that is, no stable par of any kind. As to trade, these two sections of humanity stand to each other in precisely the same relation which a nation using irredeemable paper money occupies to other nations. Under such circumstances, it can never be known how much of the money of one country will equal a given sum in that of the other at the moment when the trade is consummated or the goods are delivered. An element of specially distressing and perplexing risk thus enters into all such transactions, rendering them a veritable form of gambling. It is well known how greatly this curse is affecting England's trade with India, occasioning widespread bankruptcy and strikes without number. Lancashire, usually so prosperous, has become, in consequence of its disturbed commerce with India, the scene of nearly universal distress and complaint. No one denies this, but the remedies which various parties suggest are very diverse.

What has been written and said upon this subject, relating so exclusively to

its British phase, causes many to overlook the fact that friction of the same sort is felt all over the world, where countries whose ultimate money is gold seek to trade with countries whose ultimate money is silver. The United States, too, is hampered by this infelicity. It stands with the tariff as one of the reasons why our trade with Central and South America, Japan and China, is so insignificant.

Perhaps the worst victim of the disease at present is Mexico. The Mexican delegates at the Brussels Conference submitted a long paper, in which they rehearsed the distresses which have come to their country through the loss of their old-time freedom of exchange with the gold-using world. The picture which they drew was very dark. They did not complain of a loss in the purchasing power of silver, for net loss of this kind in the silver-using countries there has been none, but bewailed the uncertainty of the value of silver from day to day in terms of gold, which would, of course, be the all-important consideration in their foreign trade. I transfer to these pages a table which these gentlemen presented to the Conference, showing the number and the sweep of the variations in Mexican exchange on London for the two years 1889–90.

	1889.				1890.			
Month.	Maximum.	Minimum.	Variations.	No. of Variations.	Maximum.	Minimum.	Variations.	No. of Variations.
January	35 3/4	35 1/4	1/2	7	37 5/8	37 3/8	1/4	8
February	35 5/8	35	5/8	6	37 5/8	36 1/2	1/8	9
March	35 1/2	35 3/8	1/8	1	37 5/8	37 1/4	3/8	15
April	35 3/8	35 1/4	1/8	1	39	37 1/8	1 7/8	13
May	35 9–16	35 3/8	3–16	2	39 3/4	38 1/4	1 1/2	8
June	35 7/8	35 1/2	3/8	2	41 1/2	39 1/4	2 1/4	11
July	35 7/8	35 3/8	1/2	3	42 1/2	40 3/4	1 3/4	8
August	35 11–16	35 3/8	5–16	3	45 1/2	42 1/4	3 1/4	9
September	36 1/8	35 3/4	3/8	6	45 5/8	44	2 5/8	10
October	37 7/8	35 7/8	2	6	43 1/4	40 3/4	2 1/2	17
November	37 3/4	37 1/8	5/8	11	41 3/8	37	4 3/8	14
December	37 7/8	37 1/4	5/8	12	41 1/2	39 1/4	2 1/4	13

There are those, I know, who fancy that the precise difficulty here under survey must be temporary. They think that silver will "find its level," and that then it will be possible to forecast the course of exchanges between the different parts of the world, just as before 1873, or as between Europe and America now; the rates of exchange being sometimes higher and sometimes lower, but always oscillating back and forth past a fixed par. In my judgment, this thought is entirely illusory. If silver is left a commodity, there will never again be a fixed par between it and gold, any more than there now is between iron and gold, or lead and zinc. Not only so, but, as gold becomes more scarce, the gap between the units of the two moneys, gold and silver, must slowly and irregularly increase. It is not a pleasing prospect, for one who believes in the progress of human civilization, to see the two great sections of humanity thus held asunder by a gulf in their monetary relations; not impassable, indeed, but passable only through deepening storm and tempest.

The outlook is the darker because the portions of the earth thus unnaturally forced apart are precisely the ones that

ought to be trading together most freely. Many, of course, believe in erecting trade barriers between such different nations as produce the same things, but you must search far to find a man who does not favor closer trade between the nations of the southern world and the nations of the northern world. Now, this classification is almost exactly the monetary classification to which I have referred. Unless something can be done to close the chasm spoken of, it will yawn more and more as the years pass. It will be worse than a Chinese wall between those monetary zones, having more effect to prevent trade and the accompanying influences of civilization than the highest tariffs of which protectionists ever dreamed.

It is obvious that these evils can never be cured while nations continue upon their present *laissez-faire* monetary basis. So long as each nation acts for and by itself in these matters, society is inevitably a prey to the afflictions which have been enumerated; while, in respect to the last two of them, the fall of prices and the splitting of the world into diverse monetary camps, things are going from bad to worse.

Two parties make light of all efforts to bring nations together in monetary union. The ultra gold monometallists do this. They pretend that there is gold enough in the world, and deny, or incline to do so, that any such strife for this metal as has been alleged is going on. We notice, however, that at present none among the advocates of gold monometallism have the temerity to demand, as used to be done ten years ago by a few, that silver should be demonetized universally. But why ought not this to be done, if there is gold enough? Also, I have yet to hear of any gold monometallist who has dared, within the last five years, or would now dare, to recommend the United States, Germany, and the Latin Union to demonetize their full legal-tender silver. But again, why not, if there is gold enough? The most enthusiastic gold monometallists thus virtually admit, as regards the last and worst of the evils of which we have spoken, the powerlessness of what they recommend, to effect a cure. For the monetary chasm which gapes between the industrial world that uses gold and the industrial world that uses silver they provide no bridge.

But it is equally impossible, with the means favored by them, to remedy that other bane which we mentioned, — the bane of the fall in general prices. There is not, within the lands which now use gold, gold money enough to prevent a most serious and distressing fall in general prices. If only the exchange function of money be had in view, there is, doubtless, gold enough. There is sufficient to "go round." You can have gold in plenty for all exchange work, if you take each coin and divide it in two. Then the gold at present with us will go twice as far as now, relieving us of all difficulty in effecting whatever exchanges we wish to effect. But what would be the influence upon prices of such a division of coins? I leave the reader to imagine. Of course, it would be confusing and disastrous in the extreme.

Another class of influential persons who mock all attempts to secure an international monetary agreement are the ultra silver men, who desire free coinage by the United States alone. Among these are no doubt some who wish this result quite regardless of consequences, desiring only to make money more plentiful in order to render easier the unpleasant business of paying debts; but it is unfair to charge the whole class with such a motive. Many, if not most of them, sincerely believe that the free coinage of silver by us, independently of other nations, would not lead to the expulsion of our gold. They think that what France accomplished between 1803 and 1873, in maintaining

for all Europe the practical concurrence of gold and silver money at a value relation between the metals of fifteen and a half to one, doing this both during the penury of gold before 1850 and during the affluence of gold after that date, the United States could much more easily accomplish to-day. Not only do many thoughtful Americans believe this, but as well several of the ablest European students of monetary science, such as Henry Hucks Gibbs, Moreton Frewen, and Sir Guilford L. Molesworth. It is easier to laugh at this opinion than it is to refute it.

These thinkers make much of the fact that the abundance of money metal, including silver, produced since 1873 bears a much smaller proportion to the quantity in existence at that date than did the new money metal brought to light between 1850 and 1870 to that which existed just previous to 1850. Strong as this consideration is, I cannot, for my part, think these gentlemen right in their conclusion. They seem to overlook three important considerations: first, the hostility and discredit into which silver, rightly or wrongly, has fallen; secondly, the low cost at which silver can now be produced, owing largely to the circumstance that most of it is merely a by-product of lead, copper, and gold ; and thirdly, the intense fight for gold which is now going on. These facts had no parallels at the time when Michel Chevalier wished to demonetize gold, and they are of such moment that neither the United States nor any other nation would be wise in undertaking, alone, to reinstate silver. The result of such an effort would be, I think, that the nation making it would simply bid farewell to the gold-using section of mankind, and go over to the users of silver.

Were we, in our present condition, to institute the free coinage of silver, the first consequence would be the hegira of our gold, leading to dreadful stringency, and a much greater fall in prices than we have thus far seen. This agony being over, as the mints began to turn out great piles of silver dollars, to circulate either directly or by proxy, prices would slowly rise to the Mexican level. We should have left Europe in order to join Mexico, Central and South America, Japan and China. I can see how high-protectionists might earnestly desire such a result, for the wall which the change would erect between Europe and America would be more impassable than any that McKinley tariffs could create. This would be bad enough, but, from the point of view of the advancement of civilization, it would not be the worst effect. The fall of prices in the countries still retaining gold would of course be checked for a time. These countries would receive our gold, affording them great temporary relief. Only temporary, however. After a time, the struggle for gold would be on once more in the gold-using group, just as it is now; for that gold is destined to become more and more scarce, not only relatively, but at last absolutely, seems to the present writer as certain as anything future can be. The distress of falling prices would, in the course of years, lead some other nation, at whatever sacrifice, to incur the distress of changing its basal money from gold to silver. Then another and another would do the same. If this process must be gone through by one nation at a time clear to the bitter end, civilization will be hindered thus more than by the permanent continuance of the militarism which now burdens Europe.

No one nation can solve this serious problem. It requires international action. The only scheme by which the difficulty can be surmounted in anything like a permanent manner is international bimetallism, which I believe to be as perfectly feasible as its theoretical operation is simple.

A great many admit the troubles enumerated above, which in my judg-

ment bimetallism would cure, but do not wish to go so far in the way of remedy. Hence the innumerable *soi-disant* palliatives short of bimetallism that are offered for those difficulties. It would be tedious to enumerate these, interesting as many of them are from the ingenuity which they display. But it is to be remarked that none of these partial remedies could be carried into effect without international action, and that the concert which most of them would require would be of a much more intricate kind than that called for by out-and-out bimetallism. Compare, for instance, the simple provisions of bimetallism with the complex, minute, diverse, and numerous specifications of the pro-silver scheme put forward last year by the late lamented Professor Soetbeer. It were better to adopt at the outset a plan whose operation would be thorough. The best which could come from any superficial measure would be that it would soon reveal its inefficiency, having meantime committed the nations to common action in monetary affairs.

E. Benj. Andrews.

THE DAWN OF ITALIAN INDEPENDENCE.

Even if there be no reality to that symmetrical hypothesis which gives immutable laws for the regular and connected development of a nation or a race, the united expression of which, in all races and in all times, some call the philosophy of history, we cannot but recognize an almost uniform sequence of conditions, though we may refuse to call it a law, in the history of all the great nations. We see a sort of broad formula, to which the history of each separate race is more or less conformable in the various steps of its rise, progress, and decline. Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Persia, Greece, Rome, the two great trilogies of antiquity, confirm this principle, and it is illustrated by a host of lesser nations. Each race rises from a dim obscurity, a hidden, confused reservoir of great forces, gradually forms and moulds itself by conquering adversity and resisting peril, until at last it reaches the pinnacle of its greatness. The first steps of its decline are gracefully hidden in a pleasing efflorescence of material prosperity, when the arts are most encouraged and letters shine; then it sinks gradually into decay, until some external conqueror comes as the apparent cause of its sudden downfall. We say that Greece broke the power of Persia, that Rome conquered Greece, that the northern barbarians overthrew Rome; but in each case we refer only to the immediate cause of downfall, not the primary one. That is to be found in the internal condition of the nation itself, and not in any outward circumstance. It is this fact which makes the catastrophe seem complete and irremediable; which marks the political life of that nation as ended, and turns the attention of the world to its successor. We say it has fallen not to rise again, and the general verdict of history proves us right.

But what if, in the nineteenth century, we are to see an exception to the rule? What if we are to see a fallen nation, with the heritage of a great past, a nation which for centuries has been crushed to the earth, which has suffered the lowest degradation in the political scale for hundreds of years, rise from its chains, and if not become great, at least hold a high place among the great nations of the earth? This is what Mr. Thayer, in his enthusiasm for the young Italy of to-day, would have us believe, and it is a view that the record of each year of the

new Italian nation seems to confirm. From the moment when the London Conference of 1867 recognized her as the sixth great power, Italy as such, Italy as a national unity, returned to the stage of the world's history, and time alone can tell how important a part she is to play.

But the work [1] before us does not deal with this pleasant season of the nation's history, the time when something begins to be realized from all the struggles and suffering of the long agony of foreign rule and internal oppression. It is the story of these struggles and of this suffering that the author tells us, the darkest and most obscure period of modern Italian history, — the period when all Europe was engaged with the fierce death struggle of the Old, and the first life pangs of the New; when the great spectre of Reaction was walking to and fro in the continent, grinding down its peoples with a force bred of fear, keeping them from breathing, from the dread that one free breath would give them a power it could not control, and a new life which meant certain death to the old. The French Revolution had taught one lesson, Napoleon had taught another; but to those "who learn nothing and forget nothing," these landmarks in the progress of man's development had taught nothing. Instead of seeing in them potent signs of the great change which had taken place in the undercurrents of society, they recognized only their events, — only the circumstances which attended them, and not the real meaning of the hidden power which these events expressed. They thought that if the expression of it could be prevented by judicious means, the power would be as if it were not, and the privileged few could still control the turbulent mass beneath them. That they were able to continue this self-deception, this ignorance that seems folly to us of the present day, as long a time as they did, at first seems incomprehensible. Especially is this the case when we consider the great forces they were holding in leash. But the explanation is easy, and shows what at first sight is a paradox. In a measure, these reactionists were right. The people of Europe needed control, or at least they needed guidance; not a Napoleon, perhaps, certainly not a Metternich, but a Moses to lead them out of the wilderness, and into the promised land of freedom. They were not ready for self-government, even for so much of it as is represented by a nineteenth-century constitutional monarchy. They needed education in governing themselves, and were as unfit to realize the golden dreams of Mazzini and the prophets as children are to regulate their own lives. A people that has been in practical political servitude for centuries cannot be made free by the fiat of itself or of another. The attempt is soon crushed by tyranny, as history has always shown. To adopt a popular government requires a people capable of governing. This is not the reason why the crowned heads of Europe, in the early nineteenth century, refused to let their peoples govern themselves; but it is the principal reason why these rulers were able for so long to prevent their peoples from having even a share in the government of themselves. On one side was perfect organization, mutual sympathy of aims and methods, control of the existing administration in all its parts, and a firm and united intention to keep that control. On the other was disorganization, sectional and individual rivalry, ignorance of ways and means, questionable material to work with, inexperience and uncertainty, even vagueness of aim and object, and an indeterminate longing for a freedom which, when attained at rare intervals, left its possessors doubtful how to act. They were

[1] *The Dawn of Italian Independence.* Italy from the Congress of Vienna, 1814, to the Fall of Venice, 1849. By William Roscoe Thayer. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

unable to make use of it, and therefore unable to retain it. Metternich ruled because he knew how to rule; Mazzini and his followers did not govern, because they did not know how to govern. These are the hard facts which history must recognize. At first sight they seem sad and to be regretted, but they are really not so; for out of the struggle, out of the failure and all the suffering it involved, came the power which enabled the sons of Mazzini's followers to do precisely what the earlier patriots could not accomplish. It gave them knowledge bred of suffering; it gave them experience bred of failure; it trained the character of the new generation, so that they could accomplish where their fathers simply "agitated."

Although this struggle of the old and the new was going on in slightly different forms and with varying success in nearly every country of continental Europe, no case serves better to illustrate the truth of what we have said than the history of the Italian states from 1815 to 1848. Here we have the various warring elements that were constantly striking against each other, ceaselessly fermenting beneath the surface, kept down by the crust of an absolutist rule only superficially strong. Like the formless, seething masses under the thin covering of a volcano nearing eruption, all were ready to burst beyond control from many crevices, at the first break in the covering. In Italy, it was the age of conspiracy, of agitation, of secret societies, and of much plotting, and it was only the inherited sectional rivalry of the Italian states, and the lack of a great leader to guide and whom all would follow, that prevented it from being an age of great revolution. With the traditions of over a thousand years the Italians inherited a provincialism, a sectional rivalry, which amounted almost to hatred; and this is one of the most important factors to be considered in getting a true estimate of the confused events of their long struggle for independence. It explains many apparent contradictions; gives the reason for many failures when success seemed almost assured, and when united action was so necessary as to seem inevitable. In many ways the character of the modern Italian can be compared with that of the Greek of the age of Pericles: ardent; easily swayed by what touches the emotions; brave, but fickle; with passions easily raised, but quickly cooled; brilliant in mind, but unsteady of purpose; intensely patriotic and eager for freedom, but with difficulty comprehending the broad conception of the emancipation of a whole race. The great idea of nationality is in many countries a product of the nineteenth century, and in none more so than in Italy. Prophets proclaiming Italian nationality, Italian unity, appeared, and had devoted followers; they aroused a personal love and enthusiasm which is one of the great memories of the present Italian nation; but what they accomplished before 1848 is sadly out of proportion to their sufferings and their sacrifices. Italy had no Baron von Stein to make practical the dreams of those who preached a united Italian nation. Even the moderate scheme of Gioberti and the Neo-Guelphs met no support. It was too much for one party, the people; too little for the other party, the prophets. It was full of contradictions and impracticable, founded as it was on that modern anomaly, a *papa-re*, a pope-king, therefore destined to failure; for in matters temporal the modern papacy has unfortunately turned the rock of the Church to a shifting sand, no fit foundation for a new nationality. The other alternative, the strong, cohesive power of a military, constitutional monarchy, we now see to have been the means destined to succeed; but the author of this book well points out the almost frantic opposition which had to be overcome before such a possible saviour of Italian independence could be endured, rather than welcomed, in the times of Custoza and Novara.

The rise to power of the little kingdom of Sardinia, or, as Mr. Thayer very properly prefers to call it, Piedmont, can in many ways be fitly compared with that of Brandenburg and Prussia. Both performed similar missions for the respective national unities which they now dominate, and both represented similar elements in the various states which were to constitute a new nation. Each held the more rugged, warlike stock of their respective races; each started with the idea of individual aggrandizement; and each had thrust upon it a part in a larger drama than was at first contemplated by either. In Piedmont, the character about which most interest centres is that of Charles Albert, the king who was by turns monk, soldier, patriot, autocrat; the man who pledged his future policy to Metternich at Verona in 1822, and yet the man who sacrificed Piedmont and himself to Italian unity and his honor after Goito in 1848. A "nineteenth-century Hamlet" our author calls him, and the comparison is a good one; for a character more full of contradictions, of uncertainties, of paradoxes, it were difficult to find. He was allowed only to catch sight of where the promised land lay in the sunshine, before his life went out in disappointment and failure, leaving the fulfillment of his dream to his son, Victor Emmanuel, who, though made of grosser clay than his father, was still the *re galant' uomo.*

The other characters in this exciting drama of the struggle of a people for a national life are well drawn by Mr. Thayer, who also does not fail to recognize the important fact that the prophets of freedom had a double battle to fight. This is almost always the case where a popular movement has its origin in the intelligent class, and is not simply an expression of the permanent discontent of the lowest elements of society. In Italy, especially in the northern and central states, it was the intelligent middle class, markedly the professional men, with a few liberal-minded nobles, who gave their energies, and even their lives, for the cause of national freedom. Not only did they have to fight against the rulers and the privileged class, backed by the ever present reality of Austrian troops with the dark shadow of Metternich in the background, but they had to contend with the equally disheartening difficulty of an apathetic, priest-ridden peasantry, who had yet to learn that they wanted to be free. The campaign of education had to go hand in hand with the campaign of resistance, and at the same time the turbulent outbreaks of Naples and Leghorn had to be moulded into that "divine discontent" from which all progress springs. The period was one in which moderate counsels were almost always the best; and though the extremists did a great work in propaganda and in raising the enthusiasm of the inert mass whose aid was necessary to produce the final issue, still most of the tangible successes were the result of the compromise policy of the moderates. The problem of Italy striving to be free was different from that of either France or England in the same position. In these, the people had but to rise in their strength and overthrow the tyranny of a Bourbon or a Stuart. It was their own affair, and there was no question of any really important interference from outside. If the Italian people had had simply the task of overthrowing their local rulers, it would have been comparatively easy; for the internal rottenness of their administration, if we except Piedmont, and perhaps Tuscany, made them too weak to resist the shock of a popular rising, as was repeatedly shown in the outbreaks of 1820, 1821, and 1831, to say nothing of 1848. But unhappy Italy had been the battleground of Europe for too many centuries to be left to work out her own salvation. Like the Turkey of to-day, she was an international problem, and the fiat of the greatest diplomat of this

age of diplomacy declared her "but a geographical expression." Moreover, she was, in the eyes of European governments, useful as an example to be harrowed and chastised, so as to show other people the uselessness and the consequences of attempting to throw off the yoke of the divinely appointed rulers of the more important monarchies of Europe. Austria, being first in the field, was the self-appointed mistress to teach the hard lesson to the suffering Italians; and she did not even hesitate to admonish roughly those sacred majesties who might show the slightest indication of betraying her policy, or in the smallest degree disobeying her orders. It was this external power that rendered the task of the Italian agitators of the first half of the century seemingly so hopeless. The solution of the problem was simply one of brute force; and until some power could be found that could prove itself superior to the armies of Austria, all attempts, though invaluable as educators of the people, were predestined to end in defeat and failure. Charles Albert knew this when he made the desperate stroke which ended in Custoza and Novara, and we see the proof of it in the final solution of the problem, at Magenta and Solferino. It was this grinding despotism of a foreign and an alien power which rendered vain the efforts of the Italian patriots, and which seems sufficient to have broken the spirit and embittered the lives of the most enthusiastic. Like a stone wall it reared itself in the face of all advancement; and whenever a temporary advantage was gained over local tyranny, it stepped in like a *deus ex machina* to restore the tyrant and chastise the rebellious. If the Italian people as a whole had been ready for free and united action, they might have made headway against this evil genius of their race, for enthusiasm when combined with intelligence can overcome great odds. But with a people untrained in war or in government, divided into factions, and those factions again into cliques; with every ruler at home either an enemy or a traitor, and a reactionist minority ever ready to aid the oppressor, there was room for nothing but failure, and the despair of thwarted endeavor and shattered hopes.

In the book before us, the author has given a fair and impartial account of the events producing the conditions we have described. He has judiciously drawn the portraits of the various leaders in both the liberal and the reactionist camps, characters by the study of which we can perhaps best learn the various tendencies of a time so full of dramatic interest, and also the various principles for which they lived, and sometimes died. If in dealing with his hero, Mazzini, he loses sight a little of the demagogue and the conspirator in the patriot and the reformer, and if he fail somewhat, on account of its later turpitudes, in allowing to the papal power a more dignified position, we can forgive him in view of the frame of mind of righteous indignation which must take hold of any close student of the inner history of Italy during the period of which he treats. For his authorities, he has drawn from the large list of Italian writers on the dawn of Italian independence, and he would have done well to add a bibliography of these to the copious index at the end of the work. Taken as a whole, the book will be of great value to English readers who wish to gain an insight into the complicated events of this period of ferment and transition in Italy. The author has adopted a style well suited to present the picturesque character of the dramatic events he describes, and which makes very interesting reading where one less skillful might easily have become tedious. We can only hope that he may see his way, some day, to continue the work so well begun, and give the brighter side of the Italian medal, stamped with the image of Cavour.

THE INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER UPON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

In The Atlantic for October, 1890, we reviewed Captain Mahan's Influence of Sea Power upon History; pointing out the originality and worth of the book, and expressing the hope that it would be received with such favor as to insure a continuation. This continuation has now appeared in the shape of two admirable volumes,[1] in which Captain Mahan treats of the effect of the sea power of England upon France under the First Republic and under the great Napoleon. We are glad to see that the author promises further to continue his labor by devoting a special work to the War of 1812. When this is done, it may be treated in connection with his excellent biography of Farragut,[2] recently published. We earnestly hope that Captain Mahan will not be content with writing merely of the War of 1812. The effect of the naval power of the Union upon the war with the Confederate States has never been considered from the standpoint assumed by Captain Mahan, and it is probable that in no way could he do as much good to his country as by writing a volume on our civil war. In philosophic spirit and grasp of his subject in its larger aspects, he is not approached by any other naval writer whom we can at the moment recall. Such a work as he could write is especially needed for the civil war, moreover, for it is really curious to see how fundamentally the great body of Americans misconstrue the lessons to be learned from the naval operations of that struggle. Incidentally, cordial praise must be awarded the Naval War College as being entitled to much of the honor of bringing about the production of Captain Mahan's works.

When a man has written a book of such marked excellence and originality that it takes rank as a classic, we always look forward to the appearance of his next with a certain amount of trepidation. We fear that he may have reached a level on which he cannot stay, or that he may have had but one message to deliver, and that, having delivered it, what else he may say will be surplusage. It is therefore with great pleasure that we recognize in Mahan's new work a thoroughly fit companion piece for his former book. Of course, in one way his old work possesses a value which the newer volumes cannot equal. In his first book he covered a wider range than he covers in the present one, and he dealt with the influence of sea power, as such, upon the fate of nations from a standpoint never assumed by any previous writer. He did — what is so very rare — something absolutely original: he wrote with a philosophic comprehension of naval history in its relation to history generally such as no one else has shown. In this work, on the other hand, he deals with a single series of wars, covering but a score of years, and often described by previous writers, and with the feats of a naval hero whose exploits have been a stock theme for every kind of historian, novelist, and poet. However, his work has certainly gained in interest, for he portrays the most striking drama ever played upon the ocean, where the most important naval power the world has ever seen was pitted against one of the world's two or three consummate military geniuses and conquerors, and where the sea power triumphed, and produced,

[1] *The Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution.* By Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N. Two volumes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1892.

[2] *Admiral Farragut.* By Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1893.

in the course of the struggle, the greatest of all admirals. Of the hundreds of books which have been written on this same subject, there is but one which can in any way admit of comparison with Captain Mahan's: this is Admiral Jurien de la Gravière's Guerres Maritimes. It is rather singular, by the way, that much the best accounts of the deeds of Nelson should have been written, one by a French and one by an American naval officer. However, Gravière's book is not written from the same standpoint as Mahan's, and we mention it merely because it is in its own way so excellent.

Captain Mahan's work begins with the opening of the French Revolution. He sketches very vividly the condition of European countries at that time, especially with reference to their sea power; showing in this sketch, as he always does, the breadth of view which makes his utterances so well worth heeding. One of the curious matters to which he calls attention is the then existing relation between Russia and England, when the tendency was to regard these two powers as natural allies against France and Turkey. He also shows the curious condition of the Low Countries, jealously watched by England, France, and Austria, in part independent and in part held in vassalage to outside powers, and portrays the effects that this anomalous condition of things in the neighborhood of the many mouths of the Rhine had upon the normal development of trade, and of that war power which originally grew up to protect trade.

Our author brings into bold relief the absolute demoralization which swept over the French navy in consequence of the Revolution. There had been great abuses even in the navy, under the old *régime*, but the folly of the revolutionists, in sweeping away these abuses, swept away every good characteristic likewise. In the navy, the Revolution did far more evil than good, — the direct reverse of what happened in the army. It is a severe commentary upon the ability of a people to recognize even elementary facts that the French should have permitted such outrageous mutiny and insubordination in the navy as they actually did permit. As a consequence, the revolutionary spirit reduced the French navy to absolute incompetence during the earlier years of the revolutionary period. In reading the accounts of the mutinies, the revolts, and the like, one becomes thoroughly convinced that no species of over-severity can be quite as damaging as the silly and bloody anarchy which ruined the fleets of France, and no species of misconduct quite so contemptible as that flabbiness of character which condones and acquiesces in deeds of mob violence, and hesitates to shed blood in putting it down. Fortunately for France, by the time that hostile operations between it and England were fully under way, the revolutionary government had at least come to act with great vigor, and, in the name of the people and the Revolution, to crush out revolutionary and popular excesses directed against itself. This put a little life into the navy, and prevented the absolute break-up which would have occurred had the French fleets met those of England in the early days of their complete disorganization; but even thus it could not save them from disaster.

In the war of the American Revolution, the French navy had shown itself no unfit match for the British. In but one great battle, that known as Rodney's action, had a French fleet suffered a decisive overthrow, while at least one French admiral, Suffren, had shown fighting ability of the very highest order. In this war, any conflict between the armed vessels of the two countries was sure to be waged on both sides with obstinacy and skill, and success perched alternately on the banners of each. In the war of the French Revolution, all this was changed. The single-ship actions and the fleet actions alike show a

monotonous list of English victories; and this in spite of the fact that, during the early years of the contest, no especial ability was shown by the English commanders, who manœuvred and fought with a rustiness which betrayed the effects of peace. The French fleets had lost the great bulk of their best officers, and there had been a very marked deterioration in discipline and seamanship. The attempt to supply the places of those who had gone by promoting enthusiastic republicans from the ranks, or weather-worn old seamen from the merchant marine, resulted in total failure. In this respect, the contrast between the French army and navy was curiously sharp. On the whole, the Revolution rendered the French army vastly more efficient than it had been; the evils done to discipline and the driving-out of the officers of superior grade being more than offset by the fiery enthusiasm given to the troops, and by the opportunities allowed men of talent, of whatever social standing, to rise immediately to the high positions for which they were fitted. In the navy, however, no amount of fiery enthusiasm or natural talent could take the place of cool, methodical courage, and of the skill acquired in the course of long years employed solely in handling such formidable and delicate engines of war as were the ships even of that day. The United States would do well to take to heart the lesson taught by the French Revolution, — that it is impossible to improvise an efficient navy in the face of a trained, hostile navy of superior force; and of course it is infinitely more difficult now, in the days of huge steam vessels, and mechanism as delicate and intricate as it is formidable.

During the first years of the war, the English admirals and captains failed to break through the routine in which they had been brought up. They fought their battles and carried on their campaigns according to the respectable old standards, and without any especial energy or audacity. In consequence, though the French were everywhere beaten, nowhere were they decisively overthrown; the most noted of the English victories being that won by Lord Howe. These constant defeats, however, though not decisive, yet kept down the spirits of the French, and prevented the development of really efficient cruising and fighting fleets until such time as the English began themselves to develop great commanders and to inaugurate a system of close blockade, which not only eventually confined the French fleets to their ports, but literally sapped the life strength of France during the years of Napoleon's rule.

Easily first among these great commanders, easily first among the great admirals of all time, was Nelson. Captain Mahan goes over the familiar tale of his exploits, through all his cruises and fights, from the day when he gained a renown only second to that of Admiral Jervis in the battle of Cape St. Vincent, through the all-important victory of the Nile and the campaign against Copenhagen, to the crowning glory of Trafalgar. He not only tells the story well, with great clearness and vividness, bringing into marked relief the noteworthy combination of boldness and sagacity which distinguished Nelson's operations, but he also draws from each of his actions the needed lessons. He shows how carefully Nelson prepared for every contingency; how wisely he insisted upon the proper combination of strict obedience to orders with liberty of individual action among subordinates; and how he appreciated the necessity of initiative and self-reliance, whether in his own person when serving under Jervis, or among his comrades when he himself was in command. He also shows that, with Nelson, audacity did not mean foolhardiness, and that, so far from merely dashing at his foes and fighting them anyhow, according to the popular theory of his methods, he, wherever possi-

ble, planned the assault so as to bring an overwhelming force upon the portion of the enemy's line attacked, paying as much heed to manœuvring as to boldness and promptness.

Of even more value than his account of the career of Nelson is Captain Mahan's estimate of the way in which the whole sea power of England worked throughout the contest against Napoleon. He shows, of course, how it brought about the ruin of Napoleon's plans in the East, after his successful Egyptian invasion; and he also brings out, what is perhaps dimly understood, but is rarely clearly expressed, the fact that the Peninsular War was carried to a successful conclusion solely because of the overwhelming advantage given to Wellington's armies by England's entire control of the seas. Even occasional interruptions in the hold the British navies had of the waters around the Spanish peninsula would have proved fatal to the English armies, and without these English armies the Spanish uprisings would have amounted to little more than annoyance. Finally, in a succession of masterly chapters, he makes clear how Great Britain's absolute control of the seas, uncontested after Trafalgar, together with the policy of unremitting hostility to France which her statesmen pursued with characteristic stubbornness of purpose, at last wore out and broke down Napoleon's strength. It was the influence of the sea power, exerted to its utmost against him in a great contest of endurance, where both sides suffered terribly, but where his side suffered most, which, working silently, and often almost overlooked, forced him, in order to keep up the struggle at all, to go farther and farther in his scheme of uniting all Europe against England, and thus finally to precipitate the struggles which ended in his own downfall. Captain Mahan is the first historian who has fully recognized and given proper prominence to this keystone fact of the Napoleonic wars. It was the sea power of England which was the real cause of the overthrow of the greatest of modern conquerors and commanders.

For Americans, there is special interest in those portions of Captain Mahan's concluding chapters which deal with the effects upon American commerce of Napoleon's decrees and the British orders in council. Incidentally, Captain Mahan makes very clear the folly of trying to rely upon privateering or commerce-destroying of any kind as a method for crippling, or even disheartening, a resolute and powerful enemy, and shows that the only way in which to make head against sea power is by sea power itself, — a lesson which the United States should keep in mind until we have a thoroughly first-class navy, able to hold its own with the navy of any European nation. But aside from making clear this point about commerce-destroying, Captain Mahan takes a very healthy view of the attitude of our country, under Jefferson and Madison, toward foreign foes, actual or possible. He shows how contemptible the American policy of that day was in submitting to the wanton aggressions of the European powers, and not making immediate and ample preparations to repel them by force. While the outrages committed by England upon our commerce may not have been defensible, it was much less defensible for us to be in a position where we had to submit to them. We dislike, reprobate, and, if possible, punish the man who strikes another unprovoked; but, after all, in our hearts, we despise him less than we do the timid being who submits to the blow without retaliation.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Books of Reference. The tenth and closing volume of Chambers's Encyclopædia, a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge (Lippincott), gives occasion for once more commending the excellent judgment with which the work has been designed and carried out. It is a dictionary; therefore the articles are not treatises, but compact presentations, under natural heads, of the essential features of a subject. There is no waste of words, there are no exhaustive essays; but the reader is supposed to desire a working knowledge of a great many subjects. The maps are admirable, the more extensive and important subjects are given their due value, and in general the proportion of the work is well considered. The scale is preserved, and the encyclopædia stands midway between a brief compendium and a full treatise. It is a very full dictionary, a very concise encyclopædia, and it is brought to date in a commendable fashion. — Handy-Book of Literary Curiosities, by William S. Walsh. (Lippincott.) The alphabetical arrangement followed in this book indicates that it may be used for reference, but the treatment of the longer subjects is so full and leisurely that the reader suspects the editor means to make him forget what he set out to look up, and beguile him into an hour's entertainment. Here one may find under Crank a sketch of one of the persistent followers of Miss Anderson, the actress, and under Criticism, Curiosities of, nearly eight pages of random notes. Nonsense Verse and Prose has as many pages of examples. Impromptus furnishes fourteen pages. Besides these longer essays — for such they are — there are a great many explanations of slang words and phrases, like "daisy," "Tell that to the marines;" proverbs, like "There 's nothing like leather;" literary events, like the Garrick Club Controversy; and a scrapbook of odds and ends of literature. The book is rich in American political slang. — A Guide to the Paintings of Florence. Being a Complete Historical and Critical Account of all the Pictures and Frescoes in Florence, with Quotations from the Best Authorities, Short Notices of the Legends and Stories connected with them or their Subjects, and Lives of the Saints and Chief Personages represented. By Karl Károly. (George Bell & Sons, London.) A handy little volume which can be slipped into the pocket. It is edited with great skill; the necessary information being clear and compact, the unnecessary information rigorously excluded. — References for Literary Workers, with Introductions to Topics and Questions for Debate, by Henry Matson. (McClurg.) Under the several heads of History, much subdivided, Biography, Politics, Political Economy, Education, Literature, Art, Science, Philosophy, Ethics, and Religion, the author sets forth a great number of subjects in the form of questions for debate, with a brief statement of the principles involved, and a large number of books which may be consulted. The book ought to be very useful to debating clubs and literary societies.

History. The Refounding of the German Empire, 1848–1871, by Colonel G. B. Malleson. (Scribners.) An interesting history of modern events, written from the point of view of a military man, whose habit of mind has been so formed under his profession as to look upon historic action as the almost scientific execution of predetermined thought on the part of emperors, prime ministers, and governments generally. One gets far away, in this book, from conceptions which minimize persons and exalt movements, though it need not be supposed that Colonel Malleson is blind to the great motive power which lay in the passion for German unity. — France in the Nineteenth Century, 1830–1890, by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. (McClurg.) The intimation in the preface that this work had not been originally intended for publication leads us to infer that it may have been in its first form a course of lectures, which would account for its somewhat conversational tone, and the special prominence given to picturesque or dramatic episodes. The writer has drawn her materials from various sources, notably from contemporaneous magazine and newspaper articles, as well as from the usual histories and memoirs; and the result is an entertaining and readable, if rather journalistic sketch of the course of French history, and especially of

some of the principal actors concerned therein, from the days of July to the death of Boulanger. — The Tuscan Republics (Florence, Siena, Pisa, and Lucca), with Genoa, by Bella Duffy. Story of the Nations series. (Putnams.) Miss Duffy has been fairly successful in the far from easy task of giving an interesting, accurate, and at the same time a very concise account of the rise, glory, and decline of the Tuscan republics. That a narrative which attempts to follow the complex and often confusing history of five different states during four centuries, within the limits here imposed, should sometimes lack continuity, and often suffer from undue compression, is not surprising. The latter condition may account for the fact that Guelph and Ghibelline appear upon the scene in which they are to play such memorable parts without introduction or explanation other than is conveyed in one curt sentence, though we fear that the author hardly realizes the slightness of the previous knowledge which the general reader will usually bring to the book. But in spite of its shortcomings the work has a real value, and deserves to rank among the better volumes of the series to which it belongs. — An Introduction to the Study of the Constitution, a Study showing the Play of Physical and Social Factors in the Creation of Institutional Law, by Morris M. Cohn. (Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore.) The attitude toward the Constitution which apprehends it as but a formal statement of a very much greater institute of law, to be interpreted by much that is unwritten, is here maintained even more positively than is common with publicists. Mr. Cohn's Introduction will serve a most admirable purpose if it strengthen in students the habits of penetrating formal institutions, in their search for the real process of growth in the nation. He finds the foundations of the nation deep in organic law, and he hints at the psychological origin of organic law itself. He seems to be near the final step. — Manners and Monuments of Prehistoric Peoples, by the Marquis de Nadaillac; translated by N. D'Anvers. With one hundred and thirteen illustrations. (Putnams.) Both the author and translator of this work have busied themselves frequently with the special subjects included in it, and this volume is in effect a gathering of the latest results in an orderly fashion, so that the reader may acquire from it a good survey of the archæological field as it relates to food, cannibalism, mammals, fish, hunting, navigation, weapons, tools, pottery, clothing, ornaments, caves, kitchen-middings, lake stations, commerce, camps, fortifications, tombs, the use of fire, and many other marks and signs of human adaptation to nature in prehistoric ages. The dust and rubbish heap of early humanity is laid open by these industrious chiffoniers. — Outlines of Ancient Egyptian History, by Auguste Mariette; translated and edited, with Notes, by Mary Brodrick. (Scribners.) A serviceable epitome of Egyptian history; useful, however, rather to one already tolerably informed. It would scarcely win one to the study of the subject, but it would serve as a convenient manual in more general reading.

Fiction. The Last Touches, and Other Stories, by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. (Macmillan.) The nine short stories collected in this volume have already appeared in various magazines, and, on turning to them again, one finds, with perhaps a little surprise, how distinct and accurate an impression they have left upon the memory. Most of them are sombre in tone, and, with widely different forms of expression, have, to speak briefly, one prevailing motive, — woman's constancy and man's fickleness; though the situation is reversed in the sketch, admirable in construction and finish, which deservedly gives its name to the book. Mrs. Clifford's insight, imagination, and humor, though the latter quality is sparingly used in this volume, together with her clearness and precision of style and artistic feeling, give unusual interest to her short stories, even when, as occasionally happens, they are experiments rather than successes. — Anthony Melgrave, by Thomas M'Caleb. (Putnams.) A curiously stiff novel, in which the letters and the conversation are put together with a studied care which implies an unfamiliarity of the author with anything livelier than the novels of the last century. The behavior of the various characters is most commendable, except for the outrageous lie which the mild villain tells, to the discomfiture of the heroine, but not of the reader. — Wolfenberg, by William Black. (Harpers.) This is another of what may be called the series of novels of which The Strange Adventures

of a Phaeton was the first, and remains the best. This time it is on the deck of the Orient S. S. Orotania that we meet the shadowy teller of the story and his very evident wife, accompanied by Peggy, the charming American heroine of the House-Boat, now Lady Cameron of Inverfask. To them, the Chorus, enter Wolfenberg, "the most imaginative painter that America has yet produced," and his countrywoman, Amélie Dumaresq, also an artist, a brilliant, passionate, self-willed girl, with all the characteristics of a spoilt child. How, while cruising in Italian, Greek, and Turkish waters, Amélie wrecks her life, and, while doing so, inflicts cruel suffering on her faithful friend, is what the tale sets forth. But perhaps, to some hardened novel-readers, this tragedy will prove less interesting than the pleasant desultory sketches of the voyage, — it need not be said that Mr. Black is a most agreeable companion afloat, whether in northern or southern seas, — the renewal of old friendships, and the humors of some of the minor characters. — The Great Shadow, by A. Conan Doyle. (Harpers.) It is the author of Micah Clarke rather than of Sherlock Holmes that we meet in this story. The Borderer, Jack Calder of West Inch, who tells the tale, as a child remembers the night when the beacons were lighted, and a false alarm spread through all the countryside that the French had landed, and he grows to manhood while yet the fear of Napoleon hangs like a dark shadow over Europe. Jack himself, his dearest friend, his coquettish cousin, and a mysterious French refugee are the actors in the drama. The heroine jilts both the hero and his friend, eloping with the stranger, who proves to be an officer of the Imperial Guard; and the story, which has been told simply and naturally, yet always effectively, finds a fitting climax in an extraordinarily vivid and forcible description of the battle of Waterloo. — Messrs. Roberts Brothers have added to their edition of Balzac The Chouans, the first book published with the author's name, and his earliest success after his laborious and discouraging literary apprenticeship. An enthusiastic admirer of Scott, the young writer had naturally projected a series of historical novels, a scheme soon to be abandoned for the true work of his life; but his presentment, at once realistic and powerful, of the distracted Brittany of 1799 shows what he might have achieved in the field first chosen. As usual, Miss Wormeley's translation is altogether admirable. — Late additions to Harper's Franklin Square Library are: In Summer Shade, by Mary E. Mann; The Veiled Hand, by Frederick Wicks; and A Girl with a Temper, by H. B. Finlay Knight.

Travel and Nature. The Praise of Paris, by Theodore Child. (Harpers.) Mr. Child wrote, not as a stranger in Paris, yet with a keen sense of what the stranger most affected. So his book, in its chapters on the Banks of the Seine, Society, Life, the Parisienne, the Boulevard, the Comédie Française, the Institute, and other themes, lets the reader into intimacies of knowledge which the formal writer might miss. There is a mingling of description and narrative which ought to satisfy both the Duke of Omnium and his wife. Now and then the author lifts the lid of the pot, and shows one the bubbling concoction of Paris. The many illustrations are to the point, and often very clever, especially the single figures. — A Tour around New York, and My Summer Acre, being the Recreations of Mr. Felix Oldboy, by John Flavel Mines. (Harpers.) Dr. Mines's agreeable reminiscences of old New York and its neighborhood are made more attractive by a capital series of engravings, reproducing street scenes, buildings, old advertisements, and the like. The associations of the writer were with the substantial citizens of New York, and his anecdotes and personalia have a pleasant flavor of gentility. How far away the New York of his reminiscences seems from the New York of to-day! Yet only a generation or so intervenes. The story is worth reading by those who have left leisure out of their thoughts. — The Toilers of the Field, by Richard Jefferies. (Longmans.) A collection of the author's earliest work, — magazine and newspaper articles, letters to the Times, and unpublished fragments. Though one finds little of the charm of the later Jefferies in this book, it was well that the papers originally printed in Fraser's nearly twenty years ago, describing the daily lives of the Wiltshire farmer and farm laborer, should be republished. Not only were they written from exceptional knowledge, but they show extraordinary insight, and thus possess a permanent value, not-

withstanding the time that has elapsed since they first appeared, and the number of admirable studies akin to them which have been published in recent years ; the agricultural depression and the extension of the franchise having made the condition of the rural laborer a grave problem, both economically and politically. It is, however, to be regretted that a few unimportant or merely tentative essays have been resuscitated or printed for the first time in this volume. They might have been omitted with advantage to Jefferies' literary fame, and without loss even to his most ardent admirers. — Along New England Roads, by W. C. Prime. (Harpers.) A score of papers, which record in agreeable fashion the author's experience and observation, chiefly in driving about the mountainous parts of New Hampshire and Vermont. The sketches are free, sympathetic, and touched now and then with a sturdy sort of moralizing. It is life more than nature, after all, that interests the writer, though nature was the occasion of his jaunts. — Meehan's Monthly, a Magazine of Horticulture, Botany, and Kindred Subjects. Conducted by Thomas Meehan. Volumes I. and II. (Thos. Meehan & Sons, Germantown, Phila., Pa.) What immediately attracts the eye, in this double volume, is the series of colored lithographic plates of flowers and ferns, of which there are eighteeen. These plates are described at length, and are a combination in this form of Meehan's The Flowers and Ferns of the United States. The rest of the number, in each case, is taken up with miscellaneous information, and notes on gardening, botany, books, and persons. The magazine in this collected form has a bright and unpretentious appearance. — The Beauties of Nature and the Wonders of the World we Live in, by Sir John Lubbock. (Macmillan.) This volume, by a cheerful enthusiast, may fairly be taken as an indication of a somewhat new attitude on the part of men of science. The stress and strain of the fight for position, kept up by scientists since the early days of modern science, are giving place to a frank expression of delight in nature. That is to say, what poets had done before them, men of science are now beginning to do themselves. There is a readjustment of position, and to knowledge is now added enjoyment in the thing itself. An educated love of nature is to take the place of mere admiration, and Sir John Lubbock leads the way with his agreeable discourses on Animal Life, Plant Life, Woods and Fields, Mountains, Water, Rivers and Lakes, the Sea, and the Starry Heavens.

Current Affairs. The New Exodus, a Study of Israel in Russia, by Harold Frederic. (Putnams.) Mr. Frederic, with the swift intelligence of a journalist and the moral sense of an American, has related, in a series of chapters, the story of the recent movement in Russia for the expulsion of the Jews. He believes that it is but one symptom of a relapse of Russia from a surface civilization to a native barbarism, and he apprehends that the German will follow the Jew. But the German has a power behind him which the Jew has not. The story is one to stir the blood, and to make Americans, it may be, more tolerant of those who find here an asylum. Yet the expulsion means a grave problem for America. Mr. Frederic does not attempt a solution of the great problem for Russia herself, and he writes somewhat as a special pleader ; but his book is a strong one, and contains food for thought. — The Maybrick Case, English Criminal Law, by Dr. Helen Densmore. (Stillman & Co., New York.) This pamphlet of a hundred and fifty pages is devoted to an examination of the case, and a demand for justice to the unfortunate woman involved, as well as an arraignment of the process of English criminal law. — Hygienic Measures in Relation to Infectious Diseases, comprising in Condensed Form Information as to the Cause and Mode of Spreading of Certain Diseases, the Preventive Measures that should be resorted to, Isolation, Disinfection, etc., by George H. F. Nuttall. (Putnams.) A book of a hundred pages only, direct, positive, and to be regarded as a handbook for use especially "till the doctor comes."

Education and Textbooks. An Address to the Members of the Legislature and the Citizens of Montana, issued anonymously, pleads for the centralization of the proposed University, School of Mines, and Agricultural College, instead of the separation of the three in different towns. The plea is a strong one, and is reinforced by the almost unanimous testimony of a number of heads of colleges appealed to, whose letters are copied in the pamphlet ; but the

consideration urged by General Walker and President Thwing, that the School of Mines should be in close proximity to the mining district, seems unanswerable. — A Greek Play and its Presentation, by Henry M. Tyler. (The Author, Northampton, Mass.) Professor Tyler has given in this little volume a detailed account of the performance of Electra by the students of Smith College in 1889. It is an interesting record, and, with its illustrations, offers a convenient handbook for any other company of students who may essay a similar production. Unquestionably, the greatest service of such a performance is in the vivifying of the original in the minds of the performers. — Studies in American History, by Mary Sheldon Barnes. (Heath.) This is a teachers' manual, and, by means of sample lessons, bibliographic suggestions, and the like, aims to set both teachers and pupils on the track of investigation and illustration. The bibliography, apparently, is made up of the most accessible books. We think a little more fullness here would have been wise. — Nature Stories for Young Readers, by M. Florence Bass ; illustrated by Mrs. M. Q. Burnett. (Heath.) This small book is designed to accompany a first or second reader. We are not sure that the writer has put herself alongside of the child, and in the effort to make her work simple she has made it too fragmentary. There is not enough continuity in the style. — Rhythmical Gymnastics, Vocal and Physical, by Mary S. Thompson. (Werner.) A series of exercises by a practical teacher. — Elements of Deductive Logic, by Noah K. Davis. (Harpers.) A stiff textbook for undergraduates in college. It seems to suggest the necessity for much illumination by the teacher. — German Lessons, by Charles Harris, an elementary book ; Andersen's Märchen, edited by O. B. Super ; and Loti's Pêcheur d'Islande, edited by R. J. Morich, are recent numbers of Heath's Modern Language series.

Art. Recent numbers of L'Art (Macmillan), the latest we record being that for December 15, 1892, continue the same judicious policy which has marked the magazine since its incorporation of the Courrier de l'Art. Nearly every number contains some monograph either of contemporary or of historic art, as, for example, articles on Cosimo Tara, J. B. Hüet, Élie Delaunay, Ingres à Montauban, Silhouettes d'Artistes Contemporains, in which Piguet and Courcelles-Dumont figure, all interestingly illustrated ; large etchings from early and late masters, as Pieter de Hooch, Rubens, and Brueghel, J. Dupré, Lapostelet, Cornélis de Vos ; notes on contemporary literature, music, art, and the drama ; and, in general, a well-chosen survey of whatever is most notable in museums and galleries. — Scenes from the Life of Christ, pictured in Holy Word and Sacred Art, edited by Jessica Cone. (Putnams.) A gift-book. It contains a series of photo-engravings from pictures by old and later masters, a variety of forms of treatment being given, with texts of Scripture or passages from the poets placed in decorative borders opposite the pictures.

Poetry. Birch-Rod Days, and Other Poems, by William C. Jones. (American Publishers' Association, Chicago.) The introductory poem is entitled The Water-Lily. We pause at the first stanza : —

> "Rippling rills that run down to the sea
> Are but tears which the winter has shed,
> When the Flower-Angel melts them all free,
> And her cold, chilly ice-chains have fled."

— With Trumpet and Drum, by Eugene Field. (Scribners.) Verses, sometimes poems, which have for their suggestion some bit of childhood, either what one observes or what one remembers. Now and then are pieces in which a child would take pleasure, but for the most part it is the older person who will now laugh, now cry, over these bright and pathetic rhymes. Mr. Field's sense of humor keeps him from going too far with his pathos. His sense of the ideal in childhood checks him in what otherwise might be merely fantastic nonsense. — Amenophis, and Other Poems, Sacred and Secular, by Francis T. Palgrave. (Macmillan.) The pretty little volume of Hymns and Sonnets which Mr. Palgrave issued twenty odd years ago is here expanded into a larger but still comely book. The verse is scholarly, tender at times, graceful always, and sometimes touched with an almost mystic simplicity. The religious element is pure and sweet. — A pretty edition of Milton's Paradise Lost is included in the series of Laurel-Crowned Verse. (McClurg.) It contains the author's arguments and preface, but no notes. — Poetry of the Gathered Years, compiled by M. H. (McClurg.) The compiler has made a somewhat fanciful

classification of her poems. September represents the age of thirty-five, October of fifty, November of sixty, and December of seventy-seven. The sentiment of growing old is thus graded, and under each division the compiler has brought together poems, from a variety of sources, fit for the period. The scheme leads sometimes to the necessity of going out into the highways and byways and compelling the poets to come in, but it is more successful than one would suppose possible.

Science and Philosophy. Finger Prints, by Francis Galton. (Macmillan.) Instead of his portrait facing the volume, Dr. Galton prints on the title page an impress of his ten digits. Thus can one identify the venerable gentleman, if one meets him traveling incog. The study which he has given to this most interesting subject is worked out more fully in this volume than in the articles which led up to it, but, with the zeal of a genuine man of science, Dr. Galton advises the reader that his octavo is only a sort of prolegomenon. He writes with so keen a pursuit of his clues that the reader is irresistibly drawn into the chase with him. It is not unlikely that society will take up the hunt, and that we shall be invited, not to write our autographs, but to smear our thumbs lightly and print the fair page with our sign manual. There is a large field for science opened in this interesting study, and, oddly enough, its practical application is at once to the dangerous classes. — A History of Modern Philosophy, from the Renaissance to the Present, by B. C. Burt. (McClurg.) A two-volume encyclopædic and biographic history. The author makes his own contribution, in the main, in the classification and characterization of periods, but for the most part contents himself with a condensed statement of the position taken by the large number of philosophers whose works he records. At the close of each summary of the creed of a man of great influence, Mr. Burt indicates what in his judgment is the result of the man's contribution to philosophy. So useful a book of reference would be aided by an index, though the analytical table of contents is a tolerable substitute. — Experimental Evolution, by Henry De Varigny. (Macmillan.) Five interesting lectures delivered in Edinburgh by this French scientist. Beginning with a rapid survey of the development of the scientific hypothesis of evolution, he proceeds to illustrate, in a very interesting manner, the experiments which have followed the acceptance of this working hypothesis, and to point out the wide field which awaits human activity in the transformation of plants and animals through processes which are in themselves tests of the evolution doctrine. — The Supernatural, its Origin, Nature, and Evolution, by John H. King. In two volumes. (Williams & Norgate, London; Putnams, New York.) Mr. King has collected a great deal of material, from undeveloped races largely, with the purpose of showing that the doctrine of the "united and universal Deity" is an evolution from lower forms, and that in the highest known concepts of the present day there lurk survivals of concepts of a lower stage. The reader lays down the book to speculate why the writer should have left out of account almost absolutely the Jewish contribution to the subject. There is barely enough reference to it to show that he has once or twice glanced at the Bible.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Sunrise Service.

We arrived the day before Easter in Bethlehem on the Lehigh, in time for the love-feast which takes place on the afternoon of Saturday. We sat among the "brothers" and "sisters" in the great church, together with their children of all ages, — for Moravians acquire the church-going habit in babyhood; we joined in the hymns, both German and English; after which we partook with cheerful solemnity of the light brown, spongy buns, and the delicious coffee served in large white mugs. We went to our beds in the old Sun Inn very early that night, knowing that the morning would begin several hours before daybreak.

At three o'clock we were awakened in that gradual, delicious manner which is rarely effected save by music. The trumpeters had begun their rounds. Starting from the church, — having played a preliminary carol in the steeple, — they go through the old town, then across the river into South Bethlehem ; joyously, if somewhat boisterously, proclaiming the dawning of Easter.

Already is heard the pattering of hastening feet upon the slate pavements. We do not hurry ourselves ; consequently, two thousand people get into the church before us, while hundreds stand outside. We are able to reach only the inner vestibule door, whence we have a view of the big pulpit arch decorated for the festival. The white of lilies and the green of palms show upon a background of Florida moss. An anthem by the choir, a brief litany, a hymn or two ; then the three clergymen, preceded by the trombones, pass out through the east door, and the congregation follows them. The crowd without separates, and lines either side of the broad brick walks of the parochial grounds.

Slowly upward moves the procession toward the graveyard lying on the ridge of the hill. A gibbous moon still hangs high in the west, but the eastern sky is smoky-gray and pink. As the clergy enter the cemetery gates, the horns play a joyful marching choral. In orderly fashion all the people now assemble, filling the paths, pressing close upon the edge of the grass, yet always respecting the graves. Those old, old graves ! Some of the small flat stones tell that they have lain there almost a century and a half. Here are Count Zinzendorf's earliest Indian converts; there lies the count's second wife. Here is the latest interment, but the name upon the slab is one of the oldest ; this man's great-great-grandfather assisted at the first Easter celebration in 1742. There is no sadness in this garden of the dead ; undue mourning not being a part of the Moravian creed. The graveyard is a pleasure ground, where children play in the daytime, nor fear to cross it at night ; where friends meet and chat together ; where even lovers stroll, or sit happily upon the benches.

The three priests, with uncovered heads, have taken their places at the end of one of the great rectangular, tomb-dotted lawns. Behind them stand the trumpeters. A hush seems to fall out of the frosty sky, but in the tall, bare trees a robin and a song sparrow are tuning their throats. This duet is a not unfitting prelude to the simple service about to take place below.

The bishop, in a scarcely raised voice which penetrates to the farthest lines of people, prays. During his short invocation the eastern rose has turned to gold. Then there bursts from the trombones a peal of Easter melody, and everybody sings. But the human voices and the instruments together cannot drown the song sparrow and the robin. These half-heavenly denizens, from their treetops, have also been watching for the now uprisen sun, and to them has been given the first sight of it.

We try to join in the carol. It is in vain ; we choke, and our eyes fill. But, like dear Sophia Western, we "love a tender sensation, and would pay the price of a tear for it at any time." Perhaps we have doubted, denied, "rationalized," in the past, and we may go forth to do so again ; but just now *we believe in the resurrection of the dead.* How can we help it ? Analogy is not argument ; yet this springtime, this dawn of day, this gentle, vivifying breeze, the breath of the new sun, all say, "The dead shall rise !" Then the faith of this multitude works unconsciously in us, and through sympathy, at least, we find ourselves grasping as a substance "things hoped for." These German Moravians — German still, though American for generations — do not suggest in their ordinary lives much that is generally known as sentiment ; yet their observance of this greatest of Church feasts shows that they have retained a primitive purity of poetic feeling hardly to be met with elsewhere in our land. It reminds us that amid the engrossing demands of physical existence, and in spite of a sordid practicality which makes unduly important the homely details of daily life, the heavenly ideal may find a place ; that underneath the most wooden and matter-of-fact exteriors, "fowks," to quote Sandy Cupples, "fowks is metapheesical."

At the Funeral of Phillips Brooks.

— The day was a winter day with a spring sky, when sudden glooms darkened the great church, and were followed by instant sunlight that made the windows glow, and shone again from the faces that

were turned upward. Upon all the black hangings were great triumphal wreaths of laurel; the people sat waiting as if to welcome a victor. If old men sobbed as they sat in their places, it was as if they were weighed down with a remembrance of those sorrows through which they had passed, and of the great fight of life in which he who had died had led them to victory, and healed them of their hurts by his own courage and sight of the peace to come.

That simple way of meeting a great moment, which is the finest flower of our New England behavior, was shown now as perhaps it had never been shown before. The city laid aside its work and hushed its noise. From narrow courts and high houses the people came out, and gathered at the place of mourning; they made a mighty mourning crowd about the church. The sense of a solemn rite pervaded every mind, as if an old inheritance of ancient days had waked again, and the compelling mysteries of a great triumphal scene were joined to the Christian service. The grave pageantry of white gowns and black, the altar heaped with flowers, the scarlet trophy that hung upon the empty pulpit of the great leader and inspirer of men, the weeping crowd, — all lifted themselves into emblems and mysteries of symbolic shape high toward the spiritual, high above the material plane. The scene grew into that unreality which is the true reality, the life of the world to come.

Expectancy spent itself, and tears ceased to fall; there came a moment that was full of the glory of remembrance, when each heart counted its treasures and renewed its vows. The sunlight came and went. There was a noise at the door, and sorrow fell again upon the place. The people rose to greet the work of death that was coming in. Then the heavy burden, borne shoulder-high on a purple pall, the sacrifice to mortality, the empty armor of God's warrior, was carried, with pride and tears, up the long aisle. The bearers, young in face, who felt their future uncompanioned; the old in face, who followed, whose past was now bereft; every heart that cried to itself, My friend! my friend! knew again in spirit the voice of him who had spoken words of hope so often in that place, and sorrowed most of all that they should see his face no more.

When the last hymn was sung, a great hymn of praise and courage, it began with a noble outburst, and the light came again to many a tear-dimmed eye. Then the burden was lifted, and with slow steps the young bearers went their way. The leave-taking was too much: the voices that tried to sing were stopped; they faltered one by one with grief, as when the sudden frost of autumn makes the shrill brave notes of summer twilight one by one to cease. A mighty chill of silence crept about; and when the eye could look once more at that which made such sorrow, the burden, with its purple and its lilies, had forever passed.

Mental Somersault. — Who can throw a little light upon that common trouble with most of us, getting turned round? Who will make clear what mental somersault is, psychological topsy-turvy? — call it what you please; you all know what I mean.

Do we share this trouble with animals generally? May we ever acquire, what is a marked characteristic with many of the lower animals, that homing instinct, for the lack of which our Homers and Shakespeares lose their bearings sometimes, and cannot tell "where they are at"? Is there any cure for general debility in sense of direction? What has happened to our inner consciousness, our basic convictions, when the foundations of the compass are removed and set up where they do not belong, and when they persist in remaining there in spite of everything? Who has not gone far astray because of mental somersault? Who has not had a delightful journey strangely bewildered, if not made actually disagreeable, by the struggle entailed in keeping up a pretense of belief that he was going in exactly the opposite direction to that in which he believed himself to face? "How could I be happy in San Francisco?" writes a sufferer. "The West lay between me and Chicago, and the Pacific was the eastern boundary of the continent." "All my life long," writes another, "whenever I have turned off from an avenue running east and west, into my side-street, which runs north and south, my street at once swings round and runs eastward, as did the avenue. In my mind, my home, which actually faces the east, has always faced the north. Just across my garden, to the south, everything swings back again for me. There is that disordered section

of my brain which years and discipline have failed to regulate. My home will face the north, to me, as long as I live, — will stand on a line with the avenue. 'Not he is great,' says Emerson, 'who can alter matter, but he who can alter my state of mind.'"

This is no uncommon experience. Few are the mental maps whose every section stands square with the compass. Certain rooms in our houses, cupboards, or staircases have a trick of swinging away from their true relations to the compass, and forever staying where they once swung. Can our sense of direction, our homing instinct, ever be cultivated to that degree that we may rely upon it in a great hotel, for instance, in finding our room, as does the stormy petrel, far out to sea, trust to its infallible guide in reaching its nest, hundreds of miles away?

Now I have always believed that if, with the sluggard, we went to the ant for wisdom, we might learn something suggestive for regulating the sense of direction. Not so, if we take Lubbock for an authority. He says that the ant gets hopelessly turned round, — that it does not seem to possess any sense of direction. How, then, does it find its way through the labyrinthine jungles of grasses, the Yosemites of gravel, and the chaos of everything besetting its path? Ants, like many other insects and animals, says Lubbock, have nerve centres which indicate a possession of some sense which we have not. Lubbock experimented upon ants by taking a number of them fifty yards or more from their hills, leaving them to get home as they could. He found that they wandered about aimlessly, having evidently not the slightest idea of their bearings. Fabre studied the subject with bees. He put them into a bag, and carried them only a quarter of a mile from their hive, and whirled them round and round before giving them their liberty. Only three out of ten found their way home. So much for the bees when completely turned round.

Naturalists tell us that the homing instinct of the pigeon is due, not to a sense of direction, but to a development of its memory and observation by long stages of flight. The most of us know that if we put a cat into a bag, when we would dispense with its company effectually, and send it far away, the chances are that pussy will be mewing at our door the next morning; and yet there *is* a chance of her losing her bearings. What is that chance? How did three out of ten bees find the hive again? Did the rest become victims to the lunacy which L. H. Morgan says is known to occur among animals when they are depressed or lost? He cites Dr. Kane's dogs, which became lunatics from absence of light during a long arctic winter. Some of us incline to think those dogs were hopelessly turned round; that what is to animals as the points of the compass had shifted with the icebergs. What do we know of the extent of observation of nature in animals, their dependence for guidance upon familiar landmarks and phenomena? The beaver notes the current of a stream, and builds accordingly, cutting his timber in the precise locality where it can be floated down to his lodge or dam. If a tree leans to the south, he gnaws deepest on the north side of that tree. He measures distance, and cuts the wood he is to carry accordingly. He knows his way in the dark, and under water and under ground. How does the salmon find his way back every year to the very stream where he was hatched? Why is it that pigeons cannot travel in dark or fog, while geese will fly due north or south in the night? Why is it that some of us cannot cross the town without getting turned round, while others never lose the points of the compass? — at least they say they do not.

One word about mental maps. Whenever we think of a place, — England, for illustration, — do we not see it on our mental map at once, and is it not definitely located as lying off in a direction to which we can point? Now, England, in my case, on my mental map, lies just opposite to where it really is, and Europe, Asia, and Africa are off to the southwest of western New York; for me, the Nile must flow forever to the south, and the children of Israel journey to the west; and only when I hang my mental map on a north wall, and look fixedly at it for some time, will things swing back where they belong. The secret for bringing about this swing of correction I learned of a practical educator. "Your first lessons in geography," said she, "were learned with maps which hung on a south wall." She was right, and I must suffer from the blunder the rest of my life.

Might it not be a good thing to organize

an Anti-Mental Somersault Society? Its field of usefulness would be wide: it would see that maps were hung on north walls, that railroad stations were never allowed to dispatch all their trains from one end of the building, and that arrows were conspicuous in pointing out the way the train was going. That old-time station at Buffalo, sending all its trains out of the remote end, and receiving them at the same, — what a vast amount of psychological topsy-turvy it was responsible for! The sign names of streets in all our cities might be supplemented by arrows telling in what direction they run; public buildings could be erected square to the compass, when possible, etc. Is it not in those cities where Indian trails and cow-paths were followed, in the early thoroughfares, that the subjective maps of the citizens are as a rule greatly at fault? A compilation of rules for the prevention and cure of somersault, with interesting experiences and other matter relating to the subject, would of course be found in the first publication of this society.

One woman tells me that she always looks for the sun, when starting out in a strange place, and then makes her shadow her guide. But if there be no sun, no shadow? Another says that whenever she arrives anywhere, and finds herself at a loss, she at once asks which direction is west. Her home faces the west. In fancy she sits down at once in her own room, and sits there until she has somehow worked that home room into her new surroundings. She looks out of her own window in fancy. Whatever is opposite, mountain, park, or Great Desert, she skillfully plumps it down upon the grounds of her neighbor "across the way" at home, and by and by the foundations of the earth are all right for her again. "I was so turned round in Cairo," she wrote, "I was simply wretched. After a while I succeeded in making the Nile into the Genesee, and the Mediterranean into Lake Ontario, and the pyramids into those two great red barns on the borders of Scottsville. Then I was all right again, and happy."

The author of The Household of Sir Thomas More makes Erasmus say of Plato: "He had clomb a Hill in the Darke, and stood calling to His Companions below, Come on, Come on, this way lies the East. I am advised we shall see the sun rise anon."

Think of it, fellow-sufferers from mental topsy-turvy, — climbing an unknown hill in the dark, and knowing for a certainty just where lay the east! Surely Plato was one who was never turned round, subjectively or objectively.

The Confession of a Misanthrope.

— I sometimes wonder if, in this modern world of general benevolence, there are any misanthropes extant beside myself. Certainly, if any such exist, they keep themselves extremely dark. Every newspaper, every magazine, almost every book, has a plan for improving the lot of some portion of mankind. Everybody is, or professes to be, concerned about the poor, about the various ways of relieving them, about socialism. Philosophy itself has taken up the matter, and that horrible word "altruism" cuts a large figure in the discussions of the day. As for the clergy, they appear almost to have given up their ancient functions. I am told that they have ceased to preach repentance, and that they are ignorant of theology. But they are great on social and sanitary reform, — leaders in the vast movement to make everybody comfortable, which, I take it, is the ideal of the age. At the bottom of all this activity lies, I suppose, a real love for man. Shall I be thought a monster if I confess that I am utterly deficient in that feeling? I have no love, not even a fancy, for the species to which I have the honor to belong; and the more numerously they are brought together, the less do I like them. One man alone, indeed, gives me pleasure, — I enjoy his society; and even if you duplicate him, I am not driven away, although the situation seems to me perilous. But three men together (not counting myself) I find intolerable, and the sight of a crowd, such as gathers at a place of entertainment, fills me with horror. In fact, does not a great crowd of human beings resemble, in many respects, a great herd of wild beasts? You alarm them, for example, as by a cry of fire. In the twinkling of an eye, they are transformed into a struggling, fighting, remorseless horde, the strong males in which will trample upon the weaker females and upon the young. And so of political aggregations, the people who constitute a village, a town, a city, a county, a state, — the whole United States, — I have no love for them, no spontaneous desire to "do them

good." They worship other gods than mine. I dislike their fundamental ideas, their habits, their voices ; they do not attract me. Why should I be concerned about their welfare ? Let them gather at Chicago next summer, if they will, fifty million strong. I shall seek some quiet spot where nature is as yet more prevailing than man ; where men are few and lazy and unobtrusive, and have no wants except a little tobacco and old clothes and liberty to bask in the sunshine.

Not very long ago, I read in one of our chief magazines an elaborate account of a scheme for elevating the workingman. It was as follows : the philanthropist was to select his man, to choose his prey, and then visit him at regular intervals, read books with him, talk with him ; in short, by mere dint of association, to elevate the workingman from his own low plane to the lofty plane occupied by the philanthropist. The scheme, still more the assumption upon which it was founded, seemed to me most arrogant ; and yet I have no doubt that it was inspired by a good motive, or at least by a motive to " do good."

My own notion is that the laborer must either work out his own salvation, or else go to the deuce in his own way ; and that we of the better educated (not the better) class cannot greatly help or hinder him. However, this may be a mere excuse for laziness on my part, for I repeat that I have no benevolence ; " altruism " does not attract me.

And now that I have poured my confession into the friendly ears of the Club, I look about me in suspense to see if the blush of conscious guilt does not betray some member who is of like mind with myself. Surely I must have awakened some response ; there must be among us at least one other belated misanthrope, — a straggler from the eighteenth century. If so, by what moral suasion can we be reached ? What motives will impel us to " do good," even to the fellow-beings whom we do not like ? There is one, — the desire to avoid future remorse ; and this can be cultivated till it becomes an effective working motive. How we came by this sense of duty to others, the violation of which leads to remorse, one need not inquire. It is there by instinct, by inheritance, by education, by reason. Therefore, my fellow-misanthrope, do not, after the manner of the Pharisee and the Levite, pass by on the other side ; for if you do, you will remember the occurrence at dinner, and your enjoyment of that meal will be impaired. Don't grind the faces of the poor, lest you store up for yourself unpleasant thoughts, lest you poison that solitude which is so precious to persons of our stamp. Thus, making conscience into a taste, a luxury, the misanthrope can do his duty toward mankind without hypocrisy or cant, without pretending to others or to himself that he is a philanthropist. How indeed can one who knows his own heart have any great respect or affection for the race of which he is a member !

A Roman Funeral.

— " Il Giorno 2 Aprile, 1887, 10½ Ant Nella I. R. Chiesa Nationale Teutonica de S. Maria dell' Anima, Solenne Esequie. A Suffragio dell' illustre Francesco de Liszt."

For weeks this requiem mass had been in practice, under the direction of Liszt's pupil, Sgambati, and when the above card reached us, and we found it conflicted with an audience of the Pope, we regretted that we could not be present.

S. Maria dell' Anima, which takes its name from a marble group, found among its foundations, of the Madonna invoked by two souls in purgatory, is the German national church in Rome, built by a German bequest, and is under the special patronage of Cardinal Hohenlohe. Hence it was fitting that honors to the dead maestro should be celebrated within its walls, even though thus were honored one of the arts so censured by the northern Pope lying there in effigy, — he who brought to his exalted station the austere characteristics of the German temperament, in contrast to his predecessor, pleasure-loving, music-lover Leo X.

During the winter, the long illness of Liszt's friend, the Princess Wittgenstein, had brought the abbé very often to our thoughts. Twenty-five years before, Caroline Wittgenstein (*altesse sérénissime*) was on the eve of marrying the master, — the church, even, having been prepared for the ceremony, — when Cardinal Hohenlohe prevented it. The brother of the cardinal, Prince Hohenlohe, had married the daughter of the princess, and that the latter should wed a musician, however distinguished, was not to be permitted. It was then that Liszt

adopted the dress of an abbé. Each year, of late, he had come to Rome to visit her, and he made her his executrix. Cardinal Hohenlohe, although he prevented Liszt's entrance into his family, was his attached friend, and Liszt spent many months in the cardinal's beautiful Villa d' Este, where he was surrounded by the same care and devoted attention that he received in Thuringia.

Liszt possessed a remarkable personal magnetism, a combination of *grand seigneur* and childlike *naïveté* extremely winning. As one recalls him, in the well-known rooms fitted up for him by the good Weimar duchess, the crimson hangings and soft gray walls, and window overlooking the beautiful park, his appearance was unique : the brushed-back straight white hair cut squarely across the neck, the face fairly seamed with expression and alive to every passing emotion, the long, mobile, delicate hands. We should almost have thought him, when he seated himself before his instrument and invoked the spirits of harmony at his command, a little more than mortal, had not the common humanity occasionally cropped out in human weakness, as for instance the blemish on his delightful reminiscences, the fact that he could never refrain from putting Liszt in the prominent foreground. His acquaintance with men and events during half a century embraced all that was most brilliant and interesting of his times.

It was on the occasion of a musicale at her own house that Liszt's personal charm attracted the Princess Wittgenstein. She herself was an accomplished woman and a passionate lover of music, and she was romantic and democratic ; the rôle of solitary aristocrat was too dull for her ; she liked to mix her company, and secure talent and intellect from whatever social grade it might be found ; her salon was open to all that lent beauty or success to the age. I have just been looking over several of her little notes ; she was an inveterate writer of them, as her friends can testify. The small characteristic handwriting is not easy to decipher, especially when she is not writing in English. Her taste in note paper was most original ; the note under my hand is on an écru card, folding in the middle, and representing on the outside a lady's kid glove, the edge scalloped on a border of darker brown. Her French, German, and Italian are perfect, but her English is not idiomatic. I cannot refrain from quoting an extract or two, trusting to the indulgence of the accomplished friend of the princess to whom the letters were written, and who gave me one as souvenir of the aged lady.

" I am glad you found out how sincerely I like the last novel of Crawford's. I am no more young, have read much, and spoken of literature with the first *connoisseurs-literati* of my time, so I must be pardoned if I always see near the greatest beauties some little faults which generally come at the end of a novel, when the author is fatigued and wants to be rid of his subject. But it was not so with Dr. Claudius, the end being exquisitely fine, especially the scene on horseback between the young widow and the old duke. How often I told it over and over, as one of the most pretty that ever occur in a romance ! . . . I will send you my last pages on Buddhism. You know authors are silly folks ; they always think that their last lines are the best. Well, I belong, as you see, to the set."

The poor princess suffered greatly during the last months of her life, but she struggled with increasing weakness, sitting up in her chair until nearly the last. The conditions that surrounded her death-bed were, to us, the saddest in the world ; for the love and care that attend a relative in life are utterly cut off by the Roman customs so soon as, and even before, the last breath is drawn. Indifferent hands prepare the final offices, and bear the body to a desolate grave. The princess died a few weeks before the *solenne esequie* to the memory of her old friend, and it was on a raw, chill Friday in March, late in the afternoon, that the funeral procession crossed the Piazza del Popolo, bearing her bier to rest overnight in the church of S. Maria del Popolo. A pall of gray clouds hung over the now deserted square, as two by two, with muffled tread, the *frati* moved stealthily along, past the great obelisk, looking like a solitary phantom sentinel rising from the nebulous foam of the fountain at its base.

The monks about the bier, carried upon the shoulders of the *becchini*, held lighted torches ; following them came the mourning-coaches of the nobility and friends. As the train filed into the church, I put on my jacket and hat, and, taking a maid,

crossed the square to see the bier deposited in S. Maria. It was lowered carelessly to the pavement, and the frati knelt around it, chanting a hoarse dirge. The altar was dimly visible, and a sculptured figure loomed spectral against the blackness of a chapel; for all was ebon night without the circle of the smoking, flaring torches, that threw an unearthly light upon the red, black, purple, and brown cowls, and faces sinister and harpy in the distorting yellow glow. The becchini, in their ghoul-like *cappe*, on the mysterious outer darkness, made one think with a shudder of the demons said to haunt this spot, once the tomb of Nero. At the conclusion of the chant, the monks seemed to melt into the shadows, the pall was removed, and the leaden casket, a solitary torch at head and feet, was left to the curious gaze of the rabble that followed.

"Princesse de Hohenlohe-Schillingsfuerst, Dame de Palais de S. M. l'Impératrice d'Autriche-Hongrie," her husband and children, announced the death by card, and invited their friends to be present at the funeral services; and at nine o'clock the following morning we assisted at the final ceremony. The day dawned as brilliant and beautiful as though the sun had set in cloudless splendor, — dawned

> "to music and to bloom,
> And all the mighty ravishment of spring."

As we drove across the piazza, animate now with folk, color, and the laughter of children, and warm and mellow in overflowing sunshine, death and sorrow seemed no part of this renovating spirit of life bursting into verdure all about us. Inside the church were glow and color, also, each window a coruscating gem, the glittering altar paled by the effulgent daylight. On the outskirts, groups came and went: there too were life and movement.

It appeared as if all the Roman nobility had assembled to honor what was mortal of the princess, lying in that casket small enough for a child; covered now with a cloth of gold, consecrated candles at head and feet, and against and surrounding it pure white lilies, flowers of every hue, and wreaths of immortelles and pine. Cardinal Hohenlohe, an impressive figure, sat within the altar rail. The music was fine and solemn.

Poor princess! Yours has been a long and varied life. You have tasted of life's splendor, and drunk the cup of its sorrow and its sin, to learn the lesson of human experience, that "all is vanity."

On a Pleasing Encounter with a Pickpocket.

— I was in town the other evening, walking by myself and at my usual rapid pace, and ruminating, in all likelihood, on the military affairs of the Scythians, when, at a lonely street corner not adorned by a gas-lamp, I suddenly felt a delicate stir in my upper pocket. There is a sort of mechanical intelligence in a well-drilled and well-treated body, which can act, in an emergency, without orders from headquarters. My mind, certainly, was a thousand years away, and is, at best, drowsy and indifferent. It had, besides, no experience, nor even hearsay, which would have directed it what to do at this thrilling little crisis. Before it was aware what had happened, and in the beat of a swallow's wing, my fingers had brushed the flying thief, my eyes saw him, and my legs (retired race horses, but still great at a spurt) flew madly after him. I protest that from the first, though I knew he had under his wicked thumb the hard-earned wealth of a notoriously poor poet (let the double-faced phrase, which I did not mean to write, stand there, under my hand, to all posterity!), yet I never felt one yearning towards it, nor conceived the hope of revenge. No! I was fired by the exquisite dramatic situation; I felt my blood up, like a charger

> "that sees
> The battle over distances;"

I was in for the chase in the keen winter air, with the moon just up over the city roofs, as rapturously as if I were a young dog again. My able bandit, clearly viewed the instant of his assault, was a tiger-lily of the genus "tough:" short, pallid, sullen, with coat-collar up and hat-brim down, and a general air of mute and violent executive ability. My business in devoting this chapter to reminiscences of my only enemy is to relate frankly what were my contemporaneous sensations. As I wheeled about, neatly losing the chance of confronting him, and favored with a hasty survey, in the dark, of his strategic mouth and chin, the one sentiment in me, if translated into English, would have uttered itself in this wise: "After years of dullness and decorum, O soul, here is some one come to play with thee; here is Fun sent of the immortal gods!"

The divine emissary, it was evident, had studied his ground, and awaited no activity on the part of the preoccupied victim in a hostile and unfamiliar neighborhood. He suffered a shock when, remembering my ancient prowess in the fields of E——, I took up a gallop within an inch of his nimble heels. Silently, as he ran, he lifted his right arm. We were now in the blackness of an empty lot across the road, among coal-sheds and broken tins, with the far lights of the thoroughfare full in our faces. Quick as kobolds summoned up from earth, air, and nowhere, four fellows, about twenty years old, swarmed at my side, as like the first, in every detail, as foresight and art could make them ; and these, darting, dodging, criss-crossing, quadrilling, and incessantly interchanging as they advanced, covering the expert one's flight, shot separately down a labyrinth of narrow alleys, leaving me confused and checkmated, after a brief and unequal game, but overcome — nay, transported — with admiration and unholy sympathy ! It was the deftest, cleverest, prettiest trick imaginable.

It was near Christmas ; and brought to bay, and still alone, I conjured up a vision of a roaring cellar fire, and the snow whistling at the bulkhead, as the elect press in, with great slapping of hands and stamping of shoes, to a superfine night-long and month-long bowl of grog, MY grog, dealt out by Master Villon, with an ironic toast to the generous founder ! I might have followed the trail, — I was neither breathless nor shy ; but it struck me, somehow, that the sweet symmetry of the thing ought not to be spoiled ; that I was serving a new use and approximating a new experience ; that it would be a stroke of genius, in short, almost equal to the king pickpocket's own, to make love to the inevitable ! Whereupon, bolstered against an aged fence, I laughed the laugh of Dr. Johnson, "heard, in the silence of the night, from Fleet Ditch to Temple Bar." I thought of the good greenbacks won by my siren singing in the Hodge-podge Monthly ; I thought of my family, who would harbor in their memories the inexplicable date when the munificent church mouse waxed stingy ; I thought even of the commandment broken and of the social pact defied. Reader, I gave my collapsed pocket a friendly dig, and laughed again. I went home, a shorn lamb, conscious of my exalted financial standing ; for had I not been robbed ? All the way I walked with Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, who came to mind promptly as my corporal blessings departed. He intoned no requiem for the lost, but poured a known philosophy, in which I had now taken my degree, into my liberal ear : —

"Why shouldst thou vex thyself, that never willingly vexed anybody ? "

"A man has but two concerns in life : to be honorable in what he does, and resigned under what happens to him."

"If any misconduct himself towards thee, what is that to thee ? The deed is his, and the mood which led him to it is his ; and therefore let him look to it."

"Welcome everything that happens as necessary and familiar."

Marry, a glow of honest self-satisfaction is cheaply traded for a wad of current specie and an inkling into the ways of a bold and thirsty world. Methinks *j'y suis arrivé ;* I have attained a courteous composure proof against mortal hurricanes. Life is no longer a rude and trivial comedy with the Beautifully Bulldozed, who feels it within him to warm to his own catastrophe, and to cry, if needful, "Pray, madam, don't mention it ! " to an apologizing lady in a gig, who drives over him and kills him, and does so, moreover, in the most bungling manner in the world.

The Valley of the Doones.

— He whose lucky star may chance to guide him, in his summer wanderings, through the rocky fastnesses of north Devonshire into the valley of the Doones has no disillusionment of the fancy to fear, howsoever dear a lover he may be of the noble romance that has given the valley its far-spread fame. If he will but make haste to visit this glen beloved of the muse, he may have, in addition to all the delights that nature, in her fairest mood, can give, the minor but intensely personal delight of feeling himself a pioneer in pleasurable discovery. The tramp of the tourist, it is true, is beginning to penetrate further and further into the deep-hearted valleys and through the moors of lovely Devon. But as yet its dull thud has not frightened away from the remote stronghold of the bandits of yore the sense of loneliness and aloofness that is the climax of pleasure to the sentimental traveler everywhere, and is here es-

sential, if one is to feel the inmost spirit of the scene over which Blackmore has cast the vivid spell of his imagination.

If fortune should happen to be in the mood to be prodigal of her favors, she will bring the traveler who is quick of eye and feeling to the mouth of the valley, through the medium of a nondescript one-horse vehicle, of liberal capacity and uncertain age, but of very certain stiffness in springs and hardness in cushions, on a day when clouds and silvery showers have been struggling with sunshine, and at the moment when the latter has begun to predominate in a radiant triumph of blue sky. On such a day, the clouds will have rolled themselves up into large fleecy masses that hang low over the crests of the encompassing hills, as low as only the clouds in an English sky can hang without falling in moisture over an already moist land. Every blade of grass, every tall bracken, every feathery spray of fern, will have its burden of shining drops, and all the low, dense undergrowth of the valley will be alive and alight as with the sparkle of diamonds.

Into the valley which it once required all the nerve and prowess of "girt Jan Ridd" to penetrate, you may now venture freely and alone. If, however, your Devon Jehu has deposited you at the nearest of the cottages that cluster in a group at the margin of the valley, you will probably have the offer of a guide and his services. A genial temper, or even a wish to be better acquainted with the local character, will make it hard to say him nay. By way of overture, as you set out under his care, it may perhaps be worth while to ask him, deferentially, how long he has lived in these parts. "Eight years" — or rather, "nine," by the revolving of the year, will be the answer next season's traveler may receive. Then, with due circumspection, another question — "How old are you?" — may be put. "Nine years old," the guide will say, with decision in his tone, as he thrusts his fists deeper into the pockets of his abbreviated trousers, and trudges manfully on before. You have but to follow this mature resident of Exmoor a few hundred yards, and then, passing through a rude gateway, you will find yourself at the wide-open end of the loveliest of the valleys that honeycomb the vast moorland.

The pathway, rough and uneven, and in places hardly better than a sheep track, lies by the side of the stream that flows through the valley into the Syn, and thence into the sea at Synmouth. Low trees form a bower over the path, but the leafy roof is not dense enough to shut out the view of the wall of rock that towers, rugged and impenetrable, overhead. On the other side of the stream, to the left, no overarching growth fringes the foot of the hillside. From the stream's edge below to the clouds above, it rises in a vast, unbroken slope. Its glory, however, is not in its height, nor yet in its extent. Like an infinitely unfolded tapestry, hung in myriad folds aloft the stony wall, there spreads a magnificent growth of heather and of gorse. The purple of the one and the glowing gold of the other are mingled in harmonious splendor of hue. "The scent of the gorse on the moors drove me wild," said Lorna, on her return from London to her own Exmoor. And to the sojourner among the scenes that gave to Lorna her habitation and her name, the gorse shining out from the reddish purple of the heather, and lighting up its melancholy to brilliant radiance, is a sight that can never be forgotten.

Stiff pikes of that same heather catch at the clothes of the traveler, as the path up the valley gradually becomes steeper and narrower. The tall bracken rises above his ankles, — or over the fetlocks of his "pony," if he has been tempted by one of the sedate animals offered at the homestead of the embryo yeoman, whose short legs are still carrying him sturdily onward. The water rushes more noisily and precipitously over its now wilder bed. The embowering foliage disappears from overhead, and the cliffs, with their rich tapestry interspersed with huge gray boulders, close in on either side. On the left, a single wind-swept tree crowns the summit of the ridge. There is something pathetic in its gnarled and lonely persistence on that solitary height. More than once the eye will revert to it. It seems to speak to one with the deep intimate insistence that belongs to the mysterious voices of nature.

The solitude, however, is not quite so absolute as it at first seemed to be. As the eye becomes accustomed to the spaciousness and ruggedness of its environment, it discovers some details that before had

escaped it. Faces are to be seen peeping from behind the gray boulders, and above the clumps of gorse and heather on the hillside. Strange, clear, yellowish eyes peer, half timidly, half curiously, at the peaceable invaders of this domain of ancient outlawry. They are not eyes and faces of pixies, such as peopled the solitude to the fancy of the Doones, but of honest sheep, grazing industriously in the upper sheep walks of the valley. Their low woolly brows and smooth long cheeks have a singularly sympathetic expression. They seem to be wandering at their own sweet will on these rocky declivities, but they have nevertheless a distinctly human guardian near at hand. Although it would be an infinite pity not to prolong the time by loitering to double that length, an hour's strenuous walking will bring one to his cottage at the head of the vale, the spot where once the fierce, lawless Doones built their habitations.

The shepherd is now the sole dweller in this lonely stronghold. His house is hard by the ruins of the "huts," as the country people may be heard to call them, now there is none so poor to do reverence to the Doones. The shepherd will point out the formless heaps of stone that mark their sites. There is not much in these meagre, overgrown remains to linger over. Their half-legendary antiquarian interest will, it is more than likely, soon give place to the human interest of the rosy-cheeked children who have come out of the cottage shyly to stare at the strangers. The shepherd, beside his flocks and herds, has charge of another rural tribe. Hives of bees are here to add to his cares, and to his revenues. A shilling is the price he asks for one of the small clear panes of honey that has been extracted from the rich bells of the heather. You will acknowledge that it is not a dearly spent shilling, when you come to test the fragrance and the flavor of the honey. Add to the feast the Devonshire cream that is awaiting you on your return to the foot of the valley, and you will have a combination as delicious as it is unique.

But while a Devonshire Phyllis is yet preparing this feast, and you are still wending your way downward, you will be sure to fall into a train of reflection, the outcome whereof will be that you will once more pay your individual tribute to the might and majesty of genius. For, lovely as this enchanting valley is when seen in its length and breadth, it yet needed the power of a creative imagination to describe so vividly and circumstantially the scenes of a tale of two hundred years ago that they seem to have historical and topographical reality. Lorna's bower, together with the dreadful pool and the eyrie-like egress, may be searched for in vain. So, too, the impregnable Doone-gate, and the "slide," or waterfall, that came so near costing Lorna's lover his life. These and other features owe their definite form to the novelist's inventive faculty. So powerful is this faculty that when you come finally to drink your tea and spread your bread with clotted cream, at the tiny hostelry, Lorna and John, their friends and foes, their joys and sorrows, will seem for the moment more real than the actual facts of life. One more glimpse of the places that knew them is still in store for you, when, an hour or so later, on your way back to the inn at Synton, or Synmouth, you stop to see little Oare Church, the scene of their troubled nuptials.

A Budding Novelist. — In a country rectory, in the interior of New York State, lives a small youth of ten years, who is possibly destined to illuminate the literary world.

His latest and most ambitious attempt at literature is a novel in three volumes. Its title is Bloomfield ; or, Love's Labor Lost. He explained the title by telling us that the hero, Roger Lindsay, is in love with the heroine, Jane Peabody, who does not return his affection. Therefore, by gifts, he tries to win her love. He is apparently successful at first, but finally she marries another man, and his labor is lost. Here is the preface, verbatim : —

"This book is not intended as a hit on any one. However, there are a great many people such as Mr. Lindsay, Foolish, Vain, and capable of committing any Atrocity, to make ends meet.

"Miss Peabody is not intended for a Representation of the Middle classes : she is only intended as a foolish, simple, headstrong girl ; a little too given to love-affairs, and decidedly too loving tordes her suitors. It is to be hoped it will be very interesting and satisfactory toards its readers, and very comprehensive to all."

Possibly it may be more "satisfactory and comprehensive to all" if an extract from the opening chapter is given: —

"I must explain that Miss Jane Peabody was wholly indifferent to Roger Lindsay, but loved William Marston. Roger knew this, but hoped to win her over to him, by presents, kindness, and attention.

[The profound knowledge of human nature that our budding novelist displays makes one turn pale. Where will he end?]

"Miss Peabody was sitting in her house at 12.45, at noon, wondering at her lover's prolonged absence. Suddenly the doorbell rang loudly, and it was soon followed by a maid, who appeared at the door, and said in a pleasant voice, —

"'Roger Lindsay, ma'am.'

"'Show him in,' was the reply, given in an indifferent one.

"Roger Lindsay lost no time in complying with the request, and politely advanced, with the remark, —

"'I've brought you a present, Miss Peabody.'

"'Oh, you have, have you? Won't you stay to dinner?' was the answer.

"'I believe I will, thank you,' said Roger, waiting for the burst of praise which would follow the opening of the package.

"To his surprise, however, the only remark which followed the revealing was, —

"'Oh, only a lace handkerchief!' saying which, she politely blew her nose on it, and put it in her pocket, and asked him to sit down to dinner, which was announced just then.

"Roger was vexed. He had paid $6.50 for a lace handkerchief only for this! Perhaps love might do; so, during dinner, he politely inquired, —

"'Will you marry me?'

"'I am engaged to Mr. William Marston,' was Miss Peabody's reply.

"'Look out,' said Roger. 'I can show you papers that that man marries you for Money. He has been in jail once, and in prison three times. You had better not marry him,' and he thought with glee of the forged papers that were to prove William Marston's ruin.

"'Where are the papers?' said Jane.

"'Home,' was the reply.

"'I would like to see them,' said Jane.

"'If you will wait a moment, I will bring them.'

"'Hurry up.'

"'Yes, I will.'

"Roger hurried away, and soon returned. He was believed, and from that day rose in the esteem of Miss Peabody.

. . . . . .

"Five years passed slowly by. [This is the author's hiatus, not mine.] Roger, by constant attention, had won over Miss Peabody, who consented to marry him if her former lover did not turn up. Roger did not think he would, for no one knew of his whereabouts, or the reason of his absence; and the wedding was to be in two months.

"Roger had spent, in presents, about $300.75 on Miss Peabody.

"But here an incident occurred that proved Roger Lindsay's RUIN. William Marston came home, and" —

But it is too harrowing a tale to allow of our following the fortunes of this interesting trio further. Let us call it a novel after Mr. James, and the reader may make his own ending.

Are we educating the Future American Novelist?

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THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AND AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

When a few practical men of affairs, capitalists, bank presidents, manufacturers, merchants, lawyers, were deputed, three years ago, by their fellow-citizens of Chicago, to formulate a scheme for the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus in the western hemisphere by an International Exposition of all the arts and sciences, to be held in that city, it is not probable that they had seriously in mind anything so chimerical as the establishment of a great movement of civilization. Common sense is not apt to work upon any such visionary lines. The elements which gave shape and force to the preliminary consultations were not of a kind to dream of a propaganda of social ideas. And yet, if these gentlemen had deliberately contemplated some such revolutionary proposition as this, their action could not have been more wisely directed to the achievement of this very end.

The progress of civilization is by slow processes of development, in which it is difficult to detect any recognizable points of departure, any definite initial force. These processes are usually growths from seed planted at no especial date, at no easily found place, and by no especial person or persons. They are evolutions out of the dark into the light, and their character is controlled by the genius of races, by influences of environment, and by accidents of history. It may not be difficult, however, to prove that in the age of Pericles, in the Italian Cinquecento, in the defection of Luther, in the court of Queen Elizabeth, may be found four of these points of departure. In the Columbian Exposition we are probably destined to see a fifth, which, for reasons not hard to give, may perhaps be more definite and recognizable than any of the others.

It is now generally conceded that the choice of Chicago, instead of New York, as the seat of this Exposition, has already been fully justified by its results. New York is the commercial metropolis of the country, and, like London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and Philadelphia, the seats of previous Expositions, is in the midst of a thickly populated region, enjoying all the fruitions of an elaborate civilization, more or less familiar with and influenced by the best achievements of mankind in every department of human effort, with established institutions of higher culture, with galleries and schools of art, museums, monuments, and all the incitements of a complicated and ordered social life. Under such circumstances, centres like these can hardly be as impressionable as the Western metropolis. The distinction may be clearly drawn that in the former the Exposition was in each case rather emulative than instructive; in the latter it will prove more instructive than emulative.

Chicago is the nucleus of a vast interior country, newly occupied by a prosperous people, who are without local traditions; who have been absorbed in the development of its virgin resources; and who are more abounding in the out-

of-door energies of life, more occupied by the practical problems of existence, more determined in their struggle for wealth and knowledge, than any people who ever lived. This nation within a nation is not unconscious of its distance from the long-established centres of the world's highest culture, but it is full of the sleepless enterprise and ambitions of youth; it has organized power, natural ability, quickened apprehensions, and rapidly increasing wealth; it knows its need of those nobler ideals and higher standards which are of such difficult access to a people engaged in the comparatively coarse work of laying the foundations and raising the solid walls of material prosperity. The new nation is now ready to adorn this great fabric, to complete and refine it, and to fit it for a larger life and a wider usefulness. It is like a machine, which requires only those more delicate creative touches necessary to bring its complicated adjustments into perfect working condition, so that it may become effective as a part of the civilizing energy of our time. Books, lectures, and all the apparatus of schools and colleges are meanwhile doing their work in this field.

The most distinctive social feature of Western town life, as compared with that of the East, is the frank earnestness with which these conscious people are seeking for a higher life, and trying to repair the defects of an education less liberal than their present conditions demand. Every town, every village, has its societies for mutual improvement. Grown men and women, in all the grades of social life, go to school again in their clubs, and study history, art, science, literature, with the same energy and enthusiasm which they apply to the accumulation of wealth. University extension is not a diversion, but a most serious occupation. Their organized efforts to realize and comprehend, by literature, prints, and photographs, what is meant by the great achievements in painting, sculpture, and architecture — often with most insufficient means — are pathetic, but most significant of the expectant, awaiting condition of the Western mind. The people of the East and of the Old World can have no comprehension of the eagerness and sincerity with which the West is pursuing, under many difficulties, the study of better culture.

All this slow-working machinery would in due time, of course, unaided, and without the interposition of some such great demonstration of the arts and sciences as will be furnished by the Columbian Exposition, accomplish the work of transition, and the West would presently find itself playing its due part in giving not only grain and cattle, but "sweetness and light," to the rest of the world.

If it were possible to include, in a history of the International Expositions, a correct statement of the influences exerted by them over the industries of the world, it would be found that each furnished a forward impetus of its own to all those elements which make up the civilization of the epoch. When any nation on these great arenas of emulation gave evidence of superior attainments in any art or science, in any production of hand or brain, it gave also to the other nations the most powerful incentive to emulate and to surpass the model. If the great Panhellenic festivals served continually to advance the standard of manly virtues among the Greeks, and to keep in constant and productive tension all their best capacities for moral and mental effort, the modern industrial Expositions have done much more for civilization, and on a much higher scale of human endeavor. The intervals between these Expositions have been Olympiads in the history of our times, in which all the energies of the nations have been exerted to secure the solidarity and progress of the race, and, by a constant advancement of the standards of emulation, to keep the various branches of the human family fairly

abreast. The first London Exposition, for example, surprised the English people into a realization of their inferior rank in the fine arts, and in all those industries in which art is an element of production. The whole nation was immediately stimulated by a noble zeal to remedy its proved deficiencies, and subsequent Expositions showed how the wholesome lesson had been taken to heart, and with what success the new standards of achievement were reached.

The Exposition of 1893 will have a similar work to do in this country; but the field over which it has to exert its beneficent influences is a very different field from that of England, France, Austria, Italy, Germany, or even our own Eastern seaboard, of which Philadelphia was the centre in the centennial year. Here it will do far more than merely to supplement the slow but sure and steady function of schools and universities, societies and museums, in the work of civilization; it will not only anticipate this function in time, and give to the progress of the nation, especially of the West, a sudden and mighty forward impulse, which will be felt for generations, but its influence will have an infinitely wider range than could possibly result from the efforts of any number of institutions of liberal or technical training. The Exposition will furnish to our people an object lesson of a magnitude, scope, and significance such as has not been seen elsewhere. They will for the first time be made conscious of the duties, as yet unfulfilled, which they themselves owe to the civilization of the century. They will learn from the lessons of this wonderful pageant that they have not as yet taken their proper place in the world; that there is something far better worth doing than the mere acquiring and spending of wealth; that the works of their hands, their products, their manufactures, are not necessarily the best in the world; that their finer arts are in nearly every respect deficient in finish and in aim; that, with all their acknowledged ingenuity in the manipulation and manufacture of the coarser staples and products, there are, perhaps, foreign methods more certain, more economical, or productive of better results; that in various departments of finer manufactures, in furniture, in the weaving of cottons, linens, silks, woolens, velvets, and in the designing of the more delicate fabrics, in machinery of all sorts, possibly in implements, certainly in educational appliances, and wherever science or art in its best sense has been adapted to industrial uses, there is much to be learned from the older nations; that tariffs alone and all the other political devices of protection cannot, in another century of exclusion, bring their productions to a parity with those of countries whose industries are governed only by the natural laws of supply and demand. They will discover that in painting, in sculpture, in music, they have scarcely begun to appreciate, much less to produce, objects of fine art; and that, by cultivating the arts which are not practically useful, their lives may be made much better worth living, more fruitful, more full of real enjoyment, and larger in every respect. They will be suddenly confronted by new ideals and inspired by higher ambitions; they will find in themselves qualities hitherto unsuspected, capacities for happiness and powers of production hitherto unknown. They will obtain, in short, a higher standard by which to measure their own shortcomings and deficiencies; and if, in some lines of human effort, they are themselves able to set up standards higher than the rest of the world, and find that in these things the world must come to them to be taught, they will realize that in most other respects they are in a position of pupilage.

Such a realization by such a people will bear fruit, not in the apathy of mortification and defeat, but in that condition of noble discontent which carries with it its own speedy correction. Every me-

chanic who, on visiting the Exposition, discovers that his fellow-workers in England, or France, or Germany, or Italy, or Turkey, or China, or Japan, have shown, with the same materials, better workmanship, or accomplished nobler results of beauty or fitness, than he has yet dreamed of, will no longer be satisfied with his old ideals. Every workshop, factory, laboratory, and studio in the land will be conscious of a new impulse. It will be impossible for any man, woman, or child, capable of receiving impressions, to visit this great treasury of all the industries of hand and brain without being quickened with new energies. The low routines of life will be broken by a spirit of reform. New shoots will be grafted on the old homely but vigorous stock; and the fruitage should have a larger and more vigorous growth, if there is any virtue left in that native force of character which is making a family of commonwealths in the wild prairies of the West.

We may, indeed, in the midst of these surprises, comfort ourselves with the assurance that the most remarkable of all the exhibits to be shown the foreigner in this year will be the spectacle of the new nation, in the midst of which is placed its precious but transient jewel, the Columbian Exposition. And yet, in a vast region of this wild country which it is subjecting to its uses, — a country already with abundant population, increasing wealth, and vast resources as yet undeveloped, — there are practically no museums or galleries of art equipped to teach great lessons in a great way, and but few public libraries, none of the higher manufactures, little to stimulate imagination or refine life, no high ideals, no standards of delicate or difficult workmanship in products of art. Daily life here is narrowed and imagination is sterilized by the dreary repetitions of mercantile or agricultural employment. Education, among the greater part of the population, is limited to the elements which may be acquired in the common schools, and to the doubtful influence of newspapers and periodicals. Many lives are begun and finished without seeing a work of good art, in painting, sculpture, or architecture; without being aroused from the apathy of a dull and colorless existence by any object lesson in the higher regions of human effort. The farmers and their families, the ranchmen, the stock-raisers, who form so large a part of the population, are isolated from the centres of moral and intellectual life, and are so engrossed in the occupations of the soil that they are unconscious of their higher capacities, and have absolutely nothing to stimulate their mental energies or awaken their dormant faculties. When they have gathered wealth, they have no idea how to use it to the best advantage. They are hungry for knowledge.

Thus the field is fallow, but full of immense possibilities. In the midst of it, the managers of the Columbian Exposition are gathering together from the wide world examples of the best and noblest results of thought and workmanship in every department of activity and enterprise, and establishing ideals and standards far beyond the dreams of most of their fellow-citizens; they are, in fact, creating a university, open to all, where the courses of instruction cover all the arts and sciences, and are so ordered that to see is to learn. They are installing the objects which are to illustrate these courses, not within mere shelters or sheds, devised only to facilitate classification and arrangement, but in monuments of art, representing in themselves, individually and collectively, the best and highest uses of the art of architecture. No university was ever so majestically housed. The courses relating to mechanics, agriculture, manufactures, and the liberal arts, electricity, mining, transportation, horticulture, the fisheries, the fine arts, the science of government, history, and all the other branches of learning, are each set forth in a palace, in

which architecture, sculpture, and painting have combined to make it fit for its high service. In its adornments every artisan will find his own occupation idealized, and will read in its friezes the names of those of his fellow-workmen who have, in the practice of his own art or trade, made themselves illustrious in the history of the world. When the visitor enters the great Court, he will find himself cloistered as never scholar was cloistered before. No philosopher or disciple of the Academy ever walked and meditated in such porches. The great Basin in the midst, with its tributary canals, the terraces and balustrades which surround it, the statues, the monumental fountains, the vases, the bridges, the standards, the rostral columns, the gardens, the kiosks and shelters, are arranged to show that order is heaven's first law. To walk in these grounds will be in itself an education, as well as a pleasure of the most ennobling sort. The whole is on a scale of beauty and magnificence far beyond what the greatest masters of art have provided for emperors and kings. The gateway and vestibule of this university introduce the scholars to a new world.

When Congress settled the question of the location of the World's Fair by preferring Chicago to New York, it was feared that, among a people so little accustomed to demonstrations of high art, the enterprise would take upon itself some of the characteristics of "the greatest show on earth," and that our refined taste would be shocked by a vain display of cheap and vulgar pretense in the buildings. Our reputation as a worthy member of the great community of civilized nations was at stake before the world, and Chicago as yet had done little to give confidence in its ability or desire to make such a use of its great opportunity as would reflect credit and honor upon the republic. Our natural tendency to outdo all other nations by bigness and height rather than by quality of art, to astonish them with novelties of structure and audacities of design rather than to challenge them with carefully studied and scholarly compositions in the academic field, where they had ever been our masters, would here, apparently, have the fullest demonstration. That the Fair would in any respect of art compare with the last Exposition at Paris was hardly to be expected. Of course, it was inevitable that we should have a tower to overtop the masterpiece of Eiffel, a dome to cover a far wider area than that of Vienna, an egg of Columbus bigger and uglier than that of Genoa, and other unspeakable devices of audacious ingenuity, to astonish the vulgar and make the judicious grieve. But the managers of the Exposition, supported by the sympathy and indomitable public spirit of the youngest, most energetic and ambitious of the great capitals of the world, and by the official sanction of a powerful nation, and, more especially, in the use of these aids and of the wealth which was poured into their treasury, being wisely guided by the counsel of the ablest available specialists in the choice and the laying out of the grounds, in the design and construction of the buildings, in their decoration and completion by sculpture and painting, in the innumerable difficulties of engineering presented by the drainage, the water and gas supply, and the distribution of power and light by electricity, in the sanitary and police equipment, and in all the other complicated services of this enterprise, — these putative Philistines of the New World have developed and carried into execution a scheme which, not only in scale, but in those qualities of artistic excellence and refinement which were least expected of them, is acknowledged to surpass even the great triumphs of the Exposition of 1889. The cost of the vast structures of the "White City" has been more than doubled by their architectural form and decorative envelopes. If these forms of art had been called into existence simply as visible

manifestations of the wealth, pride, and culture of the country, and as expressions of its noble and lavish hospitality to the nations of the world, it would have been well to count the cost with nicer economy; but, as object lessons to the people, raised to educate them and to arouse their higher consciousness, the managers, without hesitation, considered that they should not withhold their hands until the ideal had been made concrete and palpable in the buildings at Jackson Park, at whatever expenditure of treasure and thought. They have done more: they have successfully resisted the introduction upon the grounds of every device of mere astonishment, — of any feature, indeed, not commended by its practical character or by its quality of art. The irrepressible crank has laid before them a hundred monstrous schemes, but has obtained no foothold within the limits of the Exposition. He must be content to expatiate with his wild vagaries outside the inviolate boundaries.

Possibly, the very best and noblest lesson given to the New World by the Fair is the spectacle presented of the happy results secured through the concert of the fine arts in its great buildings. It is due largely to the indomitable zeal of Mr. D. H. Burnham, the Chief of Construction, to his enthusiastic love of art, to his wide experience in architectural enterprises on a large scale, to the force of his personality, and to his sound judgment, that, setting aside all personal interests and all local prejudices, men of the highest ability in every department of art, summoned from all parts of the country, gladly came to his assistance, and that these men worked together in a spirit of mutual concession, — a spirit never vitiated or weakened by any shadow of jealousy, in all their trying and complicated collaboration, from the beginning to the end. Architects, sculptors, painters, and engineers have all been ready and eager to direct their best efforts to a common end of exalted art; to sacrifice their most cherished ideas, if the development of them was found to conflict with harmony and unity of result. For the first time in our country, architects have enjoyed the inestimable advantage of completing their works by sculpture and painting of a high order, adjusted to the exigencies of the original design. In no single case has a sculptor hesitated to modify the sentiment of his composition so as to conform to the idea of the structure, or to change its outlines so that they might take their proper share, and no more, in the architectural scheme. The best painters in the country have gladly forsaken their easels and their profitable commissions to play a noble but subordinate part in the decoration of the walls and vaulted ceilings of the great peristyles and porches. They have labored, one and all, joyously and sincerely, with eager but most friendly emulation, in this monumental task. Mr. F. D. Millet, the Director of Color, with admirable energy and tact, and with astonishing executive ability, has controlled and harmonized the difficult work of his brother painters; so that over all this department has presided a spirit of *bonhomie* and fellowship which could not fail to have the best results. The necessity for prompt decision and rapid workmanship seemed to spur these artists to their highest endeavor, and to inspire them with a fine enthusiasm. This friendly emulation presented a scene rarely witnessed in the history of art. At the midday rest, painters and sculptors would assemble around their table at the commissariat, compare notes, exchange advice and chaff over the social pipe, after the manner of the studios; and then, with new zeal, each would take his electric boat, and, over the waters of the canals or the Lagoon, find his way to his distant field of operations, disembark at the broad water-stairs of his palace, as if he had been in Venice, climb his rough scaffolding, and resume his difficult and dan-

gerous labors upon the panels of his particular dome or wall surface. In this way they have all lavished their efforts, cheered by the consciousness that they were doing their honest part in this great concert of the arts.

Among the architects this spirit of mutual concession has been especially remarkable. Those concerned in the designing of the buildings surrounding the great Court and Basin, where it was peculiarly necessary that a magnificent unity of sentiment should prevail, and where it was important that each building should assist its neighbors with a sort of high courtesy, avoiding every feature which by rivalry or contrast should bring into the general composition any elements of discord or disproportion, sacrificed themselves to this end with admirable self-denial. If, in any building, a dome was proposed so large as to challenge comparison or suggest rivalry with that of the central Administration Building, which it was agreed should always be predominant, it was cheerfully suppressed, as was the case in the earlier studies of the Manufacturers' Building. If, as in the Agricultural Building, a porch was designed, admirably accentuating the centre of the principal façade, but interfering with the continuity of the terrace surrounding the great Basin, it was removed without a murmur of discontent. If the campaniles of the Electricity Building seemed to introduce an element too lofty in comparison with the element of height in the other designs, they were gladly reduced. In short, every one of the greater buildings of the Exposition, with the possible exception of the Illinois pavilion and that of the United States, which were developed independently, has yielded something to the spirit of harmonious conformity, without sacrifice, however, of any essential point of individuality. Thus, wherever the conditions of dignity and unity have required it, each of the great architectural façades has been studied so as to compose well with its neighbors, and give to the dullest comprehension an impression of monumental harmony. In this vast orchestra, no individuality forces itself into undue prominence to disturb the majestic symphony.

No student of architecture who visits the great Court of the Exposition, and sees there how the fundamental principle of variety in unity has been carried into practice on a vast scale, with no unsympathetic censor to check the free developments of art, can fail to take away with him a lesson far more impressive and abiding than can possibly be furnished by examples on any less restricted and less noble field. To the practitioner of this art, who has never enjoyed the advantages of education in the schools, this scene must inevitably prove a revelation of the possibilities of architectural composition in pure style, and an admonition to aim, in his future practice, at the virtues of repose and self-repression, to avoid loading his designs with the conceits of undisciplined invention, and to produce his effects by the careful study and refinement of a few established motifs rather than by crowding his composition with ill-digested novelties. It is sufficiently evident that to architecture, at least, the Exposition will bring a message of civilization which cannot be misunderstood, and which inevitably must have immediate and enduring effects upon the general practice of the art. This practice has always shown itself peculiarly sensitive to the influence of good examples; it is risking little to prophesy that in this country architecture in especial, and the decorative arts in general, will, after this Exposition, be inspired by an irresistible impulse for reform, and for a greater unity of effort in the establishment of style. Certainly, the practical value of thorough training in the art has been amply proved, so that hereafter no aspirant can be content with less.

"There is a solidarity in the arts," said Mr. Norton; "they do not flourish in isolated independence." Painting and sculpture, in the highest sense, cannot flourish when architecture is in a state of depression. Architecture cannot succeed when it is not sustained and completed by its sister arts. To decorate architecture has ever been, and must ever be, the highest function of sculptor or painter. To make architecture fit to receive such decoration is the noblest impulse of that art. Painting, sculpture, and architecture are in their best estate and are enjoying their highest opportunities when they are working together.

But in the monuments of the Exposition still another fine art has played a most conspicuous part in this great concert. There is one man, and, so far as we know, none other, capable of conceiving and carrying out the work of the landscape architects as it has been done at Jackson Park. To Frederick Law Olmsted, assisted in the practical and administrative part of this work by his partner, the late Henry Sargent Codman, is to be credited the brilliant idea of converting the hopeless sand-dunes and intervening marshes of this district into a series of low and broad terraces, intersected by the Basin, the canals, and the Lagoon, which form the most distinguishing and characteristic features of the Exposition. It was mainly by his fine artistic sympathy, in counsel with the advisory architect of the Department of Construction, the late John Welborn Root, that these terraces were adjusted to receive a great architectural demonstration, illustrated by a series of tentative schemes in block for the locating of the great buildings. This long series finally culminated in one which met all the conditions of architectural arrangement and convenience so completely, and with such fine forethought for all the future exigencies of the Exposition, that the Board of Architects, who were subsequently summoned to distribute among themselves the designing of the buildings, and to whom this final project was submitted, could agree upon no material modifications of it. Never was a combination of monumental buildings, contrived for a specific and monumental purpose, more carefully and ingeniously studied for the production of preconceived effects of order and magnificence. It is with no little astonishment, therefore, that we read in the otherwise most laudatory report of the Marquis Chasseloup-Laubet to the Société des Ingénieurs Civiles that his first and final impression of the group was affected by the absence of a *plan d'ensemble!* This judgment can be accounted for only by the fact that he must have viewed the grounds when they were encumbered by building materials, and must have entered upon the scene at some accidental point, so that the general scheme did not develop to his eye in the proper order, and in the manner provided by the plan. At that time. the monumental railroad entrance at the west end of the Court was hardly accessible. To the visitor entering here, the architectural scheme of the Exposition must necessarily unfold itself with harmonious dignity; the carefully provided vistas cannot fail, as he advances, to have their due effect upon the mind, and leave upon it an indelible impression of unity and order. A glance at the latest plans of the grounds will explain how this impression is produced. The fine sentiment of fellowship in a common cause, which, as we have seen, marked the relations between the other artists, was especially felt by the architects in working with Messrs. Olmsted and Codman. The architects of building and of landscape were animated by a mutual zeal, and each aided the other with loyalty and enthusiasm. In fact, without the constant exercise of these qualities of brotherhood in art, the general result of harmony, which the French marquis apparently did not see, but which every visitor to the completed grounds will have forced upon him, what-

ever may be the degree of his susceptibility to emotions of art, would have been impossible. This adjustment of architecture to its environment furnishes still another lesson, which cannot be lost to a people who, by this experience, obtain the highest possible standard of performance in the laying out and adornment of their public parks and pleasure grounds, their boulevards and city squares, and the location of their public buildings.

But if, in the making of the grounds of Jackson Park, and in the location of the palaces of art and industry thereon, there has been achieved a result of conformity and mutual adjustment more admirable than one might see even in the gardens of Versailles or of Marly, and on a scale far more colossal, and if the peristyles, kiosks, fountains, bridges, statues, columns, arches of triumph, and other subordinate features, distributed among the greater buildings, have served to lighten the prevailing effect of majesty and order without disturbing it, it must be frankly admitted that a note of confusion and discordance has been introduced in a comparatively small area at the northern end of the park by the emulation of the States of the Union in their pavilions. The parklike aspect formerly presented in this part of the grounds by the lawns, driveways, and fairly grown trees has quite disappeared, and its avenues, crowded with the ambitious and incongruous structures of the rival commonwealths, have taken upon themselves the heterogeneous characteristics of boulevards in a prosperous town. Here the architects have not been able to enjoy the advantages of concerted action. Several of these structures are beautifully designed, and are contrived with great success to recall the historic memories of the States, respectively, which have erected them. But no attempt at harmony has been made. They are too large for their purposes, and are crowded far too closely for any dignity of effect. Each one, instead of being isolated in its own pleasance, surrounded by trees and shrubbery, where its reminiscences of English colonial dignity, or of the Spanish missions, or of any local quality of Eastern or Western civilization might be independently expressed without challenging comparisons, elbows a neighbor "in contact inconvenient" on either side. Some of them, indeed, are frank examples of our own outworn vernacular architecture, with all its offensive and ungoverned crudities of detail. Perhaps it is well that this element should be expressed somewhere at the World's Fair, for the sake of local color, and that, in comparing these huddled incongruities (which, by the bye, possibly had something to do in affecting the precipitous judgment of the French marquis) with the ordered grandeur and beauty of the main part of the Exposition grounds, the spectator may find the best sort of admonition as to the supreme value of art not only in designing buildings, but in designing combinations of buildings in towns, squares, and streets, so that every structure in them shall have some relation of harmony with its neighbors.

Every block in our large cities is made up of a series of independent, uncompromising individualities, each struggling to distinguish itself by obliterating its neighbors; and if any one of these discordant members succeeds in the greedy emulation, it is generally by virtue of some superior audacity in height or vulgar pretense. True beauty, which loves quiet and peace, is apt to shrink and hide itself for shame at being caught in such quarrelsome company. By this great object lesson at Chicago, any thoughtful mind may learn that order and congruity in the architecture of our city streets are not necessarily monotony and wearisome iteration, but may be obtained by mutual concessions, resulting in an effect of concord without detriment to any desirable quality of individual distinction. To the apprehension of an artist, the earliest existing perma-

nent building in a block, whatever may be its quality as a work of design, has earned its right to give a keynote to those which follow, the observance of which need not embarrass the freedom of their development; for true art is flexible to every local condition. In this way are built the streets of Utopia, perhaps, and the heavenly mansions, but the ideal is not inaccessible even to us in our lower estate. It is simply a question of mutual concession, and

"It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

There is yet another lesson — a lesson of color — which the Exposition will inculcate in a manner not readily forgotten. It has been found, after numerous experiments, that the most effective surface treatment of the large masses, both of the exterior and interior in the greater buildings, is one of nearly pure white, modified, so far as the interiors are concerned, by screens of translucent fabrics, stretched beneath the skylights, in combinations of tints varied to suit the especial conditions of each building. This device furnishes to each an atmosphere of faint rainbow color tones, which is felt as a pervading spirit of refinement throughout the interiors, but is so contrived as in no case to compete with or to influence the stronger local colors of the exhibits. In some of the buildings painted friezes and cartouches have been added, to confer upon them large decorative effects of especial character and significance.

The white marble exterior treatment of the architecture is relieved by a system of awnings, shades, banners, and flags, of fabrics especially woven, and of devices especially contrived, to offset the serious purity of the architectural lines, to supplement the local color embellishments of the painters in the shadows of porches and peristyles, and to confer upon the whole scene a festival aspect, full of joyous animation, but without those harsh contrasts which have hitherto converted our holiday decorations into riotous discords of crude and conflicting colors.

The sudden death of Mr. Root, and later of Mr. Codman, both of them on the threshold of the greatest achievements in their respective fields, is felt not only as a personal bereavement by those comrades in art who were associated with them in the study and execution of this vast enterprise, but as a loss to the whole nation, whose interests they served to the end of their bright careers with entire devotion and unselfish enthusiasm. No story of the Exposition can be complete without an honorable recognition of the great service which they rendered to it.

We are already hearing loud and frequent expressions of regret that, after the brilliant six months of pageantry are over, the vast collections of the Exposition will be scattered to the four winds; the great arches and trusses of steel, and the other merchantable portions of the structures of these palaces of art, will be sold to the highest bidder; the majestic ordonnances of columns and arches, pavilions, domes, and towers, with their statuary, their bas-reliefs and paintings, will disappear from the face of the earth; the fountains will be dried up, the bridges destroyed, the gardens absorbed; the Indians, the Algerians, the Japanese, the Egyptians, and the Esquimaux will "fold their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away;" and in a few short months nothing will be left but a vacant area of land, and the memory of the greatest function of the century. The productions of the photographer, the medals of award, and whatever of new life and higher endeavor may follow in the practice of all the arts will perhaps be needed to assure ourselves that the Exposition of 1893 was not a dream.

So far as the architectural designs of the buildings are concerned, as much thought and study have been bestowed upon them as if they were intended for all time. The sculptors and painters have embellished them as they would have

embellished permanent monuments. Yet it is not difficult to prove that all this will be no waste of treasure or effort, and that even the ephemeral character of the pageant will make it all the more precious to those who read its purpose aright.

If it is true

> "That what we have we prize not to the worth
> Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
> Why, then we rack the value; then we find
> The virtue that possession would not show us
> Whiles it was ours,"

it is equally true that we never value a precious thing so highly as when we know that it will soon pass from our possession forever. The appreciation and enjoyment of such a thing are quickened and magnified by its transiency. The touch of regret in our emotions not only softens, but sweetens our judgment. The "White City" by the lake, which seems to have arisen almost

> "like an exhalation, with the sound
> Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,"

will disappear as it came, like an enchantment, leaving not even a mound, a broken column, or a mouldering capital to mark its place; and every spectator who walks in its porches or gazes upon its mighty fronts will instinctively feel as if, while the unsubstantial pageant lasts, he should make the most of it, and leave no point of its beauty or grandeur unstudied. Every great work of art, whether it presents itself merely as an incident of travel, or whether it is staled by daily contact, has its influence, more or less undefined and unsuspected, upon mind and character. But if the stranger is conscious that to-morrow he must leave it behind forever, it makes upon his intelligence an ineffaceable image. He analyzes it with eager eyes and senses all alert. He instinctively desires to make it his own, a part of himself. The slow work of years is for him done in a day, and for him the conquest of art over the imagination is at once completed. If it is a work of architecture, this conquest is accomplished by the unity of its organism, by its simplicity and wholeness of scheme in general outline, and by the harmonious subordination of its details. This unity impresses the object upon the mind at first view, and engages the attention and interest of the spectator, who is flattered by his ability to comprehend it. Its complications charm him as he is charmed by a strain of music, though in each case the technique may be far beyond his reach. This interest is confirmed if the monument of art is so devised that its finer meanings unfold themselves to his intelligence gradually, its details presenting themselves in the order of their importance to the general scheme. A less harmonious and less symmetrical organism perplexes his mind by the disorder of its composition; its parts are not so subordinated as to appeal to his eye in proper succession. He sees details before he sees the general idea; and the mental impression conveyed to him is blurred and indistinct, if in this way he is constrained to make an effort to understand its motive of design and the message which it brings, — if indeed it has any message except one of warning against false art.

It would seem, therefore, that, in view of the ephemeral character of the Exposition, nothing has been really wasted, and everything has been gained, by that expenditure of means and effort which has been necessary to make it beautiful. Its great function would have been but poorly fulfilled if the spirit of mere utility and common sense had controlled the enterprise, had cheapened it as a demonstration of art, and, because it was to be merely temporary, had made it palpably economical. "A thing of beauty is a joy" not only while you look at it, but "forever." The collections of the Exposition would have been installed as safely and as conveniently in buildings which cost five or six millions as in buildings which cost ten or twelve; but the work of civilization possible to it at the larger

price would have been but half done at the lower. The alabaster box of precious ointment was not broken in vain at the feet of our Saviour, though it might have been sold for three hundred pence, and the money given to the poor.

Not only to the practice of all the industrial and liberal arts, but to that of the fine arts, the Exposition will have a bequest of the utmost value; a bequest which could come from no source less exalted; a bequest which, as regards the fine arts in especial, will ever be associated with the assurance of the triumphs to be achieved in the future by their co-operation in a spirit of cordial unity. Whatever may have been the causes which finally culminated in the brilliant solidarity of the arts in the Italian Renaissance of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, from which has developed all the best that has been done in art since that time, it can hardly be doubted that, if a new and equally brilliant era shall presently be begun in the New World of Columbus, upon a far larger field, with nobler opportunities and without embarrassment of traditions and prejudices, it will date its initial movement and inspiration in the last decade of the nineteenth century, when the Exposition at Chicago taught its great lessons of civilization.

Henry Van Brunt.

"'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE" IN CHICAGO.

At a time of life when I can look back over more than two generations of men, I sit down to write my random notes on the growth and expansion of Chicago. To some it is given, in the leisure of age, to rehearse journeys taken into all quarters of the globe. I also have traveled, but my journeys have been vacation jaunts, as it were. I might fairly say that I have spent my days in this place, and have seen the world come to me, in that series of inflowing tides which have brought humanity to the lonely shore of Lake Michigan, and now in the flocking of many nations to see what the men and women of Chicago have to show after their sixty years of city-building.

Until 1833 Chicago had practically no existence except in name. True, for many years it had been a place where furs had been bought from the Indians and trappers, and goods such as their simple wants required had been sold; but, beyond this, what we call commerce did not exist. A fort had been established in the early part of the century, and had been occupied by a few United States troops; but it had been abandoned in 1812, and it was still remembered by the first settlers that those troops and their families had been fallen upon and slaughtered by the Indians before they had gone two miles from the fort, and while they were still within the heart of the present city of Chicago. I am now writing on the very spot where that slaughter took place, on the very soil which drank the blood of the women and children who fell by the tomahawks and knives of the "braves," while their husbands and fathers were being shot down from behind the sand-hills bordering the beach of the lake. This event had made Chicago known and talked about more than a score of years before 1833, but had been practically forgotten by a new generation; and probably not one in a hundred, even of Americans, remembered the name of the place.

The Congress of 1832–33 made a small appropriation to commence the construction of a harbor at the mouth of the Chicago River. This gave occasion for

newspaper discussion in the Eastern States, in the course of which the old stories of Chicago, with descriptions of the surrounding country, were hunted up and republished; and thus was a new interest awakened, which spread among the people of the other States, and a tide of immigration set in, including people of all classes, agriculturists, professional men, and mechanics. The early part of 1833 saw this migratory wave begin to roll westward. It scattered most of its volume in Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, so that when it reached Illinois it had dwindled to small proportions. This migration has continued its widespread westward flow, with constantly increasing numbers, up to the present time, when the Pacific Ocean is the frontier.

When I started from Utica, New York, to seek a new home in the West, I had not determined where I should establish myself; nor did I fix upon Chicago as my final objective point till I reached White Pigeon, Michigan. There I made the acquaintance of Dr. John T. Temple and his family, who were then on their way to Chicago. White Pigeon was the terminal point of a line of stages from Detroit; from there a road was laid out through the woods as far as Niles. Thence there was no road; only an Indian trail, which could be followed with teams to the place where Michigan City now is. From that point travelers could journey on the lake beach, crossing the streams, or rather avoiding them by driving into the lake, and following the bars which form in front of the mouths of all the watercourses which run into Lake Michigan. On these bars the water is very shallow, and may readily be traversed in calm weather. It was scarcely a foot deep, at that time, on the bar over which the waters of the Chicago River passed into the lake, about where the foot of Madison Street now is.

At White Pigeon I learned much from Dr. Temple of the condition and prospects of Chicago and the surrounding country, and, in accordance with his advice, I determined to make that place my destination; but as there was no public conveyance thence to Chicago, I accepted an invitation to take passage on a raft then lying in Saint Joseph's River, four miles away. It was composed of lumber for the doctor's dwelling in Chicago. We were five days floating down the river to its mouth, where there were a few small dwellings, situated on a high bluff on the south side of the stream. Here I was surprised to observe, seated along the bank of the river, what seemed to me a great multitude of men, women, and children, all seeking their passage to Chicago. Where they came from, or how they got there, I could not conceive. A schooner, the Ariadne, lay at the little wharf, and was loading with lumber from a raft which lay alongside; and in her I soon engaged a passage across the lake to Chicago, the distance by water being about sixty miles.

Late in the afternoon the loading was completed, and we went on board, as many as could find foothold. Lumber was placed on the decks as high as it could be piled and allow the sails to be worked. The little cabin was stowed full of women and children, and the deck-load was fairly black with men holding on as best they could. The wind was very light all night, and we made but little progress. It freshened in the morning, but we did not come to anchor in front of Chicago till afternoon. This boat-load of men and women formed the first distinct wave of the immigration which was soon to flood the town and the surrounding region.

We need to consider the physical features of the country, if we would understand the exceptional growth of the town and city, as well as the character of the inhabitants who have made that growth possible. All of the central and northern part of the State is occupied by what was then, and is still, known as the "grand prairie" of Illinois. This

prairie covers the whole district from the Wabash to the Mississippi. At its northern extremity it impinges upon Lake Michigan for a distance of four miles, extending from the Chicago River south to a body of timber called the "oak woods." This prairie was interspersed by belts of timber which grew on the east and north sides of the running streams, and by isolated groves of greater or less extent. The situation of these belts and isolated groves of timber was determined by the streams and by springs whose waters lodged in ponds, which waters, whether running or stationary, served to keep back the fires which were driven by the prevailing westerly and southerly winds that every autumn swept over the prairie. All the first settlers in the country established themselves on the borders of these forest belts and groves, and inclosed their cultivated fields in the adjoining prairie. When I came to the State, not a single farmer had built a house in the open prairie; but the fertility of the prairie soil had long been demonstrated by actual results.

The immigrants who first settled in Chicago were mostly young men from the Eastern States, imbued with that spirit of ambition and enterprise necessary to stimulate one to seek distant fields of activity on the very borders of civilization, and filled with a cheerful courage which forbade them to repine at privations unknown in the places of their birth. It was these men who laid the business foundations of Chicago, and they were followed by others of the same disposition. Thus was added force to the spirit of enterprise already existing. So it has continued ever since. Fire augments so long as there is fuel to keep up the flame.

The cities have not made the country; on the contrary, the country has compelled the cities. If the class of immigrants who came to this city were such as would necessarily realize the possibilities spread out before them, the agriculturists who came and settled these great prairies were fully equal to their urban neighbors. Without the former the latter could not exist. Without farmers there could be no cities. To the agriculturists, therefore, at least as much credit is due for the progress of the city. He who has seen both from the beginning can most readily appreciate this.

When the only mode of transportation was by wheel vehicles over the common roads of the country, the agricultural products could be brought from but short distances, and it was quite as difficult to get the farmers' supplies from the city; so that the growth of the latter was necessarily limited to the extent of the country upon which it could rely for its support. The farmers would naturally seek the most accessible markets for their products, and there, too, would they obtain their supplies. Sixty years ago, there were so few farmers in the country that but little produce was raised; so little, indeed, within any reasonable distance, that but an insignificant mercantile business could be supported by exchanges. In 1832, salt from the State of New York had begun to come, by way of the Erie Canal and the Great Lakes, to Chicago, and this had become known by the farmers who had settled upon the Wabash River, who, to obtain this salt, came distances of from one hundred to two hundred miles to Chicago; bringing with them those articles of produce which they thought they could sell, such, for instance, as lumber, bacon, eggs, live chickens, and apples. The beasts of draught in the country were almost exclusively oxen, which could do good work upon prairie grass alone, while horses needed grain to keep them in condition. This transportation was done in what were called "prairie schooners," which were large tilted wagons drawn by from four to six yokes of oxen. The travelers carried their own provisions, consisting largely of bacon, corn bread, and po-

tatoes, with apples when in season. They journeyed in companies of from two to ten teams, and stopped for the night in the prairie or on the edge of the groves, — wherever darkness overtook them and they could find water. When journeying across the prairie on horseback, I sometimes stayed with these caravans over-night. At such times I was uniformly well received and hospitably entertained. Each party would make a fire on the prairie, around which the ox-yokes would be laid, each furnishing a seat for one or two persons, as occasion might require. At this fire supper was cooked. Each man was furnished with a tin plate, from which he ate his supper while he held it on his lap, depending on his fingers and pocket-knife to do duty for other table utensils. All of a party slept under the canvas tilt which covered the wagon, and I observed that they took particular pains to furnish a good bed for "the stranger," as he was universally called. The oldest man of the party would hitch along on the ox-yoke to make room for him, and the patriarch was usually very sociable. I have spent many hours pleasantly and profitably, while sitting on an ox-yoke, beside the leader of the caravan, from whom I learned a good deal about the country on the Wabash in both Indiana and Illinois.

These men were mostly emigrants from Kentucky and Tennessee, and I was especially interested in some peculiarities of their dialect, several of the words of which were new to me. Some words, too, that I was familiar with they used in senses peculiar to themselves; for instance, the word "which" was always used in place of "what," when they wanted an inquiry repeated, or when they wished some occurrence explained. About the time of which I am now speaking, I saw, in an Eastern paper, a communication from some Yankee who had come West, and was writing back information of what he had seen and heard here. In order to emphasize the mode in which this word was used by these prairie-schooner men, — these Hoosiers, as they were called, — he used the following language: —

"When the last trump shall sound,
Were I as Crœsus rich,
I'd give it all to see him jump,
And loudly answer '*Which?*'".

Not only were oxen employed on the roads; the farmers were equally dependent upon them for work on the farm. The first task for the new settler was to build himself a log cabin; the next, to break up a piece of prairie on which to cultivate a crop. The work of settling this country was very different from that undertaken by our forefathers in the heavy-timbered regions of the East. There, before they could plant a crop, they were obliged to clear away a portion of the forests, — a necessity which involved great labor and considerable time; and if the settler depended on his own hands (which was frequently the case), he could add but very few acres each year to his clearing, and then the stumps remained obstructions to cultivation until they were removed by natural decay. This delay and expense did not occur on the great prairies. All that was necessary was to "break" them, as it was called. This could be done in the spring of the year, and a crop raised upon the ground the same season. A breaking-team consisted of several yokes of oxen, usually five or six, and a very heavy, strong plough which cut a furrow from eighteen to twenty-four inches wide. The roots of the grasses and weeds that covered the prairies were very tenacious, and the share of the plough was of steel, kept sharp by the frequent use of a large file. Though there was little sand or gravel in the soil, it was found necessary to sharpen the plough after running it four or five hundred yards. Experience showed that it was better to plough very lightly; not more than two inches deep, in fact. It was not desirable to

turn the furrow over flat, but it was laid in ruffles, so as to permit the air to reach it on both sides, in which condition decay took place more rapidly. The wild vegetation which covered the prairies was very easily subdued. The roots of the vegetation, once cut off by the ploughshare, even if they fell back into their original places immediately, were absolutely killed.

The first crop usually depended upon was corn. With an axe the planter cut a gash in the broken sod, into which he dropped a few grains of seed, and then stepped upon it as he passed along. No subsequent cultivation, that season, could be made, and about half a crop could be expected the first year; but as a single team could plough from forty to fifty acres in time to plant corn, this half-crop would commonly furnish bread for a goodly family for the year. After the corn crop was put in, the breaking-team could be kept running as long as it was thought advisable, although the prairie sod broken after the first of July would not decay as readily as that broken earlier. A breaking-plough was usually rigged with wheels, having a lever to raise it out of the ground, a device which did away with the necessity of a man to hold the plough.

After 1834, settlers began to encroach upon the prairies, miles away from the timber. There they built their little huts or shanties; and it was astonishing how men, even those starting very poor, got along, and finally prospered. When, in 1838 and 1839, operations on the Illinois and Michigan Canal were suspended, the laborers on that work each bought a sack of corn meal, which they placed in their wheelbarrows, and, followed by their wives and little ones, started out into the broad prairies, selected places which suited them, and with their spades cut up sods, with which they built little shanties, dug holes in neighboring sloughs for water, spaded up a place for a garden, where they planted a variety of vegetables which grew in the same season, so as to supplement their corn-meal diet. In this way was a considerable portion of La Salle County first settled by hundreds of men, whose acquaintance I formed when hunting grouse in the prairie, and with whom, and their descendants, that acquaintance has ever since been kept up. Some of the most wealthy and respected citizens of that county had been the little boys who, led by their mothers on foot, followed their fathers out into the unbroken prairie.

Twenty years later, he who traveled through that country where those sod huts were first built would find neat farmhouses, painted white, surrounded by flower gardens, fine barns, herds of cattle and horses in the pastures, and great crops of grain in the fields, or being harvested with reapers drawn by horses; roads laid out and worked, bridges across the streams, and white schoolhouses at convenient distances. If the first settlers were somewhat clannish, so that separate localities were known as the Norwegian settlement, the Irish settlement, the French settlement, or the Yankee settlement, the new generation became so intermingled that these names signified only a geographical location. All now have become simply Americans, speak only the English language, and are thoroughly imbued with the principles of our institutions.

In the absence of modern means of transportation, it was impossible for the immediate neighborhood to furnish enough business to build up a great city. Railroads and canals came along and extended the area which could reach Chicago and contribute to its trade. As these artificial avenues spread far and wide, to the same extent the commerce of the city increased, and in the same ratio has the city grown. I repeat that the tributary country has made the city, and not the city the country.

As the radius of the accessible circle extended, the contributory area was augmented approximately in the proportion

of the circumference to the radii; and when the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean, with their long lines of productive coast, were reached, millions of square miles contributed their quota to swell the volume of interchange between the East and the West, the North and the South, much of which commerce found itself centring here. Of all this Chicago can boast nothing, except that she has afforded facilities for this interchange, and she has taken good care to be well paid for doing so.

The topography of the country where this city and its environs stand must be understood in order to comprehend the difficulties experienced and the expense incurred in its construction. When I came here, sixty years ago, the surface of the ground along the river was so low as to be but little above the level of the water. When the latter was frozen over, in the winter season, we were in the constant habit of driving in a sleigh from the ground on to the ice, experiencing no more trouble in the descent than is very frequently encountered in the common roads; and the ice on the river was universally used for pleasure-riding on runners. In times of high water, the land was overflowed.

There have always been observed what are called tidal waves, rising to the height of several feet, when the water rushes in from the lake and flows up the river, so as to raise it out of its bed, after which it recedes as suddenly as it rose. I recollect that, in 1838, as I was passing down Lake Street, near Franklin, a tidal wave swept up the river, and overflowed its banks to the extent of two feet, at least; passing over the grade in the middle of the street, and filling the ditch on the south side of Water Street. It receded immediately; and when I pursued my way down the street, I observed a large fish which had been left by the recession of the water, which fish I captured and took home, and used on my own table. This tidal wave acted much like the artificial wave produced by the rapid passage of a side-wheel steamer in narrow waters. No periodicity has been observed in these tidal waves, and no explanation of them has ever been given which is satisfactory to me, though they have occurred several times each year. One, in 1870, was estimated to have a height of five feet. It overflowed the wharves on the river banks, and penetrated to a considerable distance beyond the river forks up the north and south branches. These waves have been the subject of frequent discussion in scientific circles.

Beside this sudden upheaval and recession of the waters near the head of Lake Michigan, a more staid and stately change in the level of the lake has always been noted. We have periods of high water and periods of low water, not limited to certain seasons of the year, but extending over several years. In 1881, the water in the lake, in front of the window where I am now writing, was more than six feet lower than it was in 1886, five years afterward, and periods of high and low water have repeatedly occurred since my first arrival here; and the oldest Indian chiefs with whom I became acquainted assured me that it had always been so.

The soil upon which the city is built, near the shores of the lake, consists largely of sand, which has evidently been thrown up by the winds and waves. This is higher than the surface back of it, which is composed largely of a tenacious clay intermixed to a limited extent with sand, and frequently with crystallized gypsum in small quantities.

In the spring of the year, when the frost is coming out of the ground, this subsoil becomes very soft, and approximates the consistency of a semi-fluid; and when the streets had been trampled sufficiently to break up the turf which originally covered them, they became, by continued use, like a bed of mortar, and in them I have often seen teams of

horses and oxen mired. A few days' warm sun would dry off the surface, and form a crust over the softer material below; soon sufficiently strong to sustain men in walking over it, and later strong enough to sustain teams. It was not uncommon for people who ventured upon this treacherous ground to break through the crust soon after its formation, and find themselves sinking into the soft mud below, from which they would have some difficulty in extricating themselves without assistance. At such times, one standing upon this crust could, by a little effort, shake the surrounding ground for a rod or more. Then, of course, streets were not used as ways for passage; the adjoining prairie, where the sod was not broken, was resorted to. In these circumstances underground cellars were out of the question; nor was the soil suitable, without piling, for foundations for very heavy structures, although many large buildings were constructed. Higher grades were established from time to time, beginning with 1855, when almost the whole business section of a city of eighty thousand inhabitants was raised, in some cases a height of nine feet at one time. Another important change of grade took place after the great fire of 1871; and now the streets are generally from five to fourteen feet above the original soil. The elevation of structures in 1856 was a remarkable sight. Whole brick blocks were raised by means of thousands of jackscrews, by imperceptible gradations, without the cracking of a wall or the breaking of a pane of glass, and without interruption to the business within. Temporary steps gave the public access to hotels and stores as they were being elevated. These large structures were not only raised, but actually moved considerable distances. When this elevating process was commenced, the area covered by the business part of the town was limited; but as the town expanded, and even in anticipation of its growth, the streets had to be filled up to the established grade, and now there are places where paved streets are on a level with the second story of the houses adjoining.

The natural surface of the ground rose gradually as it receded from the river, sufficiently to allow the water to run off slowly; but from the town westward to the divide near the Des Plaines River the elevation was so slight that the rank grass which covered the prairie held back the water, so as to constitute a real swamp or marsh except in the driest parts of the year. I have often crossed it on horseback when the water stood several inches deep upon the whole surface; when the earth beneath was honeycombed with the holes made by crawfish, from which streams of water were ejected by the pressure of the horses' feet as they traveled over the prairie. I have frequently had jets of water thrown into my face in this way. When the tall grass had been removed and the prairie settled, roads and streets made, the water allowed to run off, and the surface subjected to the action of the sun, the country became dry and habitable. All the swampy character disappeared thirty or forty years ago, and for many miles around what was early Chicago is now a densely built city.

I have deemed it necessary to say thus much in order to indicate the difficulties which had to be overcome to build a city where Chicago now stands, and to enable the reader to draw a contrast between former days and these. The magnitude of the work can be understood only when one remembers that the area which has thus been improved extends for a distance of from ten to fifteen miles from where the little hamlet stood sixty years ago, which still maintains its central position, and constitutes the most active business part of the city. It was a long time before the farmers could produce enough food to supply the town and the country immigration. For a number of years, flour,

butter, eggs, and the like were brought to us by way of the lakes from the shores of Lake Erie, and more than once I have known scarcity of food in Chicago. At the time of the land sales here, in 1835, when there was a considerable influx of visitors from the East, the flour in the place gave out, or ran so low that at the public tables a small piece of bread was placed on each plate, as the portion allowed to each guest. For several years milk was a scarce article; none was brought in from the country for sale, and the householders had to depend for their supply upon cows which they themselves kept. Those who owned cows furnished their destitute neighbors with what they could spare, giving preference to those who had young children, while the public houses did not pretend to supply their tables regularly with milk. Then it was that we learned how good a substitute is butter for milk in coffee. We were rarely short of meat, for good beeves were driven up from the South and slaughtered here, and with them cows were brought along; but it was many years later before milk came in from the country to be sold in the streets.

The business of packing pork and beef did not begin here till about 1840, and then in a very small way, when the farmers began to raise a surplus above what was required to supply the domestic demands. As early as 1837, a few pigs could be bought in the streets of Chicago from farmers' wagons, which were taken for family consumption; but for some time afterward our main supply of pork came from Ohio and Indiana. Pork-packing for export was established on the Illinois River long before it became a business in Chicago. Jabez Fisher, from Boston, did a large business at Lacon, in Marshall County, packing pork for Boston consumption, which he sent out by way of New Orleans; and he alone did more in that line than was done in all Chicago. It would be interesting to trace the growth of the packing business in this city from that time till now, when it has assumed such enormous proportions.

Not inferior to the packing of meat in this city has been the market for cereals. The growth of the business done here in these two articles alone would afford figures incredible in former times. It is not very many years since Chicago was behind several other cities in the Mississippi Valley in the business of packing meats, and also in the sale of cereals. Now it probably exceeds any other city in the Union, if not in the world, in the volume of business done in these lines. The lumber business of the city is also very great. When I came here, no pine was sold in this market; the only lumber then was whitewood, mostly brought across the lake from Saint Joseph's River in Michigan. The first pine lumber was imported in 1835, and but very little in that year; but in 1836 several mills were started along the shores of the lake, and pine lumber in this market became abundant, and the trade in it grew rapidly.

The first steam engine used in Chicago came in 1834, when a steam sawmill was built by a Mr. Huntoon, on the north branch of the river, which furnished oak lumber; and this, with the whitewood lumber from Michigan, constituted the only wooden building material used in Chicago for some time thereafter. The quantity of lumber required in the country for settling the great prairies was simply enormous, and while but a limited proportion was brought through Chicago, that trade made this one of the greatest lumber markets in the world.

To specify the growth of the different branches of business which have forced this city to its present dimensions would be both tedious and unprofitable. The task which I had proposed to myself was to speak of my earliest recollections of Chicago and its environment so far as to afford such explanation of its subsequent growth as these might tend to give.

I must not neglect to refer to my own profession, to which I have been ardently

devoted through a long and laborious life. As I have said, sixty years ago Chicago was but a little hamlet, with a very limited local business; not without law, by any means, but without lawyers, and without anything for lawyers to do. The machinery of the law was here, but, in the absence of commerce and crime, that machinery could not be set in motion. There were in the county a sheriff, a constable, and three justices of the peace, at least nominally; and one of the three justices, Squire Isaac Harmon, kept an office. He practically did all the judicial business which the quiet little community required to be done, and did it so well that no one seemed to appreciate that his judgments were not conclusive. The county had been organized in 1829, and provision had been made for holding a circuit court in this county every year thereafter; but as no case had arisen, either civil or criminal, to be brought in judgment before that court, none had been placed upon its records; so the presence of the judge had not been required, and up to the time of my arrival here in June, 1833, he had never appeared to open the court. In ordinary times, the amount of litigation is a safe criterion by which to judge the amount of business done in a community. This quiet in the legal machinery was a very sure indication that commercial transactions of any considerable amount were not occurring, and that crimes of the graver sort had not been known here. Certain it is that nothing had thus far arisen which could not be dealt with by the justice of the peace and the constable. If some person should choose to ascribe the absence of litigation to a want of lawyers to foster it, I might correct him by the assurance that such want did not exist. Russell E. Heacock, who was really a very good lawyer, — he knew more law than my associate, Giles Spring, and myself put together, when we reached Chicago, — had resided here for several years; but, in the absence of all professional business, he had opened a carpenter shop in a log building, and practiced the trade he had learned before he studied law, and by that means earned a living. He was one of the three justices of the peace in and about Chicago, but he did not court official business, and rarely exercised his official functions. As soon as we settled here, both Spring and I gave ourselves out as lawyers; but we had been here more than two weeks, and still nothing of a litigious character, even before a justice of the peace, had occurred to encourage us. One morning, as I was walking along Water Street, almost in despair, since my two weeks' board bill must be paid, a gentleman stepped up to me and inquired if I was a lawyer. At this inquiry I am sure my countenance must have brightened very much. I quietly answered that that was my profession, and asked what I could do for him. He informed me that, the night before, somebody had stolen all the money he had, amounting to thirty-six dollars in Bellows Falls bank bills, and desired my assistance to catch the thief and recover the money. I took him to Squire Heacock's carpenter shop, drew up a complaint and procured a warrant for a young man whose name I did not know, but who had slept in the same bed with my client the night before, and had disappeared before the latter had wakened in the morning. I assisted the constable in hunting for the young man all day, and just at dusk the officer arrested him and brought him in. The money as described in the complaint was found secreted on his person. Spring was retained to defend him. Then it was that both Spring and I had an opportunity of first appearing before a Chicago audience, and we made the most of it. We spoke more to the people than to the magistrate. Of course the prisoner was bound over to the circuit court. That was the first case ever entered upon the records of a court of record in Cook County. About two weeks later, I was retained to commence an action by at-

tachment, and that was the second case which was placed upon those records. And so am I enabled, from memory, to go back to the very beginning of the judicial history of Chicago.

Several other cases were begun in the circuit court during the year 1833, but how many I do not remember. Spring and I were engaged in them all. In that year, the population of Chicago was largely increased relatively; but I do not recollect that any other lawyer arrived here in 1833 except Edward W. Casey.

The first circuit court opened in Chicago was held by Judge Young, in May, 1834. Nominally, it was in session four days, but the actual time consumed in the dispatch of business was only three days. By the fall term of that year, the business of the court had so increased that it was barely possible to conclude it within the four or five days allowed by law. During the year 1834, the Chicago bar was augmented by the arrival of a considerable number of lawyers, but how many I cannot state from recollection, nor can I remember the names of all; nor have I the means of determining the increase of the number of the members of the bar from that time on till the great fire of 1871, when all the court and municipal records were destroyed. Suffice it to say that in numbers they have kept pace with the increase of population in the city, and now exceed twenty-five hundred.

At the May term, 1834, but three days were needed to dispatch the business of the court, while now it requires the labor of more than a score of judges, constantly engaged in exercising the same jurisdiction wielded by Judge Young in three days in May and four or five days in October. And still the courts are, on the average, more than a year behind.

To me it has been a pleasing task to trace the chain of events which connects the present with the far distant past, and to select such incidents and facts as may enable others to appreciate the beginning and the advancement of a country and a city whose history contains some useful lessons to him who would study the progress of civilization. I have been compelled to pass over much that might be interesting, such as the state of society, the progress of its growth, amusements among the young people (nearly all were young), the condition and growth of educational facilities, religion and morals, and many other kindred subjects. To treat of these properly would require greater space than is at my disposal.

John Dean Caton.

AN ISLAND PLANT.

IN THREE PARTS.

I.

THE ROOTS.

When Nantucket town was called Sherburne, the houses of the first settlement at Maddeket were left isolated upon the western end of the island. There they stood staring, with the chagrined expression of things conscious of having been left; toned at length into apparent resignation and sereneness by a soft washing-in of gray; and brought finally to complete agreement with their setting of sea and sand by being propped up here and eked out there with the remnants of wrecks.

Most isolated, most lonely of all these was the abode of Phebe Nichols; yet more apart than the house itself

was the soul within it. Daniel and Eunice Nichols, following the lead of other persecuted Quakers, had come to Nantucket, seeking peace and pursuing it. There they brought Phebe, their sole offspring, the child of their middle life, to womanhood, and left her for the eternal peace; left her to evolve such a case as she might from the conditions of more than a century ago on the Maddeket plains.

Though she knew nothing of sacraments, there was, in truth, something of the sacredness and solemnity of a sacrament in those mute observances by which Phebe took up her inheritance, — accepted her loneness with her patrimony. Loneness, indeed, was by far the more considerable portion; for, beside their Bible, "a few strong instincts and a few plain rules," Daniel and Eunice had brought hardly more than their pewter mugs and platters from the mainland. On the sands and poverty grass of Nantucket, where their humility of desire agreed with nature's grudging moods, they had gathered together only such appointments as would protect and support their lives of duty, and, departing, had left these concretions of their virtues to bind Phebe to a hallowed spot.

In the rectitude and sincerity of her cherished furniture her father still expressed himself, for it was the work of his own hands. Her neat, sweet bedding, her mats of husks, and even her brooms of beach grass were the results of her mother's patient industry; and in a pieced "comforter" and a braided woolen mat Phebe treasured the relinquished garments of both her parents. There was hardly a suggestion of beauty in all her precious store, yet Phebe feared there was too much splendor of adornment in some baskets of stained withes, and woven ribbons of thinly-split soft wood, which she herself had achieved by barter with the Indians.

The indefinite matter of happiness can hardly be entered upon an inventory of Phebe's possessions, but there was something akin to it in her unconsciousness of the tediousness and poverty of her life. She was unaware, for example, that she lacked diversion, for she had never heard of the singular cases of persons who expected to be diverted. To her understanding, the daughter of Herodias pleased Herod by the skillful execution of some rarely difficult work.

On sunny days, Phebe knew the hour by the marks her father had made on the window-sill; on cloudy days, she guessed it; and the variations of dividing her monotony into portions or accepting it entire were her vicissitudes. She could not know that she needed a change when, after a week of storm, the sun came out, and she saw that it was twelve o'clock!

Now and then some matron of Sherburne gave her spinning and weaving or quilting to do; in spring she gathered herbs, in summer berries, to take to town with her more regular merchandise of eggs and chickens; but there were times when all her resources failed to consume the many hours of the long days of her still young life. When the great storms had come; when her linen and worsted were spun and woven and fashioned into sheaths for her body; when her stockings were knitted, her fish dried, her pork pickled, the autumn's little harvest and her medicinal herbs gathered in; when she had fed herself and her hens, and so arranged matters that life would continue to go on, Phebe would often have sat idle, with folded hands, but that she remembered the final account she must give for every moment during which she sat gazing dreamily into the fire.

Her only means of devoting these remnants of time to duty was that of spelling a few paragraphs in the old sheepskin-covered Bible, which had been a parting gift to her grandfather from one of the martyrs to their common opinions, in those bitter days when

the Quakers were sorely hated in Plymouth colony. Because these words were slowly spelled and separately considered, they were well remembered. Sometimes they vaguely pleased, sometimes they puzzled and alarmed, the girl; for the Friends left these matters to be interpreted by the Spirit, and poor Phebe, waiting in silence for the voice of the Spirit, perceived only the literal word. It is true that she might have given her thought to such portions of it as were plain and comforting. Ah, it is precisely what might have been, and was not, which is mournfully conspicuous in the lot of Phebe Nichols. In the multiplicity of her needs, she needed somebody to tell her what she needed; but everybody's duty was systematically planned and performed on the island of Nantucket, without reference to Phebe Nichols or her needs.

Clearly, Phebe was a woman without a vocation; but she had had her little aspiration. She had timidly dreamed it would be happiness to be loved of the herb-doctor's youngest son. But such a thought in regard to her had perhaps never occurred to the herb-doctor's son, whose destiny was otherwise fixed; so that eventually this one dream of the little wild-eyed Quakeress was raised to the height of sacred experience by the magical power of three words. These words were "lost at sea."

Other sons of Nantucket came from time to time wooing Phebe: one from town, one from the North Shore, and one from the Head of the Plains. But that which had been lost in the sea, the unattainable, made it impossible to satisfy those rudiments of poetic imagination which appear to have been a rather useless and inconvenient adjunct to Phebe's mind; so the young men from town, from the North Shore, and from the Head of the Plains went their ways, and Phebe lived on alone.

That is, to use a common form of speech; but who does live alone? "This body in which we journey across the isthmus between the two oceans," says Dr. Holmes, "is not a private carriage, but an omnibus."

They feel their multiple identity more than others, these solitaires, and so they have a habit of speaking out, called "talking to themselves." To Phebe Nichols this esoteric comradeship was not all. The longer she maintained her apparent solitude, the more populous were her borders. Not only her rigid father and meek, submissive mother seemed more actually there, in their old, sober, silent habitudes, than they were in their unmarked graves, but there were, moreover, less homely and welcome indwellers and visitants. What was it that cried to her out of the night, what besides the wind? What stealthy forms were those that came across the plains from the foot of Trot's Hills, on the margin of Long Pond, in the gray of the morning? What busy feet and whispering voices waked her when the nights were cold and still?

Strange are the creatures that crowd upon mortals in moral solitude! Unseen and unheard where humanity draws together, how they press upon and startle helpless beings who are alone!

When Phebe sat up to the little round deal table of an evening, with her Bible and her tallow dip, and spelled out those visions of the Apocalypse to which she always turned, it was to add still another element to the mixed assembly which thronged upon her fancy. Her finger moved slowly, often tremulously, from word to word. Her vivid face, absorbing the wavering light, was a rare commentary upon the text. Gradually all things were colored, and just beyond the simple scenery of her world, bounding it closely, like a lurid atmosphere, was the wondrous phantasm of creatures full of eyes and terrible with horns; a beast that made fire to come down upon the earth; awful vials poured out to scorch men; and especially a great red dragon, with seven heads and ten horns, whose

tail swept a third part of the stars down upon the earth, who stood ready to devour a child at its birth.

There was no kindly counsel to dispel her confusions and illusions. "Be still, and know that I am God," was the invariable and only answer vouchsafed to perplexity by the Quakers of those days. But Phebe could not be still. The neighborly visitor from a mile or two away paused, before reaching her threshold, to listen to a voice raised to a clear note of subdued intensity, or dropped to a murmurous undertone; broken into short, incisive phrases, or running smoothly on in an eager stream of words. If the visitor advanced, and, perceiving the leathern latchstring outside, lifted the latch and entered without knocking, in the custom of the time and place, Phebe was found to be quite alone, or with no visible auditor, her hands perhaps outstretched in an attitude of exhortation or pleading; or, it might be, quietly and thoughtfully bunching up her yarrow and motherwort, her archangel and "sparemint," for drying; or simply standing upon the hearthstone, erect and slim, giving a turn to her bit of pork that hung roasting before the fire, and speaking or responding as in friendly conversation, so low that one could plainly hear the boiling of the sap in the burning logs. Or perchance she would be stooping to put her paste of salted meal and water into the baking-kettle, and heaping upon the kettle's lid the live coals that gave a flush to her white cheek, and intensified the startled look which she turned upon the incomer.

But sometimes those who paused to listen to the earnest voice looked suspiciously upon the desolate dwelling, which stood sidewise, in an evasive, ungracious attitude, with its thin coil of smoke writhing away like a mystical kind of serpent, — an unblessed-looking house, with no tree, no flower, in its company, but only the wind-bitten, reluctant herbage of the desert to save the naked poverty of the sands from exposure. They looked suspiciously, and turned away. The neighborly visits ceased, and strange things began to be whispered of Phebe and her invisible communicants.

That, however, was Nantucket, not Salem; the eighteenth, not the seventeenth century: so, instead of hanging or burning Phebe, they left her to the "daily dying" prescribed by the Quaker discipline.

Some relief there was from this condition of things. There were the First Day and Fifth Day meetings, when Phebe sat among the living, looked upon human faces and listened to human voices. There, Phebe was simply herself to the simple meeting-folk. Nothing in her life was so sweet as the pressure of those warm, friendly hands, and the "How 's thee do, Phebe?" — nothing so comfortable to look at as the clustered bonnets nodding at each other in the doorway of the little meeting-house after meeting, unless the appearance of those same bonnets within her own walls, which occasionally happened; for the Friends are conscientious in their attendance upon the needs of their lonely and sick and poor; yet it is not given to them — it is not given to human insight — to know all the needs of the simplest mortal life. With them, to whom silence and loneness of spirit were duties, there seemed nothing calling for relief in those conditions clearly arranged by the Divine Will.

But there were other occasions of contact with her fellow-beings less welcome than those visits of the friendly nodding bonnets. These came of the necessity of carrying her herbs and berries, her chickens and eggs, to town, and bringing back the small requirements of her incomprehensible life; for life is a premise that must be supported to some kind of a conclusion.

Phebe shrank like a young doe from entering the precincts of man; for man

himself is so fearless, and looks under a white sunbonnet, or even a brown Quaker bonnet, with such freedom. The old men thought of their lost youth, at the sight of her comely, intense face and slender, swaying form; the young men looked at her tender, unkissed lips with longing, — lips that moved with a sensitive quiver under that ordeal of eyes. Even the involuntary glance that roved beyond the steelyards, when Josiah Coffin weighed her out two pounds of dark brown sugar, and the regard he fixed upon her instead of the two shillings she laid on the molasses barrel, or the sixpence he returned to her shrinking palm, were painful experiences to Phebe. Her light feet moved quickly as she retreated up the crooked street, and out upon the paths that led to her lair on the Maddeket plains.

It was in one of these retreats that fate followed and fixed new conditions for her. She was moving with the smooth buoyancy of slender, unfettered wild creatures, and swaying like a young palm-tree in the wind. Her face, which bore the mark of solitary living in its intensified sensibility, was bent downward; her tawny eyelids drooped; their heavy lashes hid the dark line of weariness beneath them; her long fingers, clasping one another upon the handle of her basket, made sudden convulsive starts without unclasping; her thin, sweetly-curved lips moved incessantly, or trembled with the oncoming tide of words.

"It may be, for so it hath been from the beginning," she was saying; and her language had a touch of nobleness which she had caught from the sublime book. "Some he will help, and some he willeth not to help, as he hath said in his word, — 'I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy.' " And after a pause, with a shuddering moan, "It may be true, what these evil beings whisper to me, — that *I* am of those upon whom he will not have mercy; for why should he have respect unto me? "

The buffeting wind, driving her faster, seemed only to consent with her distracted impulse to hurry away. The bristling heads of everlasting, the rusted yarrow, and the bleached golden-rod of November, that had moved with agitated shivers when she passed on her way to town, were bending headlong, with frantic strain, south and westward, and straightening themselves for more determined plunges, like enchanted sprites vainly struggling to break the spell which held them rooted. The commotion in the air blended with Phebe's own disturbance, and was lost to her. She neither heard nor saw with her physical senses, until at length, pausing abruptly, her thin nostrils dilated with deep breathing, her dark eyes kindling like smouldering embers in a sudden blast, she turned as if to face some invisible pursuer, her hands outstretched to appeal once more.

But no words came. Phebe stood dumb before the strange appearance of things. There was a diffusion of dull redness, which, having its source in the heavens, immersed the plain and the low hillsides, changing the mournful browns and withered drabs of the hitherto murky, monotoned scene to a solemn pageant of color under smothered light.

To a mind perpetually overwrought and verging closely upon madness, which saw sinister and mysterious appearances in the commonest things, that sudden angry flush was not without its portent. There were strange meanings always, to Phebe, on sea and sky; the very ground beneath her was solid and secure only by some temporary armistice with the powers of evil. It was as if she had discovered a hidden and horrible significance in things, and, daring not to reveal it, bore the awful weight in her single, isolated soul.

She pushed on, however, panting and palpitating, until she reached the height above and beyond Maxey's Pond, — the topmost point of the island, probably,

from which the eye can sweep the almost unbroken horizon, follow the island's outlines, and travel far over its surrounding waters. There she recoiled with a low cry from the majesty of the spectacle which burst upon her. Across the sky, from south to north and down to the western sea, stupendous sweeps of angry red trailed from limit to limit of the horizon zone; and the sea was a field of blood, bounded by a far-away outer gloom, — a purple gloom, as of the death coincident with fields of blood. It was no common gorgeousness of sunset, but a monstrous phenomenon, to be remembered during a lifetime, which neither painting nor language can portray.

The girl stood paralyzed, gazing upon the solemn splendor, her scant garments pressed and moulded upon her long, slight limbs by the wind, her bonnet blown back, the dark locks lifted from her brow, enhancing its breadth and pallor. Such an exposed and defenseless figure, so raised and sharply vignetted upon the awful sky, could not have been overlooked by the maleficent spirits of the air.

In Phebe's distorted mind, this appearance of sea and sky had its indubitable explanation. It was the second advent of the red dragon; a new revelation of the "great mountain burning with fire," which "was cast into the sea; and the third part of the sea became blood; and the third part of the creatures which were in the sea, and had life, died; and the third part of the ships were destroyed." She made no doubt that the invincible monster was there, wallowing in the waters, which he suffused with his color, and that those mighty sweeps of sullen red were the result of those same lashings which had swept the stars from the sky. She heard, indeed, his horrible roar, sounding and resounding over land and sea, and, drowned in awe and dismay, sank down upon the field moss, and covered her head with her cloak.

Time marked by suffocating heart-throbs has an exaggerated standard of computation, and Phebe awaited the dubious possibilities during long, nameless periods, soul and body bowed together in mutual sufferance. She dreaded with a capacity which admits no comparison with the cause of her dread, though that might well have overwhelmed the coolest philosopher with awe. But at length, emboldened or numbed to indifference by the delay of doom, she lifted her piteous face. Behold, the red dragon was innocently retiring. Far down the western slope of the heavens, and on the utmost border of the visible sea, his latter portion was sliding away, — dropping over the confines of the earth back into the nether pit again, — and the stain of his touch was already being wiped out of the sky.

Completely down upon the sparsely covered sand, prostrate, Phebe drooped then, like a bird overwearied by too great a flight, and there were hard, dry sobs among the sounds flung along by the gale. With all else, in the weakness of the moment, the desolation of her separated life presented itself boldly to her recognition, like a skeleton unmasking.

It is not the fact of loneness, but the realization of it, which is appalling. This sudden perception came to Phebe, as she lay cold, forlorn, strengthless and defenseless, watching the home lights shine out here and there in the dusk of the plain. They seemed to her as the lights on shore to one who perishes at sea. She pressed in fancy, eager and trembling, to firesides where men and women were allied, and so, fearless; where one soul was born of another, and eye met eye with the satisfaction and assurance of kinship. She thought, with a new longing, of that sweet community of human interests which makes families and homes.

But in answer to that pain of loneness and longing there followed the taunting recollection of one and another

and another who would have placed her in the bosom of a home like those which bestarred the plain. She remembered Simeon Coleman, the farrier's son, who had such a tender heart. She thought of Ira Paddack, with the laughing blue eyes, who battled with whales, and would have fought the red dragon for her sake; and of the grave and manly young farmer and miller, Philip Foulger. He was wise. He owned five books, and had read them all. He would have led her safely. That was his light in the farmhouse below; but it was another woman who sat by it, offering Philip his steaming tea, or laying his baby in its cradle.

Her empty home at Maddeket — empty save for those invisible, unearthly intruders — became suddenly a place of dread to her, as she rose at last, feebly, to go to it, in the deepening dusk. To rest there upon the hillside, in sight of warm human homes, seemed better. She turned towards Maddeket, and, wavering, returned to the home lights. Shivering, tossed and driven, she sank upon the mossy turf again, and gazed upon the lost Eden, — an exile, self-betrayed and self-banished, — her lips pressing each other closer and closer in the generation of resolve, as the remorseful delusion dawned upon her that, since hitherto she had not accepted her allotment of mercy, she was of those to whom mercy was denied.

"But," she murmured, in the humble, tremulous tone of a punished child promising obedience, "I would not say nay again. I was not clear; but now I see it was for me to take what the Lord sent me. I will not say nay again, whoever is sent."

It was, to her, a vow. She repeated it, — "I will not say nay again," — a vow as irrevocable to her as Jephthah's vow to him; for she was a Quaker maiden of more than a hundred years ago, with a conscience that laid a measure to every thought and word.

The wind-storm was increasing. It held its breath to press more cruelly upon her. She was driven down under the lee of the hill for shelter. In a quiet hollow she paused to rest, and was again startled by a sea bird, blowing across the broad neck of the island, which dropped into this refuge, too, and flapped away before the wind again with sharp, anxious cries.

Across the plain came a human cry; and presently a tall white object revealed itself, approaching slowly. It wavered, sank, and disappeared. This was no mystery to Phebe. It was, indeed, a familiar sight to everybody on the island, and Phebe welcomed it.

"There comes James Newbegin," she said. "I 'll ask him to take me home."

The white object was the sail with which James rigged his two-wheeled cart when voyaging across the island, navigating the land with as much attention to the wind as if his cart had been a schooner; luffing and keeping off, jibing and tacking and reefing, as he changed his course. The severity of the wind obliged him to take in sail altogether, and scud under bare poles, if such a hyperbolical verb may be made to refer to the remaining motor power, an old and self-willed animal, over which James flourished a harmless whip with great appearance of violent intent, shouting, "Come, come, come! Dum thee! I'll hit thee!" But the good-natured, simple fellow had, in fact, never struck a blow upon anything in his life, unless we except the useful blows of his hammer and hatchet. The sight of him was a solace to Phebe. He never gazed at her with the offensive eagerness of the younger men, but simply as he looked at all things, with his amiably foolish smile. "Only James Newbegin" was what she thought; yet it was a human being, whom she dreaded as little as if he had been a friendly old woman, and it would seem more cheerful and comfortable to go home in his company.

Still trembling and tottering, still

shuddering from the nearness of the awful possibilities she had escaped, she went on to meet him, for fear he should leave her and veer off into some farther one of the straggling tracks that rutted the plains in every direction which the varying purposes or caprices of the islanders had determined. He saw her coming, and Phebe could hear the peculiar laugh with which he celebrated an agreeable impression. It came to her with the roar of the wind, and she tasted the salt which the wind had also brought to her, crystallized upon her lips, and thought of the tears of her childhood.

That laugh of James's, one short note with a downward inflection, — "Huh! huh!" — to the unaccustomed sense needed the accompaniment of his expanded visage, to be understood as a laugh. It sounded strange and incongruous, like the ill-timed entrance of a buffo into an act of tragedy; and following it, a piping, clownish voice called, "Whoy, Tim'thy! Why, Phebe, thee ain't goin' to town to-night, em thee?"

"I was going home, and turned back to ask thee to let me ride with thee, James, if thee 's going over to Maddeket," answered Phebe.

"Certain, certain. Give me thy basket. Now hop in. Heave-yo! Up she comes! There, now, set thee down here behind the canvas, out o' the wind. Hei-gh, Tim'thy!"

Phebe crept in behind the shelter of the sail, and resigned herself thankfully to the floor of the jerking cart. With such power of wishing as remained, she wished to forget the awful hour upon the hilltop, yet almost as much longed to ease her soul of its burden by speaking out to some partaker with her in the terrors and dangers of mortality — and immortality.

Two singular beings they were: that intense, half-mad young creature, — a soul of pent-up flame, — and the ruddy, middle-aged simpleton, white-eyed, comfortable, invertebrate, the resources of whose nature were invested in inane kindliness and unreasoning impulse, — just the germ of a soul, a mere register of dim sensations.

"Cur'ous sky, wa'n't it, Phebe?" drawled the shrill harlequin voice, — "like stewed blackberries; black, thee knows, with red juice over 'em. Huh! I wished it *was* stewed blackberry, an' I could reach it."

Phebe shuddered. "Thee don't understand," she murmured, her voice deep with the awe of her own stupendous conception.

"No, I dun know 's I do, Phebe. I don't und'stand what 't *is* I don't und'stand."

"Thee 's read in the word of God, James" —

"Stop a bit! I can't read."

Then Phebe, with eyes solemnly closed, uttered her first annunciation to human ears. She used her opportunity to pour out all the stored-up results of her strange conceptions and lonely imaginings, and James listened to the overwhelming recital, half aroused, half stunned.

"Thee don't say so, Phebe! I wan' ter know!" he reiterated, in a confusion of childish interest and dismay; and when Phebe had finished, and sat trembling with the intense agitation of that unique abandon, and the effect upon herself of her own graphic delineations, — of *seeing* that she had a hearer, and of hearing the mystical words of the Apocalypse (which she quoted with slow impressiveness, even in her excitement) taken up and borne grandly on by the bold wind, — he turned upon her a look of purblind wonder mixed with dull but kindly pity. "I 'm sorry for thee, Phebe," he said. "I be, truly. Ain't it lunsome for thee, livin' alone out there to Maddeket? It comes to me to ask thee to marry me, an' come" —

"*No* — *no* — don't, *don't* ask it, James!" Phebe interrupted, with a repressed shriek, the very repression of

Quaker habit giving strength to the passion of her prayer.

"Wait a bit, wait a bit," James responded, with unruffled moderation. "It 's give' me to ask it, an' I must foller the leadin'. Thee ain't forced to say yes, if thee ain't clear about it, but thee ain't right to hender the leadin'. Will thee " —

"*Don't* say it! James, James Newbegin, *don't* thee ask me that! "

With this outcry, Phebe rose upon her knees, her outspread, outstretched palms upraised as if to defend herself.

"There, there; thee keep quiet, Phebe," said James, with stolid fixity of purpose. "I 'm a-goin' to foller the leadin', an' then thee can say no as soon as thee likes. Will thee stand up in meetin' with me " —

"James Newbegin, I tell thee don't thee *dare* to ask me that! "

"Will thee stand up in meetin' with me next Fifth Day, an' marry me, Phebe? There! I 've said it, an' thee 's only to answer no."

But Phebe answered nothing. The great cry that could not escape her stiffened lips rang through desolate inner chambers, and only died away with years, — "I *am* of those upon whom he will not have mercy! "

Mary Catherine Lee.

ADMIRAL SAUMAREZ.

"THESE were honourable among the thirty," says the ancient Hebrew chronicler, "yet they attained not unto the first three." Since that far-away day, when the three mighty men broke through the host of the Philistines that they might bring their chieftain water from the well of Bethlehem, to how many fighters, land and sea, have these words been applicable! — men valiant in deed, wise in council, patient in endurance, yet lacking that divine somewhat, which, for want of a better name, we call genius. Of such an one now, and hereafter, perhaps, of certain of his peers, we propose to give an account; one of those ocean warriors, whose pennant flew through many of the wild scenes where England's flag was called to brave the battle and the breeze,

" Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return."

James Saumarez was born on the 11th of March, 1757, in Guernsey, one of the Channel group of islands that still remain attached to the English crown, —the sole remaining fragment of that Norman duchy to which the kingdom itself was for a while but an appendage. In Saumarez's childhood, French was still so generally spoken there that, despite the very early age at which he went to sea, he always retained a perfect mastery of that language; and it is recorded that one of his uncles, being intended for the sea service, was sent to school in England when ten years old, in order to acquire the use of English. From such a stock, whose lineage among the gentry of the island can be traced to the fourteenth century, sprang three distinguished officers of this name, destined to illustrate the British flag by their deeds in several wars, in which their chief opponent was the French navy. Among these, the subject of this article attained the most brilliant renown. Eighteen months older than Nelson, not even Nelson saw more or harder fighting than did James Saumarez, nor bore himself more nobly throughout their day and generation.

Having early shown a taste for the navy, his father, who had six sons and

a restricted income, obtained of a naval captain to have his name borne on the books of a ship of war at the early age of ten; a curious custom of that day allowing such constructive service to be counted in the time prescribed for attaining a lieutenant's commission. The boy did not actually go afloat until 1770, when a little over thirteen. This first employment kept him from home continuously for five years, a period spent wholly in the Mediterranean, and for the most part in the Levant; the active naval war then existing between Turkey and Russia, in the waters of Asia Minor, necessitating a special protection to British interests. It is a singular circumstance that this sea, esteemed so important to Great Britain, was never again visited by him, with the exception of the few brief months from May to October, 1798, when, as second in command, he followed Nelson's flag during that pursuit of Bonaparte's fleet which ended in its destruction at the battle of the Nile.

Returning to England in 1775, his actual and constructive service permitted Saumarez to appear for examination for a lieutenancy. This he passed, but was not at once promoted. The troubles with the American colonies had now become open hostilities, and he was appointed, as master's mate or passed midshipman, to the Bristol of fifty guns, selected as flagship for the expedition against Charleston. This duty, which, by bringing him immediately under the eyes of the naval commander in chief, placed him also on the highway to advancement, he owed to Admiral Keppel, then one of the leading flag officers of the British navy. His uncle, Philip Saumarez, and Keppel had shared the perils and sufferings of Anson's well-known expedition to the South Seas in 1740. Together they had buffeted the wild weather off Cape Horn, with ships' companies more than decimated by scurvy; together they had spread terror among the Spanish colonies of the Pacific; together they had captured the great galleon off Manila; and Keppel still retained an affectionate interest in the kinsman of his old shipmate, who had long since fallen gloriously on the deck of his ship, in close action with a French vessel of far superior force.

The squadron, which was commanded by Commodore Sir Peter Parker, assembled at Cork, whence it sailed in January, 1776. Embarked on board the Bristol was Lord Cornwallis, afterwards so closely, and for himself disastrously, associated with the course of the American Revolution. Struck by Saumarez's activity and efficiency, he offered him a commission in his own regiment, with the position of aide-de-camp to himself; and the young seaman, swayed probably by the prospect of a powerful patron, in the days when patronage had so much to do with men's careers, was on the point of accepting; but his messmates chaffed him so mercilessly, upon adopting a profession which habitually supplied them with derisive illustrations and comparisons, that he finally declined. Many years later, when Saumarez was among the senior captains of the navy, the two gentlemen met as guests at the table of the head of the Admiralty, who, upon hearing the incident from Cornwallis, remarked that he would have deprived the navy of one of its best officers.

Owing partly to delays inseparable from sailing vessels, and partly to the dilatoriness with which war was most often waged before the days of the French Revolution, the British expedition did not appear off Charleston until the beginning of June, 1776. To Americans who know their own history, the stirring story of Fort Moultrie and its repulse of the British fleet has been familiar from childhood. Few are the American boys to whom the names of Jasper, of Marion, and of their brave commander, Moultrie himself, are unknown. But while all honor is due to the band of raw provincials who at this critical moment — one

week before the Declaration of Independence was signed — withstood the enemy, and for the moment saved the province, the steady, obstinate valor shown by the seamen of kindred race, who contended with them, was no less brilliant, and was even more severely tested. The loss of the fort was thirty-seven killed and wounded; that of the Bristol alone was one hundred and eleven out of a crew of three hundred and fifty; and during much of the action, which lasted thirteen hours, she was, through the severing, by shot, of the ropes that kept her broadside in position, powerless to return the raking fire of the enemy. Saumarez was here for the first time engaged, and had two narrow escapes. Once, when pointing a gun, a shot, entering the port, swept away seven of the eight men who served the piece; and somewhat later, another shot struck off the head of a messmate by whom he was standing, covering him with blood.

In this, his maiden action, Saumarez gave full proof of the steady courage which ever distinguished him; and it is worthy of passing remark that, in the doggedness of the fighting and the severity of the slaughter, the battle was typical of a great part of his after experience. Several death vacancies resulting among the officers, he was promoted to be lieutenant a fortnight later; and when the Bristol went north was again actively engaged in the operations on Long Island, and along the East and Hudson rivers, up to the evacuation of New York by the Americans. His conspicuous activity at length obtained for him the command of a galley, with which he was sent, in February, 1778, to Rhode Island. The judgment of the illustrious Rodney, as well as the repeated efforts of the Americans to regain control of Narragansett Bay, may be cited against the opinion expressed by Bancroft, that the seizure of this important naval centre by the British was a mistake. The tenure of the island, however, depended upon the control of the surrounding waters, and upon the active destruction of the American means of transport. Saumarez's galley was one of the force stationed in the eastern, or Seakonnet passage; and in the five months thus employed it is recorded that he was forty-seven times under fire.

Sullivan was at this time preparing for his attack upon the British lines, expecting coöperation by the French fleet. This arrived on the 29th of July, and six days later Seakonnet Channel was entered by a detachment superior in force to the British there. The latter burned their ships and retreated to Rhode Island. There the officers and seamen, Saumarez among them, continued actively engaged in the defense of the works. Meanwhile, the main French fleet, under the Count d'Estaing, had run the batteries of the principal channel, and anchored off the north end of the island, seriously increasing the perils of the defenders; but the appearance of Lord Howe with an inferior squadron lured the French admiral out of the bay; his vessels were crippled by a storm, and he abandoned the coast. Sullivan, deprived of an essential factor in his scheme, had then to fall back; and the British captains, with their crews, being no longer needed, returned to England to seek other ships.

Both by fortune and by choice, Saumarez's lot throughout life was thrown with the line-of-battle force of the navy, that body of heavy fighting ships which constitute the true backbone of a sea service, because their essential function is to fight, not singly, but in masses, coöperating with others like themselves. In that respect they correspond to the solid masses of infantry, which, however disposed tactically, form the strength of armies. The aptitudes of brilliant officers differ. Some are born frigate captains, partisan warriors, ever actively on the wing, and rejoicing in the comparative freedom and independence of their movements, like the cavalry raider and

outpost officer. But, while occasionally so occupied, and always with great credit, Saumarez's heart was with the ship of the line, whose high organization, steady discipline, and decisive influence upon the issues of war appealed to a temperament naturally calm, methodical, and enduring. Accordingly, he is found, whether by his own asking or not, serving the remaining three years of his lieutenant's time upon vessels of that class; and in one of them he passed through his next general action, a scene of carnage little inferior to the Charleston fight, illustrated by the most dogged courage on the part of the combatants, but also, it must be said, unrelieved by any display of that skill which distinguishes scientific warfare from aimless butchery. This, however, was not Saumarez's fault.

Towards the end of 1780, Great Britain, having already France, Spain, and America upon her hands, found herself also confronted by a league between the Baltic states to enforce by arms certain neutral claims which she contested. To this league, called the Armed Neutrality, Holland acceded, whereupon England at once declared war. Both nations had extensive commercial interests in the Baltic, and it was in protecting vessels engaged in this trade, by a large body of ships of war, that the only general action between the two navies occurred, on the 5th of August, 1781, in the North Sea, off the Dogger-Bank, from which it has taken its name.

At the time of meeting, the British, numbering six ships of the line, were returning from the Baltic; the Dutch, with seven ships, were bound thither. Despite the numerical difference, no great error is made in saying that the two squadrons were substantially of equal force. Each at once ordered the merchant vessels under its protection to make the best of their way toward port, while the ships of war on either side began to form in order of battle between the enemy and their own convoy. The lists being thus cleared and the lines ranged, the British vessels, which were to windward, stood down together, after what was then the time-honored and stupid practice of their service, each to attack one of the Dutch, disdaining to attempt doubling upon any part of the hostile line. Their ideal appears to have been that of the tournament, where every advantage of numbers and combination was rejected in order to insure that the test should be that of individual courage and skill. So strong was this tradition in the British navy that its ablest contemporary chronicler, James, has sought to explain away, half apologetically, the advantage gained by Nelson in doubling on the French van at the Nile.

The Dutch, equally quixotic, refrained from taking advantage of the enemy's inability to use his broadsides while thus approaching nearly head on. Arrayed in a close column, the ships about six hundred feet apart, the crews at the guns, and the marines drawn up on the poops, they waited in silence until the English, at eight A. M., were in position at half musket shot. Then a red flag was hoisted by each admiral, and all opened together, the conflict raging with fury for nearly four hours. It was the first time since the days of the great De Ruyter, more than a century before, that these kindred people had thus met in fair fight upon the sea. Equal in courage and in seamanship, and each neglecting to seek a tactical advantage, the usual result followed. Many men were killed and wounded, no ship was taken, and the combatants separated after a drawn battle; but as one Dutch ship sank the next day, and their convoy could not proceed, the British claimed a victory. Their own merchant vessels, being on the return voyage, were able to complete it.

Saumarez had shown his usual gallantry, and was again promoted. On the 23d of August, eighteen days after the action, he was made commander, and

given the Tisiphone, a small but fast cruiser, technically called a fireship, and attached to the Channel fleet. In December, the British government learned that a large number of transports and supply ships were about to sail from Brest for the West Indies. These were to carry troops and stores to the fleet of Count de Grasse, who, after the surrender at Yorktown, had returned to Martinique, and was now about to undertake the conquest of Jamaica. It was imperative to intercept an expedition so essential to the success of the French plan, and Admiral Kempenfelt — the same who afterwards, in the Royal George, "went down with twice four hundred men" — was sent in pursuit with twelve ships of the line. The Tisiphone accompanied them as lookout vessel, and on the 12th of December, 1781, being then well ahead of the fleet, she was able to signal the admiral that the enemy was in sight to leeward with seventeen of the line; but that the latter, instead of being between the British and the transports, were on the far side. Kempenfelt, an able tactician as well as seaman, seized his advantage, pushed between the men-of-war and the convoy, and captured from this some twenty sail, carrying several thousand troops. More could not be done without risking a battle with a much superior force. It was essential, therefore, to apprise the British commander in the West Indies of the approach of the French reinforcements as well as of Kempenfelt's successes, and the Tisiphone was the same day dispatched on this errand.

Saumarez, though he knew it not, was now being borne by the tide which leads on to fortune. The next step in promotion then fixed, and still fixes, the seniority of a British officer, and the Tisiphone's mission led him straight to it. Easily outsailing the unwieldy mass of enemies, he reached Barbadoes, and there learned that the British fleet, under Sir Samuel Hood, was anchored off the island of St. Christopher, then invaded by the French army supported by De Grasse's fleet. The tenure of the island depended upon a fort on Brimstone Hill, still held by the British; and Hood, though much inferior in force, had, by a brilliant tactical move, succeeded in dislodging De Grasse from his anchorage ground, taking it himself, and establishing there his fleet in such order that its position remained impregnable. The French, however, cruising to the southward, off the adjoining island of Nevis, interposed between Hood and Saumarez, and the latter could reach his commander only by threading the reefs lining the passage between the two islands, — a feat considered hazardous, if not impracticable. Nevertheless, by diligent care and seamanship, the Tisiphone effected it and joined the fleet.

Saumarez was now in the midst of the most active operations, at the opening of a campaign which promised to be of singular and critical importance. But, while rejoicing at the good fortune which had transferred him from the comparative inactivity of the Channel fleet, a momentary reverse befell. Called by signal on board the flagship, he received a bag of dispatches, with orders to sail that night for England. As he went dejectedly down the ship's side to his boat and was shoving off, the gig of a post-captain pulled alongside. "Hallo, Saumarez," said its occupant, "where are you going?" "To England, I grieve to say." "Grieve!" rejoined the other. "I wish I were in your place. I have been wanting this long time to go home for my health. Hold on a moment; perhaps it can be arranged." The newcomer, named Stanhope, went at once to the admiral, who, a few minutes later, sent for Saumarez. Hood had learned to value the active young officer who had taken a forward part in the guerrilla enterprises of the fleet. "Captain Saumarez," he said, "you know not how much I wish to serve you. Captain

Stanhope shall go home, as he desires, and you shall have command of the Russell." The same night the Tisiphone sailed, Saumarez remaining as an acting post-captain, with a ship of seventy-four guns under him.

Thus it happened that, two months later, at the age of twenty-five, Saumarez commanded a ship of the line in Rodney's renowned battle of the 12th of April, with one exception the most brilliant and decisive action fought by the British navy in a century. This circumstance alone would have insured the confirmation of his rank by the Admiralty, even had he not also eminently distinguished himself; but it was for him one of those periods when inconstant fortune seems bent upon lavishing her favors. Saumarez was near the head of the British column, as the hostile fleets passed in opposite directions, exchanging broadsides. As his ship cleared the French rear, a neighboring British vessel, commanded by one of the senior captains, turned to pursue the enemy. Saumarez gladly imitated him; but when the other resumed his former course, because the admiral of the van, his immediate superior, had not turned, the Russell kept on after the French. At this moment, Rodney in the centre, and Hood in the rear, favored by a change of wind, were breaking through the French line. The Russell's course carried her toward them, and consequently, in the *mêlée* which followed, she had the distinguished honor of engaging De Grasse's flagship, and of being in action with her when she surrendered. Saumarez, indeed, though he refrained, with characteristic modesty, from pressing his claim, always, when questioned on the subject, maintained that, although the enemy's vessel struck to Hood's flagship, she did so immediately upon the latter joining the Russell.

However regarded, this was a most brilliant achievement for so young a captain, less than a twelvemonth having elapsed since Saumarez was but a lieutenant. Rodney, who had meanwhile signaled his van to go about, was somewhat perplexed at finding a single ship in the direction whence the Russell appeared; and, upon being informed that she belonged to the van squadron, declared that her commander had distinguished himself above all others in the fleet. This was Saumarez's third general action, at a time when Nelson, although three years a post-captain, had commanded only frigates, and had never seen a battle between fleets. But, if Saumarez used well the opportunities with which fortune favored him, it was characteristic of Nelson that his value transpired through the simplest intercourse and amid the most commonplace incidents of service. Men felt, rather than realized, that under the slight, quaint, boyish exterior there lay the elements of a great man, who would one day fulfill his own boast of climbing to the top of the tree; and he had been made a full captain in 1779, when not quite twenty-one. According to the rule of the British service, already mentioned, this assured for life his precedence over Saumarez, promoted in 1782.

The latter, however, if outstripped by a younger competitor, who was to become the greatest of British admirals, had secured a position of vantage for that great war which then lay in the womb of the future. Returning to England in 1782, he passed in retirement the ten years that preceded the outbreak of hostilities with the French republic. In 1788 he married; a step that did not, in his case, entail the professional deterioration with which the cynical criticisms of St. Vincent reproached it. During this period, also, he made a trip to France, upon the occasion of sinking the first cone of the great Cherbourg breakwater, intended to give France a first-class naval port upon the Channel, — a purpose which it now fulfills. Louis XVI. was present at this ceremony, and treated Saumarez

with much attention. This was the only time that the latter ever set foot upon French soil, although he lived in sight of the coast and spoke the language fluently.

When war with France began, in 1793, Saumarez was given a frigate, with which he served actively in the Channel, near his home. Here he captured a French vessel of equal force, in fair fight, but with a disparity of loss which proved the discipline of his ship and his own consummate seamanship. For this exploit he was knighted. Faithful to his constant preference, he as soon as possible exchanged into a ship of the line, the Orion, of seventy-four guns. In her he again bore a foremost part, in 1795, in a fleet-battle off the Biscay coast of France, where three enemy's ships were taken; and two years later he was in the action with the Spaniards off Cape St. Vincent, of which an account has been given in a preceding number.[1] After this engagement Saumarez remained on the same station, blockading Cadiz.

In the following year, 1798, it became necessary to send into the Mediterranean, and off the chief arsenal of the enemy, Toulon, a small detachment, to ascertain the facts concerning a great armament, since known as Bonaparte's Egyptian expedition, which rumor said was there in preparation. The hazardous nature of the duty, which advanced three ships of medium size, unsupported, in the very teeth of over a dozen enemies, many of superior strength, demanded the utmost efficiency in each member of the small body so exposed; a consideration which doubtless led Lord St. Vincent to choose Saumarez, though one of the senior captains, for this service, of which Nelson, the junior flag officer of the fleet, was given charge.

It seems scarcely credible that, when it was afterwards decided to raise this detachment to fourteen ships of the line, sufficient to cope with the enemy, both St. Vincent and Nelson wished to remove Saumarez, with his antecedents of brilliant service, so as to allow Troubridge, his junior, to be second in command. The fact, however, is certain. Nelson had orders which would have allowed him to send the Orion back, when thus proceeding on a service pregnant with danger and distinction, to the immeasurable humiliation of her brave commander. After making every deduction for the known partiality for Troubridge of both St. Vincent and Nelson, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Saumarez, with all his undoubted merit, did not, in their eyes, possess the qualities adequate to succeed to chief command, at a juncture which called for the highest abilities of a general officer. The moment was too critical to permit mere favoritism to sway two such men against their judgment. As it was, however, Nelson felt he could not part with so efficient a ship; and he therefore contented himself with giving Troubridge and Saumarez each a subdivision of four vessels, keeping six under his own immediate direction.

As all know, the French, when found, were at anchor. Thus surprised, the British fleet was hurled at them in a single mass; nor was there any subordinate command exercised, by Saumarez or any other, except that of each captain over his particular ship. Nelson's first expectation was to overtake the unwieldy numbers of the enemy, amounting to over four hundred sail, at sea, and there to destroy both convoy and escort. In such an encounter, there would be inestimable tactical advantage in those compact subdivisions which could be thrown as units, under a single head, in a required direction.

The warm family affection that was among the many winning traits of Saumarez's symmetrical and attractive character impelled him to copious letter-writing. Hence we have a record of this pursuit of the French fleet, with al-

[1] See The Atlantic for March, 1893.

most daily entries; an inside picture, reflecting the hopes, fears, and perplexities of the squadron. Bonaparte's enterprise has been freely condemned in later days as chimerical; but it did not so appear at the time to the gallant seamen who frustrated it. The preparations had been so shrouded in mystery that neither Nelson nor his government had any certainty as to its destination, — an ignorance shared by most of the prominent French officials. When, after many surmises, the truth gradually transpired, the British officers realized that much time must yet elapse before the English ministry could know it. Two months, for instance, passed before news of the battle of the Nile reached London. Then, if India were the ultimate object, to which Egypt was but the stepping-stone, four months more, at least, would be needed to get a naval reinforcement to the threatened point. What if, meanwhile, the ally of France in the peninsula, Tippoo Saib, had been assembling transports with the secrecy observed at Toulon and the other ports whence the divisions had sailed? "I dined with Sir Horatio to-day," writes Saumarez on June 15, nearly four weeks after Bonaparte's starting, "and find that his intelligence extends only to the enemy's fleet having been seen off Sicily; but we have reason to suppose them gone for Alexandria, the distance from which to the Red Sea is only three days' journey. They may soon be transported thence by water to the East Indies, with the assistance of Tippoo Saib; and with their numerous army they expect to drive us out of our possessions in India. This profound scheme, *which is thought very feasible*, we hope to frustrate by coming up with them before they reach the place of their destination." A week later, Nelson received news of the surrender of Malta to the French. "We are now crowding sail for Alexandria; but it is very doubtful if we fall in with them at all, as we are proceeding on the merest conjecture, and not on any positive information. If, at the end of our journey, we find we are upon the wrong scent, our embarrassment will be great indeed. Fortunately, I only act here *en second;* but did the chief responsibility rest with me, I fear it would be more than my too irritable nerves would bear." Nelson, in truth, was passing these hours in a fever of anxiety, scarce able to eat or drink. Yet at that very moment the British were crossing the enemy's wake, unseeing and unseen, and barely fifty miles separated the two fleets.

The perplexity foreshadowed by Saumarez actually fell upon the English admiral, through his reaching Alexandria three days before the French. Harassed out of his better judgment, he hurried back to the westward, touched at Sicily, and thence once more to Egypt. Meantime, the French had landed successfully. On the 1st of August the British fleet again sighted Alexandria; saw the French flag on the walls, but no ships of war. "When the reconnoitring squadron made the signal that the enemy was not there," wrote Saumarez, "despondency nearly took possession of my mind, and I do not remember ever to have felt so utterly hopeless or out of spirits as when we sat down to dinner. Judge, then, what a change took place when, as the cloth was being removed, the officer of the watch hastily came in, saying, 'Sir, a signal is just now made that the enemy is in Aboukir Bay, and moored in a line of battle.' All sprang from their seats, and, only staying to drink a bumper to our success, we were in a moment on deck." As the captain appeared, the crew hailed him with three hearty cheers, a significant token of the gloom which had wrapped the entire squadron through the recent ordeal of suspense and disappointment.

It is only with Saumarez's share in this renowned battle that we are here concerned. As is generally known, Nelson's tactics consisted in doubling upon

the van and centre of the enemy, who lay at anchor in a column head to wind, or nearly so. The rear French ships, being to leeward, were thus thrown out of action. The French had thirteen ships of the line, of which one was of one hundred and twenty guns, and two eighties. The British also had thirteen, all seventy-fours, and one of fifty guns; but one of the former going aground left them equal in numbers and inferior in force. There were two successive acts in the drama. In the first, ten British ships engaged the eight leading French; in the second, the fifty and two of the seventy-fours, which had been belated, came upon the field and strengthened the attack upon the enemy's centre. The Orion, being third in the order, was one of the five vessels which passed within the French, and fought on that side. In so doing, she described a wide sweep around her two predecessors. While thus standing down to her station, an enemy's frigate, the Sérieuse, opened fire upon her, wounding two men. It was then part of the chivalrous comity of fleet-actions that frigates should not be molested by the ships of the line, so long as they minded their own business, — an immunity which of course ceased if they became aggressive. Saumarez was urged to return her fire. "No," he replied, "let her alone; she will get bolder and come nearer. Shorten sail." She did draw nearer, and then the Orion, swinging sharply towards her, let drive her broadside of double-shotted guns. All the masts of the unlucky frigate went overboard, and she shortly sank, nothing but her poop being visible the next day. The helm of the British vessel was then shifted, but so much ground had been lost that she could anchor only abreast the fifth French ship; the interval left being filled by those who followed. In this position the Orion silenced her immediate opponent, the Peuple Souverain, which, being in an hour and a half totally dismasted, cut her cables and dropped out of the line; the contest being then continued with the sixth in the French order, the Franklin, next ahead of the flagship Orient. The Orion was thus near by the latter when she blew up, but the few burning fragments which fell on board were quickly extinguished.

In this engagement Saumarez received the only wound that ever fell to him throughout his numerous meetings with the enemy, being struck on the thigh and side by a heavy splinter, which had killed two officers before reaching him. The total loss of his ship was forty-two killed and wounded, out of a crew of six hundred. Ten days after the battle he was ordered to take charge of six of the prizes, which had been partly repaired, and with seven of the fleet to convoy them to Gibraltar. At the same time he was notified that the Orion was to go home as soon as this duty was performed. A more charming prospect can scarcely be imagined than this returning to his family after a long absence, fresh from the completest achievement ever wrought by the British navy; but even his tranquil temper, whose expressions never lapse into the complaints of Nelson or the querulousness of Collingwood, was tried by the slow progress of his battered and crippled squadron. "The prizes get on very slowly," he writes; "but I am endowed with unparalleled patience, having scarcely uttered a murmur at their tardiness, so perfectly satisfied am I with the prospect before me." Some time later he notes: "We have been three weeks effecting what might be accomplished in two days. This extraordinary delay makes me more fractious than can be imagined, and I begin to lose the character for patience which I had given myself, by so tiresome a situation." It was still the season of westerly winds, and the voyage from Alexandria to Gibraltar occupied sixty-nine days.

The Orion was now completely worn out, having been continuously in commis-

sion since the war began in 1793. Besides the three general actions in which Saumarez commanded her, she had borne a valiant part in Howe's great battle of the 1st of June. "This last business has so shattered the poor Orion," wrote Saumarez, "that she will not, without considerable repairs, be in a state for more service." On reaching England she was paid off; and in February, 1799, Saumarez was appointed to the Cæsar, of eighty-four guns, one of the finest ships in the navy, which was to bear his flag in the last and most brilliant episode of his hard-fighting career.

A year later, Lord St. Vincent, having returned from the Mediterranean, took command of the Channel fleet, and at once instituted in its methods, and particularly in the blockade of Brest, changes which gradually revolutionized the character of the general naval war; baffling beyond any other single cause the aims of Napoleon, and insuring the fall of his empire. One of the new requirements was the maintenance of a powerful advanced squadron, of six or eight ships of the line, within ten miles of the harbor's mouth. It was a service singularly arduous, demanding neither dash nor genius, but calmness, steadiness, method, and seamanship of a high order, for all which Saumarez was conspicuous. From either side of the Bay of Brest a long line of reefs projects for fifteen miles to the westward. Far inside their outer limits, and therefore embayed by the westerly winds which blow at times with hurricane violence, was the station of the advanced squadron, off some well-marked rocks known as the Black Rocks. On this spot, called Siberia by the seamen, during fifteen weeks, from August to December, Sir James Saumarez kept so close a watch that not a vessel of any force entered or left Brest. "With you there," wrote Earl St. Vincent, "I sleep as sound as if I had the key of Brest in my pocket." No service ever done by him was more meritorious or more useful. He there demonstrated that what had before been thought impossible could be done, though involving a degree of anxiety and peril far exceeding that of battle, while accompanied by none of the distinction, nor even recognition, which battle bestows. "None but professional men who have been on that service," says his biographer with simple truth, "can have any idea of its difficulties, — surrounded by dangers of every kind, exposed to the violence of storms, sailing amidst a multitude of rocks and variable currents in the longest and darkest nights, and often on a lee shore on the enemy's coast, while the whole of their fleet is near, ready to take advantage of any disaster."

There was one man, however, who could and did recognize to the full the quality of the work done by Saumarez, and its value to those sagacious plans which he himself had framed, and which in the future were to sap the foundations of the French power. That man was St. Vincent. "The merit of Sir James Saumarez," he said, "cannot be surpassed;" and again, to Saumarez himself, "The manner in which you have conducted the advanced squadron calls upon me to repeat my admiration of it." Succeeding soon after to the post of First Lord of the Admiralty, he gave him an opportunity for distinction, which resulted in an action of singular lustre and striking success.

Bonaparte, long before returned from Egypt, and now, as First Consul, practically the absolute ruler of France, had overthrown all enemies on the Continent. Peace with Austria, after her disasters of Marengo and Hohenlinden, had been signed in February, 1801. The great objects of the French ruler now were to compass a maritime peace and to retain Egypt, a conquest in which his reputation was peculiarly interested. To compel Great Britain to peace, he sought, by diplomacy or force, to exclude her commerce from the Continent, as well as to

raise up maritime enemies against her. Thus he had fostered, if not actually engendered, the Baltic league of 1801, shattered by Nelson at Copenhagen; and for this purpose he intended to occupy both Portugal and the kingdom of Naples. A powerful British expedition against Egypt had entered the Mediterranean. It was essential either to attack this directly, or to cripple its communications. Unable to do the former, and persistently thwarted, in his attempts to reinforce his own troops in that distant dependency, by the close watch of the British navy, of which Saumarez gave so conspicuous an illustration before Brest, Napoleon resorted to the common and sound military expedient of collecting a threatening force upon the flank of his enemy's line of communications. He directed a concentration of the Spanish and French navies at Cadiz, which, by its nearness to the straits, met the desired requirement. Among others, three French ships were ordered thither from Toulon.

The British ministry was informed that at Cadiz were collecting Spanish vessels, said by report to be intended against Portugal. This is unlikely, as Bonaparte could have subdued that country from the land side by the assistance of Spain; moreover, the object of the concentration is stated in his letters. A squadron of five ships of the line was accordingly formed, and placed under the command of Saumarez, who, on the 1st of January, 1801, had been made a rear admiral. His orders were to go off Cadiz, where he would find two more vessels, and to prevent the enemies within the port from sailing, or from being joined by any from outside. Whatever Bonaparte's object, it would be thwarted by a force thus interposed, in a position to meet either one or the other of the converging detachments before they could unite.

Saumarez sailed on his mission June 16, 1801, and on the 28th arrived off Cadiz. On the 5th of July he was informed that three French ships had anchored off Algeciras, the Spanish port on the west side of Gibraltar Bay, confronting the British fortress on the east side. This was the division from Toulon, which, upon reaching the straits, first learned of the British squadron that effectually prevented its entrance to Cadiz.

Saumarez at once started for Algeciras with six of his ships of the line, the seventh being out of recall to the northward. The following day, July 6, he entered the bay, and found the French moored in a strong position, under cover of Spanish land batteries, and supported by a number of gunboats. Still, though difficult and doubtful, the enterprise was not hopeless; and, as the breeze allowed his vessels to head for the enemy, he steered to engage at once. Unfortunately, the wind fell as the squadron drew nigh, and only four ships were able to take their intended places; the other two had to anchor outside their consorts, and fire as they could through the intervals. This mishap lessened by one third the fighting power of the British, and, coupled with the acknowledged superiority of guns on a fixed platform over those afloat, reduced them to inferiority. Their disadvantage was increased by the arrangements of the French admiral, carefully elaborated during the two preceding days. Had the preparations of Brueys at the Nile equaled those of Linois at Algeciras, Nelson's task must have been harder and his victory less complete. Nevertheless, after an engagement of an hour and a half, the British fire so far prevailed that the enemy resorted to a measure for which precautions had been taken beforehand. Lines had been run from each French ship to the shoal water lying close inside them; and by means of these they were warped away from their opponents until they took the ground. This increase of distance was in every way a gain to the party standing on the defensive, and a corresponding loss to the assailants.

Saumarez ordered the cables cut and sail made to close once more; but the light and fickle airs both baffled this effort and further embarrassed the British, through the difficulty of keeping their broadsides in position. Here happened the great disaster of the day. One of the outer ships, the Hannibal, tried to pass inside the headmost of the French, not realizing that the latter had moved. In so doing she ran aground close under a battery, to whose fire she could make no reply. After a brave and prolonged resistance, in which she lost seventy-five killed and seventy wounded out of a crew of six hundred, and had many of her guns dismounted, she hauled down her flag. By this time another ship, the Pompée, was dismasted, and success was plainly hopeless. The British admiral, therefore, ordered the action discontinued, and withdrew to the Gibraltar side; the Pompée having to be towed away by the boats of the squadron.

Saumarez had failed, and failure, however explained, can scarcely be carried to a man's credit; but his after course, by wresting success out of seemingly irretrievable disaster, has merited the highest eulogium. Maintaining both courage and energy unimpaired, every effort was instantly made to get the ships once more into fighting condition, that the attack might be renewed. "Tell the Admiralty," said he to the bearer of his dispatches, "that I feel confident I shall soon have an opportunity of attacking the enemy again, and that they may depend upon my availing myself of it."

The opportunity did come. On the morning of July 9, the Superb, the seventh ship, which had not been in the action, was seen rounding the west point of the bay under all sail, with a signal flying that the enemy was in pursuit. A few moments later appeared five Spanish vessels, two of which, the Real Carlos and the Hermenegildo, carrying each one hundred and twelve guns, were among the largest then afloat. On board them had embarked a number of the *jeunesse dorée* of Cadiz, eager to join the triumphal procession which it was thought would soon enter the port, flushed with a victory considered by them to be rather Spanish than French, and escorting the rare trophy of a British ship of the line that had struck to Spanish batteries. Besides the two giants, there were a ninety-gun ship and two seventy-fours; and the next day a French vessel of the latter class joined, making a total reinforcement of six heavy ships.

To these Saumarez could oppose but five. The Hannibal he had lost. The Pompée could not be repaired in time; her people were therefore distributed among the other vessels of the squadron. Even his own flagship, the Cæsar, was so injured that he thought it impossible to refit her; but when her crew heard his decision, one cry arose, — to work all day and night till she was ready for battle. This was zeal not according to knowledge; but, upon the pleading of her captain in their name, it was agreed that they should work all day, and by watches at night. So it happened, by systematic distribution of effort and enthusiastic labor, that the Cæsar, whose mainmast on the 9th was out and her rigging cut to pieces, was on the 12th able to sail in pursuit of the foe.

During the forenoon of the latter day the combined squadron was seen getting under way. The wind, being easterly, was fair for the British, and, besides, compelled the enemy to make some tacks to clear the land. This delay was invaluable to Saumarez, whose preparations, rapid as they had been, were still far from complete. Not till one in the afternoon did the headmost Spaniards reach the straits, and there they had to await their companions. The Hannibal was unable to join them, and reanchored at Algeciras. At half past two the Cæsar hauled out from Gibraltar mole, her band playing, "Cheer up, my lads, 't is to glory we steer!" which was answered

from the mole-head with "Britons, strike home!" At the same moment, Saumarez's flag, provisionally shifted to another vessel, was rehoisted at her masthead. The rugged flanks of the rock and the shores of Algeciras were crowded with eager and cheering sight-seers, whose shouts echoed back the hurrahs of the seamen. Rarely, indeed, is so much of the pride and circumstance, if not of the pomp, of war rehearsed before an audience which, breathless with expectation, has in it no part save to admire and applaud.

Off Europa Point, on the Gibraltar side, there clustered round the Cæsar her four consorts, all but one bearing, like herself, the still fresh wounds of the recent conflict. Four miles away, off Cabrita Point, assembled the three French of Linois's division, having like honorable marks, together with the six new unscarred arrivals. At eight P. M. of the summer evening the allies kept away for Cadiz; Linois's division leading, the other six interposing between them and the five ships of Saumarez, which followed at once. It was a singular sight, this pursuit of nine ships by five, suggestive of much of the fatal difference, in ideals and efficiency, between the navies concerned. Towards nine o'clock Saumarez ordered the Superb, whose condition alone was unimpaired by battle, to press ahead and bring the rear of the enemy to action. The wind was blowing strong from the east, with a heavy sea. At half past eleven the Superb overtook the Real Carlos, and opened fire. Abreast the Spanish vessel, on her other side, was the Hermenegildo. The latter, probably through receiving some of the Superb's shot, fancied the ship nearest her to be an enemy, and replied. In the confusion, one of them caught fire, the other ran on board her, and in a few moments there was presented to the oncoming British the tremendous sight of these two huge ships, with their twenty hundred men, locked in a fast embrace and blazing together. At half past two in the morning, having by that time drifted apart, they blew up in quick succession.

Leaving them to their fate, the hostile squadron passed on. The Superb next encountered the St. Antoine, and forced her to strike. Soon afterwards the wind died away, and both fleets were much scattered. A British ship brought to action one of the French ships which had been in the first battle; indeed, the French accounts say that the latter had fought three enemies. However that may be, she was again severely mauled; but the English ship opposed to her ran on a shoal and lost all her masts. With this episode ended the events of that awful night.

The net results of this stirring week completely relieved the fears of the British ministers. Whatever the objects of the concentration at Cadiz, they were necessarily frustrated. Though the first attack was repulsed, the three French ships had been very roughly handled; and, of the relieving force, three out of six were now lost to the enemy. "Sir James Saumarez's action has put us upon velvet," wrote St. Vincent, then head of the Admiralty; and in the House of Peers he highly eulogized the admiral's conduct, as also did Nelson. The former declared that "this gallant achievement surpassed everything he had ever met with in his reading or service," a statement sufficiently sweeping; while the praise of the hero of the Nile was the more to be prized because there never was cordial sympathy between him and Saumarez. Closely as they had been associated, Nelson's letters to his brother officer began always, "My dear Sir James," not "My dear Saumarez."

In this blaze of triumph the story of Saumarez fitly terminates. He was never again engaged in serious encounter with the enemy. The first war with the French republic ended three months after the battle of Algeciras. After

the second began, in 1803, he was, until 1807, commander in chief at the Channel Islands, watching the preparations for the invasion of England, and counteracting the efforts of cruisers against British commerce. In 1808, in consequence of the agreements of Tilsit between the Czar and Napoleon, affairs in the Baltic became such as to demand the presence of a large British fleet, — first to support Sweden, then at war with Russia, and later to protect the immense British trade, which, under neutral flags and by contraband methods, maintained by way of the northern sea the intercourse of Great Britain with the Continent. Of this trade Sweden was an important intermediary, and her practical neutrality was essential to its continuance. This was insured by the firm yet moderate attitude of Sir James Saumarez, even when she had been forced by France to declare war against England.

In the course of the conflict between Russia and Sweden, however, an occasion arose which seems to show how far Saumarez fell short of that inspiration which distinguishes great captains from accomplished and gallant generals. The Russian fleet, after an engagement with the Swedes, had been forced into a harbor in the Gulf of Finland. Soon afterwards, on the 30th of August, 1808, Saumarez arrived with part of his fleet. He had six ships of the line, and the Swedes ten, the Russians having but eight. The remainder of the 30th and all the 31st were spent in consultation. On the 1st of September, the admiral reconnoitred the enemy, satisfied himself that the attack was feasible, and issued orders for it to be made the next morning. That night, the wind, till then favorable, shifted, and for eight days blew a gale. When this ended, the Russians had so strengthened their position as to be impregnable.

It is very probable that to this disappointment of public expectation, which had in England been vividly aroused, is to be attributed the withholding of a peerage, eagerly desired by Saumarez in his latter days, — not for itself merely, but as a recognition which he not unnaturally thought earned by his long and distinguished services. Yet when we compare his deliberate consultations with Nelson's eagle swoop at the Nile, under like difficulties, or with the great admiral's avowed purpose of attacking the Russian fleet, in 1801, at Revel, in the Baltic,— a purpose which would assuredly have received fulfillment, — it is impossible not to suspect in Saumarez the want of that indefinable, incommunicable something we call genius, which, like the wind, bloweth where it listeth: we hear the sounds, we see the signs, but we cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth.

"True," said Nelson, speaking of Revel, "there are said to be some guns on shore; but it is to be supposed that the man who undertakes that service will not mind guns." Nelson himself was not more indifferent, personally, to guns than was Sir James Saumarez; yet what a contrast in the conduct of the two, when face to face with the great opportunity! For cool, steady courage, for high professional skill, for patient sustained endurance, Saumarez was unsurpassed; nor is there on record in the annals of the British navy a more dazzling instance of unflinching resolve than was shown by him at and after Algeciras, when a double portion of the master's spirit for the moment fell upon him.

Seeing these things, one is tempted to say that the power of genius consists in that profound intuitive conviction which lifts a man to the plane of action by the sheer force of believing — nay, of knowing — that the thing to others impossible can and will be done. "If we succeed," cried Nelson's flag captain, as night approached amid the unknown waters of Aboukir Bay, "what will the world

say!" "There is no *if* about it," replied the hero; "we shall certainly succeed. Who will live to tell the story is another question." To such inspiration, when it comes, nothing is impossible; for the correspondence between the facts and the intuition, however established, carries within itself the promise of fulfillment. Here, perhaps, we touch the borders of the supernatural.

Saumarez held the Baltic command through five eventful years, — from 1808 to 1812. After Napoleon's disastrous Russian expedition, affairs in that sea no longer required a force adequate to his rank, and he then finally retired from service afloat, still in the full maturity of a healthy prime, at the age of fifty-five. The remainder of his life, with brief exception, was passed in his native island of Guernsey, amid those charms of family affection and general esteem which he had deserved by his fidelity to all the duties of the man and the citizen. Though so far removed from the active centres of life, he kept touch with it by the variety of his interests in all useful and benevolent undertakings, to which an ample fortune allowed him freely to contribute. "The hopes entertained of his assistance and sympathy," observes his biographer, "were never disappointed." Among naval biographies, there is none that presents a more pleasing picture of genial and dignified enjoyment of well-earned repose. In 1831, upon the accession of William IV., the long-coveted peerage was at last bestowed. Lord de Saumarez died on the 9th of October, 1836, in his eightieth year.

A. T. Mahan.

INDIVIDUALITY IN BIRDS.

Early in the bright, still September morning, as I lie hidden among the bushes which fringe the shores of my lonely lake in the birch wood, watching the mists moving over the surface of the water and rising to obscure the trees on the farther shore, I hear a sudden creaking of wings in the air, and see shadows passing swiftly across the water. Then there is a splash, the lake breaks into ripples, frogs give startled croaks, and the gray squirrels in the oaks cease frolicking, and hide themselves in the armpits of great limbs, waiting for fresh signs of danger. A fleet has been launched upon the lake, and, in proud array, it stands away across the mist-hung ripples. Six trim little craft in close order plough the deep. Why is it that I have to lie very still, as I watch this energetic squadron at its sunrise manœuvres? Why can I not stand upon the sand and wave my friendly welcome to the beautiful wood ducks which have come to my lake? I should love to call them to me, feed them, caress their exquisite plumage, and marvel at the play of color in their lustrous feathers; but were I to move a hand so that their keen eyes saw it, or to snap a stick so that their keener ears heard it, their wings would pound the water into foam, and in one brief moment all their grace and beauty would have vanished from my sight.

When the first snow falls upon the frozen November pastures, burying the dry grass and brown ferns, and leaving only the ghost-flowers of goldenrod, aster, and fireweed, fox-tracks are many upon the telltale carpet of winter. They begin upon the flanks of Chocorua, or away to the west among the boulders on Great Hill and Marston Hill, where the battle of the wolves was fought long ago, and come southward or eastward through birch wood and pasture, larch grove and

swamp, to the lakeside and meadow. Many a mile every hungry son of Reynard travels over that first snow, searching for mice or a plump blue jay to pounce upon. If, as I lean upon a great gray boulder in the middle of the wide upland pasture, I see a slender, sharp-eared fox trotting towards me, can I whistle to him as to a dog, and tempt him to me by holding up to him the mouse I have just taken from my trap? With the speed of a thought he will dash from me towards yonder beech wood; at its edge he will pause for one last look of hatrêd and terror, and then silence and the snow will seem to deny his ever having been within their dominion. Why does he shun me, when I have never harmed him, and would not have harmed him had he come to me?

If I steal ever so softly to the mossy bank of the meadow brook, and peep through the ferns into the deep pool overhung by the thick turf, the wary trout which lies poised in the cool current, with filmy fins pulsating, will see me, and, seeing, strain every muscle of his marvelous form to hurl himself from me into some hidden grotto far down the stream. If a butterfly, opening and shutting its yellow wings on the milkweed flower, sees my shadow creeping towards it, the golden wings will move with vehement power, and, high above me in the August sunlight, the distrustful insect will linger, bidding me by its restless unhappiness depart from its milkweed.

By night, as by day, the life of the forest, the field, and the water shuns me. The bat, which flits back and forth with crazy flight above the lake, avoids me; the hare, leaping lazily through the grass where the moonlight sparkles in the dew, bounds from me, panic-stricken; the owl, with silent wing, floats from me down the forest aisles, and hoots no more. What have I done that creation should spurn me as a leper, and that all which is most beautiful in animal life should hasten from me as from death? The answer is plain: my crime is that I am a man.

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There are hundreds of intelligent men and women in New England who do not know a bluebird from a blue jay, a chickadee from a junco, a catbird from a cow bunting. They know them all as birds, and love them as such, after a vague fashion, but of the racial or specific characteristics of these charming creatures they know nothing. What, then, will they say to the avowal that not only do species of birds differ from one another, as Irishmen differ from Swedes, and Spaniards from Chinese, but that individual birds of the same species have, in proportion to the sum total of their characteristics, as much variation as individual men? Of course, there is not nearly the same chance for individuality in birds as in men, for their methods of life and their mental qualities are simple, while those of men are complex.

To the wood ducks, the fox, the trout, and the butterfly I am merely a man, one of that horrible race of gigantic destroyers which occupies the land and the water, and, with merciless hand, traps, maims, or kills with indiscriminate cruelty. For centuries, all that dwells within the woods or beside the waters has held firmly to life in direct proportion to its distrust of man and its ability to elude him. No wonder that, to the bird, a man is merely a man. The preponderance of evil in man's treatment of the lower animals makes it impossible for wood duck, fox, or trout to delay flight to determine whether the individual man who appears by the lake or in the pasture is impelled by kindness or by a desire to commit murder.

Those who know birds only as birds, without separating them into races, species, or individuals, have no such excuse to offer for their failure to distinguish and appreciate. They are not hunted to death by the fair creatures which people the wild world around them. They

have ample time and more than ample provocation to learn something of these shy, sweet neighbors. No lifetime is long enough to learn all about even one bird; but there are few men who do not sometimes pass beyond the limits of brick walls and cobblestone pavements, and whenever they do pass such limits the birds are with them. In our own Boston, gulls, crows, and several kinds of ducks are constantly present along the water's edge, between late autumn and spring. The Common and weed-grown vacant lots are not owned by house sparrows alone, conspicuous as those immigrants are. A Sunday afternoon in May spent in the groves and fields of the suburbs gives acquaintance with more species than there are hours in the day, and close watch for an hour of any one bird may yield a fact which no naturalist has ever recorded.

I have a friend who lives alone, summer and winter, in a tiny hut amid the woods. The doctors told him that he must die, so he escaped from them to nature, made his peace with her, and regained his health. To the wild creatures of the pasture, the oak woods, and the swamps he is no longer a man, but a faun; he is one of their own kind, shy, alert, silent. They, having learned to trust him, have come a little nearer to men. I once went to his hut when he was absent, and stretched myself in the sunlight by his tiny doorstep. Presently two chickadees came to a box of birdseed swinging from the pine limb overhead, and fed there, cracking the seeds one by one with their bills. Then, from the swamp, a pair of catbirds appeared, and fed upon crumbs scattered over the ground just at my feet; a chipmunk ran back and forth past them, coming almost within reach of my hand; soon after a song sparrow drove away the catbirds, and then sang a little *sotto-voce* song to me before helping itself to the crumbs. When my friend returned, he told me the story of this song sparrow; how he had saved its life, and been rewarded by three years of gratitude, confidence, and affection on the part of the brave little bird. He seemed fearful lest I should think him over-imaginative in his recital, so he gave me details about the sparrow and its ways which would have convinced a jury of the bird's identity and strong individuality. The secret of my friend's friendship with these birds was that, by living together, each had, by degrees, learned to know the other. *A* man had become *the* man, and in time he had developed into protector, provider, and companion. They, from being chickadees, catbirds, and song sparrow, had separated themselves from their several species, and, by little habits and peculiarities of color, had made themselves plainly recognizable as individuals, having characteristics not common to all their species.

It is easier to feel sure that these individual peculiarities of a bird are real if the bird is a captive, or if, as a wild bird, it is marked in some unmistakable way. My chief experience with birds of whose identity I could feel no doubt while watching them, hearing their voices, or seeing their pictures has been with a number of owls which I have retained as captives for various terms of months or years. To a stranger, these birds would be quite indistinguishable both from one another and from wild birds of the same species. He would notice only the points of resemblance, the marks by which he determined their species. I should notice only their points of difference; and I should find among such points color, size, posture, gesture, expression, and manner. Not only would these points make it impossible for me to mistake one owl for another, but they would give me some passing impression as to the bird's temper at the moment; for a placid, sleepy, well-fed owl is a very different bird from the same owl irritable, wide awake, and starving, after a three days' fast.

We distinguish members of our fam-

ily or of our circle of acquaintances one from another by the differences in their figures, features, and dress; the motions they make, the sounds they utter; their conduct, opinions, tempers, appetites, virtues, and failings. I distinguish my three barred owls from one another by slight differences in size, in coloration, attitude, motions, notes, temper, appetite, and degrees of intelligence. They are not always in the same plumage; their appetites vary; they make different sounds under different conditions; and the one which is most docile in midwinter may, when moulting, be most irritable and prone to bite. One of them almost always whines when I approach his cage; the other two never whine unless unusually hungry. One comes to me when I call him, provided he thinks he is to be fed; the other two have never learned their names. One is a coward, and always seeks safety in swift escape when any danger threatens, while his original nest companion is as brave as a lion. I once placed the latter in a small room with two hounds. The dogs advanced towards the owl with faces expressive of great curiosity. The owl spread his broad wings, ruffled the feathers upon his back, snapped his beak, and then, as the dogs came nearer, darted at them, drove them under a sofa, and held them at bay until they were thankful to be allowed to slink out by a back door. Nothing would induce either dog to return to the room that day.

These three barred owls were reared in the same nest, two in 1888, the third in 1891. They were all taken from the nest before they could fly, and they have been subjected to the same conditions while in captivity. So far as I know, they are of the same sex. In spite of these facts, they are no more alike than three dogs raised in the same kennels, three horses pastured in the same field, or three urchins starved and whipped in the same tenement house. They are not equally hungry, sleepy, or skillful in striking living game; they are not equally fond of sunlight or darkness; they select different perches, and look at life and their master in three very different ways. In fact, they are individuals, not three dittos to the name "barred owl."

One summer I caught and caged three young sap-sucking woodpeckers, as they were preparing to fly from their ancestral castle tower in the Chocorua forest. It might fairly be presumed that three birds just out of the nest, and that nest a dark hole far up in a poplar trunk, would be as nearly alike as three dimes from the same mint. The opposite was true. Number One was a hardy bird, which flew the moment the axe was struck into the poplar's bole. Number Three was a weakling, that stayed in the hole until pulled out by hand. So it was later, as they grew older and larger. One was a bully, with a loud voice and too much animal spirits for the size of his cage. Another was quiet, meditative, and fond of a sunny corner of his box. In the autumn, when I let the birds out to frolic in a barn chamber, this quiet bird was always the last to quit his perch in favor of half-freedom. Number Three continued to be the smallest, weakest, and least hungry of the three birds; but she was quicker than Number Two, and seemed to get more out of life than he did. From the hour when I took these little birds away from their nest, I never failed to recognize each of them as having individual characteristics not possessed by the others.

The wild sap-sucking woodpeckers in the New Hampshire forests derive the chief of their diet from the sap of the common deciduous trees. Attacking the trees in April, often before the snow has wholly disappeared from the shady hollows and north slopes, they riddle the bark with dozens of small holes, from which the sap flows freely. Red squirrels, downy woodpeckers, and humming birds like this flowing sap quite as well as do the sap-suckers, and they frequent

the "orchards" more or less persistently. No stronger proof of individual differences in bird character has come to my notice than that afforded by the opposite kinds of treatment accorded the pilfering humming birds by various families of sapsuckers. At some orchards, it is only necessary for a humming bird to be heard approaching the trees for the woodpeckers to be on the watch, ready to drive the intruder away. Fierce attacks are made upon the little birds, and they are never permitted to drink at the sap holes if woodpeckers are on guard. At other orchards the opposite is the rule, and a favorite humming bird is allowed to drink when and where he pleases, provided he does not actually buzz in the face of his host, and attempt to sip from the cup in use. This difference in the treatment of the humming birds is not a matter of daily whim, but is the rule throughout successive seasons. I say this after having, by close watch of certain orchards, convinced myself that not only the same woodpeckers, but the same humming birds, return to particular groups of trees year after year.

Once, on an August day, as I sat working at the north door of my big barn, near the foot of Chocorua, a small bird came hopping and fluttering towards me. As it drew near I saw that it was a young redstart, somewhat raggedly clad. The little creature was catching tiny flies and other insects, and seemed completely absorbed in its occupation to the exclusion of fear or even ordinary caution. Presently it entered the barn, and hopped back and forth between the horse's heels, as he stood and stamped in his stall. Then it crossed the floor to me, and perched for a moment on my foot. I caught it, and it sat upon my hand fearlessly, going because a passing fly drew it from me. Finally it continued its course through the south door into the wide sunshine beyond, and so away forever. Truly, that tiny redstart was unlike all others of its species which I have seen, or ever expect to see. Daft it may have been, but it did me more good than fifty sane warblers.

Less clear evidence of individuality in birds comes in the way of every observer many times during each year. Spring after spring birds return to favorite nesting places, and autumn after autumn migrants appear on favorite hunting grounds: sometimes we feel sure that the robins which return to the apple-tree, the bluebirds to the box on the post, the orioles to the trailing elm branch, are the same birds which built in those spots in preceding summers; but, as a rule, positive evidence to this effect is lacking, and our moral certainty is not capable of justification to others. Generally, the fact which makes us most sure in our own minds that the birds in question are old friends is some hint of individuality on their part. They arrive on a fixed date in the spring, build their nest in a particular spot or in a particular way; and the exactness of the coincidence induces us to believe in individuality, rather than in the nature of all birds of a species to do precisely the same thing under similar circumstances.

Where there is a wide variety in the nesting ways of a species, the ability to fix upon certain birds and feel confident of their identity is increased. For example, I have known the song sparrow to build upon the ground in the middle of a dry field, or close to a tussock of grass at a brookside; a few inches from the ground, in a pile of brush in a meadow; in a dark pocket in the hollow trunk of a willow; two feet from the ground, in a spruce; and finally, eight feet above the ground, in a cup-shaped hollow in a birch stump. It is evident that a species which varies the location of its home as widely as this must contain individuals which have their power of selection highly developed. The kingfisher's instinct takes him to a gravel bank, in the face of which he digs a hole. He is satisfied with one set of conditions, and those conditions are sim-

ple in kind. The song sparrow, which builds in a hollow willow, or in a depression in a high stump, has not been satisfied with simple conditions, but has exercised her power of selection to a remarkable degree in finally choosing very unusual surroundings for her home.

Much as birds of a species resemble one another, every collecting ornithologist knows how rare it is to find two individuals whose coloration and measurements correspond exactly. In series containing hundreds of specimens of the same species, it is almost impossible to find two skins which agree so closely as to be indistinguishable. Moreover, in such extended series, it is common to find specimens which vary in a radical way from the average. Not only does albinism occur, but other unusual features appear in color and form in a way to suggest reversion to some earlier stage in the development of the species. For example, I have seen several specimens of the cedar bird which had white markings of a kind to suggest at once a common ancestor to both cedar bird and Bohemian waxwing. Differentiation increased the white plumage in the Bohemians, and allowed it to disappear in the cedar birds.

So sharp are the distinguishing lines of color between desert races of birds and mammals and races living amid verdure that it is natural to surmise that habits and conduct may also be considerably modified by arid surroundings. Taken as a great group, birds which live upon the sea are certainly very different from typical forest birds. Sea birds' voices, when they use them, are harsh and shrill, and they can scarcely be said to have a suggestion of song in their vocal performances. Nearly all land birds have music in their natures. If they cannot sing, they at least try to play. The grouse, the woodpeckers, the snipe, the woodcock, the bittern, are all instrumentalists. Land birds which sing, like the thrushes, the purple finch, fox sparrow, ruby-crowned kinglet, orchard oriole, water thrush, and other brilliant performers, are well known to vary in the individual success of their efforts. Now and then I hear a song sparrow or a hermit thrush which sings so much better than its fellows that I return to it day after day, to listen to it as to a Nilsson or a Scalchi.

If I, with dull human ears, can detect the differences in birds' songs, how much more quickly can the birds themselves distinguish one another's voices! Watch a nestful of fledgelings whose eyes are incapable of distinct sight, and one of the first facts to be noted will be the sudden excitement of the young when the parent bird, in returning, comes within a few rods of the nest. The clamor of the young can be instantly silenced by a note of alarm from the parent, while no other sound in the neighborhood will check their glad uproar. Among full-grown birds, similar notes of warning are wonderfully effective. Crows chortling together in the woods will be quieted and called to wing by a single hoarse "caw" from their sentinel. A flock of blue jays, feeding in the oaks, will scatter like leaves in the wind at hearing a cry of alarm from one of their number. I never see or hear a crow "caucus" without feeling sure that certain individuals have more weight in the assembly than others, and that their cawing means something to their fellows. Of course, these indications of the appreciation of individuality by some birds in dealing with their mates are vague and unsatisfactory as compared with the more direct evidence afforded by personally watching captive birds until their characters are thoroughly learned.

Two great horned owls which I owned for a few months were so radically different in temper that every one who came near them recognized the fact. One was quiet, dignified, and comparatively tractable; the other was belliger-

ent, cross, and untamable. To my eyes, the expressions of their faces were as different as they would have been in two persons of opposite temperaments. That this difference in bird faces is real, and not based upon the circumstances of the moment, accidents of position and color, or my own state of mind, seems to me to be established by the fact that, in a series of photographs of my barred owls, taken at different periods, the identity of each owl in a picture is as evident to me, and to others who know the birds intimately, as though they were men and women instead of birds.

With me, belief in the individuality of birds is a powerful influence against their destruction. Like most men familiar with out-of-door life, I have the hunting instinct strongly developed. If a game bird is merely one of an abundant species, killing it is only reducing the supply of that species by one; if, on the contrary, it is possessed of novel powers, or a unique combination of powers, and can be distinguished from all its fellows, killing it is destroying something which cannot be replaced. No one with a conscience would extinguish a species, yet I already feel towards certain races that their individuals are as different from one another as I formerly supposed one species of bird to be from another. At one time I should have shot a barred owl without a twinge of conscience; now I should as soon shoot my neighbor's Skye terrier as kill one of these singularly attractive birds.

Sentiment aside, bird individuality, if real, is of deep scientific interest. If we knew more of the influence of individuals, we might have a clearer perception of the forces governing evolution. Serious science is now so fully given up to laboratory as distinguished from field study that but little thought is given to problems of this kind. This fact makes it all the more possible for amateurs to work happily in the woods and fields, encouraged by the belief that they have innumerable discoveries still to make, countless secrets of nature still to fathom.

Frank Bolles.

TEAM-BELLS AT DUSK.

Faint, faint, vibrating through the tender gloom
With pulse of sound still firmer at each beat,
I hear, beyond the quiet village street,
A bell-team steadily returning home.
Above, the sky is but a half-lit dome,
And all the fields lie darkened at my feet,
Stayed suddenly to hear this music come,
Nearer, still nearer; sweeter, and more sweet.

It has gone by, — a shadow and a sound:
The hollow murmur of the empty wain,
The carter's voice and horses' footfalls drowned
By that wild peal, whose melody again
Slowly, 'mid deeper gloom, with softened swell,
Sinks till it seems itself the echo of a bell.

Alfred Wood.

THE OLD HALL AND THE PORTRAITS.

As we opened the porch door, on coming back from a walk, we heard the sound of music. The children were dancing in the hall, — the squire's grandchildren, — led by their young aunt, not many years older than the eldest of them, while their mother played the piano. The hall still kept the main features of the old manor place which Leland had visited. Along the minstrel's gallery were hung breastplate, steel cap, sword, and other pieces of armor, — not, indeed, of Henry VIII.'s time, but of that of the Commonwealth. The dais was now level with the rest of the floor, and the bay window had become a porch; but the squint through which the lord could look into the hall, after he had withdrawn to the solar or parlor, might still be seen, though closed by the paneling on the other side, supposed to be the work of Building Bess; and the lines of a huge Tudor arch showed where the old fireplace had been. The walls were hung with portraits within a range of nearly three hundred years, as the squire had informed me. There was a solemn brightness in his look as he watched the dancers, and then glanced round the walls; and he remarked, half to himself, "This makes an old man feel young; or indeed, not so much young as undying, while the past and the future are centred in the present, in one common life."

Foster. How many generations are there now here?

Squire. Living, there are, as you see, three, including myself; in portraits of our family, seven more. That small portrait on panel, of William, Earl of Pembroke, Shakespeare's W. H., is perhaps rather earlier.

Foster. How does it come here?

Squire. There was some link of friendship between the Herbert family and that man in Puritan bands and cloak, who was again connected with us.

Foster. I see the Puritan, and also a Cavalier with lace and velvet and flowing locks, while each has by his side a lady, the two being sisters, apparently.

Squire. He was no Cavalier, in spite of his dress, which indeed, as you know, was not peculiar to the Cavaliers even in Charles I.'s days. He is John Strachey, the friend to whom Locke writes from Holland with expressions of affection, and the prospect of talking over many things in "the parlour at Sutton." He died young, but the letters between the friends, which are still extant, show him to have been as enlightened as Locke himself. And I like to fancy that the armor still hanging there may have been worn by his father, who was serving with Locke's father in the regiment of Popham, their near neighbor in those parts. Strachey's grandfather framed, or helped to frame, the laws of the then newly settled colony of Virginia; wrote verses prefixed to Ben Jonson's Sejanus; and his account of the shipwreck of Sir George Summers, with whom he was at Bermuda, suggested some of the incidents of Shakespeare's Tempest, taken either from his narrative, or, as the learned Mr. Furness thinks probable, from his own lips. The ladies are the great-granddaughters of Thomas Hodges, whose monument in the parish church of Wedmore, famous for King Alfred's treaty with the Danes, tells how he, "at the seige of Antwerpe, about 1583, with unconquered courage, wonne two ensigns from the enemy, where, receiving his last wound, he gave three legacies: his soule to his Lord Jesus; his body to be lodged in Flemish earth; his heart to be sent to his dear wife in England."

"Here lies his wounded heart, for whome
One kingdom was too small a roome;

Two kingdoms, therefore, have thought good to part
So stout a body and so brave a heart."

The old ladies with prayer-books are the mother and the grandmother of the young ladies and of their husbands. And there, too, is one whose name we know, but nothing more, except that she died unmarried, while her portrait shows a true lover's knot, and a ring hung round her neck. If the story was one of disappointment and sadness, let us hope that there were peace and contentment in the end.

Foster. Did you keep up your connection with Virginia?

Squire. Yes. Two migrations are recorded in the family pedigree. And though the male line has ended, I still correspond with a worthy representative through the female line. This gentleman opened a communication with me after the war of 1861–65, in the troubles of which he had lost his family pedigree, and asked me to help him to supply its place; and in token of his claim he sent me photographs of the pictures of several of our common ancestors, of which the counterparts are now hanging before you.

Foster. I remember the name of Henry Strachey in Mahon's History of England and Bancroft's History of the United States, and in a publication of the New York Historical Society, called The Treason of General Lee. Who was this Henry Strachey?

Squire. There is his portrait, — a good one, by Northcote. When Lord Howe and Admiral Howe were sent out to put down the American patriots, Henry Strachey was sent with them as secretary to the commission. General Lee, a soldier of fortune, was the next in command under Washington, having so great a reputation that there had been some thought of giving the first command to him instead of to Washington. He was surprised and taken by Colonel Harcourt, and during his imprisonment proposed a scheme to the English commissioners for bringing back the country into complete submission to England, which Mr. Moore justly calls by the name of "treason." Although many important papers relating to American independence have been carried off from this house, we have still a large number of interesting documents connected with the period, as also with the negotiations for peace in 1782, the calendars of which fill several pages of the appendix to the sixth report of the Historical MSS. Commission of 1877. It was the same Strachey who negotiated the Peace of Versailles, which recognized the independence of the United States. I have all the papers, from the secret instructions of Lord Shelburne to the bills for post horses between Calais and Paris.

Foster. Why did Lord Shelburne send another envoy, when Oswald was already representing the British government in the negotiations?

Squire. He had been instructed by Fox; and after Fox had retired from the ministry, on the death of Lord Rockingham, Shelburne, now become prime minister, sent Strachey to strengthen the hands of Oswald, whom he thought hardly a match for Franklin, Gay, and Adams, and who, in his anxiety for peace, "went before" the American commissioners, as Lord Shelburne expressed it. We have a story that Oswald had his papers ransacked while he was at the opera, and that Strachey, to avoid such a risk, always carried his in his pocket. In the archives at Washington there is a once secret diary of John Adams during these negotiations, in which he says, "Strachey is as artful and insinuating a man as they could possibly send; he pushes and presses every point as far it can possibly go; he has a most eager, earnest, pointed spirit." But the rivalry or hostility between Fox and Shelburne may have had something to do with the double negotiations. Fox was ready to give Shelburne the character portrayed in the caricature of the Rolliad: —

"A noble Duke affirms, I like his plan:
I never did, my lords, I never can;
Shame on the slanderous breath which dares instill
That I, who now condemn, advised the ill.
Plain words, thank Heaven, are always understood.
'I could approve,' I said, but not 'I would.'
Anxious to make the noble Duke content,
My view was just to seem to give consent,
While all the world might see that nothing less was meant."

We have a tradition that when Lord Shelburne was forming his ministry, Fox met Strachey one Sunday afternoon at Hay Hill, and asked him what he expected for himself, he being then secretary of the treasury. On his replying, "Lord Shelburne says I am to keep my office," Fox rejoined, "Then, by God, you 're out." But Fox was wrong, for Shelburne made Strachey an under-secretary of state, and sent him, as I have said, to carry forward the Versailles negotiations.

Foster. Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, in his Life of Lord Shelburne, has clearly shown, and history now recognizes, that Shelburne's uncertain political action was not dishonesty, but a Hamlet-like habit of looking too much at all sides of every question. It would be harder to justify Fox's coalition with Lord North. But was not this Strachey also the Indian secretary of Clive, whose fine portrait by Dance you have here, and that seems to me to be the original, of which I think there is more than one replica? I remember that Clive, in his defense before the House of Commons, said that, of the many services which George Grenville had done him, none was greater than that of recommending Henry Strachey to him.

Squire. Yes. And Dance's portrait corresponds with what we otherwise know of Clive. He was coarse, unscrupulous, intolerant of opposition, and, I think we must say, somewhat rapacious, though he himself "wondered at his own moderation" when he looked back on the treasures of Moorshedabad, of which he did not appropriate the whole. But he was also of far-seeing as well as military genius; and he did not hesitate to set public above private interests, as when he declared war against the Dutch in India, at a moment in which they held the bills which represented his whole fortune; and he was capable of warm and faithful friendship. He was a sort of Bismarck.

Foster. What a number of false accounts of his death there have been, from the contemporary letters of Horace Walpole and the sayings of Dr. Johnson down to Notes and Queries, only a year or two ago, which I think you have more than once written to set right!

Squire. I took down my account from the mouth of the late Sir Henry Strachey, who had it from his mother, who was in the house at the time. Clive suffered, till he would endure it no longer, from a painful disease, of which he says, in a letter which I have: "How miserable is my condition! I have a disease which makes life intolerable, but which my doctors tell me will not shorten it one hour."

Foster. You spoke of Clive's political genius; you attribute to him the foundation of our Indian empire, the expansion of which has been equaled by its stability, — a stability which could, at the end of a hundred years, stand such a test as the mutiny of 1857.

Squire. After Clive had defeated Suraj-oo-Dowlah, and set up Meer Jaffier in his place, he left the East India Company's factory at Calcutta to carry on their trade, as before, under a native, though now not only friendly but subservient prince. But the sudden acquisition of such enormous wealth by Clive and his colleagues in that war had excited a mad lust for a like acquisition of wealth by the company's servants left by Clive in the management of the Bengal factory. The East India Company in Leadenhall Street allowed each of its servants in Bengal to carry on some private trading for himself, and now, in de-

fiance of the opposition of the governor, Vansittart, who was, if I remember rightly, supported by no one but young Warren Hastings, they converted this private trade into a system of mere extortion and robbery of the Nawab and his subjects. Meer Jaffier was superseded by Cossin Ali, whom they hoped to make a more subservient tool; but he, too, after efforts at conciliation which it is quite pathetic to read of, was obliged to make a stand for the rights of his people. War began, and the directors at home, alarmed at the danger of a return to a state of things like that from which Clive's victory at Plassey had saved them, sent him out again, in 1765, to restore order. He reinstated Meer Jaffier in the Nawabship; but he saw that the relations of the company to the native rulers of Bengal had become so changed that they could no longer be merely those of merchants trading in a foreign country, but must of necessity give those merchants a share in the political government of that country. Under the Mogul sovereigns, the diwan, or collector of the revenues, shared some branches of the civil government of the province with the Nawab, and Clive, by obtaining from the Mogul Emperor the office of diwan for the company, made that beginning of political responsibilities, as well as rights, which was to lay the foundations of our future empire in India.

Foster. What were the next stages of the structure raised on this foundation?

Squire. The Mogul empire was in ruins. It is always best to keep old forms as far as possible, and to make the new life seem at least to grow out of them, though it can no longer be infused into them. It is our English way, and Clive took it when he obtained the diwanee from the sovereign who had still the nominal right to grant it. But the government by the Nawab, of which it was the complement, had become little more than a sham; and, under Warren Hastings, this, too, was absorbed into the English rule in Bengal, because Hastings found that in no other way was any tolerable administration of justice possible. But there was no resting here. As the once strong empire of the Moguls fell to pieces, the general anarchy gave opportunity for the rise of that terrible race of conquerors and plunderers, the Mahrattas. Hastings saw that the British territory must be overrun, and perhaps swallowed up in its turn, by these locusts, if no adequate defense were provided, and he resorted to the alliance with the Nawab of Oude, which led to the Rohilla war, which he held to be justified in honor and justice no less than by expediency. His object was to interpose a strong native state between the Mahrattas and the British province. If the Rohilla chiefs had been faithful to their treaty with Oude, Hastings would have supported their alliance; but when the Rohillas opened their country to the Mahrattas for the invasion of Oude, which must have been followed by that of Bengal, he held himself called on by expediency, while not forbidden by good faith and honor, to give the Nawab of Oude effectual support in the conquest of the Rohillas, who in fact had no right but that of recent conquest.

Foster. After the complete vindication of Hastings by Sir James Stephen and Sir John Strachey from the charges brought against him, they can hardly be renewed by any future historian; but it is very difficult to understand how those charges could have been made by Burke, more or less sanctioned by Pitt, and adopted as veracious history by Mill and Macaulay.

Squire. It is difficult. They had before them all the evidence that we have now, if they chose to examine it; and not one of them, whether as statesman or historian, had any right to make and maintain such charges without such examination. It seems to me no justification, nor even excuse, for Burke to say

that he was carried away by his hatred of injustice and oppression, and sympathy with the oppressed, and that he thus became the victim of the malignity of Francis, and of his own imagination and rhetoric. Such excuses may serve an ill-informed private person, but not a great statesman and leader of men. The same may be said of Pitt, if he believed the charges, as he said; while still more unworthy of him are the suggestions that he was willing to let the opposition waste their energies on such a subject, and that he was jealous of the favor which Hastings received from the king and the chancellor. James Mill I knew, and his treatment of Hastings, though fatal to the character of an accurate and impartial historian, is less hard to explain. His disposition was, like that of Francis, malignant. Coulson asked Peacock of him, "Will he like what I like, and hate what I hate?" and Peacock replied, "No, he will hate what you hate, and hate what you like." His temper was eminently destructive. He did some good service in the pulling down and destroying of much that was utterly corrupt and bad in our political and social condition, but when good and evil were intermixed, he saw only the evil; and he habitually imagined it even where it did not exist. Above all, he hated all men in authority. When he wrote his history of India, he was prepared to see the government of India by the company and its servants in the worst possible light. No historian is really and completely impartial; he necessarily collects his materials in the light of some preconceived theory or plan. Those extracts from the evidence as to the government of Hastings, which are now shown to be garbled by separation from their suppressed context, no doubt seemed to him the salient parts, because they supported his foregone conclusions; and he was probably unconscious of dishonesty when he afterwards marshaled and embodied them in his history. While we condemn his want of impartiality and the want of wisdom in his reflections, we must not overlook the skill with which he compressed the substance of a volume into a few pages, or the brilliancy with which he described a battle. Then as to Lord Macaulay, the actual working of the judicial code which he compiled and constructed for India has proved him to be a great jurist; but now that the glamour of his rhetoric has faded into the light of common day, and we see him as he is, we know that he was the most brilliant of rhetoricians, that his great acquaintance with books was always made subservient to his imagination and his rhetoric, and that his gorgeous essays on Clive and Hastings in particular are merely imaginative reproductions from the pages of Mill, and with no authority beyond his. It is a pity that such wealth of historical imagination as Lord Macaulay possessed was not more wisely husbanded and expended by him for the benefit of others; for without the help of the historical imagination no real study of history is possible.

Foster. I dare say you remember the dignified but friendly expostulation of Sir William Jones in reply to Burke's insolent threat that, if he heard of his siding with Hastings, he would do everything in his power to get him recalled? The letter is characteristic of the writer, — kind-hearted, genial, learned, overflowing with intellectual activity, and a love of display of all these merits which is pleasing from its simplicity.

Squire. Chaucer's description of the Sergeant of the Law still suits the great lawyer even to his love of display, — *étalage*, as the French call it: —

> "No where so busy a man there n'as,
> And yet he seemed busier than he was."

Foster. And how gracefully he turns his expostulation into a compliment, declaring that if he was ever unjustly attacked (as in fact Burke had threatened to attack him), he was sure that his friend would pour, in his defense, the

mighty flood of his eloquence, like Ἀσσυρίου ποταμοῖο μέγας ῥόος! The letter is in the third volume of Burke's correspondence, edited by Lord Fitzwilliam; but where does the Greek come from? I have looked in vain for it.

Squire. From Callimachus's Hymn to Apollo. The passage runs thus: —

Ἀσσυρίου ποταμοῖο μέγας ῥόος, ἀλλὰ τὰ πολλὰ
λύματα γῆς καὶ πολλὸν ἐφ' ὕδατι συρφετὸν ἕλκει.

While we talked, the children left off dancing, and stayed playing in the hall, while the two ladies joined us as listeners. The younger now said to her father, "What does that mean? You know, father, that you did not send me to Girton or Somerville Hall."

The squire replied gravely, —

"'Madam, the sentence of this Latin is,
Woman is mannes joy and mannes bliss.'"

"But," rejoined the young lady, "Mr. Foster has just said that the words are Greek; and though Greek of Girton "is to me unknowe," you have taught me to understand Chanticlere's Latin translation."

Squire. Well, the sentence of the Greek, in such English as I can muster, is:

"Great is the flow of the Assyrian river;
But on its waters it brings down much filth,
The offscouring of the land."

There is at least this resemblance between the quotations of Chanticlere and Sir William Jones, that each of these polite gentlemen conveys a reproof in the guise of a compliment; and I can tell you a story which shows that the latter, no less than the former, enjoyed the humor of his covert allusion. My uncle told me that, when he was a young Bengal civilian, he went with some of his fellows to dine with Sir William Jones. After dinner, the judge told them of his having received from Burke a most unbecoming message of threats of what he would do if he heard that he (Sir William Jones) dared to side with Hastings. "But," he went on, "I answered him by sending him these lines from Callimachus." Here he repeated some Greek lines, and continued: "Perhaps you may not remember them" ("Of course," interposed my uncle, "we had never heard of them"), "but their purport is this: 'The Euphrates is a noble river, but it rolls down all the dead dogs of Babylon to the sea.'"

Foster. Rather a free translation, but very terse and epigrammatic.

Squire. Yes; and while the latent irony in the four Greek words of compliment in the letter is revealed in their context, it is an irony so fine that if Burke recalled the context he could hardly have resented it. And then we have the good judge quietly enjoying his own wit and learning, while he told his young guests the real meaning of his quotation. I ought to tell you that this dinner-table incident must have been eight or nine years after the date of the letter.

Foster. Though Sir William Jones lived before Bopp and Max Müller and the age of scientific philology, his Oriental learning, resting on his classical and modern European scholarship, must have had a great influence on those young men who went out from school, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, or even earlier, to spend their lives in India, in the civil or military service of the company.

Squire. I think and read of the men of that generation with ever new wonder and admiration alike for their moral and their intellectual virtues. As I remarked just now, the conduct of the company's servants in India after Clive left, in 1760, was infamous. Under Clive's second administration, followed by that of Hastings, there was considerable improvement, while under the governorship of Cornwallis and Sir John Shore both the services rose to that high condition and character which they have ever since maintained, and which I believe have never been equaled in the history of the world for incorruptibility, high-mindedness, and commanding genius in all the arts of peace and war;

and all this with a corresponding love of letters and literary culture.

Foster. The personal character and influence of Lord Cornwallis and Sir John Shore must have had a good deal to do with this general devotion of character.

Squire. No doubt. I remember the younger Charles Buller saying to me that his father, a Bengal civilian of that time, was not a man of specially high sentiment, but that in any doubtful question he would have been sure to ask himself, "What would Lord Cornwallis have thought of it?" And what a meaning and force there must have been in the words of Sir John Shore to my own father when he first came to India, — "Don't call them 'black fellows.'" Mountstuart Elphinstone arrived in India just as Cornwallis was leaving it; but in him we have the very flower and fruit of this period in the highest perfection. When the young civilian rode all through the bloody battle of Assaye by the side of General Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington that was to be, and at the storming of Gawalgarh, the latter said that Elphinstone had mistaken his vocation, which should have been that of a soldier. But he soon showed himself equally fitted for the work of a diplomatist, in the midst of the intricacies of the policy of Lord Wellesley in its contention with that of the Mahrattas. In the negotiations which ended by his cutting a way with his little force through the army of the Peishwa at Poonah, he showed himself alike a diplomatist and a soldier. In the reorganization of the central provinces and as governor of Bombay, — and he might have been governor-general, had his health allowed, — he proved himself to be no less able as an administrator and a ruler of men. And you must not forget his literary culture and love of books, Greek and Latin, English and Italian, which supplied him with examples of action as well as language in which to describe it; while his Persian studies awakened sentiments deeper than those of the classical poets, and at the same time gave him, as it had given Hastings, the great practical advantage of being able to conduct the business of the hour with the native statesmen in their own diplomatic language. The life of Elphinstone, as told by Colebrooke, and again by Cotton, has all the charm of a romance, and yet it is the record of an actual life of hard work. I knew him well; as my father's lifelong friend he was the hero of my boyish imagination, and after his return from India till his death I shared in that affectionate friendship by which he endeared himself to all who knew him. At Assaye, Gawalgarh, and Poonah he showed himself to be "worthy," in Chaucer's sense of the word; and in every other respect he realized Chaucer's ideal of "a very perfect gentle knight." He was "in his port as meek as is a maid," — meek in his unaffected humility; and indeed you may take Chaucer's description, word by word, and you will find the counterpart in Elphinstone as he actually was.

Foster. You remind me of Elphinstone's own eulogy on Sir Barry Close, and of the lament of Sir Bors over the body of Sir Launcelot. But what is your judgment of the Indian policy of Lord Wellesley?

Squire (pointing to a full-length portrait of a soldier). If that man could come down and speak, he could answer your question better than I can.

Foster. The portrait looks like a Romney, but who is the man?

Squire. He is Colonel William Kirkpatrick, another of those men of action and of culture of whom we were just now talking. He was first military, and then political secretary to Lord Wellesley; and it is said (I do not remember where) that when Lord Wellesley (then Lord Mornington), on his way out, found him on sick leave at the Cape, his plans

of policy were materially modified, or even changed, by what he learned from Kirkpatrick. Lord Wellesley may have been as ambitious and unscrupulous as Mill depicts him; but when I contrast the condition of the two hundred and fifty millions of men, women, and children under British rule or influence at the present day with the terrible devastation and misery under which all India lay while the power of the Mahrattas and the Pindarees remained unbroken, I am very little inclined to condemn a policy which did so much to carry forward the beneficial work which was not possible without the destruction of those powers of evil.

Foster. Who is that man in the naval uniform of the last century, over Clive's portrait?

Squire. Admiral Watson, who took Clive's force from Madras to the Hoogly, and supported his military operations in Bengal. His name always reminds me of an instance of the difference of an incident as related by the dignified Muse of History and as told by Jack to Harry as it actually happened. In Orme and other historians you will find that Admiral Watson assisted the operations for the attack on Calcutta by landing a party of sailors from the ships; but it has come to me in tradition that "Old Benn" (a member of the Calcutta factory, and afterwards Sir John Walsh, by virtue of the sign manual) told young Harry, "We sent to Watson to let us have some of his sailors, and he answered, 'I will send the men, but don't make jackasses of them.' Now, the very thing we wanted them for was to make jackasses of them;" that is, to drag up the guns.

Foster. Is that bit of paper with some minute writing on it, which I see in a glass case, one of your Indian relics?

Squire. You can hardly read it without a magnifying-glass, but it is a letter from my father's half-brother, Robert Latham, to his mother, from the prison of Hyder Ali at Bangalore. Latham was a Madras civilian who volunteered for service in the war with Hyder. He was in Colonel Baillie's detachment, and was among the survivors of that desperate contest of so many hours, against overwhelming numbers, which Mill has so graphically described. They endured a rigorous imprisonment in irons for three years and a half. This letter could reach its destination only by being, as you see, so written that it could be conveyed secretly out of the prison, inclosed in a quill.

Foster. I remember that the correspondence between the governor-general and Elphinstone, in those last days of his residency with the Peishwa at Poonah, had to be carried on by quills. But does Latham tell much of his imprisonment?

Squire. We have his story after he was again free; but there is something pathetic in the fact that this letter from the poor fellow tells nothing of his imprisonment except that he had then been eighteen months in chains, but of the grief with which he thinks of his want of love and duty to his mother in his past life. She was a stern woman, although very kind to her grandchildren, of whom I was one. But, stern as she was, we may hope that she did not receive this letter with the hardness recorded of the mother of another of those prisoners of Hyder, of whom it is told that when she heard that her son was chained to a fellow-prisoner, she only observed, "The man who 's chained to our Davie will have a gey hard time of it."

Foster. Hurrell Froude said that a country house was of use because it was a place where you could keep things which you did not like to destroy, though they were not worth preserving; but I should rather say, where you can keep things worth keeping, but which would, without its help, be destroyed.

Squire. I often think so. This old house is of no importance in itself, — it

is no Longleet or Hatfield, — yet it touches the main course of English history, from the time of Edward the Confessor to the present day, at many minute points. The little brook which you see there from the terrace has no name, and it runs into a river not known out of the county; but that stream runs into the Avon, and the Avon into the Severn, which pours the waters of its smallest tributaries into the Atlantic with its own. And so long as the old walls remain there will be two or three persons in each generation in whom they will awaken and keep alive a sense of the reality of English history which cannot be got by books alone.

Foster. Then do such thoughts make you say, when you look at these portraits, as the monk said to Wilkie when looking on Titian's Last Supper in the Escurial, "These seem to me the real men, and we the shadows"?

The children were still playing in the hall. The squire looked at them and at his daughters, and answered: "I can hardly agree with the old monk, while I have these witnesses to the reality and the worth of our actual life. Yet his words were not without meaning."

Then the elder lady went back to the piano, and played and sang The Fine Old English Gentleman, while her sister joined in the refrain. Their eyes met those of their father; and he smiled approvingly, but I fancied with more thought of the singers than of the song, though he liked that, too.

Edward Strachey.

THE JAPANESE SMILE.

I.

Those whose ideas of the world and its wonders have been formed chiefly by novels and romance still indulge a vague belief that the East is more serious than the West. Those who judge things from a higher standpoint argue, on the contrary, that, under present conditions, the West must be more serious than the East; and also that gravity, or even something resembling its converse, may exist only as a fashion. But the fact is that in this, as in all other questions, no rule susceptible of application to either half of humanity can be accurately framed. Scientifically, we can do no more just now than study certain contrasts in a general way, without hoping to explain satisfactorily the highly complex causes which produced them. One such contrast, of particular interest, is that afforded by the English and the Japanese.

It is a commonplace to say that the English are a serious people, — not superficially serious, but serious all the way down to the bed rock of the race character. It is almost equally safe to say that the Japanese are not very serious, either above or below the surface, even as compared with races much less serious than our own. And in the same proportion, at least, that they are less serious, they are more happy: they still, perhaps, remain the happiest people in the civilized world. We serious folk of the West cannot call ourselves very happy. Indeed, we do not yet fully know how serious we are; and it would probably frighten us to learn how much more serious we are likely to become under the ever-swelling pressure of industrial life. It is, possibly, by long sojourn among a people less gravely disposed that we can best learn our own temperament. This conviction came to me very strongly when, after having lived for nearly three years in the interior of Japan, I returned to

English life for a few days at the open port of Kobé. To hear English once more spoken by Englishmen touched me more than I could have believed possible; but this feeling lasted only for a moment. My object was to make some necessary purchases. Accompanying me was a Japanese friend, to whom all that foreign life was utterly new and wonderful, and who asked me this curious question: "Why is it that the *gwaikokujin* never smile? You smile and bow when you speak to them; but they never smile. Why?"

The fact was, I had fallen altogether into Japanese habits and ways, and had got out of touch with Western life; and my companion's question first made me aware that I had been acting somewhat curiously. It also seemed to me a fair illustration of the difficulty of mutual comprehension between the two races, — each quite naturally, though quite erroneously, estimating the manners and motives of the other by its own. If the Japanese are puzzled by English gravity, the English are, to say the least, equally puzzled by Japanese levity. The Japanese speak of the "angry faces" of the foreigners. The foreigners speak with strong contempt of the Japanese smile: they suspect it to signify insincerity; indeed, some declare it cannot possibly signify anything else. Only a few of the more observant have recognized it as an enigma worth studying. One of my Yokohama friends — a thoroughly lovable man, who had passed more than half his life in the open ports of the East — said to me, just before my departure for the interior: "Since you are going to study Japanese life, perhaps you will be able to find out something for me. I *can't* understand the Japanese smile. Let me tell you one experience out of many. One day, as I was driving down from the Bluff, I saw an empty *kuruma* coming up on the wrong side of the curve. I could not have pulled up in time if I had tried; but I did n't try, because I did n't think there was any particular danger. I only yelled to the man in Japanese to get to the other side of the road; instead of which he simply backed his kuruma against a wall on the lower side of the curve, with the shafts outwards. At the rate I was going, there was n't room even to swerve; and the next minute one of the shafts of that kuruma was in my horse's shoulder. The man was n't hurt at all. When I saw the way my horse was bleeding, I quite lost my temper, and struck the man over the head with the butt of my whip. He looked right into my face and smiled, and then bowed. I can see that smile now. I felt as if I had been knocked down. The smile utterly nonplused me, — killed all my anger instantly. Mind you, it was a polite smile. But what did it mean? Why the devil did the man smile? I can't understand it."

Neither, at that time, could I; but the meaning of much more mysterious smiles has since been revealed to me. A Japanese can smile in the teeth of death, and usually does. But he then smiles for the same reason that he smiles at other times. There is neither defiance nor hypocrisy in the smile; nor is it to be confounded with that smile of sickly resignation which we are apt to associate with weakness of character. It is an elaborate and long-cultivated etiquette. It is also a silent language. But any effort to interpret it according to Western notions of physiognomical expression would be just about as successful as an attempt to interpret Chinese ideographs by their real or fancied resemblance to shapes of familiar things.

First impressions, being largely instinctive, are scientifically recognized as partly trustworthy; and the very first impression produced by the Japanese smile is not far from the truth. The stranger cannot fail to notice the generally happy and smiling character

of the native faces; and this first impression is, in most cases, wonderfully pleasant. The Japanese smile at first charms. It is only at a later day, when one has observed the same smile under extraordinary circumstances, — in moments of pain, shame, disappointment, — that one becomes suspicious of it. Its apparent inopportuneness may even, on certain occasions, cause violent anger. Indeed, many of the difficulties between foreign residents and their native servants have been due to the smile. Any man who believes in the British tradition that a good servant must be solemn is not likely to endure with patience the smile of his "boy." At present, however, this particular phase of Western eccentricity is becoming more fully recognized by the Japanese; they are beginning to learn that the average English-speaking foreigner hates smiling, and is apt to consider it insulting; wherefore Japanese employees at the open ports have generally ceased to smile, and have assumed an air of sullenness.

At this moment there comes to me the recollection of a queer story told by a lady of Yokohama about one of her Japanese servants. "My Japanese nurse came to me the other day, smiling as if something very pleasant had happened, and said that her husband was dead, and that she wanted permission to attend his funeral. I told her she could go. It seems they burned the man's body. Well, in the evening she returned, and showed me a vase containing some ashes of bones (I saw a tooth among them); and she said, 'That is my husband.' And she actually *laughed* as she said it! Did you ever hear of such disgusting creatures?"

It would have been quite impossible to convince the narrator of this incident that the demeanor of her servant, instead of being heartless, might have been heroic, and capable of a very touching interpretation. Even one not a Philistine might be deceived in such a case by appearances. But quite a number of the foreign residents of the open ports are pure Philistines, and never try to look below the surface of the life around them, except as hostile critics. My Yokohama friend who told me the story about the *kurumaya* was quite differently disposed: he recognized the error of judging by appearances.

II.

Miscomprehension of the Japanese smile has more than once led to extremely unpleasant results, as happened in the case of T——, a Yokohama merchant of former days. T—— had employed in some capacity (I think partly as a teacher of Japanese) a nice old *samurai*, who wore, according to the fashion of the era, a queue and two swords. The English and the Japanese do not understand each other very well now; but at the period in question they understood each other much less. The Japanese servants at first acted in foreign employ precisely as they would have acted in the service of distinguished Japanese;[1] and this innocent

[1] The reader will find it well worth his while to consult the chapter entitled Domestic Service, in Miss Bacon's Japanese Girls and Women, for an interesting and just presentation of the practical side of the subject, as relating to servants of both sexes. The poetical side, however, is not treated of, — perhaps because intimately connected with religious beliefs which one writing from the Christian standpoint could not be expected to consider sympathetically. Domestic service in ancient Japan was both transfigured and regulated by religion; and the force of the religious sentiment concerning it may be divined from the Buddhist saying, still current: —

"*Oyako wa issei,*
Fufu wa nissei,
Shujū wa sansei."

The relation of parent and child endures for the space of one life only; that of husband and wife for the space of two lives; but the relation between master and servant continues for the period of three existences.

mistake provoked a good deal of abuse and cruelty. Finally the discovery was made that to treat Japanese like West Indian negroes might be very dangerous. A certain number of foreigners were killed, with good moral consequences.

But I am digressing. T—— was rather pleased with his old samurai, though quite unable to understand his Oriental politeness, his prostrations, or the meaning of the small gifts which he presented occasionally, with an exquisite courtesy entirely wasted upon T——. One day he came to ask a favor. (I think it was the eve of the Japanese New Year, when everybody needs money, for reasons not here to be dwelt upon.) The favor was that T—— would lend him a little money upon one of his swords, the long one. It was a very beautiful weapon, and the merchant saw that it was also very valuable, and lent the money without hesitation. Some weeks later the old man was able to redeem his sword.

What caused the beginning of the subsequent unpleasantness nobody now remembers. Perhaps T——'s nerves got out of order. At all events, one day he became very angry with the old man, who submitted to the expression of his wrath with bows and smiles. This made him still more angry, and he used some extremely bad language; but the old man still bowed and smiled; wherefore he was ordered to leave the house. But the old man continued to smile, at which T——, losing all self-control, struck him. And then T—— suddenly became afraid, for the long sword instantly leaped from its sheath, and swirled above him; and the old man ceased to seem old. Now, in the grasp of any one who knows how to use it, the razor-edged blade of a Japanese sword wielded with both hands can take a head off with extreme facility. But, to T——'s astonishment, the old samurai, almost in the same moment, returned the blade to its sheath with the skill of a practiced swordsman, turned upon his heel, and withdrew.

Then T—— wondered, and sat down to think. He began to remember some nice things about the old man, — the many kindnesses unasked and unpaid, the curious little gifts, the impeccable honesty. T—— began to feel ashamed. He tried to console himself with the thought, "Well, it was his own fault; he had no right to laugh at me when he knew I was angry." Indeed, T—— even resolved to make amends when an opportunity should offer.

But no opportunity ever came, because on the same evening the old man performed *hara-kiri*, after the manner of a samurai. He left a very beautifully written letter explaining his reasons. For a samurai to receive an unjust blow without avenging it was a shame not to be borne. He had received such a blow. Under any other circumstances he might have avenged it. But the circumstances were, in this instance, of a very peculiar kind. His code of honor forbade him to use his sword upon the man to whom he had pledged it once for money, in an hour of need. And being thus unable to use his sword, there remained for him only the alternative of an honorable suicide.

In order to render this story less disagreeable, the reader may suppose that T—— was really very sorry, and behaved generously to the family of the old man. What he must not suppose is that T—— was ever able to imagine why the old man had smiled the smile which led to the outrage and the tragedy.

III.

To comprehend the Japanese smile, one must be able to enter a little into the ancient, natural, and popular life of Japan. From the modernized upper classes nothing is to be learned. The deeper signification of race differences is being daily more and more illustrated in the effects of the higher education.

Instead of creating any community of feeling, it appears only to widen the distance between the Occidental and the Oriental. Some foreign observers have declared that it does this by enormously developing certain latent peculiarities, — among others an inherent materialism little perceptible among the common people. This explanation is one I cannot quite agree with; but it is at least undeniable that, the more highly he is cultivated, according to Western methods, the further is the Japanese psychologically removed from us. Under the new education, his character seems to crystallize into something of singular hardness, and to Western observation, at least, of singular opacity. Emotionally, the Japanese peasant appears incomparably closer to us than the Japanese mathematician, the coolie than the statesman. Between the most elevated class of thoroughly modernized Japanese and the Western thinker anything akin to intellectual sympathy is non-existent: it is replaced on the native side by a cold and impeccable formality. Those influences which in other lands appear most potent to develop the higher emotions seem here to have the extraordinary effect of suppressing them. We are accustomed abroad to associate emotional sensibility with intellectual expansion: it would be a grievous error to apply this rule in Japan. Even the foreign teacher in an ordinary school can feel, year by year, his pupils drifting further away from him, as they pass from class to class; in various higher educational institutions, the separation widens yet more rapidly, so that, prior to graduation, students may become to their professor little more than casual acquaintances. The enigma is certainly, to some extent, a physiological one, requiring scientific explanation. It can be fully discussed only when its natural causes are understood; and these, we may be sure, are not simple. By some observers it is asserted that because the higher education in Japan has not yet had the effect of stimulating the higher emotions to the Occidental pitch, its developing power cannot have been exerted uniformly and wisely, but in special directions only, at the cost of character. Yet this theory involves the unwarrantable assumption that character can be created by education; and it ignores the fact that the best results are obtained by affording opportunity for the exercise of preëxisting inclination rather than by any system of teaching.

The causes of the phenomenon must be sought in the race character; and whatever the higher education may accomplish in the remote future, it can scarcely be expected to transform nature. But does it at present atrophy certain finer tendencies? I think that it unavoidably does, for the simple reason that, under existing conditions, the moral and mental powers are overtasked by its requirements. All that wonderful national spirit of duty, of patience, of self-sacrifice, anciently directed to social, moral, or religious idealism, must, under the discipline of the higher training, be concentrated upon an end which not only demands, but exhausts, its fullest exercise. For that end, to be accomplished at all, must be accomplished in the face of difficulties that the Western student rarely encounters, and could scarcely be made even to understand. All those moral qualities which made the old Japanese character admirable are certainly the same which make the modern Japanese student the most indefatigable, the most docile, the most ambitious, in the world. But they are also qualities which urge him to efforts in excess of his natural powers, with the frequent result of mental and moral enervation. The nation has entered upon a period of intellectual overstrain. Consciously or unconsciously, in obedience to sudden necessity, Japan has undertaken nothing less than the tremendous task of forcing mental expansion up to the highest existing stan-

dard; and this means forcing the development of the nervous system. For the desired intellectual change, to be accomplished within a few generations, must involve a physiological change never to be effected without terrible cost. In other words, Japan has attempted too much; yet under the circumstances she could not have attempted less. Happily, even among the poorest of her poor the educational policy of the government is seconded with an astonishing zeal; the entire nation has plunged into study with a fervor of which it is utterly impossible to convey any adequate conception in this little essay. Yet I may cite a touching example. Immediately after the frightful earthquake of 1891, the children of the ruined cities of Gifu and Aichi, crouching among the ashes of their homes, cold and hungry and shelterless, surrounded by horror and misery unspeakable, still continued their small studies, using tiles of their own burnt dwellings in lieu of slates, and bits of lime for chalk, even while the earth still trembled beneath them.[1] What future miracles may justly be expected from the amazing power of purpose such a fact reveals!

But it is true that as yet the results of the higher training have not been altogether happy. Among the Japanese of the old *régime* one encounters a courtesy, an unselfishness, a grace of pure goodness, impossible to overpraise. Among the modernized of the new generation these have almost disappeared. One meets a class of young men who ridicule the old times and the old ways without having been able to elevate themselves above the vulgarism of imitation and the commonplaces of shallow skepticism. What has become of the noble and charming qualities they must have inherited from their fathers? Is it not possible that the best of those qualities have been transmuted into mere effort, — an effort so excessive as to have exhausted character, leaving it without weight or balance?

It is to the still fluid, mobile, natural existence of the common people that one must look for the meaning of apparent differences in the race feeling and emotional expression of the West and the Far East. With those gentle, kindly, sweet-hearted folk, who smile at life, love, and death alike, it is possible to enjoy absolute community of feeling in simple, natural things; and by familiarity and sympathy we can learn why they smile.

The Japanese child is born with this happy tendency, which is fostered through all the period of home education. But it is cultivated with the same exquisiteness that is shown in the cultivation of the natural tendencies of a garden plant. The smile is taught like the bow; like the prostration; like that little sibilant sucking-in of the breath which follows, as a token of pleasure, the salutation to a superior; like all the elaborate and beautiful etiquette of the old courtesy. Laughter is not encouraged, for obvious reasons. But the smile is to be used upon all pleasant occasions, when speaking to a superior or to an equal, and even upon occasions which are not pleasant; it is a part of deportment. The most agreeable face is the smiling face; and to present always the most agreeable face possible to parents, relatives, teachers, friends, well-wishers, is a rule of life. And furthermore, it is a rule of life to turn constantly to the outer world a mien of happiness, to convey to others as far as possible a pleasant impression. Even though the heart is breaking, it is a social duty to smile bravely. On the other hand, to look serious or unhappy is rude, because this may cause anxiety or pain to those who love us; it is likewise foolish, since it may excite unkindly curiosity on the part of those who love us not. Cultivated from

[1] The shocks continued, though with lessening frequency and violence, for more than six months after the cataclysm.

childhood as a duty, the smile soon becomes instinctive. In the mind of the poorest peasant lives the conviction that to exhibit the expression of one's personal sorrow or pain or anger is rarely useful, and always unkind. Hence, although natural grief must have, in Japan as elsewhere, its natural issue, an uncontrollable burst of tears in the presence of superiors or guests is an impoliteness; and the first words of even the most unlettered countrywoman, after the nerves give way in such a circumstance, are invariably, "Pardon my selfishness in that I have been so rude!" The reasons for the smile, be it also observed, are not only moral; they are to some extent æsthetic; they partly represent the same idea which regulated the expression of suffering in Greek art. But they are much more moral than æsthetic, as we shall presently observe.

From this primary etiquette of the smile there has been developed a secondary etiquette, the observance of which has frequently impelled foreigners to form the most cruel misjudgments as to Japanese sensibility. It is the native custom that whenever a painful or shocking fact *must* be told, the announcement should be made, by the sufferer, with a smile.[1] The graver the subject, the more accentuated the smile; and when the matter is very unpleasant to the person speaking of it, the smile often changes to a low, soft laugh. However bitterly the mother who has lost her first-born may have wept at the funeral, it is probable that, if in your service, she will tell of her bereavement with a smile: like the Preacher, she holds that there is a time to weep and a time to laugh. It was long before I myself could understand how it was possible for those whom I believed to have loved a person recently dead to announce to me that death with a laugh. Yet the laugh was politeness carried to the utmost point of self-abnegation. It signified, "This you might honorably think to be an unhappy event; pray do not suffer Your Superiority to feel concern about so inferior a matter, and pardon the necessity which causes us to outrage politeness by speaking about such an affair at all."

The key to the mystery of the most unaccountable smiles is Japanese politeness. The servant sentenced to dismissal for a fault prostrates himself, and asks for pardon with a smile. That smile indicates the very reverse of callousness or insolence: "Be assured that I am satisfied with the great justice of your honorable sentence, and that I am now aware of the gravity of my fault. Yet my sorrow and my necessity have caused me to indulge the unreasonable hope that I may be forgiven for my great rudeness in asking pardon." The youth or girl beyond the age of childish tears, when punished for some error, receives the punishment with a smile which means, "No evil feeling arises in my heart; much worse than this my fault has deserved." And the kuruma-ya cut by the whip of my Yokohama friend smiled for a similar reason, as my friend must have intuitively felt, since the smile at once disarmed him: "I was very wrong, and you are right to be angry: I deserve to be struck, and therefore feel no resentment."

But it should be understood that the poorest and humblest Japanese is rarely submissive under injustice. His apparent docility is due chiefly to his moral sense. The ruffianly English sailor who strikes a native for sport may have reason to find that he has made a serious mistake. The Japanese are not to be trifled with; and brutal attempts to trifle with them have cost several worthless lives.

Even after the foregoing explanations, the incident of the Japanese nurse may still seem incomprehensible; but this, I feel quite sure, is because the narrator either suppressed or over-

[1] Of course the converse is the rule in condoling with the sufferer.

looked certain facts in the case. In the first half of the story, all is perfectly clear. When announcing her husband's death, the young servant smiled, in accordance with the native formality already referred to. What is quite incredible is that, of her own accord, she should have invited the attention of her mistress to the contents of the vase, or funeral urn. If she knew enough of Japanese politeness to smile in announcing her husband's death, she must certainly have known enough to prevent her from perpetrating such an error. She could have shown the vase and its contents only in obedience to some real or fancied command; and when so doing, it is more than possible she may have uttered the low, soft laugh which accompanies either the unavoidable performance of a painful duty, or the enforced utterance of a painful statement. My own opinion is that she was obliged to gratify a wanton curiosity. Her smile or laugh would then have signified, "Do not suffer your honorable feelings to be shocked upon my unworthy account; it is indeed very rude of me, even at your honorable request, to mention so contemptible a thing as my sorrow."

IV.

But the Japanese smile must not be imagined as a kind of *sourire figé*, worn perpetually as a soul-mask. Like other matters of deportment, it is regulated by an etiquette which varies in different classes of society. As a rule, the old samurai were not given to smiling upon all occasions; they reserved their amiability for superiors and intimates, and would seem to have maintained toward inferiors an austere reserve. The dignity of the Shintō priesthood has become proverbial; and for centuries the gravity of the Confucian code was mirrored in the decorum of magistrates and officials. From ancient times the nobility affected a still loftier reserve; and the solemnity of rank deepened through all the hierarchies up to that awful state surrounding the Tenshi-Sama, upon whose face no living man might look. But in private life the demeanor of the highest had its amiable relaxation; and even to-day, with some hopelessly modernized exceptions, the noble, the judge, the high priest, the august minister, the military officer, will resume at home, in the intervals of duty, the charming habits of the antique courtesy.

The smile which illuminates conversation is in itself but a small detail of that courtesy; but the sentiment which it symbolizes certainly comprises the larger part. If you happen to have a cultivated Japanese friend who has remained in all things truly Japanese, whose character has remained untouched by the new egotism and by foreign influences, you will probably be able to study in him the particular social traits of the whole people, — traits in his case exquisitely accentuated and polished. You will observe that, as a rule, he never speaks of himself, and that, in reply to searching personal questions, he will answer as vaguely and briefly as possible, with a polite bow of thanks. But, on the other hand, he will ask many questions about yourself: your opinions, your ideas, even trifling details of your daily life, appear to have deep interest for him; and you will probably have occasion to note that he never forgets anything which he has learned concerning you. Yet there are certain rigid limits to his kindly curiosity, and perhaps even to his observation: he will never refer to any disagreeable or painful matter, and he will remain absolutely blind to eccentricities or small weaknesses, if you have any. To your face he will never praise you; but he will never laugh at you nor criticise you. Indeed, you will find that he never criticises persons, but only actions in their results. As a private adviser, he will not even di-

rectly criticise a plan of which he disapproves, but is apt to suggest a new one in some such guarded language as, "Perhaps it might be more to your immediate interest to do thus and so." When obliged to speak of others, he will refer to them in a curious indirect fashion, by citing and combining a number of incidents sufficiently characteristic to form a picture. But in that event the incidents narrated will almost certainly be of a nature to awaken interest, and to create a favorable impression. This indirect way of conveying information is essentially Confucian. "Even when you have no doubts," says the Li-Ki, "do not let what you say appear as your own view." And it is quite probable that you will notice many other traits in your friend requiring some knowledge of the Chinese classics to understand. But no such knowledge is necessary to convince you of his exquisite consideration for others, and his studied suppression of self. Among no other civilized people is the secret of happy living so thoroughly comprehended as among the Japanese; by no other race is the truth so widely understood that our pleasure in life must depend upon the happiness of those about us, and consequently upon the cultivation in ourselves of unselfishness and of patience. For which reason, in Japanese society, sarcasm, irony, cruel wit, are not indulged. I might almost say that they have no existence in refined life. A personal failing is not made the subject of ridicule or reproach; an eccentricity is not commented upon; an involuntary mistake excites no laughter.

Stiffened somewhat by the Chinese conservatism of the old conditions, it is true that this ethical system was maintained to the extreme of giving fixity to ideas, and at the cost of individuality. And yet, if regulated by a broader comprehension of social requirements, if expanded by scientific understanding of the freedom essential to intellectual evolution, the very same moral policy is that through which the highest and happiest results may be obtained. But as actually practiced it was not favorable to originality; it rather tended to enforce that amiable mediocrity of opinion and imagination which still prevails. Wherefore a foreign dweller in the interior cannot but long sometimes for the sharp, erratic inequalities of Western life, with its larger joys and pains and its more comprehensive sympathies. But sometimes only, for the intellectual loss is really more than compensated by the social charm; and there can remain no doubt in the mind of one who fully understands the Japanese that they are still the best people in the world to live among.

V.

As I pen these lines, there returns to me the vision of a Kyōtō night. While passing through a wonderfully thronged and illuminated street, of which I cannot remember the name, I had turned aside to look at a statue of Jizō, before the entrance of a very small temple. The figure was that of a *kozō*, an acolyte, — a beautiful boy; and its smile was a bit of divine realism. As I stood gazing, a young lad, perhaps ten years old, ran up beside me, joined his little hands before the image, bowed his head, and prayed for a moment in silence. He had but just left some comrades, and the joy and glow of play were still upon his face; and his unconscious smile was so strangely like the smile of the child of stone that the boy seemed the twin brother of the god. And then I thought, "The smile of bronze or stone is not a copy only; but that which the Buddhist sculptor symbolizes thereby must be the explanation of the smile of the race."

That was long ago; but the idea which then suggested itself still seems to me true. However foreign to Japanese soil the origin of Buddhist art, yet

the smile of the people signifies the same conception as the smile of the Bosatsu, — the happiness that is born of self-control and self-suppression. "If a man conquer in battle a thousand times a thousand, and another conquer himself, he who conquers himself is the greatest of conquerors." "Not even a god can change into defeat the victory of the man who has vanquished himself." [1] Such Buddhist texts as these — and they are many — assuredly express, though they cannot be assumed to have created, those moral tendencies which form the highest charm of the Japanese character. And the whole moral idealism of the race seems to me to have been imaged in that marvelous Buddha of Kamakura, whose countenance, "calm like a deep, still water," [2] expresses, as perhaps no other work of human hands can have expressed, the eternal truth, "There is no higher happiness than rest." [3] It is toward that infinite calm that the aspirations of the Orient have been turned; and the ideal of the Supreme Self-Conquest it has made its own. Even now, though agitated at its surface by those new influences which must sooner or later move it even to its uttermost depths, the Japanese mind retains, as compared with the thought of the West, a wonderful placidity. It dwells but little, if at all, upon those ultimate abstract questions about which we most concern ourselves. Neither does it comprehend our interest in them as we desire to be comprehended. "That you should not be indifferent to religious speculations," a Japanese scholar once observed to me, "is quite natural; but it is equally natural that we should never trouble ourselves about them. The philosophy of Buddhism has a profundity far exceeding that of your Western theology, and we have studied it. We have sounded the depths of speculation only to find that there are depths unfathomable below those depths; we have voyaged to the furthest limit that thought may sail, only to find that the horizon forever recedes. And you, you have remained for many thousand years as children playing in a stream, but ignorant of the sea. Only now you have reached its shore by another path than ours, and the vastness is for you a new wonder; and you would sail to Nowhere because you have seen the infinite over the sands of life."

[1] Dhammapada.
[2] Dammikkasutta.
[3] Dhammapada.

Will Japan be able to assimilate Western civilization, as she did Chinese more than ten centuries ago, and nevertheless preserve her own peculiar modes of thought and feeling? One striking fact is hopeful: that the Japanese admiration for Western material superiority is by no means extended to Western morals. Oriental thinkers do not commit the serious blunder of confounding mechanical with ethical progress, nor have they failed to perceive the moral weaknesses of our boasted civilization. One Japanese writer has expressed his judgment of things Occidental after a fashion that deserves to be noticed by a larger circle of readers than that for which it was originally written: —

"Order or disorder in a nation does not depend upon something that falls from the sky or rises from the earth. It is determined by the disposition of the people. The pivot on which the public disposition turns towards order or disorder is the point where public and private motives separate. If the people be influenced chiefly by public considerations, order is assured; if by private, disorder is inevitable. Public considerations are those that prompt the proper observance of duties; their prevalence signifies peace and prosperity in the case alike of families, communities, and nations. Private considerations are those suggested by selfish motives: when they prevail, disturb-

ance and disorder are unavoidable. As members of a family, our duty is to look after the welfare of that family; as units of a nation, our duty is to work for the good of the nation. To regard our family affairs with all the interest due to our family, and our national affairs with all the interest due to our nation, — this is to fitly discharge our duty, and to be guided by public considerations. On the other hand, to regard the affairs of the nation as if they were our own family affairs, — this is to be influenced by private motives and to stray from the path of duty. . . .

"Selfishness is born in every man; to indulge it freely is to become a beast. Therefore it is that sages preach the principles of duty and propriety, justice and morality, providing restraints for private aims and encouragements for public spirit. . . . What we know of Western civilization is that it struggled on through long centuries in a confused condition, and finally attained a state of some order; but that even this order, not being based upon such principles as those of the natural and immutable distinctions between sovereign and subject, parent and child, with all their corresponding rights and duties, is liable to constant change, according to the growth of human ambitions and human aims. Admirably suited to persons whose actions are controlled by selfish ambition, the adoption of this system in Japan is naturally sought by a certain class of politicians. From a superficial point of view, the Occidental form of society is very attractive, inasmuch as, being the outcome of a free development of human desires from ancient times, it represents the very extreme of luxury and extravagance. Briefly speaking, the state of things obtaining in the West is based upon the free play of human selfishness, and can only be reached by giving full sway to that quality. Social disturbances are little heeded in the Occident; yet they are at once the evidences and the factors of the present evil state of affairs. . . . Do Japanese enamored of Western ways propose to have their nation's history written in similar terms? Do they seriously contemplate turning their country into a new field for experiments in Western civilization? . . .

"In the Orient, from ancient times, national government has been based on benevolence, and directed to securing the welfare and happiness of the people. No political creed has ever held that intellectual strength should be cultivated for the purpose of exploiting inferiority and ignorance. . . . The inhabitants of this empire live, for the most part, by manual labor. Let them be never so industrious, they hardly earn enough to supply their daily wants. They earn on the average about twenty *sen* daily. There is no question with them of aspiring to wear fine clothes or to inhabit handsome houses. Neither can they hope to reach positions of fame and honor. What offense have these poor people committed that they, too, should not share the benefits of Western civilization? . . . By some, indeed, their condition is explained on the hypothesis that their desires do not prompt them to better themselves. There is no truth in such a supposition. They have desires; but nature has limited their capacity to satisfy them; their duty as men limits it, and the amount of labor physically possible to a human being limits it. They achieve as much as their opportunities permit. The best and finest products of their labor they reserve for the wealthy; the worst and roughest they keep for their own use. Yet there is nothing in human society that does not owe its existence to labor. Now, to satisfy the desires of one luxurious man, the toil of a thousand is needed. Surely it is monstrous that those who owe to labor the pleasures suggested by their civilization should forget what they owe to the laborer, and treat him as if he were not a fellow-being. But civilization,

according to the interpretation of the Occident, serves only to satisfy men of large desires. It is of no benefit to the masses, but is simply a system under which ambitions compete to accomplish their aims. . . . That the Occidental system is gravely disturbing to the order and peace of a country is seen by men who have eyes, and heard by men who have ears. The future of Japan under such a system fills us with anxiety. A system based on the principle that ethics and religion are made to serve human ambition naturally accords with the wishes of selfish individuals; and such theories as those embodied in the modern formula of liberty and equality annihilate the established relations of society, and outrage decorum and propriety. . . . Absolute equality and absolute liberty being unattainable, the limits prescribed by right and duty are supposed to be set. But as each person seeks to have as much right and to be burdened with as little duty as possible, the results are endless disputes and legal contentions. The principles of liberty and equality may succeed in changing the organization of nations, in overthrowing the lawful distinctions of social rank, in reducing all men to one nominal level; but they can never accomplish the equal distribution of wealth and property. Consider America. . . . It is plain that if the mutual rights of men and their status are made to depend on degrees of wealth, the majority of the people, being without wealth, must fail to establish their rights; whereas the minority who are wealthy will assert their rights, and, under society's sanction, will exact oppressive duties from the poor, neglecting the dictates of humanity and benevolence. The adoption of these principles of liberty and equality in Japan would vitiate the good and peaceful customs of our country, render the general disposition of the people harsh and unfeeling, and prove finally a source of calamity to the masses. . . .

"Though at first sight Occidental civilization presents an attractive appearance, adapted as it is to the gratification of selfish desires, yet, since its basis is the hypothesis that men's wishes constitute natural laws, it must ultimately end in disappointment and demoralization. . . . Occidental nations have become what they are after passing through conflicts and vicissitudes of the most serious kind; and it is their fate to continue the struggle. Just now their motive elements are in partial equilibrium, and their social condition is more or less ordered. But if this slight equilibrium happens to be disturbed, they will be thrown once more into confusion and change, until, after a period of renewed struggle and suffering, temporary stability is once more attained. The poor and powerless of the present may become the wealthy and strong of the future, and *vice versa*. Perpetual disturbance is their doom. Peaceful equality can never be attained until built up among the ruins of annihilated Western states and the ashes of extinct Western peoples." [1]

Surely, with perceptions like these, Japan may hope to avert some of the social perils which menace her. Yet it appears inevitable that her approaching transformation must be coincident

[1] These extracts from a translation in the Japan Daily Mail, November 19, 20, 1890, of Viscount Tōrio's famous conservative essay do not give a fair idea of the force and logic of the whole original. The essay is too long to quote entire; and any extracts from the Mail's admirable translation suffer by their isolation from the singular chains of ethical, religious, and philosophical reasoning which bind the various parts of the composition together. The essay was furthermore remarkable as the production of a native scholar, totally uninfluenced by Western thought. He correctly predicted, even to minutiæ, every social and political disturbance which has occurred in Japan since the opening of the new parliament. Viscount Tōrio is also well known as a master of Buddhist philosophy. He holds a high rank in the Japanese army.

with a moral decline. Forced into the vast industrial competition of nations whose civilizations were never based on altruism, she must eventually develop those qualities of which the comparative absence made all the wonderful charm of her life. The national character must continue to harden, as it has begun to harden already. But it should never be forgotten that old Japan was quite as much in advance of the nineteenth century morally as she was behind it materially. She had made morality instinctive, after having made it rational. She had realized, though within restricted limits, several among those social conditions which our ablest thinkers regard as the happiest and the highest. Throughout all the grades of her complex society she had cultivated both the comprehension and the practice of public and private duties after a manner for which it were vain to seek any Western parallel. Even her moral weakness was the result of that which all civilized religions have united in proclaiming virtue, the self-sacrifice of the individual for the sake of the family, of the community, and of the nation. It was the weakness indicated by Percival Lowell in his Soul of the Far East, a book of which the consummate genius cannot be justly estimated without some personal knowledge of the Far East. The progress made by Japan in social morality, although greater than our own, was one-sided in the direction of mutual independence. And it will be her coming duty to keep in view the teaching of that mighty thinker whose philosophy she has wisely accepted, Herbert Spencer, — the teaching that "the highest individuation must be joined with the greatest mutual dependence," and that, however seemingly paradoxical the statement, "the law of progress is at once toward complete separateness and complete union."

Yet to that past which her younger generation now affect to despise Japan will certainly one day look back, even as we ourselves look back to the old Greek civilization. She will learn to regret the forgotten capacity for simple pleasures, the lost sense of the pure joy of life, the old loving divine intimacy with nature, the marvelous dead art which reflected it. She will remember how much more luminous and beautiful the world then seemed. She will mourn for many things, — the old-fashioned patience and self-sacrifice, the ancient courtesy, the deep human poetry of the ancient faith. She will wonder at many things; but she will regret. Perhaps she will wonder most of all at the faces of the ancient gods, because their smile was once the likeness of her own.

Lafcadio Hearn.

EUROPEAN PEASANTS AS IMMIGRANTS.

THE question as to the limit which, in the interests of our States, may be set to the free commingling of various races cannot safely be dealt with by men who are moved by philanthropy alone. The unguided humanitarian gratifies himself by free giving to the street beggar, and fancies that his dole is true alms. The well-informed lover of his kind, perhaps with quite as much of the Christian spirit, gives nothing in ignorance, and helps only where he has made sure that his bounty will be so well bestowed that it will not lower the conditions of society. It is said of a distinguished English divine, a wise and beneficent man, that, when he came to die, he thanked God he had never given money to a street beg-

gar. It seems to me that, in the larger work of the state, we are bound by the same limitations which should affect our personal charities. The commonwealth has no more right to do deeds of charity or hospitality in an unreasoning way than has the individual man. Even more than an individual, it is the keeper of a trust; for while an individual may hope that his misdeeds of this nature may die with him, the evil done by society, or its product, the state, is inevitably propagated from generation to generation.

We have suffered grievously from the folly of our predecessors in recklessly admitting an essentially alien folk into this land. In their greed for gain, they peopled half the continent with Africans, thus giving us a heritage of evil and perplexity the burden of which we are just beginning to appreciate. It may in the end turn out that through this insensate act they have imperiled the future of their own race in the land best fitted for its nurture. If the negroes, in certain parts of the United States, increase more rapidly than do the whites, the people of our own blood will be expelled from such districts. Where the black population becomes dominant, only the semblance of a democracy can survive; the body of the people will, as in Hayti, shape their society and their government to fit their inherited qualities. The alternative of such a condition is that the whites may, by their intellectual superiority and their coöperation with the abler negroes, maintain their authority in a forcible way. But what a wretched shadow of our ideal state this authority will be! In place of an association of true freemen, all by divine right equal heritors in the duties and the privileges of the citizen, we shall have the most vicious and persistent form of despotism, a race oligarchy.

History makes it plain that a race oligarchy almost inevitably arises wherever a superior and an inferior variety of people are brought together. We have a living example of these conditions in several of the Latin countries of the Americas. The peoples of these states, by a common and evident necessity, tend to the oligarchic system. They are made up of masters and servants. The forms of a democracy seem, indeed, to be well suited to such a despotism of race. Every part of the machinery may appear to operate substantially as it does in the best of our commonwealths, and yet the spirit and theory of our system have no more real place in such governments than in the Czar's dominions.

There are many things which go to show that the oligarchic form of society in our Southern States, brought about by the essential diversities of the white and black races, is already affecting the system of their government. The negro has little or no more place in the body politic than he has in the social system. One third of the population in that part of the country is excluded from the most educative duties of the citizen, those which should come to him through the trusts which his neighbors confide to his care. I am far from blaming the Southern whites for their action in summarily excluding the enfranchised race from political advancement. The ignorance of these Africans, their general lack of all the instincts of a freeman, have made this course, it seems to me, for the time at least, imperatively necessary. It is a very grave misfortune for us all that any part of our people have been thus separated from the ideals of a democratic government. On the other hand, it was a more desperate and immediate evil to have the Southern commonwealths converted into mere engines of plunder, as was the case during the so-called period of reconstruction, when the blacks controlled these States.

My reason for noting the facts above mentioned is that we may derive from them some sense of the vast body of evidence which goes to show that the presence of any considerable mass of alien people (alien, though they may have been

born upon the soil) is, to a democratic state, a danger of the most serious sort. It inevitably leads to changes in the essentials of such a government. Under these conditions, the ideal commonwealth is impossible, and the spirit of the people inevitably trends towards despotic forms of administration.

Accepting the view that a true democracy cannot be maintained in the presence of a large alien class, we perceive that the main question which underlies the problem of immigration concerns the extent to which the foreign people we receive are already fit, or may readily be prepared, for incorporation into the body of American citizens. It is unreasonable to suppose that the foreigner can in any way be made a true citizen until he is in some measure engrafted on the social system from which the government springs. He must acquire the necessary motives through a natural process of enfranchisement; the mere forms of the court are idle mummery unless this work has been done. The novice must be made free to the current thought of the realm, which does not pass as easily as its coin.

To determine the difficulty of this naturalizing process necessary to give the stranger a sympathy with our institutions, we must consider the origin and nurture of the masses of people who come to us from the Old World. This is a very large task, for these immigrants are derived from many different countries, and represent the products of a great diversity of social conditions which have bred in them a singular variety of motives. To make even a general estimate of final value, it would be necessary for the observer to spend many years in assiduous travel, with the subject matter of this inquiry foremost in his mind. I am not aware that any investigator has deliberately undertaken this task. I therefore venture to set forth the results of some of my own studies, which appear to me to have a certain, though, I must confess, only a limited value.

As the considerations which I am about to present are important only in the measure of my opportunities of inquiry, it is fit that I should state what these chances have been. Within the last twenty-seven years, I have spent between four and five years in Europe, and have devoted a large part of that time to journeys afoot in Great Britain and on the Continent, through the regions which furnish the greater part of the immigrants who are now coming, and are likely in the future to come, to this country. As my wanderings have usually been made alone, they have naturally afforded a much more intimate acquaintance with the people of the land than is ordinarily obtained by travelers. All human beings interest me much, and especially those native to the soil; and I have always found it easy to secure at least a superficial relation with my neighbors in other lands.

The most striking impression which is gained by such opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of European folk concerns the nature of the peasant class. To an American who knows his own people by long and familiar contact, the European son of the soil, in his natural habitat, seems at once to be a very singular creature. The truly naturalized American, even of the lower grade, thinks and acts in a manner which is essentially common to all his kind, however far apart they may be in station or employment. We feel at once there are no essential or permanent differences of motive in the ranks of our society. We note peculiarities due to schooling or to occupation, and something of variety due to local conditions and to the inheritances which come therewith; but the fundamental motives of our men and women, be they rich or poor, from town or country, from North or South, are the same. They never have a sense of inferiority; never a grudge against those who, by one chance or another, occupy a place above them. Every American, born to the manner of his kind, feels the

world to be open to him. He looks and wins his way upward; the dominant passion of his soul is to secure a better estate, if not for himself, at least for his children. Everywhere we find a great deal of talent among Americans in the lowest condition of life. All these well-endowed individuals have no sense of social restraint; they feel that they are free to go the way which their capacities may open to them. The whole of the social system in which they dwell is recognized as their own as soon as they can lay just claim to it. They are given to criticising this system, but they do so in a manner which shows that they do not regard it as something in its nature foreign.

The characteristic European peasant differs from the American laboring man in the motives which are of first importance in the composition of the citizen of a democracy. The peasant knows himself to be by birthright a member of an inferior class, from which there is practically no chance of escaping. He is in essentially the same state as the Southern negro. There is a wall between him and the higher realms of life. The imprisonment is so complete that he rarely thinks about the chances of escaping. Centuries of experience have bred in him the understanding that he is by nature a peasant, and that, save in rare instances, he can acquire no other station in the land of his birth. His only chance of considerable betterment is through the army or the Church; and even by these gates he can rarely pass beyond the limits of his class. It is characteristic of peasants that they have accepted this inferior lot. For generations they have regarded themselves as separated from their fellow-citizens of higher estate. They have no large sense of citizenly motives; they feel no sense of responsibility for any part of the public life save that which lies within their own narrow round of action. Within these limits they are controlled by habits and traditions of an excellent sort; they have indeed contrived for themselves a separate lower estate, divided from the rest of the people with whom they dwell as completely as though parted by centuries or by wide seas.

The isolation of the folk of the peasant class makes it impossible for them to develop any political quality whatsoever. They do not learn to associate their actions; they do not feel the province of individual effort in the control of common interests. They appear never to have that keen sense of what is going on beyond their vision which is the foundation of citizenly duty. The only relation with the ruling orders of society which they hold is either that of a blind respect or an equally blind antagonism. In general, the peasant not only exhibits no longing for preferment; he exhibits a perfect acquiescence in the lot which has been assigned him. To his mind, the head of the state is hardly further away than the lowest member of the superior class. Centuries of such breeding have, of course, checked the development of all those motives and aspirations which are the foundations of our democracy, and which are the life-breath of a true commonwealth. There are, however, other influences at work which tend still further to limit the grade of peasant life. Certain of these we shall have to note in some detail.

It is the most noteworthy, if not the most noticeable peculiarity of the laboring classes in Europe that they exhibit relatively little difference between man and man. Rarely, indeed, do we find any one born in the peasant caste who shows much individuality of mind. At first, the uniformity in the character of these people was a puzzle to me; to any one who had become accustomed to the ongoing spirit of a democratic state, the fact that such folk in no wise chafe against their narrow bounds must be a matter for surprise. The only distinct desire which seems to exist among these people is for more opportunities for gain. Political preferment, a better social station, en-

larged fields of action, are not, as with us, the mainsprings of endeavor. The gainful motive, like many others which animate the peasant class, is singularly limited. Money is desired for its own sake. The peasant who attains fortune rarely alters his scheme of living. If the money be inherited, the family may continue to live the ancestral life, frowning on any effort of the children to turn from the laborious paths of their forefathers. A man of this kind becomes a true miser, in a way which is practically unknown, we may indeed say impossible, in a democracy. Such an instance of this vice as is pictured in Balzac's Eugénie Grandet may naturally develop in the peasant class.

It must be confessed that in the immediate view the plan of life of the peasant is more pleasing than that so often followed by the new-made rich of the democratic society. With us, the accession of wealth is nearly always valued for the chance it affords the possessor to lift his mode of living to what seems to him a better social level, which is most often a position he is not in a natural manner fitted to occupy. Yet the essential difference between a democratic and an aristocratic society is indicated by the conduct of the men who have come by money while they were members of the laboring class. The peasant has no social or political longings to satisfy, for the simple reason that his inheritances and the traditions of his class supply him with none. The ordinary man of our democratic community, in his imagination, sees himself among the powers of the land. If he gains the means, he makes haste to assail the social leadership, and perhaps aims for a place in the federal Senate.

While the oftentimes absurd pretensions of the people who have suddenly gained wealth may amuse or distress us, we have to recognize their behavior as evidence of the sympathetic bond which is the strength of our state. To be strong, a democratic society such as ours needs to have its members aspiring for the fullest measure of life, eager for all the advantages of contact and influence which can be achieved. Only in this way can the preferment of the best men be secured. Where, as among peasant folk, there is no upward striving, the mass of the people is hardly more profitable to the best interests of the commonwealth than the cattle of the fields. It may swell the census and fill the ranks of armies, but its aid is lacking in all forms of social endeavor.

The absence of diversity in the intellectual quality of peasants is doubtless in part to be explained by the singular uniformity in their habitudes of existence, and by the fixed and secure conditions of their routine labor, and the caste distinctions which part them from the superior classes. There is, however, another series of influences which have long and effectively operated to lower and make uniform the mental and social qualities of this class in nearly all European countries. These conditions must be clearly understood before we can adequately account for the state of these people, or judge as to their fitness for the uses of American citizenship.

The most important group of causes which have stamped, in an indelible manner, the sign of inferiority on the laboring classes of the Old World may be briefly stated as follows. While the greater part of the hand laborers of the ancient societies of Europe have been denied community with the ruling folk, there have been two ways open by which the abler youths of both sexes, who were born in this class, could pass forth from it, never to return. These ways led to military service and to the orders of the Catholic Church. Entering the army, the man, particularly if he had in him the stuff to make a good soldier, found a permanent occupation. He commonly died in arms, or returned to his people only when too old to rear a family. If

his ability was distinguished, he might win a rank which would remove him from the class whence he sprung. His descendants would retain his acquired station, and, despite all reverses of fortune, would seldom return to the order of peasants. Thus, every person of capacity who adopted the career of arms was likely to be lost to his people. In this way, for perhaps twenty generations, the lower classes of European people have been robbed of much of their strength.

Great in amount as has been this withdrawal of talent from the people on account of military pursuits, the Church has, at least during the last twelve or fifteen centuries, been a far more efficient means of impoverishing the peasant blood. While the army of the sword enlisted its hosts only from the men, and permitted them occasionally to leave descendants among their people, the army of the cross gathered its recruits from both sexes, and doomed them alike to sterility. On its altars were sacrificed not only the talents of the individual, but all the expectation of good progress which the able man or woman offers to society. It is not easy to conceive how efficient this system of selecting the able youth from the body of the people has been, or how effectively it is still carried on in certain parts of Europe.

Since the Church first possessed the lands of Europe, and organized its clerical system, more than twelve hundred years have elapsed. During this time the population within its control has probably averaged at least fifty million. Allowing that there has been a priest to each five hundred of these people, we have about a hundred thousand of the abler men of each generation withdrawn from the body of the people, the greater portion of them from the lower ranks of society. Each of these men searched among the children of his parishioners for the boys and girls of promise who might be taken into the ranks of the priesthood or into the various religious orders. We may fairly estimate that the persons who were thus withdrawn from the life of their time, and whose inheritances were lost to their people, numbered as much as one per cent of the population. Although a part of this promise of the people was taken from the upper classes, the greater part of it was probably always, as at present, derived from the lower orders of society. Among the prosperous folk, there have ever been many classes of occupations tempting the abler youths, while among the laborers the Church has afforded the easiest way to rise, and that which is most tempting to the intelligent. The result has been, that while the priesthood and monastic orders have systematically debilitated all the populations of Catholic Europe, their influence has been most efficient in destroying the original talent in the peasant class.

The doctrine of inheritance is so little understood, and its application to the development of peoples so novel, that the full bearing of these influences exerted by the great celibate organizations of European states is not commonly appreciated. The researches of Mr. Francis Galton, and of the other investigators who have followed his admirable methods of inquiry, have clearly shown that the inheritance of qualities in man is as certain as among the lower animals. The cases are indeed rare where persons of conspicuous ability have been born of parents of inferior capacity. In practically all cases, it appears that talent of any kind does not suddenly originate among the lower orders of men. It rises gradually through generational development. At first the living spring of power is weak; it gathers volume in several fortunate successions of parent and child; and finally it appears in the strong tide of talent or genius. The first and noblest object of society should be to favor these beginnings of a higher life, and to preserve the inheritance, in the confident hope that it may gain strength with time.

But the system of the two great organizations, the army and the Church, has operated in diverse measure, but with the same effect, to destroy these beginnings of capacity by the sword or by celibacy.

We are all familiar with the results obtained by the process of selection as it is exercised by the breeder on the cattle of our fields. By this simple means, the speed of the horse, as well as its size, has been greatly increased; the original rough and scanty wool of the sheep has been changed to the merino fleece; and the few savage instincts of the dog have been overlaid by a marvelous development of sagacity and affection, which has given a really human quality to the mind of that creature. Let us suppose, however, that the breeder had taken pains to select all the most powerful horses, and had devoted them to the carnage of the battle-field; that he had carefully destroyed all the lambs which possessed fine fleeces; that he had tolerated only the savage curs, or bred them alone for drawing burdens, disregarding all the intelligence and sympathy which they might exhibit. What would the condition of these domesticated animals now be? Certainly they would exhibit none of the qualities which give them value; they would, indeed, still be in their primitive state. Yet this is substantially the evil work which has been done by the most permanent of our social organizations. If they had been designed for the purpose, they could not have been more efficiently contrived to prevent the advance of the lower ranks of mankind.

It must not be supposed that this criticism of the army and the Church takes no account of the collateral advantages which have arisen from the selection which these establishments have made of the abler youth of each generation. The process has led to gains of great and permanent value. The art of war has much educational importance: it teaches men the principles of orderly association, and inculcates the motives of discipline. Through the development of the military art, the folk of our race gradually rose from savagery to feudalism, and thence to the higher ideals of the modern state. War is an evil arising from the nature of man, and its ills have diminished with every stage in the advance from the rude work of antiquity to the science of to-day. The Church needed all the forces it could command for the long combat which conquered paganism, and established the higher religious ideal of Christianity. The millions who have been in its active priesthood have been, as a whole, an army fighting in the cause of human advance. It is possible that these men could not have done their work so well save as celibates. The service demanded the fullest measure of devotion, which perhaps could not have been obtained from men who were influenced by domestic ties. If the sacrifice of the people's strength had been limited to those who entered the calling of the priest, the question of the balance of good and ill might be regarded as doubtful; but when we consider the hosts of able men and women in each generation withdrawn from the body of the people by the religious orders, we feel that there have been no adequate compensations for the sacrifice. The only sound apology for the system is to be found in the ignorance of its founders concerning the nature of man, — a plea which, in time, our descendants will, it may be, have to make for ourselves.

The extent to which this process of destroying the talent of the peasant class has affected the quality of the population in different parts of Europe varies greatly. It has doubtless been most effective in those regions where the Roman Church has had the most uninterrupted sway. The Latin countries, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and France, have felt the influence of the conditions imposed by the Roman Church, down to the present day. In the northern part of Europe, owing to the development of those forms of Christianity in which the clergy is not

celibate, and in which the monastic order finds no important place, the greater part of the population has been, for many generations, exempt from this destructive influence.

The observant foot traveler in Europe may, at many points, observe differences in the conditions of the peasant class which are due to diversities in their history: thus, on the line between the western cantons of Switzerland and the neighboring parts of France. The difference in the quality of the laboring classes in these two fields is surprisingly great, and coincides exactly with the political line. On the east we have a vigorous and varied body of people, in their essential qualities like our own folk; on the west, characteristic peasants, such as give the economic strength of France, laborious, dull, substantially immobile people. So far as my experience goes, the peasantry of Germany and the Scandinavian countries is in a much higher state than that of southern Europe; there is, indeed, a distinct improvement visible as we go northward. In England there is but a remnant of the peasant folk, and this is vanishing before the process of advance on the lines of democratic culture.

It seems to me that where the above-described processes which have lowered the intellectual tone of the peasant class have done their full work, we cannot expect to find among the laboring people good material from which to make the citizens of a democracy. For that purpose we need not only a sound basis of moral character, — which, thanks to the Church, is often an admirable feature in the lower classes of Europe, — but also a considerable measure of native ability. A democratic society which has not the power to supply men of capacity from its lower ranks will soon cease to be a true democracy, and decline to the oligarchic state. It is the peculiar feature of our American population that ability is as well developed among the lower as among the higher grades of the people. This feature is shown in many ways; among others, by the endless religious movements. The condition where there are "fifty religions and but one sauce," though in some respects disagreeable, affords excellent proof of the intellectual quickness of the folk, even if it shows a strange defect in taste in other matters. The same inventive quality of the mind is also noticeable in the incessant stream of mechanical contrivances which comes from our laboring men of native blood. Neither of these indications of ability is discernible among the characteristic peasants of Europe. They have no desire to change the faith or the tools of their forefathers. The Italian of to-day uses substantially the implements which served the Roman of the same calling in the first century of our era. I have seen, within view of a main railway in Tuscany, in actual use, ploughs which contained not a particle of metal, and retained the classic form. It is not necessary that every American citizen should be a patentee, but the general existence of this inventive motive shows the wide distribution of the foreseeing and planning power which makes good citizens. Those who are inquirers in the matter of machines and creeds will, when called on, be ready for statecraft.

If the form of our government were such as permitted us to create or maintain a peasant class, the European people of this grade might be a valuable contribution to our population. Such folk are generally laborious, patient, and home-loving. In them the simpler virtues of men are very firmly implanted. They make an admirable foundation for any state which is ruled by a distinct upper class; which, in a word, has an aristocratic organization, whatever may be the name by which it designates its government. Thus, in France, where the political system is still, though founded on universal suffrage, aristocratic in essence, where there is little trace of an upward movement out of the peasant

class, the orderly, laborious people of this grade constitute the strength of the state, restoring by their ceaseless toil and economy the vast waste of capital which that unfortunate country has suffered during the last twenty years. But our fathers did not, and we do not as yet, declaredly propose to found a state on such a purely laboring class. The only social order consistent with our commonwealth is one in which all men are not only equal before the law, but have an essential unity in their motives and aspirations. Just so far as we admit these peasant people to a place with us, we inflict on our life the impoverishment of citizenly talent which their own unfortunate history has laid upon them.

But I hear the optimist cry: "These people are essentially like ourselves; they will quickly respond to the stimulus of our free air. In one generation they will become thoroughly Americanized." I would ask the hopeful man to consider how long it would require to change himself or his descendants into the characteristic mould of body and mind of the peasant. Backward steps in the generations are always more easily taken than are those of advance, but all who have considered such changes will, I think, agree with me that it would take some centuries of sore trial to bring the characteristic American to the lower estate, and the chance is that the breed would perish on the way. Our country affords excellent instances to show how indelible long-inherited characteristics may become. The bodily characteristics, and to a great extent the motives, of our African folk have withstood the greatest climatic and social changes which any race has ever experienced within the historic period. Much of the peasant quality stays in the Germans of Pennsylvania, though they are from an excellent and relatively advanced original stock. Even if we take slight social peculiarities, we find them amazingly persistent among our eminently plastic people. At least one instance bearing on this point I may be permitted to give.

Much has been said concerning the unhappy spirit of battle which leads to so many homicides in certain parts of the South. It is a fair matter for wonder how a people, in general so like others of their time and race, should have this barbaric habit of killing their neighbors on slight provocation. The explanation seems to be that, in the Southern States, the social conditions induced by slavery have served to perpetuate in the white people the peculiar notions of personal honor which marked, and were indeed an essential concomitant of, the feudal system. The strong commands of the Christian faith, vigorous legislation, the pressure of public opinion brought to bear by their more advanced neighbors, have not served to stamp out this evil. So far, indeed, they seem to have made no distinct impression upon it. It remains a most striking example to show the singular permanence of motives among men. A like endurance of ancestral quality could, if space admitted, readily be shown in other parts of this country, among folk who have been thoroughly Americanized, who have been exempt from the bondage of tradition in a measure which we cannot expect in the descendants of a peasant class.

Whoever will take care, in a dispassionate way, to consider the conditions of a peasant class will be led to doubt the profit of our present experiments which tend toward a reconstruction of our society on the new foundations which such people afford.

We should remember that our English race had won its way to the independent and vigorous social motives which are the characteristics of our democracy before they were transplanted to this country. The circumstances of that migration prevented the importation of a peasantry, and insured that the laboring class, except the Africans, should be formed of people who had already risen above the

state of serfdom. The social conditions of the land tended to prevent the institution of a very distinct peasant class in the mother country, and they had made a development of such an estate quite impossible here. The result was that our original population retained, and in a way restored, the primitive social form of the Germanic race, or perhaps we had better say the Aryan variety of mankind. They were men who had never been slaves. Their stock had been but little pauperized by the army or the Church, or ground down by centuries of life in the conditions of a lower caste. Compare the origin and nurture of these freemen with those of the ordinary laborers of Europe, and we see at once the gravity of the danger which the mass of European immigration brings to us. The American commonwealth could never have been founded if the first European colonists had been of peasant stock. It is doubtful whether it can be maintained if its preservation comes to depend upon such men.

N. S. Shaler.

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

THE laughing garlanded May-time is here;
The glad laburnum whispers at the gate:
"She comes! She comes! I hear her step draw near, —
Our Queen of Beauty, Arbitress of Fate!"

The lilacs look at her — "She is more fair
Than the white moon, more proud than the strong sun;
Let him who seeks her royal grace beware, —
To woo her lightly were to be undone."

The one sweet rose, that plays the May is June,
Blooms for her; and for her a mateless bird
Thrills the soft dusk with his entrancing tune,
Content if by her only he is heard.

A curious star climbs the far heaven to see
What She it is for whom the waiting night,
To music set, trembles in melody;
Then, by her beauty dazzled, flees from sight.

And I — what am I that my voice should reach
The gracious ear to which it would aspire?
She will not heed my faltering poor speech;
I have no spell to win what all desire.

Yet will I serve my stately Queen of May;
Yet will I hope, till Hope itself be spent.
Better to strive, though steep and long the way,
Than on some weaker heart to sink content.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE ENGLISH QUESTION.

A GREAT outcry has been made lately, on every side, about the inability of the students admitted to Harvard College to write English clearly and correctly. Examples of the English written by students, in compositions and translations, have been published by the University and by outsiders to illustrate this lamentable state of things. The preparatory schools have been held up to derision and scorn because they do not pay sufficient attention to English composition.

It is true that the English written by boys in school is wretchedly bad, and is apparently growing worse instead of better, but it cannot be true that the blame for this belongs wholly to the preparatory schools. An examination of the courses of study followed in the larger preparatory schools, both public and private, during the last thirty, or even twenty years, brings out a fact which seems to have been unknown to those who have written on the English question, but which deserves more than a passing thought. The schools are to-day paying more attention to composition than they did twenty or thirty years ago; and yet, notwithstanding this increased study and practice, the writing of schoolboys has been growing steadily worse. In most of the schools, thirty years ago, compositions or written translations were required only at long intervals; but the college was apparently satisfied with the English writing of its students, because there was no separate examination in English composition for admission. Now, however, the college finds it necessary not only to have this separate examination, but to specify each year certain works of standard authors with which candidates for admission must be familiar; and most of the schools require frequent written exercises of some kind, either original compositions or translations. These are corrected and commented on by the teacher, and rewritten by the pupil. With all this practice in writing and time devoted to English, why do we not obtain better results?

The poor results come mainly from three causes, which affect injuriously not only the teaching of English, but all other branches of school work. These are, a narrowness in the range of the modern boy's ideas, a lack of clearness in these ideas, and an increasing inability to read a printed page understandingly. No one can write in any language unless he has an idea in his own mind, in which he is interested, and which he wishes to make some one else understand. No amount of teaching of grammar or rhetoric nor any amount of practice in writing can make a boy write an intelligent sentence, if he has no thought clearly laid out in his own mind which he wishes to express. The chief difficulty which a boy meets when he tries to write is that he does not have thoughts enough to express, rather than that he does not know how to express them; and also that the few which he does have are not clear and concise, but vague and confused. Listen for even a short time to the ordinary conversation of boys among themselves, in the absence of an older person to direct or suggest, and you will be impressed with the small number of subjects touched upon, the small amount of originality displayed, their lack of imagination, and their small vocabulary, in which a few slang words are used over and over again, doing duty in many different capacities, as a few soldiers might be shown successively upon different portions of the walls to conceal the weakness of the garrison within. The thoughts expressed, even when the boys are most interested in the topic under discussion, are not clear, and do not follow any logical se-

quence. You will hear them say, "And I did so and so, and you were there, and he went off, and," etc., — a form of expression only too familiar to every one who has to deal with youthful compositions.

Any sharp, clear impression or conception will find adequate expression either in speech or writing. For this reason, the letter or composition of a boy of twelve about subjects which come within his range is often much better than that of a boy of sixteen or seventeen, however much the younger boy's writing bristles with solecisms and errors in spelling. The impressions of the younger boy are more vivid, his interest in small things is greater, and his imagination is awake. Everything is new, and makes strong impressions on his mind. The older boy has less enthusiasm and a less active imagination.

This narrowness of mind in the boy of to-day shows in all his school work, and hinders all his development. In teaching him Greek or Latin, it is almost impossible to make him realize that the words of his author are not mere words, strung along in what is to him an unusual order, but were written to convey ideas, because he is so mentally barren that there is nothing in his mind on which to graft these new ideas. The work cannot be made alive and interesting to him, because he has no conception of what it all means. The boy who has never heard of any hero honored as the founder of a race can no more be interested in the wanderings of Æneas than a North American Indian could be made to feel excited over a panic in Wall Street. By his previous training, a modern boy is about as well fitted to read a classic author understandingly as Cæsar would have been to use a Gatling gun; only Cæsar would probably have appreciated the usefulness of the results of the gun, while the boy can see no use in the classics, and is constantly told that they are useless by all his advisers. Those conceptions which would enable him to understand have not been formed from any previous talk or reading, and are not being formed from present talk anywhere outside of school.

The wretched translations which have been published to show that boys cannot write English prove much more conclusively that they cannot read Greek and Latin. They write sentences without sense because they have got no idea from the Greek or Latin, and therefore have no sense to write. Translating, as they do, words separately into words, it of course makes no material difference to them if their sentences have no verbs or their verbs no subjects. It is all Greek to them still, although clothed in ill-fitting English dress.

Boys learn very little history, because the great persons mentioned are mere names to them, which go in at one ear only to go out at the other. They seem to have nothing in their minds to which they can attach what they learn. They have apparently never seen allusions to them in their reading, nor heard them spoken of as types of the great characteristics for which each was famous. The boy of to-day knows nothing of "Fabian policy" or "Ciceronian eloquence," although quite familiar with the characteristics of the last great pugilist or the pitchers of the university nine. This is not the fault of the boys nor of the schools, but the great misfortune of both. The complaint is made that boys even in the preparatory schools are too much interested in athletics; but here again we have one of the fruits of this narrow range of ideas. The emptiness of mind, which I think we can trace to the kind of life the boy leads and to his surroundings, causes him to be over-interested in his own physical prowess or that of others. He must think about something, and, in the absence of other and higher thoughts and interests, the temptation to think of this is almost irresistible. A boy's physical exercise and training were formerly

unconscious and natural to him, but are now a conscious effort and an unnatural strain. What used to be only an incident in his life has now become an end and aim. Pride in mental acquirements is giving place to pride in physical powers. Why should not his mind become filled with athletics rather than with studies? If he stands at the head of his class, his classmates may envy him, his parents and teachers praise him; but if he wins a race, a large crowd of interested and excited spectators applaud him, and the newspapers print an account of his achievement, perhaps with a portrait, in their next issue. His ability to write well, or to have a broad, cultivated mind, weighed in the balance with an ability to run or jump, is found sadly wanting.

This narrowness of mind has its foundation in the life which the modern boy leads, and the standards which the world puts before him as goals for his ambition. It is well worth while to consider the change which has gone on during the last thirty years in our mode of life and our estimates of what it is worth while to excel in, and notice how great a change it is. I ought to say, in passing, that my point of view is that of one born, brought up, and established in Cambridge and Boston.

Leaving out of account individual gifts of greater or less imaginative power which make creative geniuses in art or literature, any child's range of thought is limited to his own environment, and to such things outside of his own environment as he may be brought in contact with through books and conversation. Keeping this in mind, let us look at the boy's life, and see what we do for him to widen his range of thought. In our modern American life, which is always in a hurry and always at high pressure, many fathers and mothers are so occupied with their own pursuits that children are left almost entirely to the care of nurses. Even the most faithful and conscientious nurse is a person of narrow intellectual range, and can do little to introduce the child to anything outside of his own surroundings. We may indeed be thankful for the kindergarten, which comes in so early to enlarge the child's experience, and take him out of his own narrow life. All aspects of nature are here brought to his attention. He is taught to notice substance, color, and form. The games cultivate his imagination by representing the doings of the squirrel, the farmer, etc. The songs help to fix all these new ideas in his mind. This is an immense step toward an increased number of conceptions, but falls short in one particular direction. Our age is far too utilitarian, and insists that the only important thing in all education shall be the acquiring of useful facts, — facts made vivid and interesting, but always facts. In obedience to this demand, the kindergarten devotes its whole force toward scientific facts rather than literary fancies. The child must be vividly impressed with the primary colors of the rainbow, but it is useless to exercise his imagination over the pot of gold at its foot. There is no cultivation of the imagination by stories of fairies and heroes. These surely should have their place in a child's development; for they are, we are told by the student of folk lore, the early efforts of uncivilized people toward a literature.

The books which a child has read to him now are the sayings and doings of little folk like himself. The Susy books and the Dotty Dimple series for girls, and Oliver Optic's and John Trowbridge's books for boys, are excellent works; but where are Mother Goose, Jack the Giant Killer, Robinson Crusoe, and the like? The number of children's books has increased enormously, but it is the fashion to dilute literature, apparently with the view that if it be taken undiluted the child's too feeble mind may be overcome by it. Children's magazines have multiplied all over the country, and vie with

one another in beauty of illustration and interesting short stories; but in them, as in most of the juvenile books, there is very little to excite the imagination and to leave lasting impressions. In the past, children had few books to read, but those they had were standard pieces of literature. They read much which they could not understand; but what they could take in was good, and what they could not only made them eager to know more. One mother has lately read to her children, who are under twelve, the whole of Spenser's Faery Queen. They had no conception of the allegory, but they enjoyed it immensely; and now they have the shield of the red-cross knight in their play, living over again in their imaginations the life they have heard about. Children whose minds have been trained in this way will find very little difficulty in writing when they go to college; but such mothers are, unfortunately, exceptions.

At eight or nine, the child is sent to a primary school, to learn to read, write, and cipher. Even the best instruction here can do little to cultivate the imagination. A good teacher, of course, cheers the road — which is a hard one at best for the little travelers — with bits of good literature, stories of knights and heroes; but the whole time devoted to school is at most not more than four hours out of twelve, and much of this time must be given to the three great essentials. How much of the rest of the day is occupied with talks with older educated people about the fancies and thoughts which make up our literature, or the literature of any other nation?

I am not speaking here of improving and learned discussions, but of simple, entertaining story-telling and answering questions. A mother, on being thanked for giving her boy this home training, said, "Why, it is not training; it is only ordinary conversation!" This is exactly the essence of it. Such talk must be natural, and with no object of teaching or training, so that the boy absorbs it unconsciously; but it is far from "ordinary." It is extremely rare in most homes to-day. Where, in such a life as I have outlined, has there been any great enlargement of the child's range of thought up to the age of twelve or thirteen? He does not care for books of any value. Why should he? His interests have been limited to the narrow world he lives in. Very little has been done to stimulate him to think about outside things. Why should he be interested to read, or to be read to, about things of which he has no conception?

At this age and with this narrow mind, limited to ideas about things immediately around him, he comes to a preparatory school. Look at what the college expects of this school. At seventeen or eighteen, the boy is to be able to read simple Latin, Greek, French, and German; he must reason out problems by algebra and geometry, be familiar with the doings of men in history and the phenomena of nature in physics, beside gaining a higher power over two subjects, at least, in language, mathematics, or science. The school must do all this work in seven years, during school hours which occupy only about one fifth of the boy's time, beside making him familiar with English authors and teaching him to write English. This would be possible and more than desirable if the atmosphere in which the boy spends the other four fifths of his time contained literary influences; but each day, as soon as he leaves school, he passes into a busy practical world. The standards placed before his eyes are not mental ones, but, on the contrary, are distinctly opposed to mental ones. He must take lessons in this or that accomplishment, — swimming, gymnastics, dancing, and music. His life, like that of his parents, is now so full of material practical affairs that there is no time for the consideration of literary matters. It is crowded with occupations and interests which could with

advantage be taken up several years later. Social entertainments, which only ten years ago were thought fit for none but young men, are now crowded into the lives of boys of fifteen. Working thus with the short arm of the lever, the schoolmaster of to-day is expected to lift a heavier weight than that which was lifted by his predecessors. If he is to do all that the college now asks of him, — and I do not for a moment say that it is not a desirable requirement, — he cannot do in addition all the work which was formerly done unconsciously by home life, and supply the spur which was formerly given to the boy, also unconsciously, by the world's interest in the same pursuits.

The lack of clearness in the few ideas which a boy does have is due to a dangerous tendency in our educational methods, a tendency to make everything easy. Kindergarten methods, which are necessary when the child is incapable of long-continued mental strain, and all work must be in the form of play, has influenced the later school work. Clear, exact reasoning and accurate, careful expression of thought cannot be got by any system which tries to make work into play. Thirty years ago, teachers heard recitations from a textbook, and did very little teaching. This method had many great disadvantages, but it had one advantage: the child had to think for himself, or he learned little, and had to express himself in recitation, or he had no credit. The method was dull, it was dry, and the cause of many tears to the unfortunate pupil. There was nothing inspiring, and nothing to awaken the child's love for the subject studied. In the reaction from this barbarous method, we have been carried too far, and now, in the effort to awaken interest, to make the work pleasant, we are tempted to do too much teaching. The children are now helped so much that, without the stimulation of a teacher's questions and assistance, their minds refuse to work. The thinking is too often done by the teacher, and only reflected by the class. Such methods make the child's thoughts vague and indistinct. This is particularly noticeable in arithmetic classes, where explanations have to be made over and over again. Here the average boy is very loose in his reasoning. Exact expression or the saying of just what he means is almost impossible to him at first, and can be secured only by constant correction and care on the part of the teacher. When questioned, and made to see that what he said was not clear, the boy is surprised that what he said was not what he really meant. He has the idea, but it is so vague that he does not notice how different an idea was conveyed by the words he used.

After a careful explanation of some experiment in physics, I have repeatedly asked the class if they understood it, and have been told by each boy in turn that he did, only to find that the majority were incapable of describing the processes and reasoning intelligently. Generally the boy ends with some statement like this: "I understand it, but I can't express it." The truth is that all our teaching now is directed toward making the boy understand; but much of it stops there, and does not require him to explain his understanding to others.

Each of us can call to mind times when he wished to talk over a matter with some one else, not to get new light or advice, but to straighten out his own ideas by expressing them. This outward expression boys used to be practiced in under a recitation system of instruction, but now lose under a lecture system. Here the preparatory schools are at fault, and we can stem the tide of illiteracy somewhat by requiring more reciting in all subjects rather than by giving more work in English.

The third difficulty which meets a boy in efforts to write comes from the fact that he is more accustomed to receive information through the ear than

through the eye. He is read to and talked to, but is not made to read enough himself. He does not accustom himself to comprehension at the sight of printed words. When he starts to write, the words are not as real to him on paper as they are when he speaks them or hears them spoken. For this reason, boys use forms of expression in writing which they would never use in conversation. Frequently boys come to me, after studying a lesson in a textbook, with a complaint that they do not understand this or that, but go away perfectly satisfied if I explain it in the exact words of the textbook. They understand the sound and comprehend it, but they do not take in the sense from the printed page. This failure to read enough is also largely responsible for increasingly bad spelling. To correct this difficulty, children should be made to read as early as possible, and to read much aloud. It is dull and uninteresting to the person read to, but the reader is gaining a necessary power to help in all later study and writing.

The poorer results now obtained with even more practice in writing are explained, if some of the causes of schoolboy illiteracy are those which I have outlined: a paucity of ideas, owing to the change from literary to utilitarian standards in society, and the absence of talks with older educated persons; an inexactness of thought, owing to too much teaching; and an inability to use or understand words except in speech, owing to too little reading. In the past, there was less hurry and confusion, and parents devoted more time to their children. More attention was paid to literary fancies, and less to practical facts. Children read aloud at home, and talked of what they read. The Bible, with its beautiful figurative language and stories of Jewish heroes, was much more commonly read and quoted in every household. This book alone would widen a child's range of ideas and exert a powerful effect on his imagination, apart from any religious influence. It would increase his vocabulary, which after all is only saying the same thing in different words; for a wide range of thought demands a large vocabulary for symbols in which the thinking can be done. The old methods of teaching the classics, although of little use in teaching how to read Latin or Greek, made the boy more familiar with ancient stories and traditions. A good translation into English of a passage from the classics impressed the mind with the imagery and figures of the author, even if it did not teach the student how to read any other passage.

The persons who attack the study of the classics, in such fluent sentences and rounded periods, as being of no practical value, can hardly realize how much of their skill in English writing came from the awakening of their imagination and the broadening which their minds received while they puzzled over Virgil and Homer. They know that the actual knowledge of Latin and Greek has gone, if it was ever there, but the effect of the pictures presented to their minds they do not credit. They would now spurn this ladder by which they climbed, and complain because their sons are unable to write English as well as they. The world's standards now are very different. The theatres, as Mr. Clapp has lately said, have multiplied, but the character of the plays has distinctly deteriorated. The art of letter-writing, which used to be deemed such an accomplishment, is vanishing before the postal card and the typewriter. School exhibitions have changed from contests in declamation to contests in athletics. The fathers and mothers have no time, the boys have no time, in fact the world has less time, to devote to literary matters. The standard by which each study is weighed is its immediate apparent face value for usefulness, not its intrinsic worth. You cannot expect boys to rise above the ideals put before them.

If parents and teachers do not work together, we are in danger of even worse illiteracy than is now complained of. Parents can take pains to talk with their children, even at some sacrifice to themselves of time or money. They can take a more vivid interest in school work, not to make the boys work harder, but to cause them think it more worth while to work. They can try to make them see the advantages of an education by sympathy and due appreciation of earnest effort. They can give them good books to read, and talk with them about their reading. Teachers can beware of too much teaching, and stimulate the boys' thinking powers without thinking for them. They can give them every opportunity, and require them to express themselves clearly in recitation.

If this is done, we shall not need to pay more attention to English than is paid to it in good schools to-day, and we shall not have classes of freshmen in Harvard College to whom allusions to any literary work except the last number of Life are absolutely unintelligible. This is the case now, as I have been told by a Harvard professor, who formed his opinion from actual experiment. Let us all pay more attention to fancy, and less to fact, in our lives, and we shall help to solve the English question in our colleges.

James Jay Greenough.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

BORN IN LONDON, NOVEMBER 27, 1809; DIED IN LONDON, JANUARY 16, 1893.

Mrs. Kemble, whose death in London has been lately announced, had many friends of long standing in Boston, one of whom offers this memorial.

Ever since Fanny Kemble burst upon the world, at the age of twenty, she has been an object of interest to the English race in both hemispheres. After a childhood of varied freedom and discipline, tending rather to develop than to regulate her capacities, this young girl was suddenly summoned to the stage, to rescue her father from impending ruin. It was a hazardous venture. The success was immediate and marvelous. A *succès d'estime* naturally awaited the advent of another Kemble; but the public, drawn to Covent Garden by mingled motives of curiosity to see a fresh *débutante*, of regard for the family, and of sympathy for their shipwrecked fortunes, were taken by storm, and continued to crowd the theatre for one hundred and twenty nights to weep over the woes of Juliet.

Mrs. Kemble lacked the stature and perfect symmetry of Mrs. Siddons, but she had the noble head, the effulgent eyes, the sensitive mouth and flexible nostrils, the musical voice, the dignified and graceful gestures, which distinguished her aunt; and, in addition, the sense of humor, the mobile temperament quick as flame, the poetic sensibility, which characterized her mother. Three weeks was the ostensible term of preparation, the interval between her summons and her appearance; as to the rest, the poetry to feel and the dramatic faculty to represent she had imbibed or inherited. So endowed, she soared at once to heights reached by others only after years of toil, substituting feeling for simulation, spontaneous action for studied gesture and movements, the intuition of poetic and dramatic genius for the training of talent; and this abandonment of herself to inspiration, "letting her heart go, while she kept her head," gave a vivid-

ness and pathos to her personations never equaled on the English stage in our day.

Mrs. Kemble, in her Records, dwells much upon her ignorance of the details of her profession, and quotes with glee Mr. Macready's remark that she did not know the elements of it; but the readers of the life of that irritable actor will remember that he praises no contemporary, and her own criticisms must be taken with allowance for her extreme frankness and her exalted standard. That she fully comprehended the requirements of her calling, and devoted herself to it industriously, her letters manifest. That she might have arrived at greater perfection and uniformity, that she would have become more independent of her passing moods, of her fondness or aversion for her part, had she liked and pursued her profession, no one familiar with the art of acting as perfected on the French stage can doubt. But, as a critic truly says, "the greatest artist is she who is greatest in the highest reaches of her art, even although she may lack the qualities necessary for the adequate execution of some minor details;" and no one who witnessed Mrs. Kemble's personations of Mrs. Beverley, Belvidera, Bianca, Julia, Portia, Katharine, Ophelia, Juliet, has ever had her image effaced from his mind's eye, or has ever enjoyed a glimpse of her successor.

That she exercised this fascination, that she electrified audiences in the Old and New World by her acting, rests not upon the assertion of any one admirer; it is recorded in the annals of the time. That she numbered among her admirers not only the thoughtless many, but the judicious few, — Sir Walter Scott, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Rogers, Campbell, Sterling, Christopher North, Barry Cornwall, and their kindred on this side of the Atlantic; that she achieved two fortunes, winning independence for herself and for those she loved, are historical facts. Sterling, who saw her when she first appeared, says, "She was never taught to act at all; and though there are many faults in her performance of Juliet, there is more power than in any female playing I ever saw, except Pasta's Medea." Sir Walter Scott said that she had great energy mingled with and chastened by correct taste, and that, for his part, he had seen nothing so good since Mrs. Siddons. Charles Greville, skeptical at first, is converted. "The Hunchback, very good and a great success. Miss Fanny Kemble acted really well; for the first time, in my opinion, great acting. I have never seen anything since Mrs. Siddons (and perhaps Miss O'Neill) so good." Christopher North is most enthusiastic: "Her attitudes, her whole personal demeanor, are beautiful. They are uniformly appropriate to the character and the situation, and in exquisite appropriateness lies beauty. But not only are Miss Kemble's attitudes, her appearance, her apparition, beautiful; they are also classical. Miss Kemble is a girl of genius." Of her first night the New Monthly Magazine writes: "The looks of every spectator conveyed that he was electrified by the influence of new-tried genius, and was collecting emotions in silence, as he watched its development, to swell its triumph with fresh acclamations. For our part, the illusion that she was Shakespeare's own Juliet came so speedily upon us as to suspend the power of specific criticism."

It is sixty years the 16th April, 1893, since Fanny Kemble made her *début* at the Tremont Theatre, in Boston, and the glamour of her apparition has not yet vanished. The ecstasy of that season comes back at the sound of her name. I scarcely ever go by the Tremont House without gazing once more at the windows of her room, in the superstitious hope that her radiant face may shine forth. It seems but yesterday that we were all, youths and maidens, hanging round Tremont Place to see her mount Niagara, — a horse I rode thenceforth,

on holidays and in vacations, because she had been upon his back, — or scouring the country to catch a glimpse of her as she galloped past. Every young girl who could sported Fanny Kemble curls. To be thought to look like Fanny Kemble was their aspiration. I remember making a long pilgrimage on horseback to gaze upon a young lady whose attraction was a fancied resemblance to Fanny Kemble; and only a few years ago I visited a matron, living near the Hudson River, who, in her youth, had been the more admired because she resembled Fanny Kemble; and she had not forgotten it. One young girl, more fortunate and more venturesome than her fellows, while hanging her daily offering of flowers upon the handle of the actress's door, was heard, captured, and caressed, and accepted as a friend from that bright day.

As for us Harvard students, we all went mad. As long as funds held out, there was a procession of us hastening breathless over the road to Boston, as the evening shades came on; then a waiting in the narrow entrance alley, packed like sardines in a box, until at last we were borne along, with peril to flesh and raiment, into the pit, where we sat on the unbacked benches, absorbed, scarce knowing when and where we were, and regardless of our sometimes *sans-culotte* condition.

Charles Kemble opened with Hamlet, Ophelia being played by Mrs. Barrett, whom Mrs. Kemble pronounced "perfectly beautiful, with eyes and brow of an angel, a mouth chiseled like a Grecian piece of sculpture, with an expression of infinite refinement; fair round arms and hands, a beautifully moulded foot, and a figure that seemed to me perfectly proportioned. Altogether, I never saw a fairer woman; it was delightful to look at her." The next night Miss Kemble made her début in Bianca; and we went out, transfixed with horror and fascination, into uttermost darkness, as when one passes an arc light on the road. We were all stricken, and only counted the hours and the cash which would bring us back again.

I remember one night, when, as Belvidera, shrieking, stares at her husband's ghost, I was sitting in front, in her line of vision, and I cowered and shrank from her terrible gaze. How we all wept with her as Mrs. Beverley over the frenzied despair of her gamester husband! — with this difference, that her tears were staining her silk dress, while ours were mopped by our handkerchiefs. How we all enjoyed her shrewish outbursts and humble penitence as Katharine, and her father's assumed violence and real good breeding as Petruchio! — a delightful performance, vainly essayed by actors since, in the fond belief of my friend John Gilbert and myself. Who has played Portia with such sweet dignity; who has so filled out the part of the whole-hearted Beatrice, with her pride of maidenhood, until surprised into love by the sincere warmth of Benedick's confession; and who ever personated that brave gallant as did Charles Kemble?

"Oh for something of the fire, the undying youthfulness of spirit, now so rare, the fine courtesy of bearing, which made the acting with actors of this type so delightful!" Helen Faucit thus eulogizes Charles Kemble. And his masterpiece, Mercutio, and Fanny Kemble's Juliet, which held Covent Garden for one hundred and twenty nights, and made lovers of all the youth of London! "We were all of us in love with you, and had your portrait by Lawrence in our rooms." So said Thackeray to Fanny Kemble twenty years afterwards.

Of all her parts, Julia, written for her by Sheridan Knowles, was the most perfect; and the scene with Clifford, when, love and fortune lost, he comes, as secretary to Lord Rochdale, bearing a message, was so affecting as to call forth from Rachel, "C'est bien, fort bien;" and we certainly shed abundant tears

over her desperate misery. In a conversation with Mrs. Kemble, one day, when each enumerated the great actors we had seen here and abroad, I said, "There is one you have omitted." "Myself, I presume. I never was a good actress." "Were n't you? Did n't you play Julia well?" "I did."

Upon the authority of her mother, who was her most solicitous and most competent critic, it seems that the lack of preparation for the stage caused Mrs. Kemble's acting to be unequal, though, so far as my observation went, it was, as an Irishman might say, never worse, but sometimes better, actually inspired. As the painter who was asked with what he mixed his paints answered, "With brains," so could Fanny Kemble have accounted for her unrivaled power by saying that she threw her whole soul into her work.

Fanny Kemble's career as an actress came to a sudden close in June, 1834, by her marriage to Mr. Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia.

She has expressed her thankfulness that she was removed from the stage before its excitement became necessary to her. The vacuity of Mrs. Siddons's last years, her apparent deadness and indifference to everything, she attributed to the withering and drying influence of the over-stimulating atmosphere of emotion, excitement, and admiration in which her aunt had passed her life; and she believed that her own power of endurance of the sorrow of her later life was lessened by the early excitement and the prolonged exercise of the capacity for superficial emotion upon the stage.

There can be no doubt that in Mrs. Kemble's case, where the emotion excited was more than superficial, the nerves were weakened, the atmosphere was too stimulating; but what alternative would have protected her from the rash nature which her mother gave her, and which the home education had developed? And as to the vacuity and indifference in the lives of Mrs. Siddons and of Mrs. Kemble's father, they had neither her brains, her temperament, nor her education. Moreover, I feel quite sure that, had she turned governess, or had she remained in her father's house, the dramatic and theatrical instinct derived from her progenitors, and which impelled her sister Adelaide upon the stage, would have drawn her thither, or, if suppressed, would have left her dissatisfied as not having fulfilled her mission. Mrs. Kemble's objections to the profession would hardly apply to the actors of comedy, whose work is rather intellectual than emotional; nor would she extend them to French or Italian actors, whose demonstrations, on and off the stage, are not acted, dramatic as they are, but perfectly natural.

In connection with this subject, I must give an instance of her prompt rejection of undeserved praise, and hearty championship of her humbler professional associates. Hearing a sermon which condemned the profession of actors, and reflected upon their moral character as a body, with the notable exception of the Kemble family, she wrote a spirited reply, disclaiming any moral superiority of her own family over the average, and testifying to the respectability and worth of many humble members of her profession who never had been and never would be cheered by public notice, while her family were distinguished from those faithful unrewarded laborers only by the favor of the public; adding that her objections to the profession were based upon its unwholesomeness, not upon its looseness of morals.

After a few years of married life, passed partly in America, and partly, to her great relief, in England, Mrs. Kemble returned to her native land, and, after a refreshing year in Italy as guest of her sister, resumed her profession.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the forlornness of her situation at this time. Separated from her children by

the ocean, wider then than now, her communication with them infrequent and indirect, heartsick with sorrow and anxiety, no longer young, her bloom gone, her prestige gone, incompetent to bargain with shrewd provincial managers, often sick from the exposure incident to this nomad life, she toiled on for a scant pittance, earned by the abhorred simulation of griefs akin to those gnawing at her heart.

"The step I am about to take," she writes, "is so painful to me that all petty annoyances and minor vexations lose their poignancy in the contemplation of it. My strength is much impaired, my nerves terribly shattered. I am now so little able to resist the slightest appeal to my feelings that, at the play, the mere sound of human voices simulating distress has shaken and affected me to a strange degree. Judge how ill prepared I am to fulfill the task I am about to undertake. But it is an immense thing for me to be still able to work at all, and to keep myself from helpless dependence upon any one." "The whole value and meaning of life, to me, lies in the single sense of conscience, — duty." True to her principles, rather than request or accept a share of the fortune bestowed, in her days of prosperity, upon her father, she struggled on in this dismal drudgery; buoyed up by her faith, cultivating an interest in passing events in society, politics, and literature, communing with nature, and cheered by the loyalty of old friends.

This pilgrimage lasted for a year and a half, when at last, her father retiring from the field, she felt at liberty to give readings, which were less distasteful to her than acting; in fact, such was her enthusiasm for Shakespeare, they were sometimes enjoyed by her as well as by her audience. While the remnant who witnessed Fanny Kemble's acting in Boston might be packed into a box, a pitful of those who enjoyed her readings here survive. Whatever criticisms have been made upon her acting, there has been but one verdict as to her readings. In these were made manifest not only her dramatic inheritance, the range and quality of her voice, the grace of her gestures, the mobility and eloquence of her face, but also the underlying foundation of her power as an actress and reader, her comprehensive intelligence and her deep feeling. She approached her work with humble reverence for and appreciation of her divinity, Shakespeare, whose priestess she was; and thus dedicated, she was transfigured in her imagination and to the eyes of the spectators.

As her friend, jealous of her welcome, I have often looked around as she entered and announced her reading, knowing that some present were gazing skeptically at the stout, middle-aged woman who was to present to them the lovelorn Juliet, the crazed Ophelia, the innocent Miranda. My fears were soon dissipated, for, as the play proceeded, not only were the voices clearly and finely distinguished, but the expression of each was miraculously infused, so that she really looked, successively, like Prospero, Miranda, or Ariel. I must make an exception of Caliban, Bottom, Falstaff, Sir Toby, and Dogberry; her attempts to personate these were, naturally enough, disagreeable and unsuccessful.

While her readings, for which she made thorough preparation, were uniformly excellent, I remember one remarkable instance of inspiration. It was near the close of her last season in Boston — about 1867, perhaps — that I went with two companions to hear her read Richard III. From her entrance soliloquy to the shrieking of the ghosts over the sleeping Richard, her reading was so inspired that we were all electrified; and the next morning I wrote: "What was the matter with you last night? You never read so in your life. Compared with your usual readings, it was flying instead of walking. I don't know what, but something extraordinary must have happened." In reply, she said: "I waive

your compliments, but you must have noticed that I tripped twice in my dialogue, — a rare occurrence ; but the fact was that I was beside myself, for just as I was going to my reading I received a note from the executor of my cousin, Mrs. George Combe (Cecilia Siddons), announcing that she had left me by her will five family pictures, — one of my grandmother, a venerable lady, whom I am said to resemble ; and what was more, a pair of gloves that once were Shakespeare's." This unexpected revelation confirmed my belief in the justice of my observation. I had seen the flame ; now I had discovered the fuel.

The great success of the readings, especially in America, placed Mrs. Kemble in comfort, — save when, in behalf of herself, or more frequently of her children, she was guilty of extravagance, — and enabled her thenceforth to spend her time alternately in England and America, with a summer visit to Switzerland.

Emerson has said that poets put all their poetry into their verses, and leave none in their lives. Actors as well as authors are apt to disappoint one who is led by the art to interest himself in the artist. Nine times out of ten one finds a commonplace person who has this one talent, and there an end ; that his delineations are mere surface work, divined from the outside, with no penetration into or conception of the full scope of the character he is representing ; sunflower costumes, artistic scenery, calcium lights, do the rest. Mrs. Kemble says, "Few things have ever puzzled me more than the fact of people liking *me* because I pretended to be a pack of Juliets and Belvideras, and creatures who were *not* me." Still, she recognizes the fact that the popular theatrical heroine of the day always is the realization of their ideal to the youth, male and female, of her time. She certainly was, and in her case her admirers were not disappointed.

Her great nature was manifested in her acting and reading as in her writing, and still more in her being. "She has far more ability than she can display on the stage," said Sterling. "The Kembles are really a wonderful race. Who that has ever seen Fanny on the stage, or heard her read, or perused her plays and poems and journals, or her philosophical analyses of Shakespeare's characters, can deny her genius ? " says Julian Young, a lifelong friend, only child of her old friend, the eminent actor Charles Young. "Finished the reading of Mrs. Butler's play, — full of power, poetry, and pathos. She is one of the most remarkable women of the present day." So spoke the jealous, irritable, but really high-minded Macready, who tickled or stung Mrs. Kemble by affirming that she was ignorant of the rudiments of her profession.

Fanny Kemble had doubted whether she ought to marry, and perhaps she was correct. I cannot picture to myself a union mutually satisfactory. An experienced gardener experiments upon foreign plants with watchful distrust, for he has learned that their acclimation is not a simple question of heat or cold, of wet or dry, but an intricate problem ; nor is he beguiled by seeming success until time has been given to exhaust their imported vitality, any more than the experienced physician is encouraged by his patient's seeming improvement until the fever has run its course. So an experienced social philosopher looks with misgivings upon the future of the young girl who has linked her fortunes to a foreigner, unaware how much married happiness is buttressed by the support of family and friends, and by the environment of familiar scenes and associations. Fanny Kemble was peculiarly unfitted for a transatlantic alliance. She was intensely attached to her own soil, with its history and its poetry, as also with its social structure and customs. She had been brought up from childhood among bright artistic and literary people. Besides her own family circle, her brother John's

classmates and cronies, who frequented her father's house, included Arthur Hallam, Alfred Tennyson and his brother, Frederick Maurice, John Sterling, Richard Trench, William Donne, the Romillys, the Malkins, Edward Fitzgerald, William Thackeray, Richard Monckton Milnes; and after her brilliant début she came into familiar intercourse with all that English society could offer for her entertainment.

While she rather eschewed general society, unless there was dancing, to which she was addicted, she was very dependent upon this social and literary refreshment. She had been from childhood a great reader and a great thinker. She had been in the habit of writing poetry and prose from early girlhood. One of her plays, written when she was seventeen, was brought out with success, even Macready declaring it "full of power, poetry, and pathos." "A very noble creature indeed. Somewhat inelastic, unpliant to the age, attached to the old modes of thought and conventions, but noble in qualities and defects." So comments Mrs. Browning upon Mrs. Kemble; and this inelasticity made it impossible for her to abandon old, and adopt new and, to her, strange conventions.

Just fancy the hunger and thirst of a human being so constituted and so habituated, in an American city, in the former half of this century, where the best substitutes for her lost companions, the clergymen and other professional men, were too busy and too tired to circulate; the few men of leisure and business men were too uneducated to furnish any nourishment; and the women, unlike her regretted British sisters, were disabled by poor health, engrossed in home cares and local interests, and incapacitated by want of education. "You can form no idea," she writes, "of the intellectual dearth and drought in which I am existing at present." "All the persons whom I should like to cultivate are professionally engaged without intermission, and they have no time, and, it seems, but little taste, for social enjoyment." "No one that I belong to takes the slightest interest in literary pursuits." This dearth or utter solitude in her country home were the possible alternatives. Then there was the climate, which debilitated her in summer and dismayed her in winter, and which throughout the year combined with the dust and mud to deprive her of that exercise on foot and in the saddle which she could not do without.

She gives a laughable account of her kindly but abortive attempts, as the lady of Butler Place, to school the children who were already schooled, to fête the laborers on the Fourth of July with wine and beer which they would not touch, to visit the poor who did not exist; and we can see her bustling about with her keys, measuring out supplies for the household, tormenting herself with details, disaffecting her servants with foreign customs, and crusading generally, with great fatigue and little or no avail.

When she learned that her husband's inheritance consisted chiefly of slaves and plantations, her heart was deeply touched with pity and a sense of responsibility to the enslaved laborers, and she wrote a "long and vehement treatise against negro slavery," which she was deterred from publishing for fear of public indignation. Looking back upon her life at this time, Mrs. Kemble says: "The ideas and expectations with which I then entered upon my Northern country life, near Philadelphia, were impossible of fulfillment, and simply ridiculous under the circumstances." "Those with which I contemplated an existence on our Southern estate were not only ridiculously impossible, but would speedily have found their only result in the ruin, danger, and very probably death of all concerned. I am now able to understand and appreciate what I had then not the remotest suspicion of, — the amazement

and dismay, the terror and disgust, with which such theories must have filled every member of the American family with which my marriage had connected me; I must have appeared to them nothing but a mischievous madwoman." "It is a strange country and a strange people; and though I have dear and good friends among them, I still feel a stranger here, and fear I shall continue to do so until I die, which God grant I may do at home! — that is, in England."

I have often heard Mrs. Kemble lament that Americans and English should continue to regard themselves as one people, despite the essential differences wrought by the influence of two hundred years' separation. She thought that this mistaken notion of identity led to unreasonable expectations, and consequent misunderstandings and disappointments; and her position was, I think, well taken, — that we should better our relations by respecting one another's strangeness. In her case, the incompatibilities were both generic and individual; her marriage was entered upon rashly and unwisely. And, paradoxical as it may seem, this marriage to an American, while it did give her, as it were, two homes, and friends in both hemispheres, ended by rendering her homeless; for, on whichever side of the ocean she sojourned, she was homesick for the other. If in England, she yearned for her children, and, next to them, for the Sedgwicks; if in America, she was anxious about her family, longed for the sight of the friends of her youth, and felt herself an exile from her beloved native land.

"Oh, vainest quest of that torment, the love for the absent!" she writes. "This being linked by invisible chains to the remote ends of the earth, and constantly feeling the strain of the distance upon one's heart; this sort of death in life, for you are all so far away that you are almost as *bad* as dead to me. I really feel sometimes as if I could make up my mind to turn my thoughts once and for all away from you, as from the very dead, and never more, by this disjointed communion, revive, in all its acuteness, the bitter sense of loss and separation."

While she did not feel at home in America, and while this lack of complete sympathy increased as she grew older and youthful associations dearer, yet she cherished a warm affection for her adopted country, especially for New England, which she believed would be "the noblest country in the world in a little while;" and this opinion she has reiterated in her letters to me, especially since the war, which wrung her heart as if she had a brother or a son whose death she dreaded to see gazetted. An attempt she made to read Barbara Frietchie and her daughter's touching Boat of Grass, the last time she read in Boston, came to an end through her uncontrollable emotion. I must quote her Sonnets on the American War as expressing in noble verse the hopes of our enemies, the despondency of our timid friends, and, finally, the assurance of our ultimate triumph and its solemnity.

SONNETS ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

I.

She has gone down! They shout it from afar, —
Kings, nobles, priests, all men of every race
Whose lagging clogs time's swift, relentless pace.
She has gone down, — our evil-boding star;
Rebellion smitten with rebellion's sword,
Anarchy done to death by slavery,
Of ancient right, insolvent enemy;
Beneath a hideous cloud of civil war,
Strife such as heathen slaughterers had abhorred,
The lawless land where no man was called lord,
Spurning all wholesome curb, and dreaming free,
Her rabble rules licentious tyranny.
In the fierce splendor of her arrogant morn
She has gone down, the world's eternal scorn.

II.

She has gone down! Woe for the world and all
The weary workers, gazing from afar

At the clear rising of that hopeful star, —
Star of redemption to each weeping thrall
Of power decrepit, and of rule outworn;
Beautiful shining of that blessed morn
Which was to bring leave for the poor to live,
To work and rest, to labor and to thrive,
And righteous room for all who nobly strive.
She has gone down! Woe for the struggling world,
Back on its path of progress sternly hurled!
Land of sufficient harvests for all dearth,
Home of far-seeing hope, time's latest birth;
Woe for the promised land of the whole earth!

III.

Triumph not, fools, and weep not, ye faint-hearted!
Have ye believed that the supreme decree
Of Heaven had given this people o'er to perish?
Have ye believed that God had ceased to cherish
This great, new world of Christian liberty?
Nay, by the precious blood shed to redeem
The nation from its selfishness and sin;
By each brave heart that bends in holy strife,
Leaving its kindred hearts to break through life;
By all the bitter tears, whose source must stream
Forever every desolate home within,
We will return to our appointed place,
First in the vanguard of the human race.

When we review Fanny Kemble's achievements, her acting, her reading, her writing, her personal influence, we must accord her genius. As to her writings, her Journal is sometimes saucy, as written by a young girl who had gone forth from home for the first time, but how graphic her pictures of places and people, how sparkling with wit and full of feeling, with a sad undertone, for an early disappointment had already shaded her young days; her Poems, written for the most part after joy and hope had vanished, so charged with anguish; her Year of Consolation, breathing the atmosphere of Italy, and imparting the refreshment and fitful happiness she enjoyed; her Residence on a Georgian Plantation, as pathetic and cruel as Uncle Tom's Cabin, and fateful to her, haunted by the sin of such possession; her Notes upon some of Shakespeare's plays and upon the stage, so discriminating, especially her remarks upon the Dramatic and the Theatrical.

But the most valuable of all her writings are the Records of her Girlhood[1] and of her Later Life; for these, beginning with a reminiscence of her earliest years, are soon succeeded by what is much more reliable, a record, not reverting to, but running along with, her life from day to day, incidentally revealed by letters to her dearest friend, communicating events and outpouring her inmost thoughts and feelings.[2] And this life was like the course of a mountain brook.

"The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou knowest, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean."

Like the Banished Duke, she felt her life more sweet

"Under the shade of melancholy boughs,"
"Than that of painted pomp;"

and in her sad and solitary pilgrimage she lifted her eyes unto the hills, year after year, so long as she could travel. She there found restoration. Perhaps it was an inheritance from her mother's mother, who was Swiss.

There was in her personality a sweetness and fullness of feeling in every direction, something akin to the nature of her great master, Shakespeare; a worship of God and of nature in all its phases, love of and sympathy with all

[1] First published in The Atlantic, 1875–77, under the title Old Woman's Gossip.

[2] The third series, Further Records, cannot be spoken of in the same breath with the previous volumes. It was published in 1890, when Mrs. Kemble was too old to scrutinize the proofs, and abounds in details fit for the ear of a friend, but not of the public, and ill-considered opinions which she did not permanently hold; and I know that, when too late, she was much troubled about it.

creatures, exuberant spirits, need of motion, need of love, resistance to all authority, a sweet-tempered, cheerful indifference to all punishment. From her childhood days, whether she was hoping that her little sister, of whom she was jealous, would poison herself with privet berries; or suffering anguish over her lost little brother; or running away in resentment for some punishment; or defiantly singing during her term of expiation; or walking upon the roof of her Boulogne schoolhouse as a release from confinement, "*cette diable de Kemble;*" or writing abstracts of sermons for her less gifted school companions; or devouring the poetry of Scott and Byron; or acting Andromaque at her Paris boarding-school; or fishing all day with her mother at their rural retreat; or strolling about Heath Farm with her new-found, lifelong friend, Miss St. Leger, making hawthorn wreaths; or wading into the river, accoutred as she was; or listening to the music of Der Freischütz; or scrutinizing the peculiarities of some of her relatives, aunt Whitelock in particular; or writing verses; or grieving over her brother John's course at the university and her parents' disappointment, she was always the same bright, intense, exultant human creature. In her composition, humor, that safeguard, that salt of humanity, was an element, — a healthy, hearty humor, excited by her own as well as by her neighbors' absurdities, and derived from her quick-witted mother, her father's family being somewhat deficient in that endowment. Like President Lincoln, she might have died but for this occasional relief.

Before she was eighteen she had written the play of Francis I., and had been offered two hundred pounds for it. About this time she went to Edinburgh to stay with Mrs. Harry Siddons, a very self-restrained and lovely woman, under whose powerful influence this young girl's mind became much affected by religious considerations, and a strong devotional element developed which characterized her ever afterwards. All through her life her thoughts were more on religion than on any other subject. On her first visit to Boston, when the general adulation was calculated to turn her head, her great pleasure was to make and cherish the acquaintance of Dr. Channing, — an acquaintance which ripened into a lifelong friendship. In Philadelphia, Dr. Furness was her most cherished friend. She it was who first made Robertson known to many of us; indeed, it was through her advice that his sermons were republished in this country. She delighted in the society and the ministrations of Phillips Brooks, who once said to me, "I think she is the best woman I have ever known." Her letters to her bosom friend and her journals were filled with religious reflections; on the day of her London début she spent the morning reading Blunt's Scripture Characters.

When, from being an insignificant schoolgirl, she had suddenly become "a little lion in society," with approbation, admiration, and adulation showered upon her, and social courtesies poured in upon her from every side; when she was petted and caressed by persons of real and conventional distinction, she writes to her friend: "When I reflect that admiration and applause, and the excitement springing therefrom, may become necessary to me, I resolve not only to watch, but to pray, against such a result. I have no desire to sell my soul for anything, least of all for sham fame, mere notoriety." Her prayers were answered, for while her nerves were affected on the stage, and while she lost her sleep for some time and suffered from headache and sideache from the same cause, she was able to discuss her merits and demerits coolly; her mind and heart were disengaged; she longed to flee with her friend to Heath Farm, to renew their pleasant walks and talks; she was solicitous as ever about the health and happiness of all

her friends. Steadiness under circumstances so calculated to elate, to intoxicate, seems to me phenomenal; it speaks for the nobility and depth of her nature, to turn from what her good aunt Dall called "mere frivolous, fashionable popularity," and to decide that this was mere vanity.

I believe that if Fanny Kemble had been a man she would have been a minister of religion, as her brother John intended to be; her letters and journals are full of aspiration and inspiration. The prayer which she breathed in behalf of a young débutante, "that she might be able to see the truth of all things in the midst of all things false," was for her fulfilled; in the days of her youth and her triumphs, as well as in her sad and solitary after life, she realized that "things seen are temporal, things not seen are eternal."

"The purpose of life alone," she writes, "time wherein to do God's will, makes it sacred. I do not think it pleasant enough to wish to keep it for a single instant without the idea of the duty of living, since God has bid us live. After all, life is a heavy burden on a weary way, and I never saw the human being whose existence was what I should call happy. I have seen some whose lives were so good that they justified their own existence, and one could conceive both why they lived and that they found it good to live."

She was one who felt it was more blessed to give than to receive. She was chary of taking, but her bounty was not strained; it fell, like the rain, on the just and on the unjust; she seemed never so happy as when she could confer some favor or perform some service, so keen was her fellow feeling. It is a received saying that it is more difficult to be just than to be generous. Fanny Kemble had both virtues; throughout her Records her notices of persons and of their works are most kindly, and in the case of Charles Greville, whose declared friendship did not prevent him from inserting ill-natured remarks in his memoirs, — still more in the case of Miss Martineau, who, professedly cordial, had made most absurd and injurious libels, and to whom Mrs. Kemble has many allusions, — most magnanimous. And there are other instances of her magnanimity scattered through these delightful books; not mere omissions to notice or to resent injustice and ingratitude, for she was frankness itself, but greatness of mind not biased by personal relations, — a forgiveness and seeming forgetfulness of injuries.

Emerson says the alternatives offered to each of us are "peace or truth." Fanny Kemble certainly did not hesitate to choose the latter; or perhaps she derived it unconsciously from her mother. Her statements regarding herself, her family, her friends, her views of life, and her opinions on matters light and grave, extorted from her by her exacting friend Miss St. Leger, or given spontaneously, are what a clergyman of my acquaintance would have called "central truths," undeflected by silliness or selfishness, and uninfluenced by mere authority. She aspired to independence of mind and body, and she realized her aspirations. While she had her prejudices, was indeed somewhat insular, she shows few biased judgments, no morbid sentiments. Her eye was single, and her whole body full of light.

Notwithstanding her plot to poison her little sister with privet berries, her attempted running away, her contemplated suicide, her defiant joyousness under reproof, there is no trait in her character more lovable than her absolute filial and family devotion. It was her mother's tears and her father's thickening anxieties that thrust her upon the stage, absolutely unprepared save by her birth and breeding. "My life was rather sad at this time," she writes; "my brother's failure at college was a source of disappointment and distress to my par-

ents, while the darkening prospects of the theatre threw a gloom over us all. My mother, coming in from walking one day, threw herself into a chair and burst into tears. 'Oh, it has come at last!' she said; 'our property is to be sold.' Seized with a sort of terror, like the Lady of Shalott, that 'the curse had come upon me,' I wrote a most urgent entreaty to my father that he would allow me to act for myself, so as to relieve him at once from the burden of my maintenance." Her frequent alarms over her father's infatuation for Covent Garden Theatre, in which he sank successively eighty thousand pounds of his brother's investment, his own and his two daughters' earnings, her anxiety over his consequent illnesses, and her sympathy with her mother's deep distress evince the strength of the filial tie; and her grief over her brother John's failures and meanderings, a bitter disappointment to his father and mother; her affection for him, and for her handsome young brother Henry; her tender solicitude for her sister Adelaide; and her delight in being able from her earnings to aid them all, — giving a horse to her father, buying a commission in the army for her brother Henry, assuring comfort, even luxury, to her father by giving him for life her earnings in England and America, upon her marriage, granting assistance to the otherwise unprovided-for children of her two brothers, and other despoiling of herself for those she loved, even while she was toiling for her own support, — these things attest her affection for all her kin.

Her loyalty to her friends was as enduring, her affection as unreserved, as to her family. The interesting Records were made possible by the return of forty years' constant correspondence with the friend of her girlhood, Miss St. Leger; her relations with Miss Sedgwick and family were as continuous; the young schoolgirl whom she captured hanging flowers upon the knob of her door in the Tremont House, upon her first visit to Boston, became her lifelong intimate, and compels this inadequate sketch; and, as the book reveals, other friends whose adoption she had tried she grappled to her soul with hooks of steel which never rusted. "God knows how devoutly I thank him for the treasure of love that has been bestowed on me out of so many hearts, in a measure so far above my deserts that my gratitude is mingled with surprise and a sense of my own unworthiness which enhances my appreciation of my great good fortune in this respect." To her sorrow, her life was so prolonged that she outlived not only her brothers and sister, but most of her friends likewise; the survivors reciprocated her love, and feel that the world is more sad and dreary by loss of the light and warmth of her great presence.

Consistency is said to be a jewel. Fanny Kemble neither inherited nor acquired it: she had curiously inconsistent moods and traits; she had a collection rather than a combination of qualities. And no wonder, when we refer to her birth and her bringing-up. The twisting of foreign strands, the weaving of different materials, the forging of different metals, by combining compensating qualities, add to the strength and value of the compound; so the crossing of races sometimes results in a harmonious completeness possessed by neither race singly, but at other times it results in the coexistence of discordant extremes. Such was the case in the Kemble household; the mother inheriting from her French father and Swiss mother "the peculiar organization of genius. To the fine senses of a savage rather than a civilized nature she joined an acute instinct of criticism in all matters of art, and a general quickness and accuracy of perception, and brilliant vividness of expression." As her poor father, like other French *émigrés*, was sickening from starvation and the influence of the climate, this bright, graceful, and beautiful child, enrolled in a troupe of little actors, and admired and

petted by the great, from the "first gentleman of Europe" down, thereby developing precocious feeling and imagination, was saddened by the ghastly contrast between the comforts and luxuries of the rich, with which she was made familiar, and her own poor home, where sickness and sorrow were becoming abiding inmates, and poverty and privation the customary conditions of life. "Of course, the pleasure and beauty loving, artistic temperament, which is the one most likely to be exposed to such an ordeal as that of my mother's childhood, is also the one liable to be most injured by it. How much the passionate, vehement, susceptible, and most suffering nature was thus banefully fostered I can better judge from the sad vantage-ground of my own experience." Linked to this fiery, loving, suffering, acute-minded woman was an affectionate, dignified, heavy-moulded husband, with his share of the theatrical traits of his family, to whom she and their children were warmly attached, but who neither shared nor comprehended the finer senses or higher standard of his wife, and for that reason probably wounded all the more her sensibilities.

Fanny Kemble inherited her full share of her mother's susceptibilities, vehemence, and suffering nature: her pulse thrilled, her heart beat, her tears gushed forth upon every occasion, painful or pleasurable; her impetuosity burst the bounds of self-control, making her deaf to assurances or remonstrances; as she herself said, "My *suddenness* is the curse of my nature." Speaking of her home, she says: "The defect of our home education is that, from the mental tendencies of all of us, no less than from our whole mode of life, the more imaginative and refined intellectual qualities are fostered in us in preference to our reasoning power. We have all excitable natures; and whether in head or heart, that is a disadvantage. The unrestrained indulgence of feeling is as injurious to moral strength as the undue excess of fancy is to mental vigor."

To brace herself against her temperament, Fanny Kemble cultivated unusually systematic pursuits and monotonous habits, from an instinct of self-preservation, persuaded, as she says, "that religion and reason alike justify such a strong instinctive action in natures which derive a constant mental support from the soothing and restraining influence of systematic habits of monotonous regularity." An observant friend of Mrs. Kemble said to me, as much as forty years ago, "If Fanny Kemble did not read her Bible at such an hour, visit at such an hour, exercise at such an hour, and gird herself with set habits, she would go mad." But this is not the whole explanation; for while she did undoubtedly thus seek support, she had inherited from her very English father a worship of law and order, of church and state, of ancient customs, which contrasted violently with her usual impulsiveness and assertion of individuality. The upholder of form and etiquette, the assertor of dignity to-day, would to-morrow defy conventionality, mortify friends, and scandalize strangers by walking in full dress into a river, up to her arms, and then go dripping home through a crowd of beholders. And this metamorphosis was as swift as the flow in a spirit thermometer, as sudden as the transformation scene in a pantomime, and as absolute; the passing was instantaneous and unconscious.

During the life of Gouverneur Kemble, — a delightful gentleman, crony of Washington Irving, remote kinsman of Fanny Kemble, to whom he played the host at his pleasant place on the Hudson River, opposite West Point, — Saturday was called at the Military Academy "Kemble day," because the professors and officers went in turn to dine with their neighbor. When Fanny Kemble took on her magisterial style, it might well have been called "Kemble day," for it was an inheritance from her theatrical

ancestors, and recalled anecdotes of John Philip Kemble and Mrs. Siddons.

I was impelled one day to say to Mrs. Kemble that I had found out what was the matter with her: there were too many of her, — she must have been intended for twins; and I cannot better define the superabundant, tumultuous, dual nature, partaking of the extreme antipodal characteristics of her parents.

Her feelings rose and fell like the tide in the British Channel, and every few hours, when the tide was turning, she was in a state of agitation, tossed like a cockle boat on a cross sea. I doubt if any friend of Fanny Kemble thinks of her in a composed state, but rather as moved by joy or sorrow; and this agitation led her to shrink from general society as too exciting and too embarrassing to one so easily discomposed, and to long for a communion with nature and familiar friends, — a feeling fully reciprocated by those friends who enjoyed her most under such conditions. One cannot read her books without laughing and grieving over the series of scrapes and collisions caused by her suddenness, rashness, and subsequent fears, her assertion of independence, her acute sympathies, her mission as a crusader. Some of Mrs. Kemble's collisions, which are reported with exaggeration, reduced to bare facts, can be referred to these peculiarities, some to her theatrical inheritance, some to her self-imposed duty as a crusader, some to a sudden freak, some to her embarrassment and consequent clutching at safety, or passing along the mortification at her own discomposure. She says somewhere, "I am always remarkably cross when I am frightened," — a natural concatenation. From whatever cause she occasionally wounded the feelings of others, her repentance was swift and sincere; her sense of justice, her warmth of heart, brought remorse and repentance.

Such as she was, brimming over with reverence and gratitude to God, with love to man, with sensibility to all the problems of life, to nature, with interest in art, in literature, in politics; generous, magnanimous, truthful, full of hope; crowned and worshiped, then struck down, doomed to bear thenceforth her heavy cross alone, — she has been to her family a guardian angel, to her friends a mighty fortress and shelter, to the world a delight and refreshment.

Mrs. Kemble's wish to die at home was fulfilled. Old age crept upon her in her own country, in the home of her younger daughter, wife of an English clergyman, and there she passed instantaneously from life to death.

"Green ivy risen from out the cheerful earth
Will fringe the lettered stone, and herbs spring forth,
Whose fragrance, by soft dews and rain unbound,
Shall penetrate the heart without a wound;
While truth and love their purposes fulfill,
Commemorating genius, talent, skill,
That could not lie concealed where thou wast known;
Thy virtues he must judge, and he alone,
The God upon whose mercy they are thrown."

Henry Lee.

HAWTHORNE AT NORTH ADAMS.

The westward-bound passenger on the Fitchburg railroad, emerging from the long roar of the Hoosac tunnel, sees the smoke-blurred electric lamps quenched in sudden daylight, shuts his watch, and finds himself in North Adams. The commercial travelers leave the car, and a boy comes in with the Troy papers. A grimy station hides the close-built town, though upon the

left one can see row above row of boarding-houses clinging to the face of a rocky foothill of Greylock, and further to the south a bit of meadow land not yet covered with railroad sidings. Then the train moves on, and in a moment plunges into another tunnel, and so out of the Tunnel City.

Twenty years ago, the traveler's first glimpse of North Adams was more picturesque. The big six-horse coaches, starting from Rice's, away over in the winding valley of the Deerfield, and climbing Hoosac Mountain, used to swing at full gallop along the two or three miles of tableland on the summit of the range, past the queer old houses of Fiorida, the highest township in Massachusetts, and pull up for a moment where the road turned sharply down the western slope. On the right were the last reluctant spurs of the Green Mountains; directly in front, over the broad Williamstown valley, stretched the clear-cut Taconics; at the left rose the massive lines of Greylock. At one's feet, far below, were two or three church spires, and the smoke of factories. Tiny houses were already perching here and there on the steep sides of the mill streams; for North Adams has no site whatever, and from the beginning has had to climb for its life. Completely enfolded by hills as the village seemed, one could yet catch a glimpse, as the driver gathered up his reins for the long descent, of a valley extending southward, between Ragged Mountain and the Hoosac range, toward the towns of lower Berkshire.

It was up this valley, more than half a century ago, that the Pittsfield stage brought Hawthorne to North Adams. He was taking, in rather aimless fashion, one of those summer outings, which gave him more pleasure, he said, than other people had in the whole year beside. Nothing drew him to northern Berkshire, apparently, except the mere chance of travel; but he found the place congenial, and there are facts connected with his stay there that throw a clear light upon Hawthorne, at a period critical both for himself and his art. There are persons still living who well remember his sojourn in North Adams. His favorite companions were men prominent in the little community, and of such marked personal qualities that story and legend are busy with them to this hour; so that even if the graphic delineations of the American Note-Books were not at hand, one might still form a fairly accurate picture of the North Adams of 1838.

Halfway down the straggling main street, upon the site of the present Wilson House, was a noted inn, called either after its proprietor, Smith's Tavern, or according to its politics, the Whig Tavern, or else, and more pretentiously, the North Adams House. Those were the days of Martin Van Buren, and the Democratic, or Waterman Tavern, was across the way, on the corner now occupied by the Richmond House. But Hawthorne, though on the very eve of becoming a Democratic office-holder, weakly yielded to the attractions of the Whig Tavern, being doubtless lured by the reputation of Orrin Smith as a hotel-keeper. Up to the many-pillared piazza of Smith's Tavern drove the stages from Greenfield and Pittsfield, from Troy and Albany. The broad stoop was the favorite loafing-place of the village characters. Here sat mild-mannered Captain Carter, with butternut meats and maple sugar for sale in little tin measures, which Hawthorne has described with curious precision; and which descended, by the way, after the captain's death, to a well-known vagrant in the adjoining village of Williamstown. Hither hobbled "Uncle John" Sheldon, the Revolutionary pensioner. Here was to be found the one-armed soap-maker, Daniel Haynes, nicknamed "Black Hawk," who had once been a lawyer, and had been ruined by drink, though there was still "a trace of the gentle-

man and man of intellect" in him. And here, accompanied by his Newfoundland dog, was the brandy-possessed "Doctor Bob" Robinson, a sort of fearless and savage Falstaff, the fame of whose single combats and evil ways and miraculous gifts of healing lingers even yet in the Tunnel City.

Along the piazza, or within the hospitable bar-room, sat village worthies of a higher grade: Otis Hodge the millwright, Orrin Witherell the blacksmith, Squire Putnam and Squire Drury, and the rest, filling their broad-bottomed chairs with the dignity acquired by years of habitude. Jovial old fellows were these patrons of the Whig Tavern, — Rhode Island Baptists, most of them, — hard-handed and level-headed, with hearty laughs and strongly flavored stories, with coarse appetites for meat and drink, and "a tendency to obesity." Doubtless they scrutinized each new arrival, drew shrewd inferences as to his occupation and character, and decided whether he was worthy of their intimacy. We do not know their first impressions of the young man who stepped out of the Pittsfield stage on the 26th of July, but there is every evidence that he was strongly attracted to these broad-backed tavern-haunters, and was promptly initiated into their circle. Curiously enough, their new friend was the most delicately imaginative genius this country has yet produced; gifted with such elusive qualities, such swift, bright, fairy-like fancies, that his college mates had nicknamed him "Oberon;" so shy and solitary that for years he had scarcely gone upon the streets of his native town except at night; so modest that he concealed his identity as a story-writer under a dozen different signatures; with a personal reserve so absolute and insistent that no liberty was ever taken with him; beautiful in face and form, fresh-hearted and pure-souled. A strange associate, indeed, for Orrin Witherell and Otis Hodge, Orrin Smith and "Doctor Bob" Robinson! Ragged, one-armed "Black Hawk," soap-boiler and phrenologist, stopped in his "wild and ruined and desperate talk" to look at the new guest. "My study is man," he said. "I do not know your name, but there is something of the hawk-eye about you, too." And thus the two students of man entered into fellowship.

Hawthorne tarried at the North Adams House until the 11th of September. He bathed in the pools along Hudson's Brook, and climbed the hills at sunset. He chatted on the tavern stoop with "Uncle John" Sheldon and with Captain Carter, of whose name he was not quite certain, and which he enters in the journal as "I believe, Capt. Gavett." On rainy days he sat in the bar-room and consorted with Methodistical cattle drovers, stage agents, agents for religious and abolition newspapers, and an extraordinary variety of other people. He attended court, the menagerie, and the funeral of a child. Sometimes he took brief excursions in the neighborhood; as, for instance, to the Williams Commencement. Here he might have seen Mark Hopkins, presiding for the second time, flanked by dignitaries of the church and state; he might have listened to twenty-three orations, upon themes of which The Influence of Deductive and Inductive Habits on the Character, by William Bross, and The Effect of Music on the Feelings, by Henry M. Field, are perhaps fair examples, — to say nothing of the polished periods of the Rev. Orville Dewey's address before the alumni. But, as a matter of fact, this conscienceless graduate of Bowdoin apparently spent most of his time behind the church, watching the peddlers and the negroes. The only evidence that he entered the big white meeting-house at all is his remark that there were well-dressed ladies there, "the sunburnt necks in contiguity with the delicate fabrics of the dresses showing the yeoman's daughters."

Some of the people with whom the usually taciturn Hawthorne conversed, in the course of his walks and drives, made a deep impression upon his imagination. Of an old man whose children were connected with a circus establishment, he noted, as Wordsworth might have done, "While this old man is wandering among the hills, his children are the gaze of multitudes." On the top of Hoosac Mountain he met, one day, a German Jew, traveling with a diorama. After Hawthorne had looked at it, a curious elderly dog made his appearance, which the romance-writer has described with such extreme fidelity as to give Mr. Henry James the impression of a "general vacancy in the field of Hawthorne's vision," although it will appear that Hawthorne knew what he was about. One moonlight night he ascended the mountain side, startling the lonely watcher by one of those huge lime-kilns that then, and for many years, abounded near North Adams; and, going up to the top of the kiln, the future author of Ethan Brand gazed down upon the red-hot marble, burning with its "bluish, lambent flame." Experiences like this were destined to reappear, more or less transformed, in his creative work; but often the incidents recorded in the journal are of the very simplest character, as, for instance, the fact that two little girls, bearing tin pails, who met him on the Notch road, "whispered one another and smiled."

North Adams is a strange place, after all, to find Oberon in, — Oberon, the king of the fairies. We are not likely to understand the secret of Hawthorne's stay there unless we remember that the summer of 1838 was the most important epoch of his life.

What is first to be observed in the North Adams portion of the American Note-Books is the professional point of view. The writer is an artist in search of material. "Conceive something tragical to be talked about," he adds, after describing the old man whose children were in the circus, "and much might be made of this interview in a wild road among the hills." He notes elsewhere: "A little boy named Joe, who haunts about the bar-room and the stoop, four years old, in a thin, short jacket, and full-breeched trousers, and bare feet. . . . Take this boy as the germ of a tavern-haunter, a country *roué*, to spend a wild and brutal youth, ten years of his prime in the state prison, and his old age in the poorhouse." Thus generously does the Hawthorne who himself haunts the Whig Tavern suggest to that other Hawthorne who invents stories that he might "take this boy." The suggestion was adopted, though Joe was not made to run through the melancholy course so vividly outlined for him; and readers of the Note-Books, who have wondered what ever became of the little fellow, — whose real name was not Joe, but Edward, — will doubtless be glad to learn that he grew up to be an eminently respectable citizen, and moved West! But the paragraph about Joe is a typical one.

Hawthorne was thirty-four years old that summer, and for a dozen years had devoted himself, in a solitary and more or less ineffective way, to the art of fiction. A gentleman who well remembers his sojourn at the North Adams House says that he used to walk along the street with his eyes down, and that he presented the tavern-keeper's niece with a book he had written. This book, published the year before, was Twice-Told Tales. In Hawthorne's well-known criticism upon these stories, written many years afterward, he accounted for their negative character — "the pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade" — by his way of life while composing them. It had been a hermit life, a life of shadows, yet now and then of almost pathetic grasping after realities. The articles in Twice-Told Tales which pleased the author best were those elaborate exer-

cises in description, valuable indeed as illustration of the accuracy of Hawthorne's self-training in detailed observation, but more valuable as evidences of his struggle to turn from his air-drawn fancies, and morbid though often extremely powerful imaginings, to the common sunshine, the trivial sweet realities of the actual world.

Now, the author of the North Adams journal is the Hawthorne of The Toll-Gatherer's Day and Little Annie's Ramble, rather than the Hawthorne of The Prophetic Pictures and Fancy's Show Box. He turns eagerly to the life about him; he notes its details with fascinated interest. Nothing comes amiss to him: the long valley of the Notch, as it sweeps up to the Bellows-pipe, and a grunting drove of pigs passing the tavern at dusk, are alike entered in his note-book. Fifty years before the preface to Pierre et Jean was written, here was a young man in an obscure corner of Massachusetts practicing a "theory of observation" which would have satisfied De Maupassant himself. The extraordinary precision of Hawthorne's descriptions thus early in his career can be fully appreciated only by one who discovers how a mere line from the Note-Books will to-day serve, with the older citizens of North Adams, to identify the village characters sketched therein; or by one who will stand, with Hawthorne's words before him, by the side of Hudson's Brook, or on the desolate summit of Bald Mountain, or at that point on the Notch road where there is a view of Williamstown, "with high, mountainous swells heaving themselves up, like immense subsiding waves, far and wide around it."

There was a reason for this passion for the outer world. Solitude had done its utmost for Hawthorne, at least for the time being, and he had come to a parting of the ways. A single sentence from a letter to an intimate friend in 1838 is like a cry from the man's inmost soul, — "I want to have something to do with the material world." Wedged in between Otis Hodge and Orrin Witherell around the huge fire in the public room of the Whig Tavern, his elbows touching those stout-built, cheery-souled embodiments of pioneer virtues and vices, and casting himself into the life of the village in all its varied activities, Hawthorne found the "material world" with which he longed to come in touch. When he left North Adams, it was to enter almost at once upon the life of a weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom House, and to stand thenceforth in the ranks with his fellowmen.

But Hawthorne's new contact with actualities was something more than a mere quickening of interests, a broadening of his range, a closer focusing of his professional eye upon the object. He was a writer; he had the passion for observing, recording, recombining; he could not help it. It may well be that when such a man throws himself upon the actual, the result is simply a keener physical vision, a more perfect analysis, a more pitiless art. This fate was quite possible for Hawthorne. The fear of it haunted him, and never more so than in this very year when he made his escape from it. He wrote to Longfellow, "There is no fate in this world so horrible as to have no share in its joys and sorrows." To the mere observer as well as to the mere dreamer — and Hawthorne had been both by turns — may come that paralysis which lays hold of the very roots of life and art together; which begins in artistic detachment, and ends in the sterility of isolation. From the horror of that death in life, which has fallen in our day upon artists like Flaubert and his more brilliant nephew, Hawthorne was saved, as he believed, by the influence of the woman who afterward became his wife. In his own simple phrase, his heart was touched. "I used to think I could imagine all passions, all feel-

ings and states of the heart and mind, but how little did I know! Indeed, we are but shadows; we are not endowed with real life; and all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream till the heart be touched. That touch creates us; then we begin to be; thereby we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity."

Hawthorne had already felt that creative touch in the summer of 1838. It accounts — does it not? — for the new sense of reality so apparent in the journal. It was not simply his artistic interest, but his sympathy, that started into a quicker life. His extraordinarily sensitive mind brooded upon the risk he had run of becoming a cool observer, untaught that he had a heart; it became, in his own words, "a fearful thought" to him, and, being an artist to the finger-tips, he put his fearful thought into artistic form. In Ethan Brand, the story of the man who committed the Unpardonable Sin, Hawthorne embodied not only his North Adams character studies, but the very emotion that must have stirred his deepest heart during those weeks of sojourn at the Whig Tavern. He laid upon the shoulders of the lime-burner on the slope of Hoosac the awful burden whose weight he himself had almost felt.

Ethan Brand, a Chapter from an Abortive Romance, was first published in The Dollar Magazine under the title of The Unpardonable Sin, in 1851. The date of its composition is uncertain. Mr. Lathrop thinks that Hawthorne's removal to Berkshire in 1850 may have revived his interest in the old material provided by the Note-Books; Mr. Conway is inclined to believe that the story was written in 1848. Nor is it clear how literally the subtitle is to be taken. There are allusions in Ethan Brand to preceding episodes connected with the theme, of such dramatic possibilities that Hawthorne may well have sketched them in his fancy, but whether he ever seriously tried his hand upon anything more than the culminating chapter is doubtful. Two things, however, are certain: for the setting of the story, its author drew exclusively upon notes taken in North Adams; and the moral problem involved in it was Hawthorne's own problem, as a man and an artist, in the summer of 1838. Remembering how long he brooded over the Septimius Felton theme and the Scarlet Letter theme before writing a word, it will not seem improbable that the conception of Ethan Brand should date from the time of his first visit to Berkshire, even if the story remained unwritten for a dozen years; though, as a matter of fact, it is not at all unlikely that its composition is to be placed much earlier than the critics have surmised.

Ostensibly a fragment, and undoubtedly bearing internal evidence of some haste or dissatisfaction on the author's part, Ethan Brand remains one of the most powerful things that Hawthorne ever wrote. Rarely has he shown such dramatic instinct as when he marshaled his old North Adams acquaintances into the moonshine and narrow streaks of firelight that illuminated the open space before the lime-kiln on the sombre mountain side. They are all there: the stage agent, the crippled soap-boiler, the brandy-possessed doctor, the old man whose daughter had wandered away with the circus, the German Jew with his diorama, and the curious old dog. It is little Joe who guides them into the presence of their former associate, Ethan Brand, who has committed "the one only crime for which Heaven can afford no mercy." Many notes from the journal are adopted without change. Sometimes there is a mere shifting of descriptive phrases that seem to suit Hawthorne's fancy: as when the "wild and ruined and desperate talk" attributed in the Note-Books to the cripple is here given to the doctor; or the sentence "Earth was so mingled with sky that it was a day-dream to look at it," originally written of Williamstown, is

applied to the village of the tale. But there are more subtle adaptations of his material in two allusions to events not narrated in the story itself, however definitely Hawthorne may have outlined them in his imagination. The old man's missing daughter has become "the Esther of our tale," "whom with such cold and remorseless purpose Ethan Brand had made the subject of a psychological experiment." Reference is also made to "a professional visit of the village doctor to Ethan Brand, during the latter's supposed insanity." Hawthorne has perhaps wrought out the psychological experiment motive often enough elsewhere to indicate what would probably have been his method here; but the idea of bringing "Doctor Bob," with his huge animalism and mordant humor, "savage as a wild beast and miserable as a lost soul," to minister to the spiritual malady that preyed upon Ethan Brand might easily have resulted in a scene unmatched in the whole range of Hawthorne's work.

If it is a pure bit of romanticism to transform the Jew of Hoosac Mountain to "the Jew of Nuremberg," the mask of the fiend himself, there is, on the other hand, in the description of the antics of the old dog an instance of the power of Hawthorne's realism. In the Note-Books, the trivial incident of the dog's chasing his own tail is minutely narrated, as a fact somehow worth recording. In Ethan Brand, the fact is nothing except as it illustrates a truth: the man who had chased the world over for something that was in his own breast, "moved by a perception of some remote analogy between his own case and that of the self-pursuing cur," broke into the awful laugh that sent the jovial party hurrying homewards through the darkening woods.

For Ethan Brand himself there is no model in the journal. None was needed. Hawthorne's own problem, in that critical year, was to keep "the counterpoise between his mind and heart." The doom he dreaded most of all was, to be "no longer a brother man, opening the chambers or the dungeons of our common nature by the key of holy sympathy, which gave him a right to share in all its secrets," but to be, like Ethan Brand, "a cold observer, looking on mankind as the subject of his experiment." The scene of the tale is the very hillside where Hawthorne wandered, brooding over the isolation that kills and the touch that makes alive. Its personages are the people that jostled against him in the tavern. But Hawthorne found Ethan Brand — or a potential Ethan Brand — in his own heart. He believed in an Unpardonable Sin; and it is by this faith in the reality of the moral life, after all is said, that he takes his rank as an artist. He chose moral problems, the truths of the human heart, and made them plastic; he created, not abstract types, but men and women, charging them with spiritual force; and the result is that Ethan Brand, with his homely garments and heavy shoes, bending over the fiery lime-kiln on the slope of Hoosac, is a figure with all the moral passion, the tragic dignity, of Empedocles of old casting himself despairingly into the crater of Mount Etna.

It is more than fifty years since Hawthorne left the village at the foot of Greylock, never to return. Most of the companions of his sojourn there lie buried in the cone-shaped sand-hills of the crowded cemetery just beyond the Little Tunnel. The Whig Tavern changed hands shortly after his departure; and although Orrin Smith later kept another hostelry by the side of the old coaching road on the crest of Hoosac, that, too, has long since disappeared, and the site is overgrown with alders. But within ten minutes' walk of the Tunnel City may still be seen a gray lime-kiln upon which Hawthorne's eyes have rested, and the intense personal emotion of that long-past year is still vibrant in Ethan Brand. The ro-

mance-writers of our day have learned to stray far afield in their search for material, and they come back, too often, with such empty hands! The more 's the pity, since a factory village, set in a narrow space among New England hills, was once field enough for a Hawthorne.

Bliss Perry.

A CENTURY OF FRENCH HISTORY.

The old claim of France to the hegemony of the European continent may now be considered as dormant, if not extinct. But neither the arrogance with which it has so often been asserted or maintained, nor the humiliating disasters which have sometimes been the result, should prevent us from acknowledging its original validity and its general operative force. The magnificent advantages of the country in position, extent, climate, and soil, the manifold capacities, vivacious temperament, and elastic spirit of the people, and the unity and solidity acquired by the nation at a period when most others were still divided and unorganized, were obvious grounds of superiority, and of a preponderating influence amounting at times to a virtual supremacy. And besides the magnitude of her resources, France had a further title to preëminence, which, though less manifest, cannot be set aside as a mere fiction or empty boast, — a title resting on inheritance and descent. It is not a French, but a German historian who has depicted Cæsar's conquest of Gaul as "a bridge connecting the past glories of Hellas and Rome with the prouder fabric of modern history," but for which "our civilization would have hardly stood in any more intimate relation to the Romano-Greek than to the Indian and Assyrian culture." Romanized Gaul was the chief depositary of the diminished heritage bequeathed by the ancient to the modern world, the chosen centre for its preservation and diffusion; and the nation which, by a long process of re-conquest and re-creation, established itself in full possession of its ancient birthright derived from this source the primary impulse and inspiration of its aggressive and propagandizing career. Hence the strong attractiveness which has been not less conspicuous than its aggressiveness, — the aroma of civilization which it has seemed to exhale, and which has exerted a seductive charm quite distinct from that of intellectual greatness or individual achievement. While France is the only nation that has ever provoked universal hostility, it is also the one which has been most assiduously courted and imitated, which alone has succeeded in reconciling alien populations to its sway and binding them to its interests, and which has initiated the great movements that have modified the general organization of society. For most readers, the interest of French history lies in what may be termed its sensational character, in the crises and convulsions in which it abounds; for the student, it has the further and special value of exhibiting with the greatest clearness and completeness the chief stages of political development since the fall of the Roman Empire, — the rise and growth of feudalism in the Middle Ages, the establishment of monarchical supremacy in the fifteenth century, and the triumph of democracy at the close of the eighteenth century.

Four works before us — three of them by American writers, all of them the fruit of careful and critical study — deal with separate phases or detached por-

tions of this eventful history during the century between the death of Louis XIV., in 1715, and the final overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo. Mr. Perkins has followed up his elaborate work on Richelieu and Mazarin with a volume of which the main subject is the Orleans Regency, although the larger half of it is occupied with a preliminary review of the reign of Louis XIV.[1] Working on a scale so much smaller than that of his former book, he has not aimed at anything like the same minuteness of research or fullness of treatment; but he is likely to reach a larger circle of readers, and to leave a stronger impression of his ability as a narrator. He handles the details of his present story with a firm and easy grasp; his style is vigorous and pointed as well as lucid; and his attitude of cool dispassionateness suffices in general for the treatment of characters that make no strong appeal to our sympathies, and no imperative demand for subtle insight or vivid portraiture. Writing on a more familiar theme than before, he can afford to confine himself to its salient aspects; but his brevity is of the kind that indicates, not a mere cursory inspection, but ample knowledge, conscious power, and purposed self-restraint.

Of the figures that stand out on this small but not overcrowded canvas, Louis XIV. is naturally the most prominent, though not perhaps intrinsically the most interesting. That resplendent embodiment of royalty, the object of greater reverence and adulation than had been bestowed on any previous ruler since the deified Cæsars, represents the culmination of a system which he did nothing to create, and which he insensibly did something to impair. The feudal power had been undermined and overthrown by Louis XI.; feudal turbulence, after its many vain attempts to dislocate the new order, had been finally quelled by Richelieu and Mazarin; feudal privilege was still suffered to exist, but only that it might add by reflected beams to the lustre of the crown. The country was more tranquil and prosperous than it had been at any previous period; between the people and the sovereign were only the servants of his power and the obsequious attendants on his favor; and France, without a rival in strength and order, in culture and wealth, occupied that position of ascendency among the states of Europe which, in earlier and darker days, acute and impartial observers had described as its natural destiny. That advantage should have been taken of this state of things to extend the boundaries of the kingdom was in the order of nature as understood by nations and their rulers at most epochs. A long series of wars ensued, of which the final result was disastrous to France; stripping her of conquests made at the outset, dimming the glory of her victories by terrible repulses and defeats, and reducing her for a time to a condition bordering on exhaustion, but revealing also her matchless recuperative energies, and carrying the conviction that her power, when ably directed, could be held in check only by general and combined resistance. It was the prestige of the monarch, not of the nation, that suffered eclipse.

In sketching the character of Louis Mr. Perkins shows discrimination and fairness; but he scarcely succeeds in presenting that complete and concrete image in which qualities and defects form an inseparable whole. They are balanced rather than blended, with the effect of some indefiniteness and inconsistency. In one place (page 26) we are told that "the character of Louis XIV. was so curious, and in some respects so complex, that it is difficult to decide how much credit he should receive for what was accomplished during his reign;"

[1] *France under the Regency.* With a Review of the Administration of Louis XIV. By James Breck Perkins. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

that his vanity was "colossal," his ambition "unbounded," his extravagance "reckless;" but that "he was far from being a commonplace man," and that, "whether for good or evil, he left the marks of his policy and of his beliefs on the government, the people, and the traditions of France." In another place (page 139) we read that "the character of Louis XIV. is symbolized in stone and mortar by the palace he erected" at Versailles. "Whoever cares to gain a just conception of what manner of man Louis XIV. was cannot do better than to stroll through the vast and tasteless gardens, where even nature ceases to be beautiful, and look upon the great row of monstrous buildings which close the view. The palace resembles its master; it is grandiose, commonplace, and dull." It is difficult to reconcile these descriptions, or either of them with a third (pages 161–163), which, if it stood alone, might be accepted without much objection. Here the mainspring of Louis's conduct is indicated by the remark that "he had an elevated conception of the office which he held, and he endeavored to live up to his ideal." But when it is added that "no man on the world's stage has better played the part of the king," and that, though not a great man, "we may justly call him a great king," we seem to be carried back to Versailles and invited to accept the ideal of kingship which ruled in that incense-laden atmosphere. A great king, according to more modern conceptions, is of necessity and emphatically a great man, a predestined ruler; one who does not merely magnify his office, but whose capacities are equal to its highest demands and heaviest responsibilities. Louis was, obviously, not a king after this pattern. Had he found France weak and distracted, his was not the hand that could have raised it from that condition; it was because he found it strong and consolidated that he was able for a time to impose his will upon the world and to dazzle it with his successes. But neither was he, to our apprehension, commonplace or dull. He had clear perceptions within a limited range, a native shrewdness of judgment, often shown both in action and in speech, a natural fitness for the conduct of affairs, great industry, firmness of mind and evenness of temper, and an unrivaled grace of deportment. These qualities would have sufficed to distinguish him in many important stations. They would have fitted him to fill his actual position with credit, and even with *éclat*, if his conception of it had been less "elevated" and more enlightened. Some glimmering consciousness of this fact may have dawned upon him on his deathbed, when, after protesting that he owed no reparations to individuals, he added that for those which he owed to his people he could only trust to the mercy of God.

In his treatment of the Regency, Mr. Perkins brings out with impartial clearness the two aspects of that period which have made it the object of unmeasured obloquy and of equally unmeasured eulogy, — the cynical shamelessness of its manners and its comparative breadth of thought and practical activity. The new atmosphere was laden with grosser impurities than the old, but it was less stifling. The decorous stateliness of Versailles was exchanged for the vulgar bustle of the Palais Royal. Instead of repression, there was tolerance; instead of reverential assent and applause, there were discussion and criticism; instead of an iron routine and immutable traditions, there was scope for experiment and adventure; instead of an ostentatious sanctimoniousness, there were unbridled levity and flaunting licentiousness. What, then, must be the final verdict on the character and efficiency of the government of Philip of Orleans and his minister Dubois? The best, and perhaps the worst, that can be said of its policy is that it was one of expedients; that it

was hampered by no prejudices, but had no vitalizing principles. The maintenance of peace on a firm and equitable basis was an obvious and prime necessity, and credit is due for the skillful management and sensible arrangements by which this object was secured. The ruinous state of the finances was partially and temporarily repaired by a common kind of clumsy and dishonest patchwork, while the attempt to stimulate industry and commerce, and roll up boundless wealth, by the banking and colonization schemes of Law, was more preposterous and more disastrous than the project for its support of which the government of M. Carnot has been doing penance with sackcloth and lighted taper. The temporizing attitude between Jesuits and Jansenists may have been dictated by shrewdness as well as indifference, but it is no proof of enlightenment. We cannot judge of reforms in administration which were planned, but for lack of time or energy were never carried out. In fine, one may say that, while much was weakened or destroyed by this *régime*, nothing was established. The chief claim made for it by Mr. Perkins is that it inaugurated a new spirit; that it stimulated men to think and investigate; that its experiments, though failures, cleared the way for more successful efforts; that at least in its negative results it was a precursor of the Revolution. This view may be accepted without compelling us to put high estimate on the persons who, as much by their lack of earnestness and belief as by their keenness or perspicuity of vision, exerted this emancipating influence.

The lively picture which Mr. Perkins has given us of the period and the actors is more effective than his generalizations; and the strongest impression it leaves is that of a comedy, — one in which there was no Tartuffe, but also no Alceste.

The subject of Mr. Lowell's book is not exactly indicated by its attractive title,[1] which would lead us to expect a narrative of the events that immediately preceded the outbreak of the Revolution, — a picture of the situation when it was one, not of gradual and latent preparation, but of open agitation and suspense. Instead of this, we have a description of the state of the country, its institutions and social arrangements, in the eighteenth century, down to the assembly of the States-General. The administration and the court, the church, the nobility, the army, the courts of law, the finances, the condition of the people, the stream of new ideas that was flooding and permeating society, form the main topics of the twenty-three chapters into which the work is divided. It embraces a large amount of information, derived from recent as well as older sources, and presented in a compact and well-arranged form, making it pleasant to read and serviceable to consult. The inappropriateness of the title is rendered more evident by the failure to bring into a focus the significant facts and inevitable tendencies of a state of things which was already in process of dissolution. The general impression conveyed is, as the author himself remarks, that of "a great, prosperous, modern country." This view receives an apparent support in the growth of trade and manufactures, and the increase of wealth and population, during a long period of peace, but it must be pronounced an illusory one. The real condition was that of disorganization and impending collapse. Society was split into totally distinct and dissimilar sections, with no community of interests, and few relations but those of mutual hostility. The increase of wealth that gave a semblance of national prosperity was confined to the middle class, — the traders, the capitalists, the *bourgeoisie* generally, — which looked with envy and hatred at the class above it, and with scornful

[1] *The Eve of the French Revolution.* By Edward J. Lowell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

contempt on the class below it, while profiting by the necessities and incapacity of both. The nobility, exempt from the duties and responsibilities which it had formerly borne, retained its immunities as an order, and its jealous isolation as a caste. The peasantry, loaded with nearly the whole burden of taxation, as well as with feudal services and exactions for which they no longer received any equivalent, were for the most part, as Tocqueville asserts, in a worse condition than that which had been their lot in the fourteenth century. In a word, feudalism, which had once, as a living organism, exerted a cohesive force and performed indispensable functions, was now a dead weight and obstruction, both for the state, to which it lent an artificial splendor, and for the mass of the people, whose energies were crushed, and whose capacities for development were stifled by its oppressive and putrefying remains. The long continuance of this state of things without any open conflict or explosion only added to the material and intensified the virulence of the evil. And, meanwhile, a light such as had never before been turned on the nature and foundations of government and of society was pouring its fullest blaze on institutions which had been the outgrowth of circumstances, and which now rested only on tradition and usage. Conceptions and sentiments corresponding to nothing that existed, contradictory of all that existed, were spreading and fermenting throughout the whole community. An ideal world and a real world, with no feature in common, stood clearly revealed in menacing opposition. Under this far-reaching and dazzling illumination, gradual or partial change was impracticable and futile; sudden and complete change was revolution; and all the circumstances of its origin, as well as of its inception and progress, conspired to render the revolution as violent as it was thorough.

The prominence and importance of the philosophical literature of the period justify the large amount of space which Mr. Lowell has given to this branch of his subject. But here, again, his exposition lacks the appropriate application. He discusses the characteristics and analyzes the productions of all the notable writers, giving, of course, the chief consideration to Rousseau; but he does not indicate with precision or insistence their influence on the course of events, which is the all-important point. This is the more to be regretted since Taine's treatment of this matter is as shallow in ideas as it is turgid and declamatory in style. He dissects the new doctrines in order to expose their fundamental unsoundness and perverse tendencies, and denounces their influence as wholly baleful and pernicious. But this is very much as if one should estimate the value of Puritanism or of the mediæval Church simply by its dogmatic content and the aberrations from a conceivable line of progress which were among the results. True historical criticism proceeds on a different principle. As the French Revolution is to be judged as a whole, so the philosophy of which it was the offspring, and of which it bore the stamp in all its diverse features, must be judged by the necessities from which it sprang, the spirit by which it was animated, and the whole circle of its action. It arose in a time of stagnation and decay. Literature of a higher kind there was none; religion of an exalted and inspiring character there was none; statesmanship there was none; practical wisdom there was none. The spirit of speculative inquiry concentrated in itself all that was still vital in the moral and intellectual forces of society. It stood alone as a means of regeneration, with nothing to support, guide, or control it. It was fain to draw all its material from abstractions, and to face the existing order, not in the spirit of compromise, but in that of unflinching and unqualified attack. It was thus primarily and of necessity a purely negative and destructive force. Nevertheless, it

did not simply clear the way for a positive and constructive activity, but embodied, amid all its errors, the germinating principle of subsequent developments. The teaching of Rousseau opened men's eyes to the fact that the conceptions on which their life was based were artificial, conventional, and false. It roused them from torpor, and stimulated them to the search for higher aims and worthier means. It pointed them from custom and tradition to nature, — a term, now as then, open to wild and misleading interpretations, but then, as ever, the shibboleth of true progress in all social arrangements as well as in literature, science, and art. Thus the new doctrine, ugly and venomous under some aspects, wore yet a precious jewel in its head. The convulsions to which it gave rise were not the pangs of dissolution, but the birth-throes of a new era. The visions which it evoked, though far from being fully realized, were no mere illusions. There is hardly a phase of life or thought in which the nineteenth century may claim superiority to the eighteenth that does not bear the traces of that renovating influence.

"Beware," writes Emerson, "when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet!" Nothing in history better illustrates the force of this warning than the French Revolution. It was an uncontrolled reign of ideas. Its good and its evil, its glories and its horrors, all sprang from this source. Neither great practical ability on the one hand, nor base and mercenary motives on the other, had any part in it. From first to last, the men who initiated and conducted the movement were pure propagandists, inspired or intoxicated, strong-minded or fanatical, all alike mastered and absorbed by a disinterested passion, with no remarkable gift beyond that of verbal expression, no power save that of exciting and guiding opinion. If the resistance of the government had been strong and determined enough to bring about a civil war, — which Mirabeau came to desire as the one means of staying the fury of the attack and saving the monarchy, — a different class of actors might have come to the front and controlled the course of events. As it was, the heavy bombardment of the philosophers was followed by the rattling fire of the pamphleteers, and then the orators, who formed the storming party, mounted the breaches, swept away all resistance, and proceeded to demolish the crumbling fortress, with the result, among others, that most of them were buried beneath the ruins. The study of the subject demands, therefore, in a greater degree than that of ordinary changes in government or legislation, an acquaintance with the speeches of the period; and the selection which Mr. Stephens has recently edited [1] will form a most useful accompaniment to his own or any other history of the Revolution. A people possessing, as he remarks, "a natural aptitude for public speaking, a language peculiarly fitted for the development of eloquence, and an educational system which has always recognized rhetoric as an important study," found itself, for the first time in its history, in the enjoyment of an unbounded liberty of discussion, and, as if in the sudden discharge of a long-repressed accumulation, poured forth a stream of eloquence surpassing that of ancient Athens — in quantity. As regards quality, the variety is extraordinary, embracing as it does the masterpieces of Mirabeau and Danton, with their vigorous argumentative power, and their flashes of intense feeling and condensed thought, the glowing rhetorical appeals of Vergniaud, the tortuous harangues of Robespierre, the frothy declamations of Bar-

[1] *The Principal Speeches of the Statesmen and Orators of the French Revolution.* 1789–1795. Edited, with Introductions, Notes, and Indices, by H. Morse Stephens. In two volumes. Oxford: Clarendon Press. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

rère, and innumerable other effusions, many of them of a kind not represented in Mr. Stephens's volumes, but none of them lacking significance in connection with the march of events. Read in this association, they involve us in the stormy atmosphere of the time: we are listening to the roll of the thunder and the ceaseless pattering of the rain, and we share in the agitations of the hour. But it must be confessed that it is a different thing to read them in cold blood, or, with some striking exceptions, to study them simply as specimens of oratorical art. Any one, however, who turns to them for this purpose will find every needful help in Mr. Stephens's excellent Introductions, general and special.

The oratory of the Revolution had one rival in efficiency, — the guillotine; and as the latter instrument increased its activity, the former rapidly declined in splendor and potency. The chief speakers disappeared from the scene in quick succession, and the stream of eloquence, which had started as a full and fiery torrent, dwindled and languished, until, under the Directory, it sank into a slender current of ditch water. The end was reached, not through a natural exhaustion, but by a sudden cataclysm. A new power arose, more absolute and imperious than the old monarchy, and the nation was relegated to its pristine silence. Thenceforth, for many years, there were no audible sounds but the roar of cannon and beat of drums, the proclamation of edicts and the boastful strains of martial bulletins. The conflict of opinions, the struggle of factions, the repetition of phrases, had ceased. There was but one thinker, one speaker, one will. Attention hung mute and breathless on the action of a single figure, the most picturesque, and in some respects the most problematical, in all history.

We are, happily, not called upon at present to discuss anew the character and career of Napoleon. On this subject Mr. Ropes said his say some time ago, with what degree of assent or dissent on the part of his audience it were idle to inquire. He now returns to the closing scene of the great drama in order to discuss it from the standpoint of purely military criticism, with a view to explaining more fully than has yet been done what seems to him "the almost inexplicable result, — the complete defeat, in a very brief campaign, of the acknowledged master of modern warfare."[1] Of his qualifications for the task there can be no question, and the clearness of his method and style will render the details intelligible to the mass of persons, unfamiliar with the technique of war, for whom, despite the vaster operations of earlier and more recent times, the campaign of Waterloo still retains its unique interest. Intrinsically, too, the campaign is one of the easiest to comprehend. The strategy was simple; its objects were obvious; there were no natural obstacles to interfere with its execution, and no manœuvres on either side requiring the exercise of extraordinary skill to manage or to baffle them. The distances were so short and the movements so continuous that the encounters at Ligny, at Quatre Bras, and at Waterloo seem almost like different phases of a single battle. From the mound at Mont St. Jean an unobstructed view over a gently rolling country, unbroken by hills or large rivers, embraces nearly the whole field of operations. Mr. Ropes abstains from the kind of description which a writer less intent on his immediate object would have been tempted to indulge in; but he gives, it need hardly be said, all the topographical indications that are necessary, supplemented by a volume of maps, in which the same features are successively reproduced, with no change except in the positions of the armies. Notwithstanding this apparent simplicity of the subject, it is one which,

[1] *The Campaign of Waterloo.* A Military History. By JOHN CODMAN ROPES. With Atlas. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

as the reader is aware, and from causes which he will easily conjecture, has given rise to a greater amount of controversy than any other in the annals of war. Numerous questions connected with it have been warmly debated, not merely by writers swayed by national or personal prejudices, but by others with whom such motives either did not exist, or were neutralized by the spirit of scientific inquiry. The special merit of Mr. Ropes's work lies, we think, not in an absolute freedom from bias or in any entirely fresh light which is thrown upon disputed points, — a result scarcely possible without the production of hitherto unpublished evidence, — but in the fact that, by confining his narrative to the details which are necessary for the comprehension of these points, by stating each of them in due sequence with the utmost clearness and precision, and by bringing forward all the conflicting statements and opinions, with nearly everything that has been said in support of them, he puts the reader in a position to estimate their relative value and importance, and to arrive at such a judgment, uninfluenced by extraneous considerations, as he may be otherwise competent to form.

It is worthy of note that, putting aside the fabrications concocted at St. Helena, and long since ruled out of court, the censure which has been cast on the conduct of the allies is confined to a few points, in regard to which there is no uncertainty as to the main facts, and no doubt as to where the responsibility should rest. The questions involved are purely those of military criticism, and the only authorities entitled to be heard are substantially in accord. The cantonments of both the English and the Prussian army were too extended; the concentration of the scattered corps was too long deferred; Blücher's formations and tactical movements at Ligny were faulty in the extreme; above all, Wellington was guilty of an inexcusable error in retaining at Hal the large force which he had posted there in anticipation of a flanking movement on his right. These mistakes were redeemed by the firmness and tenacity of both commanders, by their well-arranged concert of action for the final struggle, and by Wellington's skillful disposition and splendid management of his troops on the decisive field. On the other hand, there is scarcely a single act or measure on the side of the French which has not been a subject of adverse criticism. The successive strategical movements, the tactical arrangements and manœuvres in each of the three battles, the nature and intent of the orders that were given, and how far and in what spirit they were executed, the mental or physical condition and capacity of Napoleon, of Ney, of Soult, of Grouchy, and of subordinate officers, — all these matters have been brought under discussion as explanatory of the disastrous result. Two of them are of prime importance, and in regard to each of these there is, happily, a consensus of opinion on one point. The question is not whether "some one blundered," that fact being too palpable to admit of contradiction, but only to whose act or negligence the blunder should be attributed. It is simply a question of evidence, — one on which any reader may, without presumption, express his own conclusions.

While the battles of Quatre Bras and Ligny were in progress, a French corps, twenty thousand strong, under D'Erlon, wandered backward and forward between these two fields without coming into action on either. Had it remained with Ney, there can scarcely be a doubt that Wellington, who was enabled to hold his ground against successive attacks only by the aid of the small reinforcements that were slowly gathered in, would have been driven back, defeated for the first time in his career. Had it moved against Blücher's right wing, as it was in a position to do at a critical

moment, his defeat must have been far more severe than it was, — possibly so crushing as to prevent his subsequent junction with Wellington. Instead of this, its appearance in a quarter from which it was possible that a hostile force might be advancing led Napoleon to arrest his attack upon the Prussian centre, when, as Mr. Ropes says, "he was all ready to give the finishing blow," and, by thus causing a delay of two hours, actually contributed to lessen the victory which it should have rendered more complete. The blame of this extraordinary incident has been tossed about between Ney, Napoleon, D'Erlon, and the officer — whether Laurent or Labedoyère is uncertain — who carried or gave the order which originally led to the mishap. It is to this last-mentioned person that Mr. Ropes, in concurrence with Charras, whose examination of the testimony is elaborate and impartial, imputes the fault; and it must be allowed that the theory which ascribes the order to Napoleon himself, though in some respects the more plausible, rests on apparently irreconcilable facts. It is true that to an unprofessional reader it appears almost inconceivable that a mere staff officer should have felt himself at liberty to exercise independent authority in such a fashion; but it would be obviously improper to apply the rules by which ordinary mortals are fain to straighten out their insignificant affairs to operations in which the fate of emperors and nations is at stake. The further question, however, remains, why Napoleon, when he had ascertained the real character of the approaching force, did not order it into action. He was counting on assistance from Ney, and had sent him written orders to manœuvre with that aim; yet when D'Erlon appeared, as if in answer to the summons, he let slip the opportunity of using it. This neglect is strongly condemned by almost all critics. Clausewitz excuses it on the ground of the lateness of the hour. Mr. Ropes considers that "Napoleon must have supposed that D'Erlon had come upon the field under orders from Marshal Ney, expressly to remain and take part in the action," and asks, "Why, then, should he send him any orders?" The puzzled layman can only ask in return, Why, if such orders were obviously unnecessary, do writers like Jomini and Charras insist that they should have been given? What further mystifies us is that Mr. Ropes proceeds to admit that "we can see now that this would have been wise," and explains the omission by the fact that "at this moment Napoleon had all he could attend to in organizing the decisive movement on Ligny." Charras, however, as if in anticipation of this remark, says that a message of five words, promptly transmitted, would have sufficed; and it is incredible that Napoleon, when he received the information for which he had waited so long, should have been unable to avail himself of it by so simple a step. Accident had brought him a large reinforcement; D'Erlon's corps had come within the circuit of his own combinations; it now formed virtually a continuation of his line of battle, and the proper employment of it was not less important than that of the forces already engaged. A false movement had turned out one of the most fortunate of accidents, and if advantage had been taken of it, the "superserviceable staff officer" to whom it was due, instead of being made a scapegoat, would have been entitled to applause for his foresight and zeal. But in this case there would have been no talk of error or accident; the movement would have been ascribed to a brilliant inspiration, and the credit of it would have been claimed by and given to Napoleon.

The other question requiring to be noticed is, of course, that which relates to the mission and movements of Grouchy. The general facts and the points of controversy are too familiar to need recapitulation, but a reader whose im-

pressions have been gathered from a decision such as that of Thiers, that "to Grouchy, to Grouchy alone," is attributable the catastrophe at Waterloo, may be surprised to learn with what a close approach to unanimity professional criticism has reached the opposite conclusion. Mr. Ropes's treatment of this matter leaves little to be desired. That Grouchy, when he found that the Prussians had retreated on Wavre, should, instead of following them in that direction, have sought at once to place his army between them and Napoleon is now seldom disputed with any show of reason. Whatever his orders, and whatever the doubts whether such a movement would have had the success and led to the decisive results that have been assumed, — a point on which Charras and Mr. Ropes take opposite views, — this was clearly the course which the circumstances not only justified, but demanded; and Grouchy's failure to take it proves his lack of capacity for the post assigned to him. On the other hand, for the long delay in starting the pursuit, for the strange failure to ascertain by timely reconnaissances the direction of the retreat, for the false assumptions in this regard which governed the instructions originally given to the marshal, for the lack of definiteness in these instructions, and for subsequent omissions to furnish him with information and precise directions, Napoleon alone is responsible. But this is not all. There was a fault greater than these, and underlying these. The project, of which the execution was entrusted to Grouchy, should never have been formed. By detaching so large a force from his command, Napoleon incurred unnecessarily numerous risks, and threw away his greatest chance of speedy and complete success. After beating the Prussians, he should have massed his whole army without delay, and, leaving only a small corps for observation in his rear, marched against Wellington in greatly preponderating strength. On this point Mr. Ropes is in accord with most preceding critics, from Marshal Soult downwards. Whether, if the right course had been adopted, Wellington would perforce have been overwhelmed before the arrival of his allies, whether their junction with him could have been effected, and whether, if effected, it would have saved the day, are questions on which diverse opinions have been expressed, but which are of necessity insoluble.

What was the cause of this portentous error, and of many other mistakes in the conduct of the campaign; above all, the loss of time at every important stage, — in the advance across the frontier, in beginning the attack at Ligny, in resuming operations on the following day, in opening the battle at Waterloo, — and that general lack of energy and decision which leads Charras to characterize the campaign as one of hesitations and delays? Napoleon's physical ill condition affords only a doubtful, or at the most a partial, explanation of this want of promptitude in resolve and action, so contrary to his usual methods and distinctive characteristics. The real and deeper source lay in his mental state, in his consciousness of the fatality of his position. The illusions under which he had replaced himself in power, and which for a time he had communicated to the mass of the French people, had been quickly dispelled. The stern fact loomed up that he had taken this step, as Thiers, the most eloquent and most credulous of his advocates, has expressed it, "in defiance of Europe, in defiance of France, in defiance of common sense." But, having taken it, he had no choice but to go on, trusting in those elements of chance on which, in the downward course of his fortunes, he had so often and so vainly relied. Mr. Ropes, however, appears to think that Napoleon's position was not of this nature, and that his calculations were based on sound principles.

This view colors his whole narrative, and seems to us to vitiate his judgments on several controverted points. It is most conspicuous in his general outline of the situation. Napoleon, he says, on his return from Elba, "proclaimed his policy to be strictly one of peace, and we have every reason to believe that his intentions were sincerely pacific." It seems singular that, with "every reason" for this belief, it should have found so little acceptance both at the time and since. There was, and is, at least one reason for doubt, — the contrast between the sentiments proclaimed by Napoleon at this epoch and his past career. An interval of tranquillity, of immunity from attack, was of course an essential necessity, and consequently the object of his immediate but useless efforts. But to believe, with M. Thiers and Mr. Ropes, that this man, after so long "breathing out threatenings and slaughter," had suddenly and without a miracle been transformed into an apostle of the gospel of peace is to *dis*believe in the general consistency of human nature. There is, however, no need of argument in this case. His return from Elba was itself a violation of the existing peace and a virtual declaration of war, an abrogation of the Treaty of Paris and a challenge to the powers that had framed it. The notion that he could avert the natural consequences by pacific professions was a vain illusion, quickly dispelled.

What, then, was the outlook when the powers at once renewed their alliance against him and proceeded to array their forces? He hoped, Mr. Ropes writes, "that if fortune should favor him in 1815 as in 1805 and 1806, . . . he would not find it impossible to make peace with his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, and that Russia, whose interests in the war were remote and really theoretical, would willingly retire from the contest." Russia had precisely the same motives for its hostility as the other powers, — its long experience of Napoleon's insulting domination, the invasion from which it had suffered so cruelly and for which it had inflicted a still more terrible retaliation, the part which it had taken in his overthrow, and the pledges which it had given to treat him as a common enemy. Any hopes which he may have founded on his connection with the Austrian Emperor were equally groundless. Fathers-in-law have not, perhaps, the same ill reputation as mothers-in-law, but they can be very disagreeable on occasion; and as in the preceding year Francis had been able to repress the natural yearnings of his partiality for so remarkable a son-in-law, there could be little chance of his yielding to them now, when he had his daughter and his daughter's son in his own possession, and when every tie of interest, honor, and patriotism bound him to remain firm. If, indeed, Napoleon should, in Mr. Ropes's words, "be able to repeat in Belgium the astonishing successes of Austerlitz and Jena," it was impossible to foretell the results. Yet they would not be the same as on those occasions. The most complete victory over Wellington and Blücher would not open to him the gates of Vienna or Berlin; it would only enable him to turn against the far larger armies assembled on the Rhine. But what were the chances of his obtaining such a victory? The numerical force of his army was little more than half that of the combined English and Prussian armies; and although his troops were, on the whole, superior in fighting quality, this advantage was to a large extent counterbalanced by the fact that most of their old leaders were gone, and that the few who were present had little heart in the enterprise and little confidence in the issue. Mr. Ropes, however, thinks that the prospects were highly favorable. The armies of Wellington and Blücher "were bound," he tells us, "in case of disaster to either or both, to follow lines of retreat which were wholly divergent."

"The bases of the two armies were situated in opposite directions," and "it was of course probable that, if either of these armies should be obliged to retreat, it would retreat towards its own base," which "would be to march away from its ally." He even goes so far as to say that Blücher, as Napoleon calculated, would adopt this course if he should simply "decline an engagement;" from what motive, except to indulge in a fit of the sulks, it is hard to imagine. That either army, if vanquished or routed, would seek to retire by its own line of supply was likely enough; ceasing to be available for further operations, it would have no alternative. But in any less disastrous contingency would this be the right thing to do? Did Blücher act wrongly, after his defeat at Ligny, in marching towards his ally, instead of going off in the opposite direction? Mr. Ropes will assuredly not say this. But if the proper thing for the allies to do was that which they actually did, why should it have been assumed that they would do the exact opposite?

The simple and obvious fact is that Napoleon's calculations were based, not on probabilities, but on improbabilities. Nor could it be otherwise. It was *necessary*, for the complete success by which alone he could hope to secure standing-ground on his slippery uphill path, with an abyss behind him, that all the chief errors should be on the side of the enemy, and that all the accidents should be in his own favor. What actually occurred was nearly the reverse of this, and resulted partly from the fact that, having based his calculations on a false theory, he was compelled to act upon it after its falsity was proved, or to retire from the contest. The conflict that always springs from the consciousness of a false position will better account for his hesitations and delays than his physical condition.

For, in fact, he had acted in the same manner on previous occasions of the like nature. It is sufficient to cite two notorious instances, — his fatal stay at Moscow after the expectations with which he had undertaken his expedition had proved futile, and his failure to withdraw the French garrisons from Dresden and other remote places before the battle of Leipzig. The facts in both these cases were plain to other men's perceptions; he alone, with his unrivaled keenness of vision, was blind to them. The world has not attributed those faults to physical infirmities, nor has it allowed them to affect its estimate of his military genius. He was in truth "the acknowledged master of modern warfare," but he was also the most reckless of adventurers. All his mighty structures were erected upon foundations of sand, and when he saw his projects crumbling about him, he made gigantic but hopeless efforts to sustain them. There is a fascinating splendor in the desperate tenacity and the brilliant exploits by which, in his later years, he held the world at bay. The Napoleon of 1814 is more captivating to the imagination than the Bonaparte of 1796. But his career was all of a piece: it was that of a prodigious power unamenable to the restraints of law. All his enterprises, grand or mean, had self-aggrandizement for their ultimate aim. In all his calculations, fortune — that is to say, the incalculable — was the predominating element. Mr. Ropes, if we remember rightly, admitted in his former book that Napoleon's conduct, after the tide turned against him, was that of a gambler. But indeed the same spirit governed him throughout, and rendered most of his great achievements fruitless. In 1815 he played his last stake, — played it against greater odds and under more hopeless conditions than he had ever encountered before, — confronted and outlawed by Europe, and distrusted by France, which he had drained of its resources; which, if he succeeded at first, would be loath to support him further;

which was certain to abandon him if he failed. This combination of circumstances could not fail to affect his spirit, and it leaves his defeat anything but "inexplicable."

And so, after the lapse of a century, the experiment of Louis XIV. had been repeated, on a far vaster scale, but with a like result. Yet in each instance the vanquished nation preserved its territory intact. Since then it has met with a heavier reverse, and has seen itself stripped of the provinces which had so long formed the bulwark of its one assailable frontier. No one who loves France could view without regret its loss of Alsace and Lorraine. But no reflecting mind could fail to acknowledge that Germany was justified in the seizure of them by the need of securing itself against future aggressions, or would sympathize with an attempt to recover them by another war. And in truth, with all the continuous preparations for future international struggles, the thoughts of most men are now directed to questions of a wider scope and deeper meaning. The old problem, the eternal problem, is still before us. Doctrines not less strange or less subversive than those of the eighteenth century are preparing a new upheaval for the fast-approaching twentieth century. After all that has been accomplished by the Revolution and its results, society is still divided, and is again tending to convulsions, possibly to reconstruction.

A POET OF POETRY.

Perhaps the first thing one likes to do with a new poet is to put him where he belongs. To give him at once a definite rank in the scale of poetry (unless, indeed, he happens to be so near the bottom that there is scanty room for doubt) is a task for the ambitious alone. But to say, This new singer is of the tribe of Browning, or Shelley, or Locker, — that is a privilege which need not be restricted.

Now that a complete edition of Mr. Watson's poems[1] appears, we ask ourselves with what class of singers he shall be placed. Those who chance to know him best through his earlier volume, Wordsworth's Grave, might well call him first of all a disciple of Wordsworth. They might wisely add that he recalls Wordsworth somewhat as Matthew Arnold does. But he is one remove farther from Wordsworth, not in power alone, or so much, perhaps, because his poetry is distinctly influenced by Arnold's, as because the atmosphere it breathes belongs much more clearly to the last quarter of the century than to the first.

Yet it is not as a modern, or for his skill in the construction of verse, that Mr. Watson is entitled to his distinctive place. This, it seems to us, he has won by his poetical criticism of poetry. Throughout the body of his work there is much that is charming, and, be it said, something that is scarcely more than ordinary; but when he deals in his verse with what the poets before him have written, one feels immediately the hand of a man who knows his favorites through and through, and is gifted with no common aptness in putting his sympathetic understanding of them into the wholly adequate form of poetry. In the simpler matter of criticism in prose, Mr. Watson's introduction to his anthology of Lyric Love, in the Golden Treasury Series, has recently shown that his know-

[1] *The Poems of William Watson.* New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

ledge is abundant and his touch sure. But the best prose criticism of poetry, delightful as it often is, must necessarily fall short of that criticism which is poetry itself, — which, by the very means of recalling something that is precious, places by its side another treasure for the memory. No one will claim for this gift an equal rank with the gift of poetic imagining and creation; yet there is immense satisfaction for the few though fit in finding the lesser gift so charmingly exercised as in the poems which lead one to say, Here is the distinctive thing; *this* is Watson.

From the very nature of its theme, therefore, Lachrymæ Musarum, Mr. Watson's threnody on Tennyson, drew upon his muse for that of which she had most to give. The result is a poem which, to minds not cheaply satisfied, has seemed to fall very little below the great masterpieces of English elegiac verse. Though we shall not undertake to couple it with Lycidas, we may at least recall a remark from a shrewd talk on Shelley and elegies. Adonais and In Memoriam were contrasted: the one as a poem one would care beyond all things to have written, the other as a poem one would choose beyond all things to have had written about one's self. Readers may determine which was which. On the same basis of division, Lachrymæ Musarum is a poem which, in selfish mood, one would wish exceedingly to have written; for it is not so much an apotheosis of a person as a monument to its author's thought upon a subject. Poetry is its theme, — poetry and the immortal reward that comes to such a singer as Tennyson.

"The singer of undying songs is dead,"

says Mr. Watson; farther on, he calls his poem

"this verse which shall endure
By splendour of its theme that cannot die."

The futility of prophecy is all too well known, yet one cannot help feeling that the poet has spoken truth for the future of his poem. In elevation and stately fitness of rhythm and phrase it possesses strong elements of endurance.

Is it to be expected in such a piece of work, especially from a man remarkable for his familiarity with the poets, that every line should bear the mark of complete novelty, that no suggestions of other elegies should arise? Be the answer what it may, one would rather not find anything so closely akin to the beautiful forty-second and forty-third stanzas of the Adonais as the passage of Lachrymæ Musarum beginning,

"He hath returned to regions whence he came.
Him doth the spirit divine
Of universal loveliness reclaim.
All nature is his shrine."

Mr. Watson, from time to time, not only brings the poets of old to mind, but has a way, not quite pleasant, of repeating himself. He is not enough a Greek to wish to transfer his lines bodily from one poem to another, but is the recurrence of phrases like the following, apt as each is in its place, wholly to be commended? Wordsworth's country he calls

— "the land whose mountains and whose streams
Are lovelier for his strain."

Of Longfellow he speaks as

"one who leaves
His native air the sweeter for his song."

And it is he who says that Tennyson must be sought

"forever in the human soul
Made stronger and more beauteous by his strain."

This husbandry of a good thing once hit upon is still more curiously, if less questionably, illustrated in three of Mr. Watson's quatrains. In his second book, Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature, this appears: —

AN ALLEGED CHARACTERISTIC OF GOETHE.

'T is writ, O Dogs, that Goethe hated you.
I doubt; for was he not a poet true?
True poets but transcendent lovers be,
And one great love-confession poesy.

In the same volume this is found: —

A SOMETIME CONTEMPORARY.

Ah vain, thrice vain in the end, thy rage and hate;
Vain and thrice vain, as all shall see who wait;
For hawk at last shall be outsoar'd by dove,
And throats of thunder quell'd by lips of love.

But see how good a thing is wrought by wise tearing asunder and rebuilding. In their final form the Epigrams contain this quatrain: —

"Ah vain, thrice vain in the end, thy hate and rage,
And the shrill tempest of thy clamorous page.
True poets but transcendent lovers be,
And one great love-confession poesy."

No one will be disposed to quarrel with the "songsmith" for rejecting Goethe, the dogs, the hawk, and the dove, and for giving an example of a stanza's evolution almost worthy of Gray.

These tricks of workmanship, however, are aside from the consideration of Mr. Watson as a Poet of Poetry. If it were possible to go through his work, and take out everything he says about Wordsworth, his chief master and admiration, about Shelley, Matthew Arnold, and a dozen other poets, the result would be a compact mass of remarkably shrewd and felicitous criticism. Of Wordsworth, perhaps, he has said the greatest number of the best things. Wordsworth's Grave alone abounds in delightful lines touching the poet of "sincere large accent nobly plain." In stanzas such as this, Mr. Watson's frequent cry that "England hath need" of such as Wordsworth now is uttered: —

"Nature! we storm thine ear with choric notes.
Thou answerest through the great calm nights and days,
'Laud me who will: not tuneless are your throats;
Yet if ye paused, I should not miss the praise.'"

Looking back to the poets before Wordsworth, what could be more satisfying than the fourth section of the poem, tracing as it does the course of English song through the eighteenth century? In the lines To Edward Dowden, the poets of Wordsworth's own time, and again Wordsworth himself, inspire some of the very best criticism and verse in all of Mr. Watson's work. Space may be well spent in reprinting a few of these lines; for if the contrasts between Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats have anywhere been more delicately drawn, it has not been our good fortune to meet with the passage: —

"Yet dear is Keats, a lucid presence, great
With something of a glorious soullessness.
And dear, and great with an excess of soul,
Shelley, the hectic flamelike rose of verse,
All colour, and all odour, and all bloom,
Steeped in the noonlight, glutted with the sun,
But somewhat lacking root in homely earth,
Lacking such human moisture as bedews
His not less starward stem of song, who, rapt
Not less in glowing vision, yet retained
His clasp of the prehensible, retained
The warm touch of the world that lies to hand,
Not in vague dreams of man forgetting men,
Nor in vast morrows losing the to-day;
Who trusted nature, trusted fate, nor found
An Ogre, sovereign on the throne of things;
Who felt the incumbence of the unknown, yet bore
Without resentment the Divine reserve."

About Shelley there are many more things, sometimes even more happily said, in the poem for the Shelley Centenary, August 4, 1892. And so it is throughout the book. In passages far too frequent to cite one comes upon lines about poets and poetry — as, for a single example, in the noble England, My Mother — which, with scarcely an exception, add strength to Mr. Watson's distinct position.

Is nothing to be said for the rest of his work, the poems on subjects not out of books? Surely, it is by no means such as to reduce him to the ranks of the "minor bards," any more than it may be said to give him a place among the really great. Yet for a few qualities, not common in these days, he must

be given hearty praise. His work is always the expression of a definite thought; he is never obscure; and he never essays form merely for form's sake. Indeed, the sonnet is the only rigidly fixed form into which his verse has been moulded. Not a rondel, not a ballade, so often mere *tours de force,* appears on his pages.

Most of his sonnets are open to the objection that they are occasional, and, what is worse, political. The series Ver Tenebrosum, written in the spring of Gordon's fate, may have had their timely message to the English people. To-day some of their finer lines of patriotism ring strong and true; but they met their purpose in their occasion, and have no rightful place in a book devoted to that for which the author may venture to hope permanence. The same fault is to be found with a few other verses not sonnets, and, above all, with some frankly personal poems, which are even more objectionable on the score of taste. One of them, an attack upon Mr. Ruskin, veiled only under the name "John of Brantwood," has been dropped from the three volumes following Wordsworth's Grave. The other, a very scornful fling at Mr. Oscar Wilde, appears in Mr. Watson's last two books. Quite aside from the bestowal of dignity upon invective clearly the fruit of personal animosity, by putting it between the same covers with the treatment of high themes, any man would do well to consider the wisdom of barking at men of wits so much nimbler than his own.

Well had it been, too, could this his last book have been spared all such work as the long, laboriously imagined poem The Prince's Quest, which gave the poet's first volume its title, and now, thrown into close contrast with his later achievements, seems almost barren of promise. Mr. Watson has begun to learn the art of discarding. May he become more than a beginner.

Much of his wisdom in self-restraint has been shown in his Epigrams. The quatrain may owe some of its popularity to-day to its being a vehicle of expression in which the art of throwing away the unnecessary must be rigorously cultivated. In the Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature, published in 1884, there are one hundred quatrains. As they appear in the last volume, their number is reduced to fifty, and of course their average of merit is distinctly higher. Indeed, in respect of them, one is tempted to say that they show their maker's individuality almost as clearly as what he has done in his criticisms of poetry. Some of the best of them deal, it is true, with letters, but Art, in the more abstract sense, and Life are their usual themes. The young verse-writer, avid of twittering, as Dr. Mitchell says, in the little bird-cages at the bottom of the magazine page, might well take some time from active production for the study of such excellent models. He will not find a stronger group of fifty quatrains from the same pen.

Nor will he be the loser for looking at the lyrics in the book. On his own showing, Mr. Watson holds poesy to be "one great love-confession." One is, therefore, not unprepared to find in a few of his lyrics of a love that was not all happiness some of the most charming lines he has written. Thy Voice from Inmost Dreamland Calls and The Lute-Player have the true lyrical note, the music of a song that is sung from the heart.

No less genuine are some of the songs of life and death. In two of them, especially, The Blind Summit and The Great Misgiving, he shows himself the modern we have already called him in coupling his name with Matthew Arnold's. The same unrest and unresentful discontent; the same sincere attempt to see life steadily and whole, to preserve

> "from chance control
> The fortress of his 'stablisht soul;"

and, with all emphasis be it said, the same pervading sanity of view, mark the

work of both men, the greater and the less. Matthew Arnold had eyes to see far more of life than Mr. Watson has seen, or at least has yet let his readers see.

Remembering, then, how much of the world's best work has been done by men past their second score of years, one may care all the more for what Mr. Watson has already accomplished, and may fairly try to give him and his work the place we set out to find. It is not among the great poets of England, nor, from any promises yet vouchsafed, is it at all sure to be. He is not a poet of great passion, nor a singer of strong good cheer and hope; indeed, it seems to be with an effort that he withholds his song from sadness: —

"Enough of mournful melodies, my lute!
Be henceforth joyous, or be henceforth mute."

Let us rather give him the praise due to gravity and soberness of thought; to a certain solemn beauty of expression; to cultivated reflection; to a spirit simple in itself, but drawn somewhat to the tension of the modern note, and rendered complex under protest and by stress of circumstances. Beyond this, and most confidently, let us commend him to those who know and love their poets. Next to the poets themselves, there is hardly a power more satisfying than that of such lines about poetry as Mr. Watson has written. Few have ventured to attempt the task he has wrought so well as to have won for himself, where poetry is concerned, the rare title of a poet.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

Washington Allston was born in 1779, and died in 1843. Fifty years after his death his biography[1] appears, a generous volume, stocked amply with contemporary correspondence, gathering in much, if not all, available *memorabilia*, and as richly furnished with illustrations as the dispersion of his productions in two hemispheres seems to have permitted. The author himself belongs, as an Academician, in that period when Thomas Cole, Frederick E. Church, Durand, Bierstadt, Elliott, Page, and others were rather the successors of Allston than the predecessors of the present generation of American artists. He may indeed be regarded as a disciple of Allston as well as a kinsman.

Why such a memorial should have been delayed for half a century passes both explanation and comprehension. Had there been a flaw or fault in the record, an equivocal or a shady episode shrinking from the light, requiring apology or commiseration; had the verdict of contemporaries at home or abroad been traversed or disallowed by the deliberate thought of a later generation; or had there appeared incongruities, disappointing or discordant, between the man, the art, and the life, such a delay might have been easily enough accounted for. As it is, Dr. Flagg has inherited the indecision and procrastination of all these years with the grave disabilities accumulating under them without recourse or remedy. There was no fresh material to be looked for. The record was complete and sufficient almost from the day of Allston's decease. Time could neither augment nor enrich it.

Moreover, the man was at hand, rarely gifted and accomplished for such a labor of love and duty; sharing the

[1] *The Life and Letters of Washington Allston.* By Jared B. Flagg, N. A., S. T. D. With Reproductions from Allston's Pictures. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

thought and confidence of his brother-in-law, while already exercising a fraternal providence over his later years, and over his estate and reputation after Allston had passed away. Mr. Dana, so far as it appears, never declined this commission so universally assigned him; nor did he throw any light upon his failure to assume this deputed responsibility. We may only imagine that his very proximity to Allston, their reciprocity of communion and fellowship, the depth and tenderness of his affection, the shock of sudden bereavement, added to a temperament overcritical and hesitant, may have constrained and disabled him from the duties of a biographer. Dr. Flagg, in taking up the work which Mr. Dana avoided, writes almost from the point of view of a contemporary of Allston; and it can scarcely be said that in his treatment of the subject he takes advantage of the estimate which may be made of a painter after his vogue has passed, and new methods, new ideals, have come in to affect criticism and make the judgment one of posterity. The treatment, however, has something in its favor. The reader, if he chooses, may take his new position, but the facts given him are the facts of Allston's time seen in the light of Allston's time; he will not find the writer of the biography interpreting Allston by the canons of a later day, but, so far as he can, by canons which were admitted by Allston and his contemporaries. Hence the book is all of a piece.

Dr. Flagg is embarrassed by no sense of loss or shrinkage or deterioration. He goes about his work with quiet assurance in the completeness and unimpaired charm of his subject. The half-century has only served to mellow the perspectives and purify all aberrations of judgment. The Allston of 1840 is the Allston of 1892. His temperamental fascinations, his artistic predilections, the joy and sweetness of his personality, the measure and range of his intelligence, and his sublime invention, all remain, and quicken and brighten the present. Dr. Flagg pleads no lapse of years, discovers no default; beholding as he does in Allston a nobility and greatness, a loveliness and transcendent manliness, alike welcome and precious to-day and for all days.

There is little to disparage or censure in Dr. Flagg's work, after this summary of his point of view and his personal relations with it. He has caught not a little of the mellifluous rhythm of Allston's rare English, and its graceful cadences modulate his own periods. For Allston's English is penetrated throughout with the refinement and elegance of the *périodique* without its artifice. It gives the reader breath and refreshment, while it stimulates and feeds his interest. Let us be glad for it, in a day when grace and beauty of literary art are maimed and marred under the pitiless *staccato* of telegraphic shorthand and journalistic condensations, until our idiom has well-nigh lost all grace and comeliness, and the sweet music of speech has grown incoherent and gasping with ellipses; so that the man of books and traditional culture finds himself a stranger at the wells of English undefiled, driven either to solitude and exile, or to the bondage of slang and the overwhelming *patois* that has come to suffocate both conversation and epistolary correspondence. With Allston, the old-fashioned lover of English may say, We keep good company, the company of Addison, Goldsmith, and Irving, relieved sufficiently with touches of current realism, so that nothing seems old-fashioned or out of date.

It may be fairly questioned whether the amplitude of incidental correspondence, valuable and illustrative as it is, may not at intervals become oppressive, shutting out or obscuring the narrative; whether there is not an occasional lapse into the technics of the studio, something unintelligible to the general reader, with now and then a confusion or withholding of dates and incidentals essential to clear-

ness and easy comprehension. Besides, we note the casual intrusion of personalities and personal considerations hardly relevant or likely to promote the unity and impressiveness of the picture. Of much greater moment seem to us the criticisms and comments concerning Allston's temperament and idiosyncrasies. Clearly enough, had he been a cool-headed, shrewd, sagacious man of affairs, keenly alive to all the possibilities of thrift and personal advantage, so prudent and farsighted in the adjustment of pecuniary interests as to turn his studio to the highest possible account, he would have been quite another man, and not the Allston whose personality shaped and fashioned his career, and which yet survives in perennial fragrance.

Allston was poet, painter, sculptor, philosopher, and possible musician, variously and richly endowed as the Da Vincis and Angelos; yet here his biographer seems to fail in determining the harmonies and symmetries of this exquisite and wondrously gifted nature. Had Allston been coarsely organized, and schooled in the prevailing greed and cunning, he might, and doubtless would, have created his own *clientèle*, educating it for his own selfish ends, like the mercenaries of foreign *ateliers*, and so painted saints and sirens, Holy Families and courtesans, adventuring sacred and obscene things in their turn, thus keeping tally with the markets; have put up a luxurious villa somewhere in honor of his plutocratic patronage; and at the last, quitting the world of his base triumphs, have bequeathed a solid estate. Unspeakably better for himself and for the world was it that, not forsaking the high and spiritual tenor of his ways, Allston should trip now and then among the economics; that he should even be bothered by the demands of his "coal merchant" while serving with a single mind the behests of his inspired mission. It was good that such a life should keep its vows clean and true, even when obedience carried him beyond reach and thought of conventionalities, or stinted his thrift, or delayed the day of his triumph. It was better that the august vision of Belshazzar waited and tarried, even while struggling for enlargement and clearer utterance, as a lesson of heroic devotion to the voice of conscience; for the quest of an ideal perfection, even if it may never be realized, may be worth infinitely more to the people than all the exploits of self-satisfied virtuosity. And all this by no means implies that the obedience of genius is necessarily and always at cross-purposes with conventional duties and worldly prudence, or that its finer development necessarily depends upon perplexed relations with the "coal merchant."

It is easy and natural enough for the wisest to bewail the casual incompleteness of many a masterpiece. The triumphs of Allston seemed long crowding at the door, waiting his pleasure. No honor or distinction in the art world lay beyond his reach. He might have succeeded Benjamin West, and become the second American president of the Royal Society of Fine Arts of Great Britain. He was literally beset and harassed by the teeming "commissions" and urgent demands for "important" pictures. Certainly two panels in the great rotunda at the national Capitol were pressed upon him. Only, that fateful vision of Belshazzar, luring him on to an ideal of perfection, elusive as the foundations of the rainbow, like a gruesome mist gathered closer and deeper above and about him, until the fires failed from his eyes, and his heart was stilled by the finger of death.

A deep and lifelong intimacy and friendship grew up between Allston and Coleridge. Wordsworth, that shy recluse, came to know and love him. At home, Verplanck and Irving, with all the leaders of thought, were numbered among his friends. Most remarkable of all is it that the memorable artists of his time, in Eng-

land and at home, agree in their admiration for his genius and their devotion to his splendid manliness. There is not a breath of hesitation or dissent. These were indeed deep and ardent friendships, disclosed in the letters of Leslie, Newton, Greenough, Mrs. Jameson, and the rest. His absolutely unselfish, loving spirit captured all hearts. When urgently pressed, by Verplanck and others in authority at Washington, to accept commissions for the rotunda, he insists stoutly upon the greater merits and deserts of Vanderlyn. What a sweet touch of nature is this, when two old housewives of Cambridgeport, perplexed over the rival attractions of some calico samples for a new gown, find themselves before Allston's house, and "the very perfect gentleman" leaves his waiting dinner, goes down to the street door, and helps them to a selection!

The student who would reach some adequate æsthetic measure of this unique figure among American artists, who realized in the majesty of his design and the irresistible harmonies of his color more of the artistic mastery of the sixteenth century than any of his contemporaries, and whose wide-sweeping genius forecast the persuasive tenderness and ideal exaltation of the two Hunts, of Rossetti, and Burne-Jones, will search in vain among our galleries and collections. A few of his less important productions hang in a feebly lighted room in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; these, excepting the rare and altogether lovely (yet unfinished) Rosalie and the exquisite portrait of Benjamin West, affording but a twilight glimpse of his wonderful art. The Belshazzar, superb even in its incompleteness, and better than a whole gallery of conventionalities, hangs on the landing of the central stairway, admirably lighted, and accessible to the student from the opposite side, notwithstanding Dr. Flagg's somewhat impatient strictures. But not a single acknowledged masterpiece will be found. For a sight of The Angel Liberating St. Peter from Prison one must go to the chapel of the Asylum for the Insane in Worcester. To study The Dead Man Restored by Touching the Bones of the Prophet Elisha there must be a journey to Philadelphia. Other principal works on which Allston's reputation mainly rests are to be found only in the private galleries of certain English noblemen and old American, chiefly Boston families.

A POLITICAL ABOLITIONIST.

As the smoke gradually drifts away from the field upon which was fought the long contest over slavery, we begin to see more clearly the significance and the danger of the struggle. On the one side, slavery stands out disconnected from that fear of "a second Hayti" which was always with the masters and their apologists. On the other side, the abolitionists begin to emerge both from the cloud of calumny in which they lived, and from the halo of saintship which formed about them when emancipation was suddenly accomplished. The lives of many of the abolitionists have now been written; their letters have been printed; their differences have been displayed; their errors have been paraded. Yet, with the single exception of General Birney's Life of Birney, there has not appeared a good life of one of that class of abolitionists who used political instruments for the destruction of slavery. Readers and even intelligent writers have yet to learn how much was accomplished by the abolitionists who did not consider

the Constitution a "compact with hell," but strove to assert its free principles by their votes, their speeches, their conventions, and their political combinations. If we are to judge by the number of followers, and by closeness to the spirit of American liberty, the typical abolitionist is not the agitator, but the practical politician; not William Lloyd Garrison, but Joshua R. Giddings.

It is in a picture of the lifelong labors of a political abolitionist that we find the unusual interest of Mr. Julian's biography[1] of his father-in-law. The book moves from beginning to end, because the subject moved. The author undertakes only to describe those crises — many and important — in which Giddings was a power. The book is singularly free from surmise or cheap commendation or ostentation. The self-restraint of the author leaves much to speak for itself; he hardly refers to himself, although he wielded no dull sword in the battles which he describes. He does not make out that Giddings was the only antislavery champion, nor that to him solely are due the opinions against slavery which welled forth from a thousand generously indignant minds. He takes pains to give credit to our New England Palfrey for his stand beside Giddings. The extracts from Giddings's early journal, and the letters, especially those from Clay and John Brown, are a contribution to our historical material. Yet one misses the names of some men with whom Giddings was in harness. Chase, a man of far greater influence out of Congress, is dismissed with a few references; and the famous Ohio senatorial election of 1848, in which the Free Soilers combined with the Democrats to elect Chase, is almost passed over. Even Lincoln is mentioned chiefly to assert that, on the question of the District of Columbia in 1849, "he placed himself squarely on the side of the South." This injustice is coupled with a restatement of the familiar errors about the history of slavery which have crept into most antislavery books. To do Mr. Julian justice, however, he falls into comparatively few such errors, because he does not make it his business to supply a background of history for his story. His theme is simply Giddings's fight against slavery.

For this reason, doubtless, the relations of Giddings to the region which he represented are but slightly set forth, and the general antislavery movement in Ohio is hardly mentioned. But no one can really understand Giddings's life without a knowledge of the Western Reserve. Set up by a stubborn adhesion of Connecticut to the last western territory to which she could possibly lay claim, the Reserve was at the same time open to civilization and closed to slavery. Lake Erie was a main highway from East to West, and the people who dwelt near it had constant connection with the seaboard; a stream of settlers came pouring in, most of them, like Giddings's father, Connecticut Yankees. Yet for half a century no cities grew up; country schools of efficiency abounded; academies were started; Western Reserve College was founded, as a second Yale. Best of all, the Reserve had no interest in slavery; it was planted subject to the Connecticut emancipation act of 1784, and to the Ordinance of 1787. It was not, like southern Ohio, on one side of a main road for the domestic slave trade; there was no tradition in favor of slavery; when the time for organization arrived, there was little prejudice to overcome. There were abolition societies in Ohio as early as 1815, but the great movement began in 1834, under the example of Eastern societies; in 1837 there were more than two hundred such societies in Ohio, with seventeen thousand members. It was in that year that Giddings first became interested in the cause. In 1838 he was elected to Congress.

[1] *The Life of Joshua R. Giddings.* By GEORGE W. JULIAN. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1892.

For twenty-one years he continued to represent a district of the Western Reserve; and he was succeeded by another antislavery man. A later member from his district was James A. Garfield. That is, during nearly the whole of the slavery contest in Congress, the Reserve was represented by an abolitionist. Yet this support of a resolute and ready champion was only one of the services which the Western Reserve rendered to the cause of freedom. In 1834 Oberlin College was founded, as a protest against the proslavery attitude of Western Reserve College, and of Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati. Here, for the first time in the struggle, an opportunity was afforded to black men and women to show that they were capable of a college education. In the midst of the wilderness, among unfriendly neighbors, beset with poverty which one can now hardly realize, Oberlin grew up, in what was probably the only region in the Union which would have tolerated it. It proved a good school as well as a cheap school, and the odium of negro education and of coeducation did not avail to keep young people away. Soon its former students were found scattered through the Northwest, spreading abolition doctrine, establishing societies, and educating public opinion.

Another service rendered by the Western Reserve was its early and cordial reception of fugitive slaves. Southern Ohio bordered on Kentucky; the Virginia "Panhandle" was the slaveholding territory which reached farthest north. Beyond the Reserve was Lake Erie, and beyond Lake Erie was Canada. Through the counties of the Reserve, for years, moved northward the mysterious wagons, stopping at houses numerous and still remembered, where there was entertainment for man and slave. Many well known fugitives settled in the region; others it was thought safer to send, by secret channels, into the security offered by the English flag. The actual number of successful fugitives was a bagatelle in comparison with that of their brothers in bondage; but the insecurity and annoyance and exasperation caused to their owners were important factors in keeping alive the knowledge among slaveholders that there were men in the North who thought slavery nefarious. On the other hand, the frequent visits of pursuers, the occasional capture of fugitives, were strong object lessons in the real nature of slavery. Among the people of the Reserve there were many who hated abolition, and some who would aid in the recovery of a fugitive; but, as time went on, the spirit of the community was set more and more firmly against the whole system.

It does not appear from the biography that Giddings was personally interested in either the Oberlin agitation or the underground railroad. From still another movement he held aloof for ten years. As early as 1838, suggestions were made that antislavery men should vote together. In 1840, Birney got nine hundred and three votes in Ohio for the Liberty party, probably nearly every one in the Western Reserve. In 1841 and 1842, Chase was urging upon Giddings the formation of a state party on this issue. Giddings was a Whig, and in 1844 worked for Clay, a Whig slaveholder. Fortunately, the abolitionists persevered. In no State in the Union was their organization so good; and in 1848 they succeeded in electing seven "Free Soil" members to the state legislature. These men were excellent political managers; they unblushingly carried their influence into the market, and prepared to give the organization of the legislature, several judges, and some other perquisites to that one of the two parties which would unite with them in the choice of a Free Soil Senator. Chase was elected, and thus there appeared the first abolitionist who ever held a seat in the Senate. Even Giddings had been swept into the general political movement, had abjured his

Whig allegiance, and did his utmost for the Free Soil national ticket. His district stood by him, and he became a leader in the new party. The immediate fruits of the new movement — an abolitionist Senator and a permanent organization — were in great part due to the Western Reserve.

What had the member from the Reserve been doing in the ten years previous, and what was he to do in the ten years following? One of the most interesting parts of Mr. Julian's book is the series of extracts from Giddings's journal for his first session of Congress, 1838–39. Here he met John Quincy Adams, "very bald, with low forehead, and nothing about the shape of the head that indicates unusual talents; yet his physiognomy has something of an intellectual appearance. He is truly regarded as a venerable personage." Clay was "social and farmer-like." Before the end of the session Giddings had come forward as an antislavery champion. It is difficult to realize — and the biographer does not help us — what that meant in 1839. There were but two other antislavery men in the House: Adams, who was seventy-two years old; and Slade, of Vermont, who was no longer aggressive. The professed defender of polygamy would to-day be less despised than was the Western member by his Southern fellows. Nothing but intense conviction could lead a man to take up a cause from which little was to be expected except the dislike of his nearest associates. Conviction Giddings had, and it hardened rapidly under the hammer-like blows to which he was at once subjected. Adams was always ready to accept a provocation, or to appear in times of crises; Giddings, from the beginning, made it his business to attack, whenever he saw an opportunity to drive home his favorite principles against slavery. His natural sagacity suggested to him that, if he wished to protect himself and discomfit his enemies, he must train himself thoroughly in parliamentary law. The skill which he acquired accounts in considerable part for the fact that he had so frequent a hearing, and that he was so often successful in defeating obnoxious measures. He was still better aided by his quickness in discerning vulnerable points in the armor of the defenders of slavery. He instantly saw that the slave trade and slavery in the District of Columbia could be reached in seemingly innocent debates on appropriation bills. His first antislavery speech in the House was on the impropriety of building a bridge in the District of Columbia while the people of the District fostered the slave trade. A favorite form of attack was to protest against some proposed payment of claims for losses with which slaves were somehow connected. Another subject which Giddings made his own, and about which he waged unrelenting war, was the treatment of the Seminoles. He studied the war, watched for bills bearing upon it, and assailed the whole South as responsible for all the injustice of that transaction. Naturally, such a warrior was marked for attack; and many times he found himself obliged to accept battle where he had offered none.

It was not possible for any man so to live in the field without striking some undeserved blows. Giddings was not only a hard hitter, he was a reckless hitter; and to this characteristic is due a reputation for inaccuracy which the biographer rather passes over. His controversy with Winthrop, in 1847, illustrates it: Mr. Giddings made statements, which probably seemed to him true, about Winthrop's zeal in the Mexican war; Mr. Winthrop, with apparent candor, denied absolutely the charge as made, and never could be persuaded that Giddings was an honest man. In the Seminole speeches and writings there is a rhetorical exaggeration which deprives them of much of their natural force.

Yet that Giddings usually had hard

facts behind his speeches is shown by the efforts made to silence him. He was ostracized by Southern men; they brought against him unfounded charges, such as that he had franked a calico dress home to his wife. Twice, at least, in his place on the floor, he was threatened with violence by bullying Southerners. His well-known physical strength and skill as a shot were of great service to him in his steady refusal to accept provocations to fight duels. The resolution of censure of 1842 succeeded principally because Giddings was not permitted to say one single word in his own defense; but the Southern members saw their own mistake in admitting that they dared not permit a man to explain his own conduct, and Giddings's tongue was never again tied.

The manner of this long warfare with the slave power is, after all, of less importance than its effect. Giddings taught the country three lessons which were of inestimable value in bringing about a right sentiment among Northern men. In the first place, he had a constitutional theory which enraged his enemies by its aptness: he accepted the Southern doctrine that slavery was a matter of state law, but insisted on the corollary that the States must protect it themselves, and could maintain it only within their own limits. The converse of the doctrine was that the United States government had no constitutional power over slavery, and hence could not establish it anywhere. This was so plain a contradiction to the practice of the government, both in the District of Columbia and in the Southern territories, that Giddings overshot the mark.

Giddings's second characteristic was his independence of party discipline. Although he remained a Whig till 1848, he committed the unpardonable sin of bolting the party nomination for Speaker in 1846; and he led the Whigs who went into the Free Soil party in 1848. It was the same independence which led him to walk out of the Republican convention in 1860, when his Declaration of Independence plank was voted down. Throughout his life he helped to teach the wholesome lesson that principles were more than parties.

Finally, Giddings was gifted with a rare foresight. Not only did he predict the tightening of the slavery chain on the necks of the two parties; he foresaw the armed struggle. "And here I will take occasion to say," said he in June, 1852, "that if this law continues to be enforced civil war is inevitable." A still more remarkable prophecy is one which had indeed been uttered by Adams, but which Giddings amplified and several times repeated. It is quoted in the biography in a singularly suggestive extract from a speech of 1854: "When that contest shall come, . . . we shall then have constitutional power to act for the good of our country, and to do justice to the slave. We will then strike off the shackles from his limbs. The government will then have power to act between slavery and freedom; and it can best make peace by giving liberty to the slaves. And let me tell you, Mr. Speaker, that time hastens." Throughout his public life, Giddings, as a political abolitionist, sought to hasten that time by using the power of political organization.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. Bernard of Clairvaux, the Times, the Man, and his Work, an Historical Study in Eight Lectures, by Richard S. Storrs. (Scribners.) This book is the first adequate study in English of the man who, more than all others, represents what was noblest and most spiritual in the Europe of his time. Those who were so fortunate as to hear these lectures will not easily forget the profound impression made by the speaker — almost the last of our orators in the great style — upon his audience, though an inexorable time limit caused them to lose much that was admirable in illustration or elucidation, which, now that we have the lectures in their complete form, we feel could ill be spared. The work is not a continuous biography or history, but a series of studies of Bernard in the different relations and events of his life, fitly introduced by a picture of state and church in the tenth century; and surely that horror of great darkness has never been more graphically set forth. It is done in a few pages, but every touch tells. Equally vivid is the sketch of the revival in the succeeding century, with its superb portrait of Hildebrand ; and then follow the studies of Bernard in his personal characteristics, and as monk, theologian, and preacher, in his controversy with Abélard, and in his relations to general European affairs. Dr. Storrs brings to the work not only wide and accurate knowledge, a keen and highly trained intelligence, and sympathetic insight, but, in an exceptional degree, that rare gift, an historic imagination, and an enthusiasm for his subject which the reader needs must share. Nothing could be finer than the tone and temper of the work, its impartiality and large tolerance. Peculiarly interesting is the masterly and eloquent exposition of Bernard as a preacher, for that he was preëminently. It is no slight matter to give to nineteenth-century readers, as Dr. Storrs has done, a vivid conception even of the greatest preacher of the twelfth, so that they feel in very truth that he stands before them, not "the supreme philosopher of his time or its most untiring acquisitive scholar, but as noble an example as that time offers, or any time, of the power which intensity of spiritual force imparts to speech ; of the power of that speech, as thus vitalized and glorified, to control and exalt the souls of men." — Sir Henry Maine, a Brief Memoir of his Life, by the Right Hon. Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, G. C. S. I. ; with some of his Indian Speeches and Minutes, selected and edited by Whitley Stokes, D. C. L. (Holt.) It is now five years since the death of Sir Henry Maine, and yet that great jurist has found no fitting biographer. The first notice of his life, since the newspaper and magazine obituaries that appeared in the spring of 1888, comes to us from the pen of Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, a man well fitted, on account of his personal and official relations with Maine, to form a true estimate of his character. But, instead of a biography of his friend, he gives us only a short memoir. Although the work that the author set out to accomplish is well done, we cannot help regretting that he did not see fit to admit us to greater intimacy with the personal life of his subject. The eighty-three pages of the memoir contain little more than an account of the various steps in the official career of Maine, interspersed with short but able descriptions of the works of his pen. It cannot be denied that the life of the Anglo-Indian jurist would be a difficult one to portray on its more personal side. Reserved, almost unresponsive, by temperament, the bent of Maine's mind was almost entirely to the abstract and the impersonal. It was this very tendency that gave him that power of seeing the general in the particular which is perhaps the most prominent feature in his work and the foundation of much of his fame. It is this which makes his deductions, whether on ancient law or modern government, so clear and so convincing ; and this also made his sphere of practical usefulness so great in the Indian empire, that wonderful land where alone abstractions seem to have more reality than facts. But, on the other hand, Maine was a man of wonderful quickness of apprehension, and was also possessed of very great powers of persuasion. He was not a popular orator, but for the power of

convincing qualified minds he had no equal among his contemporaries. The knowledge of this side of Maine's character stimulates our interest in what may have been his relations with his fellow-men outside of the court and the council chamber, but of this no word escapes the author of the present memoir. The selection of the speeches is made from those least accessible to the public in other forms, and they treat of a variety of legal subjects. The layman cannot but be impressed by the keen logic and the wise judgment they contain, but their interest is almost exclusively for the professional lawyer. — Moltke, his Life and Character, sketched in Journals, Letters, Memoirs, a Novel, and Autobiographical Notes, translated by Mary Herms. (Harpers.) A *mélange* which has considerable ingenuity in its composition. No editor's name is given, but the sources from which the material is drawn are indicated. Moltke was expert with his pencil as well as with his pen, and there are reproductions of sketches by his hand. The somewhat scrappy character of the book gives it the air of being a temporary substitute for a formal biography; but until such biography appears the reader will get through this a good many cross-sections of the Moltke edifice. — Itinerary of General Washington from June 15, 1775, to December 23, 1783, by William S. Baker. (Lippincott.) Mr. Baker is well known as an enthusiastic collector, especially of Washington portraits, and in this handsome volume he has made what is in effect a compact diary of Washington's movements from the day he was made commander in chief to that when he surrendered his commission at Annapolis. The spirit of Washington surely must commend this orderly, workmanlike book. Much converse with the great general has imbued Mr. Baker with the same temper of account-keeping which characterized his subject. — The Duchess of Berry and the Revolution of 1830, by Imbert de Saint-Amand; translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. (Scribners.) M. de Saint-Amand has given an account of the Revolution of July and its immediate causes, which, though written from a frankly Legitimist point of view, is in the main fair and candid. The social jealousies that were undoubtedly an element in the prevailing discontent are of course not overlooked. One sees again how little the people were at first concerned in the uprising, and how, even after the signing of the Ordinances, a moderate degree of wisdom, or even of prudence, might have saved the throne of the elder branch of the Bourbons, for the time at least. The Duchess of Berry scarcely appears in the narrative, though there are charming glimpses of her children; the king being naturally the central figure. The volume ends in the not unimpressive departure of himself and his family for what was to prove a lifelong exile; for Charles X., however weak and wrong-headed as a sovereign, lacked neither patience nor dignity in misfortune. — Abraham Lincoln, by Charles Carleton Coffin. (Harpers.) Mr. Coffin has had much experience in writing, for young people, narratives of the war for the Union, and this book, a large-paged, profusely illustrated volume, is built upon the same pattern. It is anecdotical, warm-hearted, sometimes, one is tempted to say, unctuous. The reporter, eager to introduce as many telling incidents as possible, is at work rather than the cautious historian; but the young reader will hardly fail to be moved by the florid treatment, since it is genuine, and a hero worshiper like Mr. Coffin may be forgiven many sins.

Poetry. Fortunatus the Pessimist, by Alfred Austin. (Macmillan.) A drama in five acts, in which the contemporaneousness is vouched for by many realistic touches, though the scheme is romantic. Mr. Austin has a facile pen, and his condemnation of pessimism is quite thorough and proper. His poetry and his philosophy are of a cheerful, ready-to-hand sort, and both deserve a reward-of-merit card. — Eleusis, and Lesser Poems, by William Rufus Perkins. (McClurg.) The main poem necessarily leads one to think of Tennyson; for not only has the author used the measure of In Memoriam, but the speculative, brooding temper of the verse, the search which the poet makes for definite and secure ground on which to rest his philosophy, recall the great poet of nineteenth-century misgiving. Eleusis is well modulated; it starts many thoughts; it is choice in diction. The reader listens attentively; yet, somehow, he cannot escape the feeling that it is reverberation to which he is listening, not an outright voice. — A Country Muse,

New Series, by Norman R. Gale. (Putnams.) Mr. Gale clearly has a genuine love of country life, but there is a thin veil of historical poetry through which he sees it, so that his verse, with all its grace and vigor, has also a delicate borrowed charm. The rhythmical beauty is always there, and the poet sings as the thrush sings ; but it is the tamed thrush ; the wild wood note has passed into a tone which is well trained. — Some Rhymes of Ironquill of Kansas. (McClurg.) Some fourscore fables, lyrics, editorial articles, anecdotes, poems, all in verse : many of them keen, witty, and vigorous, some of them touched with a restless melancholy, a few illumined with fine thought and bold with a free expression. The author moves easily in numbers, and he makes his muse undertake a good deal of homely, honest work.

Fiction. A Born Player, by Mary West. (Macmillan.) Matthew Hare has grown up among the rural Nonconformists of two generations ago, and his personal and oratorical gifts are supposed by those around him to peculiarly fit him for the ministry, his destined calling ; but, secretly, the boy has a passion for the stage, and the discovery of his stolen visits to a theatre brings matters to a crisis. Filled with shame at thus yielding to what he has been taught to regard as a temptation of Satan, he burns his play-books, devotes himself to theological study, and finally preaches his first sermon. But the consuming desire is only smothered for the time. To the horror of his friends, he becomes an actor, and dies untimely, at the moment when brilliant success seems assured. It is a touching and, in the main, well-told story, though one must mildly protest against the writer's occasional asides to the reader. Some of the character sketches are excellent, notably those of the gentle, scholarly minister, Matt's guardian, and his harassed and plaintive wife. — Time's Revenges, by David Christie Murray. (Harpers.) Mr. Murray is by no means at his best in this novel, in which character and incident are alike conventional. We have the innocent convict transported to Tasmania, who, after his sentence has expired, finds a cinnabar mine on his land (not to mention silver), and so grows rich beyond the dreams of avarice. After the lapse of twenty years, the English-bred son, brought up in ignorance of his parentage, so that no stain may rest upon his name, appears among the guests at his father's house in Sydney, to which city he has accompanied the proud soldier who was in a way the cause of all the father's woes, and who, it is needless to say, has a charming and high-spirited daughter. Then there is a foreign adventurer, a good specimen of the type, and his criminal satellites, and, naturally, theft, forgery, murder, and suicide. The experienced reader can easily construct the story from these hints. It is, of course, a readable tale, but the judicious cannot fail to draw comparisons between the author's latest and some of his earlier work. — Catherine, by Frances M. Peard. (Harpers.) The heroine whose loss of beauty is the test of the quality of the rival heroes is a familiar friend of all novel-readers, but in this pleasantly written story the situation is treated with considerable freshness. Catherine, despite her youthful vanity and thoughtlessness, is charming and lovable, and her history is told with a refinement of tone and manner which is in itself attractive. The action occurs during the closing years of England's long struggle with Napoleon, and the contrasts of the time, the peaceful English life and the ever-present shadow of the great war, are not unskillfully indicated. — A Moral Dilemma, by Annie Thompson. (Longmans.) A dying man, who has been falsely accused of theft, entrusts to the hero the papers by which his name may be cleared, and the guilt brought home to the true criminal. The latter has now become rich and penitent, and is the accepted lover of the girl whom the hero loves in vain. For her sake he spares the culprit, and destroys the incriminating documents. For the moral question involved in this action the reader will probably not be concerned, for the story will claim his interest rather than the characters, though one or two of these have some show of vitality. This is not the case, however, with the heroine, for whom so much is done and suffered. Her childlike softness, innocence, ignorance, and obtuseness quite pass the limit permissible even to *ingénues* of her type when they have reached five and twenty. — Among the volumes lately added to the new and revised edition of Mr. Black's novels (Harpers) are, Sunrise, the interesting if rather sensational tale of an Englishman's experiences as a member of one of those se-

cret societies whose aim is to revolutionize and reform the world, but which, pending that consummation, exemplify in their own council the most ruthless of tyrannies; the more characteristic and agreeable if lighter story, White Wings; and The Beautiful Wretch, one of the author's minor tales. — The charming novel A Roman Singer, to which readers of The Atlantic need no introduction, has been issued in the Messrs. Macmillan's attractive uniform edition of Mr. Crawford's works.

Economics and Sociology. The Unseen Foundations of Society, an Examination of the Fallacies and Failures of Economic Science due to Neglected Elements, by the Duke of Argyll, K. G., K. T. (Imported by Scribners.) It is not often, in these democratic days, that we are favored with a free discussion of economic questions by a person occupying the peculiar position in relation to such matters held by the Duke of Argyll. But in this volume we have a profuse discussion, in fact almost a polemic, on the various credos of the Schoolmen, Old and New, and on the social laws and conditions which they represent, or, as the duke would say, misrepresent. Rejecting nearly all the definitions of the Old School, as forming a sort of artificial skeleton specially constructed for the support of an Economic Man, both impossible and unnatural, the author also attacks the New School through many of its members. In his opinion, these definitions are largely to blame for the little honor which is at present allotted to the science of political economy; and if, in the war of words against words, the victory is to be with the heaviest battalions, the palm undoubtedly goes to the author. The cause of failure to reach the root and essence of things by the economic writers of the past is due principally to "neglected elements." In their theories and definitions they leave out some important constituent part, or fail to reduce each element to its lowest terms, and so their conclusions will not stand the severe test of economic experience. Natural laws, and not artificial ones, can alone be considered in the field of economics, and they are always the most simply expressed in terms free from the jargon of the schools. In the discussion of rent, the Duke of Argyll should, if anywhere, be on his own ground, so to speak; and when, in the progress of a fierce attack on the Ricardian theory, he asserts that there is no such thing as rentless land under cultivation, his Scotch holdings should give his words authority. But whether in eloquent appeal for more consideration to be given to the unseen agents of production as against the material ones, to mind as against matter, or whether in bitter denunciation of the "profligate conclusions" of all who would attack the established ideas about property and landholding, we recognize the spirit and the state of mind of a prominent member of those *fruges consumere nati.* Much useful historical information is scattered through the work, and there are some shrewd remarks on municipal government. The book is of interest because all economic questions must be considered from different standpoints, but its deductions will never bear the weight of those of a master. It brushes away some cobwebs, but adds little to the economic building. — The Children of the Poor, by Jacob A. Riis. (Scribners.) That an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and that the future of every nation lies in the hands of its members under twenty-one years of age, are a couple of truisms so true as to have become proverbs. But, perhaps on account of their very simplicity and incontrovertibility, they are too often neglected by even the most practical. They are brought home to us in plain but forcible fashion by the series of object lessons contained in this work. Starting out with the idea that the most accessible solution of the question of the so-called "submerged tenth" lies in the regeneration of its progeny, and in the using of them as the most effective missionaries to introduce a leaven of healthy life into the mass of corruption from which they spring, the author shows, in a simple, practical way, the results which have been and which may be achieved by such a method. Let the kindergarten and the primary school seriously attack the street and the tenement, and there will be little doubt of ultimate victory for the forces of law and of industry. Using New York as the best, or rather the worst, example for analysis, Mr. Riis justly recognizes the differences between the problems presented by the slums of an American city and those of the Old World. For here the life and the energy of a country still young are felt even to the cellars and attics of its darkest slums,

and the proportion is comparatively small of those whose hopeless apathy extends over more than one generation. The proportion borne by this element, among even the helplessly poor, is the first problem to be attacked by social regenerators, and to diminish it their first object. In addition to this, immigration and other causes produce a continuous process of change and unrest in the most thickly settled portions, and in the struggle for room more are forced up than are driven down, as the greatest competition is for the lowest and cheapest scale of living. In these very facts lies the principal strength of the case presented by Mr. Riis. It is in making the children good men and women, and consequently good citizens, that society is to be repaid for the losses occasioned by the social condition of the parents, and to be protected from further losses in the future ; and the peculiar conditions of life, even for the poorest in American cities, render this the easiest solution of the problem. Save the children, and each one removed from the street to the school is not only a brand snatched from the burning, but a missionary sent among the heathen at our own doors. It is the opinion of an optimist ; but if a man with the practical experience in such matters that Mr. Riis has had still remains an optimist, who shall cast the first stone ? It is good advice to grapple with an enemy that is hard to beat by the most accessible part first; and the facts given by Mr. Riis are an encouraging proof that this course is being pursued by many noble men and women to-day, in the city of New York and elsewhere. — Proceedings of the Tenth Annual Meeting of the Lake Mohonk Conference of Friends of the Indian, edited by Martha D. Adams. (A. K. Smiley, Lake Mohonk, N.Y.) The difference between this and most annual reports is that it is readable, and represents a genuine conference, not a perfunctory meeting. There are certain great, fundamental questions affecting the welfare of the Indian ; to the solution of these questions, the lawyer, the publicist, the man of business, the teacher, the minister, the observer, all bring their separate contributions, and the outcome is in a programme upon which all practically agree. The student needs not only the programme, he needs the inspiration which comes from the earnest minds of the contributors ; and there is a satisfaction in considering that the opinions here recorded are operative opinions ; that the conference is a great moral and political instrument, unselfish and forcible. — Amor in Society, a Study from Life, by Julia Duhring. (Lippincott.) A series of essays on woman in her relation to man in American society. The writer assumes Amor to be speaking, but there is not much consistency in the carrying out of this illusion. A good many vigorous things are said, rather more commonplace ones, and perhaps somewhat unnecessary ones most of all.

Books of Reference. A Supplement to Allibone's Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors, containing over thirty-seven thousand Articles, and enumerating over ninety-three thousand Titles, by John Foster Kirk. In two volumes. (Lippincott.) The original Dictionary, which was completed in 1871, not only required the addition of these volumes to bring it to date, but necessarily determined the general plan of the Supplement. This plan calls for a brief biography of the author, if it is nothing more than the dates of his birth and death, a chronological list of his writings, and comment from critical sources upon his work, if it is important enough to demand it. The fullness of the treatment makes the work both biographically and bibliographically significant ; and the drag net has gathered a vast school of minnows as well as more edible fish. It is to be noted that the editor draws for his comment mainly upon a small number of critical journals, and but rarely cites individual authorities. His authorities are indeed those of weight, but there is a certain narrowness of judgment in consequence. We are not disposed, however, to regard this feature as one of great value, and we suspect it is introduced more for the sake of consistency than from a regard for its intrinsic importance.

Military. The Armies of To-Day, a Description of the Armies of the Leading Nations at the Present Time. (Harpers.) A composite volume, in which General Merritt treats of the United States army ; General Viscount Wolseley, that of Great Britain ; Lieutenant-Colonel Exner, that of Germany, as well as of the military situation in Europe ; and other competent officers treat respectively of the armies of Italy, France, Russia, Austria, and Mexico. General

Lewal, who writes of the French army, is the only one, apparently, who takes his subject other than very seriously. There are some good illustrations, and if one can regard war as a game of chess, he can get a good deal of intellectual excitement out of the book.

Travel. Morocco As It Is, by Stephen Bonsal, Jr. (Harpers.) This is an interesting little volume, describing the Morocco of to-day. The writer accompanied the English embassy, with Sir Charles Euan-Smith at its head, which was sent out to try to obtain from the Sultan his signature to a commercial treaty with England. The attempt was fruitless, but the opportunity to see something of the country was unusually good, and Mr. Bonsal describes it in a lively and vivacious style. His ability to speak Arabic enabled him to take a nearer view of Moorish life than foreigners can often do, and one gets a good idea of those ancient inland cities which still live the life of past centuries. He speaks of the climate as being, from May to November, the finest summer climate in the world ; and he might have added, from November to May, the best winter one. — Road, Track, and Stable, Chapters about Horses and their Treatment, by H. C. Merwin. (Little, Brown & Co.) Readers of The Atlantic have enjoyed the greater part of this book already ; but its value is increased in this final form, not only by revision, by illustrations, and by three new chapters on Trotting Horses, Saddle Horses, and the Care of Horses, but by the comprehensiveness which the subject gets in this orderly group of topics. The writer brings keen observation, sympathy, wide experience, and sound judgment to his task, and he writes throughout as a gentleman, and not as a horse-fancier.

Books for the Young. Typical Tales from Shakespeare's Plays, edited by Robert Raymond, A. M. (Fords, Howard & Hulburt.) This work contains A Midsummer Night's Dream, As You Like It, and Julius Cæsar. It is an attempt to bring these plays nearer to the comprehension of the child by explaining the plot in prose, interspersed with the text of the plays. We are disposed to think that any child of intelligence enough to wish to read Shakespeare at all would be able to puzzle out the story for himself, and that it would be good mental exercise for him to do so. But the volume is unobjectionable in style and manner for those who wish to read it. — Three Vassar Girls in the Holy Land, by Elizabeth W. Champney. (Estes & Lauriat.) Mrs. Champney has more of the novelist in her than most of the school of book-makers to which she belongs. Her girls go to Palestine with that ease which characterizes all these book travelers. They see everything of which a picture exists that can be reproduced, and some member of the party is always prepared with the necessary historical and archæological information ; but, in addition, a story of character and adventure is cleverly worked out, and the reader feels that he or she has taken in ever so much information through the pores of the fiction. — Prince Tip Top, a Fairy Tale, by Marguerite Bouvet ; illustrated by Helen Maitland Armstrong. (McClurg.) A bit of fancy, in which Milton's "blue-hair'd deities" are made to suggest a race of blue-haired beings. Blue also suggests water and the sky, and we are bound to say that a fantastic idea is not often more diluted or made more vaporous by thin language. — Short Talks on Character Building, by G. T. Howerton. (Fowler & Wells.) A series of well-accepted truths expressed in colloquial style, and enforced by reference to the system of phrenology. — The Midnight Warning, and Other Stories, by Edward H. House. (Harpers.) Half a dozen well-told stories in good English. Gracie's Godson makes a somewhat heavy demand on probability, but Try Again Trescott's Wager is capital, and the goodness of the book is most proper.

Music. Sound and Music, by the Rev. J. A. Zahm. (McClurg.) An octavo volume of four hundred and fifty pages, devoted to a careful analysis of the relation of acoustics to the art of music. Helmholtz and Koenig are the author's chief authorities. The treatment is comprehensive and detailed. The author is professor of physics in the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, and his book is the substance of lectures delivered by him at the Catholic University of America.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Social Heresy.

ONE of the great heresies — or perhaps more correctly, fallacies — of modern times is the notion that a man ought to work steadily all day long. It seems to be taken for granted that any person of regular occupation who fails to "keep a-moving" (I shall explain the origin of this phrase presently) during business hours is recreant to himself, to his employer, if he has one, and to society at large. Thus, a great deal of work is done that ought to have been postponed, or never performed at all; and thus, also, men are encouraged — nay, forced — to prevaricate and to dissemble. My attention was lately called to an illustration of this necessary hypocrisy. The reader will doubtless remember that often, traveling by railroad on a wet day, he has glanced through the window of his Pullman car (I always go second class myself), and observed, as the train dashed by, a small group of section-men, or track-repairers, standing outside their hut, with shovels, pickaxes, etc., in hand, all ready to resume work, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, so soon as the road should be clear again. "Hard, indeed, is it," mentally ejaculates the kind-hearted reader, "that these faithful men should have to face so pitiless a storm!" and he goes back to his novel. But, between ourselves, the little scene which I have just described is purely theatrical, — a bit of comedy which the track-repairers perform out of deference to that pervading, remorseless theory that a man ought to work steadily through the day. To put the matter more concretely, the section-men reason thus: "The boss" (meaning the division or general superintendent) "may be on board of this particular train, and so it behooves us to make a show of industry." As a matter of fact (I have it in a confidence which will not, I trust, be violated by any member of the Club), these track-repairers spend most of the time, when it rains, very snugly in their little house, and it is only when they hear the premonitory roar of a passenger train that they grasp their tools and form a picturesque group outside the door.

However, I am not chiefly concerned with the hypocrisy entailed by this vicious notion of working every day and all day. What troubles me most is its ill effect upon the health and spirits of the community. It is a notorious fact, proved many times by statistics, that the longest-lived persons are ministers; and we all know how spasmodic their habits are, — how they write their sermons in a hurry on Saturday, are busy with their various functions on Sunday, and then laze about for the next two or three days. This system is a wholesome one. On the other hand, laborers' lives are comparatively of short duration, despite their work in the open air, and freedom from intellectual or spiritual wear and tear. The reason is that their labor is regular and constant, and thus, having no long intervals of repose, they get stiff, and wear out before their time. The weekly debauch of many mechanics is a protest — not, I admit, a well-chosen one — against the theory in question.

The spasmodic method of the clergyman is the natural method. The beast of prey, for example, does not spend his whole time, day after day, pottering about the forest in a routine manner. On the contrary, he goes off for a vigorous, well-sustained hunt, and then, having gorged himself on the proceeds, he lies down to repose and meditation, until some further and pressing necessity for action arises. Great men — who are always much closer to nature than ordinary men — follow the same plan. Daniel Webster, for example, never constructed his stupendous legal and forensic arguments by so many "days' work," as the phrase is, duly separated by eight hours' sleep every night. His habit was, after preparing himself by a slight dose of medicine, a long nap, and a moderate repast, to perform his task by one mighty and continuous effort. And Mr. Webster's capacity for loafing between whiles was as monumental as his intellect. Extraordinary tension cannot, indeed, be endured without an antecedent period of repose any more than a tiger can spring without first crouching.

This is true of physical as well as of intellectual exertion. Dr. Sargent, of Har-

vard College, who recently examined a successful prize-fighter, stated that there is about him a certain inertia, or instinctive husbanding of resources, which characterizes, as the doctor justly remarked, all men capable of great deeds, physical or mental.

It is a remarkable fact, too, that, as civilization advances, the spasmodic instead of the routine system of labor begins to recur. English professional men of the present day work very hard while they are at it, but they take long vacations. In this country, — in Boston, for instance, — it used to be the custom for a lawyer to arrive at his office by nine o'clock, and to stay there, with an hour out for dinner, until six o'clock. It was wittily said, many years ago, of a prominent member of the Boston bar, who spent part of the year in a remote suburb, "——'s notion of life in the country is to go home late, and pick up apples in his orchard after dark by the light of a lantern." Nowadays, the lawyer gets to his office at half past nine or ten o'clock, and leaves it by four in the afternoon. In the summer he takes a long vacation. More work is done now than formerly, but it is done with a rush, and the intervals of repose are longer. Thus extremes tend to meet; and the typical man of two or three centuries hence will doubtless approximate still more in his habits of exertion to the lion, the bear, and the fox.

But at present we must look to certain communities which are primitive, or at least comparatively so, for examples of properly ordered labor and rest. In the British Provinces, for instance, if a man has a piece of work to do, he accomplishes it; and then he sits down to rest, to meditate, and to confer, instead of turning his hand immediately, in a perfunctory way, to some new task. It is a common saying among farmers in the neighborhood of Boston that a laborer from the Provinces is "no good" until he has had a year or two of breaking-in. That is the length of time, as they reckon, which is required to transform him from a lordly, natural, spasmodic man to a docile, automatic, laboring machine. In Maine the farming class have the same healthy habits of work, — or rather of rest; hence their ruddy complexions, their infinite humor, the ripe development of their social faculties.

Sometimes, the two forms or stages of civilization, the spasmodic and the automatic, come in conflict. Thus, some years ago, a man of property from Connecticut, a "hustler," in the slang of to-day, settled in a small Maine town, with the intention of "booming" the place. One morning he directed his newly acquired "hired man" to perform a certain piece of work. The employee complied with alacrity. He finished the job, and then — why, then he came into the house, sat down in an arm-chair, and crossed his legs, with a view to a little rational conversation with his employer. But the latter was astounded and outraged by this conduct, new to him, and implying a new conception of an employee's duty. He was a tall man, having extremely long arms, which, in moments of excitement, he was accustomed, after the fashion of Dominie Sampson, to wave with the sweep of windmills. "I pay you," he exclaimed, flourishing his arms in this manner, bending and contorting his whole body, "I pay you to keep a-moving, to keep a-moving!" This was strange doctrine for that town, and happily, so far as I have been able to observe, it failed to take root there. The inhabitants, whether hired or otherwise, have never learned to "keep a-moving."

A Mood of Weariness.

— I have never been able to discover what power sways the tide of moods and times, whereby we are given rich or beggarly days without respect to the day's events. I take for granted that other human nature is subject to the same caprices as is that of which I am allowed the closest and most unsparing inspection. For myself, then, I find some days most bountiful to the spirit (though they bring no obvious gifts), while others, not tangibly adverse, affect me with a sense of sorrowful penury and foregoing. It is at the close of such beggarly days that there comes to the surface of consciousness a feeling which (at the risk of increasing the vocabulary of emotional pathology) I would call *life ache*, — the altogether unrelieved fact of identity acutely shared alike by mind and body, — felt occasionally in childhood itself, and distinguishable even through joy. It is at such times that I am reminded of the little child who, when his mother lay dead in an adjoining room, met all efforts to soothe him with these words of pathetic half-comprehension, "I 'm not *quite* happy enough to go to sleep yet." In

a similar mood of unmeasured, discontented, and watchful weariness, it has often seemed to me that I should like to have some kind and huge Brobdingnagian nurse, who would take me in her arms and swing me slowly between the two poles of the summer arch of the Milky Way (no moon in the sky). I should not wish even to see her features or to hear her voice, unless it were like the surf on a far shore ; and I should prefer that she should be black, — Prince Memnon's sister, or perhaps Ποντία Νὺξ herself.

Shield me, dark nurse, outworn, defeated, and undone!
Shield me from memories, sweet or bitter, 'neath the sun;
From glance of scorn, from love's long gaze, from pity's tear,
Shield me alike; from blame, from praise, from hope, from fear,
Shield me, dark nurse; with charm and woven pace surround.
Shield me from sight, from sound, — from dream of sight or sound!

Or, in default of such a wise and beneficent sky nurse, I should be satisfied with the services of the magician to a certain insomnious king of China, who devised for his monarch a tent the curtains of which were woven mist fringed with lashes of rain ; the whole quite impervious, and flowing with faint musical cadence around the sleeper.

"In Light Marching Order."

— I knew him in the army. Although among the youngest of our young officers, he was married, which fact gave a certain weight to his actions and opinions in the eyes of his brother officers, he having passed by one of the three epochs that mark our progress through life.

It was the custom of our brigade commander, old Tecumseh Sherman, to order out, every few days, a scouting party ; less, I fear, for any immediate results than with the hope of keeping "the boys" out of mischief, — a consideration which, I am told, is, in many sections, the sole reason for sending children to school! After designating company and commander, the order invariably read that these must proceed "in light marching order ;" and while all thus designated obeyed said injunction to the best of their ability, there was but one who obeyed it literally. I must here mention that "light marching order" implies that a soldier may carry upon his person only a few of the more obvious necessities of life, and no luxuries save tobacco. In the long life-and-death struggle which may last from one to three days, the contestants must strip as nearly as possible to the skin ; what with the heat, the dust, and the hurrying to and fro, a man in gymnasium costume might be only too glad to drop out, finding refuge in a faint or swoon. But a soldier must be clad even to sixty rounds of ball cartridge. Small wonder is it, then, if only the lightest toothbrush, drawn through the buttonhole of his blouse, must suffice as an epitome of the refinements of life. Many of the victories of our adversaries were fairly attributable to the scantier attire and lighter marching order of the men.

The officer of whom mention has been made had lived abroad. Rumor said that, as a student, he had walked through Europe, after the fashion of Bayard Taylor (but without the knapsack); and so this young officer's resources, in the way of a condensation of his appointments, had been enhanced by much practice. The lightest of razors (Swiss); a shadowy sponge, not too large for one hand; castile soap, by preference, as being lighter than toilet soap, — these signalized his outfit. Towels there were none, and our daintiest knights-errant had to content themselves, like the guests of Cedric the Saxon, with drying their hands by gracefully waving them through the air. But one superfluity accompanied the subject of our sketch, a blue-and-gold Shelley, which, carried in his breast pocket, to his admiring men masqueraded as a New Testament ; for, in the eyes of the average country boy, those about to die had scant need of secular literature. But one superfluity did I say? Perhaps I should mention also an old camp-kettle pierced with many bayonet holes, which, when suspended from the bough of a tree and filled with a bucket of brook water, afforded the luxury of a shower-bath. But it was in the charming *ménage* which we observed in camp, when this officer was joined by his wife, a country girl, that the best proofs of portability in household utensils were exhibited. What marvels of cookery were achieved with a sharpened rod for a toasting-fork, and an empty tomato can for a stewpan! Four bricks sufficed for stove or oven, and a fragment of shelter-tent for the roof of the cookhouse, oftener affording protection from the sun than the rain. Of course, in a

permanent camp, in winter quarters, ovens and similar necessities of living were provided by the department, while the officers took their chance of death from indigestion by "boarding around" at the various farmhouses in the neighborhood. Many, indeed, although their lives were spared, brought home no eupeptic zest, but an irritable Carlylean temper, the bane of their nearest relatives. Not so the two of whom I have spoken. Granted the ability to use them, almost every country place abounds in the materials of good cookery; and certainly it would have been a barren land where these two could not have thrived luxuriously. The ingenuity which, on campaign, could split a tin canteen into two frying-pans, and make a tumbler and a goblet of a bottle by dividing it in the middle, was never at a loss in utilizing raw material of whatever sort. I half suspect that the frequency with which this young officer's name was mentioned in general orders was due not wholly to soldierly deserving, but in part to the frank delight of his colonel in the breakfast sure to follow, prepared by the hands of the officer's wife, — this court lady who was something more than a giver of bread in those hungry times.

One day a negro appeared in camp bearing a handsome guitar, which he insisted upon laying as tribute at the feet of the young officer, whom he dubbed his rescuer. As no plantation house likely to contain such an instrument was to be found within a day's march of camp, there might have been some truth in the negro's story that he had received it as an offset to unpaid wages. At all events, this guitar was added to the ménage we are considering, and thenceforth it furnished the slow music for the domestic drama daily enacted in that tent, the cynosure of many homesick eyes and hearts. Not only did this instrument "raise the note" in the patriotic chorusing of the soldiery, which on moonlight nights would fill the camp with clamor, but it also atoned for such secular sins by steadying the voices of those who sang hymns on the Sabbath evenings. The respectful regard in which this frail almoner of sweet sounds was held is further attested by the fact that it winged its lightsome way, unbroken, and with no least rift in its palpitating sides, through all the confusion and tumult of army wagon life, of reckless advance and headlong retreat; and so, on it fared, accompanying the singing soldiery of the regiment, until the surrender of Appomattox turned all music into thanksgiving, all singing into the refrain, "My Country, 't is of thee."

And now, after a lapse of twenty-seven years, this officer, — who, like fresh-hearted Gamelyn, "yonge was of old," — alive and pensionless, in his home in the North, remains as unchanged, both to outward and inward consideration, as the behests of time will allow. He lives in a dwelling scarce worth the modest insurance which spans its helplessness, and this same dwelling is furnished with a frugality that is wholly consistent with the fortunes of the average veteran. Like the Irish liveryman who economized in whips by feeding his horses so well that they needed none, this veteran saves himself the expense of a lock to his door by leaving nothing in his house, when he is away, that any tramp would carry off. Hard by, a garden supplies many of the needs and luxuries of life in the way of food; and the owner further economizes in time and labor by declining to weed the garden, on the theory that "the weeds carry off the bitterness of the soil"! Sooth to say, the fruits of the garden, though small, are of uncommon sweetness.

There is a lady of my circle who, though most tenderly reared and wealthy, having married a cavalry officer, preferred to live with him in a wall-tent carpeted with army blankets, and ornamented with his sabre and spurs. He was killed, but to this day his widow sleeps in a small apartment of her sumptuous house; and the apartment is carpeted with the same army blankets, well cared for, and is ornamented with the same sabre and spurs. In a like manner, the frugality of the hasty march is kept up in the household I have been describing. The camp-kettle has been rendered unnecessary by the near presence of the Atlantic Ocean. The tomato can and split canteen have been replaced by articles scarcely more expensive, although more conventional. The content of mind and the characteristic enjoyment of all the free-will offerings of nature still continue, and with good reason; for in that enchanted region of the New England coast where this officer resides the fields are a wilderness of wild flowers, and Heaven is their gardener. On the wall of his cottage

of content, in perfect preservation, and in sweet survival of all that was harsh and bitter in the past, hangs the old guitar which made the tour of the South in the darkest days of the rebellion.

The Accolade of Democracy.

— How much will you endure for the sake of a principle? I am bent on enlisting volunteers in a new reform. It is, you may think, a very trifling reform, but I assure you it will demand some of that indifference to convention which is the lowest phase of heroism. Perhaps you will say that the aim is not worth the effort. Well, then, cling to fashion, and be no reformer.

The matter is briefly this, whether to address John Smith as "Mr." or as "Esq." Fashion promptly replies, "Write 'John Smith, Esq.,' of course!" But it is *not* "of course;" there are distinctions; we must discriminate; not everybody is to have the title "Esq." Your butcher is "Mr. J. Smith;" your lawyer or broker is "John Smith, Esq." The rule, as it was given me long ago in England, when I was a boy, is to address a "shopkeeper" as "Mr." and a "gentleman" as "Esq."

For some time I followed the rule without question; then I began to have doubts; finally I abandoned it altogether, and now I write only "Mr." I found it, in the first place, a great bother, in many cases, to have to decide whether my correspondent was worthy of the alleged higher title. When my tailor, for example, moved to Beacon Street, and when, as reported in the society newspapers, he actually had a dinner from time to time, I could no longer deny him the "Esq.;" and yet he was still "in trade," and to admit him into the select circle of those who were not was to encourage him to think more highly of himself than he ought to think. On the other hand, by addressing as "Mr." some poor but haughty do-nothing scion of Mayflower stock caused him pain, as he thought that I was trying to snub him on account of his poverty. At last, as I have said, the bother of classifying became too irksome, and I took refuge in uniformly using plain "Mr."

But there is a deeper reason for abandoning this English custom: it is snobbish, it is undemocratic. In England, while society was constituted according to blood, and while each family's position on the social scale was regulated by official decree, "Mr." meant one definite social rank, and "Esq." another. In this country, however, such distinctions were obliterated on July 4, 1776. We have no authorized Knight of the Social Yardstick, no recognized Analyzer of Blood. Fashionable society is based on money, and not on pedigree. But money, as we know, is the most unstable of objects, rolling from pocket to pocket, and slipping from family to family; and so the man whom you addressed as "Mr." last year may require "Esq." this year. For a busy person to follow these fluctuations of fortune is intolerable; for a democrat to cringe to a plutocratic custom is inconsistent: therefore I have dropped "Esq.," and shall write plain "Mr." to the end.

Surely we ought to insist that in all things a symbol, or title, shall keep its distinct meaning; otherwise, we shall be overwhelmed by shams; and since "Esq." no longer carries with it the original connotation, we may well abolish its use. If our society, based on plutocratic principles, wishes to indulge in titles, let it adopt those which are appropriate to a plutocracy. Any business directory will furnish information as to Brown's or Smith's wealth recent enough to be applicable. Instead of either "Mr." or "Esq." we might use the dollar symbol ($), with the further advantage that by one stroke, or two, or three (thus, $, $, $), we could differentiate simple millionaires from those of larger wealth. There would be no doubt about this method, no horrid qualms as to whether you had given your correspondent a higher or lower title than he deserved. If he made any fuss, you need simply refer him to Bradstreet's. Moreover, this system would be an honest product of our plutocratic conditions and ideals. It is not honest, nor is it convenient, to go on using "Esq.," an appellation borrowed from England when England was aristocratic.

'T is a small reform, but will you join it? Some courage you must have, or you will not persevere in it. One does not like to be thought ignorant of social usages; but if you refuse "Esq." to certain persons, you will certainly have to bear that imputation. It happens to be my duty to correspond with eminent persons, to whom, if to any, "Esq.," or a higher title, might be given, and whom I should like so to honor, were it not for the scruples I have stated. Some of those emi-

nent persons, whether to heap coals of fire on me, or to teach me subtly by example, reply to me as "Esq.;" others, after trying "Esq." on me, and finding that I do not reciprocate, drop to "Mr.," and then I know that they have written me down in their books as one unfamiliar with society's delicate shades. Not to be *comme il faut*, much more to appear to be disrespectful, may cause even a reformer to wince ; but is not the gain in consistency and in the abolition of snobbishness more than worth the pain ? If you think so, join me ; the social pillory ceases to be a pillory as soon as a few resolute persons, by mounting it of their own accord, make it an honorable station.

Poise in Criticism. — From time beyond which the memory of man runs not, the criticism of art by men not artists has been resented by the latter, who, however, have rarely undertaken it themselves with more satisfaction to their brethren. Yet the literary critic of art has one advantage over most artists, — he is not enamored of one class of truths, as any artist but the greatest must be of those that give him guidance and inspiration in his own work. Mr. Brownell, in his recent book on French Art, — a book, it seems to me, that gives us more clear seeing, sound thinking, and accurate as well as charming statement than any other of its kind since Fromentin's Maîtres d'autrefois, — describes the attitude of the critic in words that give the spirit of the whole volume, and disclose what I conceive to be the essential advantage of the literary art critic : "Catholicity of appreciation is the secret of critical felicity. . . . In criticism, it is perhaps better to keep balancing counter-considerations than to determine brutally by excluding a whole set of them because of the difficulty of assigning them their true weight. In this way, at least, one preserves the attitude of poise ; and poise is, perhaps, the one essential element of criticism. In a word, that catholicity of sensitiveness which may be called mere impressionism, behind which there is no body of doctrine at all, is more truly critical than intolerant depreciation or unreflecting enthusiasm."

But for the qualifying term "unreflecting enthusiasm," this would come perilously near a defense of that phrase which is the red flag to the artistic temper, "I do not know art, but I know what I like ;" and, after all, is not the difference between the critic and the *bête noire* of the artist, not in following one's "likes," but in knowing the sources and reasons of them ? One cannot read — much less study, which is better — Mr. Brownell without seeing that his doctrine is as painfully costly as conscience usually is, and as richly rewarding. The patient and courageous fidelity with which he uses the complex and delicate instrument that furnishes criticism is apparent on every page.

What I should like to note, however, is, not the very valuable results attained, but the ethical nature of the principle applied. Sincerity in the expression of one's opinions is not always hard ; it is to some temperaments easy and pleasing. Even the reflection required to be sure that the opinions expressed are yours is not the most trying part of the work. Behind all lies the supreme task of open-mindedness, the preservation of that "catholicity of appreciation" which so many and such obstinate forces — vanity, laziness, contentiousness, to mention only the coarser — are constantly tending to undermine and destroy. The mind nature has given you, be it rich or poor, many-sided or limited, strong or feeble, will do the work for which it is fitted only at the price of carefully respecting it ; respecting it, if possible, as in time it becomes possible, habitually. Granted this, and you may dismiss anxiety for the result. It may be worth much or little, but what there is of it is real. You may not be proud of it, but you will have no occasion to be ashamed of it. And though, in Mr. Brownell's case, I think that it is relatively worth much, very much, it is its absolute, not its relative quality, that gives the deepest delight.

Compatriots. — It is said that one is most patriotic in a foreign land ; and to the inhabitant of the Abruzzi, for whom Florence lies in the same unknown and nebulous region as San Francisco, Rome is a remote country. Possibly for this reason, the Abruzzesi, who come down to the capital for work during the winter, herd together like a flock of sheep, and stand by one another through thick and thin, deeming the name "compatriot" a bond binding in every need. They cherish a profound contempt for the manners and morals of the Romans, and are perhaps

themselves a sturdier stock. The women are superior to the men in ability, and often of a better physique. In fact, the wife is usually the managing partner, and often considers her husband as good for little but keeping sheep. Among them a woman who can knit is the exception, as most of the stockings are made by the men while tending their flocks. A father knits his daughter's hose until she marries, and then they are undertaken by her spouse. In Rome, one of their rallying-points is by the fountain of the Pantheon square, which is used by them as a kind of intelligence office. All day they gather there, rain or sunshine, in groups of short, sunburned men wearing gold earrings and faded homespun, and women in full, coarse dresses reaching barely to the tops of their hobnailed shoes. The latter centre all their vanity in their hips, endeavoring by gathers, rolls of goods, and circular bolsters to make them as large as possible.

My first introduction to the world of compatriots was a few years ago, when we needed a servant, and, after several weeks of family martyrdom, were informed by the smiling youth who delivers the daily milk flask at our door that he knew of one.

"Is she honest?" queried I, grown wary by one experience.

"She is a pearl," asserted my friend.

"But do you know her?" persisted I dubiously.

"Do I know her? The devil! I should say so. We are compatriots!"

Little knowing how thenceforth that word was to be interwoven with my daily life, I told him to send his woman, and he departed in high feather. She came, and, with courage born of desperation, I engaged her on the spot, and have never had reason to regret it.

Agnes is forty, tall, dark, and awkward, with the saddest of faces, which, however, breaks into most luminous smiles. No power could transform her into a stylish maid, — pride of hips and gaunt countenance forbid it; but when her olive skin is flushed with excitement, her dark eyes shine, and the friendly face lights up, some might prefer her to the proper, becapped English nonentity.

Our household is run on patriotism. Wine, formerly purchased at the shop before our door, is now bought of a compatriot a mile off; a compatriot supplies us with eggs; compatriots escort Agnes while she does the marketing; and compatriots present my family with creamy sheep's-milk cheeses, which, eaten with powdered coffee and fine sugar, are considered a *bonne bouche* by them. When Agnes sprained her ankle and was laid up for three months, a venerable compatriot filled her place; but she became so attached to the situation that it took influenza and all her patriotic loyalty to make her yield it up again. For this old woman petroleum lamps were what the heel was to Achilles; so that during her reign lights flickered or blazed, and stains on carpets and dresses still testify to drippings from ill-screwed lamps. This incumbent opened up another ramification of compatriots. Her daughter, married to a wandering packman, was her pride and delight, and, being red-headed and rather blonde of complexion, the mother considered her a refined, superior being, often exclaiming to my pretty sister Susy: "Eh! my daughter is really a signorina. *She seems thee!*"

Unlike Agnes, whom a long experience of Rome has civilized into the use of the respectful third person, she still clung to the *thou* for every one, as is customary in the mountains; and it was comical to hear her address my dignified father, whose deliberate ways make him the awe of servants, with this familiar form. Susy was her guide and comforter in all culinary difficulties; and no matter who was calling or dining at the house, Costanza would come to the door and beckon imperiously, saying, "Thou come here and show me;" but, on the other hand, she considered her *the* personage of the family, and the rest of us were contemptuously spoken of as "those others." Setting a table in our symmetrical fashion was to Costanza an intricate puzzle, and the drinking of *raw* milk and that *decoction*, tea, a mystery and a scandal.

The week before Christmas Agnes asks for an afternoon, and sallies out to purchase presents for the compatriots up at her village. These gifts are for the big supper on Christmas Eve (which corresponds to our dinner on the day itself), and consist of cheese, oil, lemons, cod, and a section of *pan giallo*, Rome's equivalent for our plum

pudding and mince pie. The Abruzzesi speak of Christmas as the *ceppo*, which recalls a kinship of custom with that of the Saxon Yule log; for *ceppo* means "trunk" or "block of a tree," and in the Abruzzi, where the people stay up all night Christmas Eve, it is customary to save their most glorious log to have a jolly fire for the "big supper;" and consequently *ceppo* has acquired the generic meaning of Christmas and Christmas gift. The priest, too, sends round his mountain parish to collect wood and brush; and a colossal fire is lighted, so that the peasants, flocking through the frosty darkness over the snowy paths to the midnight mass, find a hospitable blaze awaiting them before the church.

All the other compatriots in Rome purchase presents, too, and they are sent home together by carriers, who travel the mountain ways at night to avoid the police. Scores of letters are entrusted to these men, who charge only a trifle, and cheat the government of the heavy postage. Agnes and her friends tell with glee of the narrow escapes they often have from the carbineers, and how the letters are frequently smuggled in the boots or trousers lining of the contraband postman.

Agnes, of course, can neither read nor write, and the neat account she brings me each morning proves to have been cast up "at the *caffè* by a compatriot, — a brave youth, the nephew of our curate, who is studying medicine at the hospital here." This same caffè, in our family, goes by the name of "the Hôtel de Rambouillet;" for art, religion, and politics are nightly discussed by the Abruzzesi who gather within its hospitable doors. Naturally it is kept by a smiling compatriot, and our Agnes, who washes up the cups and saucers for her in the evening, reports the next day many a juicy comment on "those that command." A heated discussion, lately, at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, as to whether, when it is day here, it is night somewhere else, was closed by Agnes with a decisive "My signorina said so!"

Agnes loves her husband, but has an affectionate contempt for his powers of self-preservation, and takes care, on the 1st of May and such perilous days, to keep him out on the campagna weaving osier baskets. We had him for a time to do chores, and addressed him constantly as "Battista," rather dwelling on the name to make him feel at home. After about ten days of this he came to me, and said meekly, "Signorina, Battista is not my name; but if you like to call me so, please do it."

"Why, what is your name? I thought that was it."

"Oh, it is no matter. My name is Domenico; but it makes no difference, — no difference at all. Call me whatever you prefer. I just thought I would tell you." Whereupon he retired quite sheepishly, leaving me to remember that Battista was the matchless spouse of a former servant.

There is nothing Agnes so much disapproves of as that either of us should go out to dine or lunch, leaving the other alone. The one at home generally has the meal quite spoilt by her restless patrol and ejaculations of "Hè! of course you can't eat, alone like that. You can't do without your sister. You seem to me a little lost sheep, — exactly a little lost sheep!"

Towards the end of May Agnes grows restless, and speaks of cleaning this or that for the last time this season; and though we do not go to our several summer resorts until the middle of July, she keeps us in a perpetual ferment about leaving. The truth is, the Abruzzesi do not like to travel the lonely mountain roads without company, and to be in a party lessens the expense; so Agnes wishes to join one of the companies of compatriots which, from early in the spring until the beginning of July, start every few days for home, writing on before to have "beasts" sent down to meet them at Terni or Antrodoco, to which places they are conveyed by the railway.

It was once my good fortune to have for traveling companions two compatriots, returning home after their first visit to Rome, two women in much-worn Abruzzese dress, who made the journey animated by half-delighted, half-awed interest in the motion of the train.

"It takes diabolic art to make one travel so," was the grave opening remark of the younger one. This being answered by a sympathizing smile, she continued: "They say that he who invented it made a great fortune, and that he was from Africa. It took somebody from another world to do such a thing!"

Every start was greeted with childish screams of excitement, and the question, as

they pointed to the stationary cars, "Are they going, or are we going?"

It was easy to beguile them into telling of their visit, for they were full of gracious confidence and devoid of prying curiosity. The elder, whose face was really sweet and strong, had a daughter in service in a Roman family, and their husbands had sent them down for a pleasure trip to see the daughter and the wonderful city.

"It is said, 'Naples for beauty, and Rome for holiness,'" ejaculated one, "but how anything can be more beautiful than Rome I don't know!"

They had been wondering how they should find their way about; but one compatriot had met them at the station, and had taken them home to dine, and another compatriot's little girl had been their constant guide during the three days of their stay. This wonderful child responded to all their admiring compliments to her power of finding her way about the great town, "Eh! I don't lose myself, I don't confound myself."

Everything had been charming. The daughter's mistress had presented the mother with four pauls; the little maid herself was looking as "fresh and beautiful as a sweet strawberry;" and they had a basket of rolls to carry to the little ones in the mountains.

"How pleased they will be with little breads, they who have never seen any but big ones!"

Here they drew out their own lunch, a hunk of dry bread and a piece of oily hoecake, and offered us a share with the pretty, hospitable word "*favorite.*"

We were told the legend of Santa Filippa, and all about their own village, with its big convent, kindly nuns, and splendid waxen image of the Madonna borne in procession on feast days, which in their minds seemed to rival many Roman glories. Their talk was often interrupted by exclamations of delight in the boundless campagna. To these denizens of the heights its flatness was rare beauty, and they were constantly exclaiming: "What beautiful plains! How flat and lovely it is!"

By the time we took our leave at Cino Romano they were growing quite nervous as to how they should know their own station; but a man in the next compartment of the third-class car, overhearing their distress, called out: "Don't take pain to yourselves. I am a compatriot of yours. I will tell you when to get off." Whereupon they relapsed into beatific content.

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NEW FACTS CONCERNING THE PANTHEON.

The Pantheon of M. Vipsanius Agrippa well deserves the name given to it by topographers, the Sphinx of the Campus Martius, because, in spite of its preservation, it remains inexplicable from many points of view. This state of uncertainty relates to the general outline as well as to the details of the building. The rotunda is obviously disjointed from the portico, and their architectural lines are not in harmony with each other. On the other hand, it is evident that the Pantheon seen by Pliny the elder, in Vespasian's time, was not the one which has come down to us, because there is no place in the present building for the Caryatides of Diogenes the Athenian, and for the capitals of Syracusan bronze which he saw and described as crowning the columns of the temple. Therefore, when I was asked, in 1881, to write an official account of the excavations undertaken by Guido Baccelli, the Minister of Public Instruction, who freed the Pantheon from its ignoble surroundings,[1] I began the report by stating that the veil of mystery in which the monument was shrouded had by no means been lifted by these last researches, and that perhaps it never would be. Who would have suspected, however, that before a few years had elapsed we should discover another, nay, two more Pantheons under the existing one, and should be able to declare that Agrippa's name engraved on the epistyle of the pronaos is historically and artistically misleading?

To make clear the case, I must give a brief account of the fortune of the building, from Agrippa's time to the last restoration by Septimius Severus and Caracalla.

There are two witnesses to the origin of its construction: the legend on the face of the building, M . AGRIPPA . L . F . COS . TERTIVM . FECIT, and the record of Dion Cassius, liii. 27, "[Agrippa] finished the construction of the so-called Pantheon." The date of the inscription is 27 B. C., while Dion relates the events of the year 25. This discrepancy of dates may be reconciled if we suppose the inscription to commemorate the material completion of the structure, and the historian to be recording the solemn dedication of the Pantheon and of the Laconikon, which stood close by.

The same historian relates that the Pantheon was dedicated to the ancestral gods of the Julian family, namely, Mars and Venus, and that "Agrippa wished to raise a statue to Augustus, also, so that the temple might be placed under his protection. Augustus, however, declined the proposal. In consequence of his refusal, only the statue of Julius Cæsar was placed inside; those of Augustus and Agrippa outside in the pronaos."

From this passage we gather the evidence that Agrippa's temple was fur-

[1] Il Pantheon e le Terme di Agrippa. Prima Relazione a sua Eccellenza il Ministro della Istruzione pubblica. Roma: Salviucci. Ottobre, 1881. Id. id. Seconda Relazione, Agosto, 1882.

nished with a portico, or pronaos. Now, as I remarked at the beginning, between the present rotunda and the portico inscribed with the name of the founder there is no artistic or structural connection. The cornices of the round body are cut up by the portico, while those of the portico are intercepted by the round body. There is a break between the two, five and a half centimetres wide, through which the light shines. This state of things has been discussed by Milizia, Fontana, Piranesi, Lazzeri, Hirt, Fea, Piale, Nibby, and Canina. The majority believe, and I believed with them in 1881, that the portico was a later addition; in other words, that, before the refusal of Augustus to permit his statue to stand within the temple, Agrippa's architect had not thought of the portico, and that it was added by him when the Emperor selected for his own statue a site in front of the rotunda.

No less debatable is the relation between the Pantheon and the Thermæ of Agrippa. Regarding this architects and archæologists are divided into two camps. Some believe that the rotunda belongs to the original plan of the Baths, and that it was designed for a *calidarium;* others deny any connection between the two. It is interesting, in view of the light now thrown, to recall what Emil Braun wrote on this subject thirty-nine years ago: "The incomparable circular edifice originally intended by Agrippa to form the termination of his Thermæ, with which it is intimately connected, is one of the noblest and most perfect productions of that style of architecture specifically denominated Roman. When the first wonderful creation of this species came into existence, the designer of this glorious dome appears to have himself shrunk back from it, and to have felt that it was not adapted to be the every-day residence of men, but to be a habitation for the gods. It is as difficult to reconcile the statements of different authors respecting the original idea of Agrippa as it is hazardous to attempt to prove the successive metamorphoses which the plan sketched by the artist has undergone. Thus much is, however, certain: that with respect to the modal transformation of the whole the consequences have been most melancholy and injurious. The combination of the circular edifice with the rectilinear masses of the vestibule . . . has been unsuccessful, and the original design of the Roman architect has lost much of its significance. . . . No one previously unacquainted with the edifice could form an idea, from the aspect of the portico, of that wonderful structure behind, which must ever be considered as one of the noblest triumphs of the human mind over matter in connection with the law of gravity."

Eheu, quantum mutatus ab illo! How differently we are obliged to speak and write since the last discoveries! At the same time, the reader will notice that Emil Braun himself, in 1854, considered it difficult, if not impossible, to wrest from the Sphinx of the Campus Martius the secret of its existence and metamorphoses. We know a great deal more in 1893, but the difficulties have remained the same.

The Thermæ were built six years after the dedication of the Pantheon and of the Laconikon; namely, in B. C. 19. It appears, also, that in this second period of the great undertaking Agrippa must have changed his mind more than once. At all events, after the year 19 we hear no more of the Laconikon, but only of the Thermæ. Was the Pantheon connected directly or indirectly with the Baths, or did it stand by itself, alone, independent, at the northern end of the quadrangle? In other words, is it possible that the Pantheon, originally dedicated to the gods, should have been used, six years later, as a calidarium, and thus have been absorbed as an integral part into the great whole? The question must remain unanswered; so many alterations have taken place at the point of contact

between the rotunda and the Baths that nothing is left of the first design. No other Roman structure, except the temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus, has been so unfortunate, and has undergone so many trials. We begin to suspect that Agrippa was a jettatore.

In the year 80 of our era, during the fire of Titus, the Baths and the Pantheon were burnt down. Domitian restored both.

In the year 110, under the rule of Trajan, *Pantheon fulminibus subversum est:* a thunderbolt set the building on fire, and destroyed it to the level of the ground. How such a thing could have happened is a mystery, to be added to the many others connected with this wonderful structure.

In the years 120–124 Hadrian reconstructed the rotunda and the Baths, as testified by Spartianus, ch. xix.: "*Romæ instauravit Pantheum* . . . (et) *lavacrum Agrippæ.*"

Some other dreadful accident must have happened soon after, for Hadrian's successor, Antoninus Pius, is said to have restored *templum Agrippæ* (Capitolin., ch. viii.).

In the year 202, Septimius Severus and Caracalla PANTHEVM VETVSTATE CORRVPTVM RESTITVERVNT. These words, engraved on the same entablature which is inscribed with the name of the founder, are more than enigmatic. How is it possible that a structure of immense solidity, only eighty years old if we reckon from the restoration of Hadrian, fifty or sixty if we reckon from the restoration of Antoninus, should have become in so short a time "vetvstate corrvpta"? It may help us to explain the case if we assume that while the upper part of the Pantheon was struck by lightning and attacked by flames, the lower part was submerged by the Tiber three or four times a year. Fire and water must have increased tenfold the normal wearing action of time.

Summing up the information supplied to us by writers and inscriptions, we had come to these inferences, which were hypotheses rather than conclusions: first, that the present Pantheon, inscribed with the name of Agrippa, was substantially his work; second, that the portico was a later addition, or alteration, to the original plan; third, that some details of the structure, especially the inner decoration, were the work of Hadrian and of Severus and Caracalla; fourth, that the Pantheon had never been used as a calidarium. Such were the current theories at the beginning of 1892.

At that time, the Department of Antiquities was raising a movable scaffolding to repair the dome in two or three places, where rain water had filtered in and damaged the coating of stucco. A distinguished pupil of the French Academy (Villa Medici), Monsieur Louis Chedanne, actively engaged in the architectural study of the Pantheon, was allowed by the department to take advantage of the scaffolding, and to examine the structure of the great dome. He was surprised to find it built of bricks stamped with a date (Agrippa's bricks are not dated); and the date was of the time of Hadrian. It was felt to be desirable to ascertain at once whether these bricks belonged to a local and unimportant restoration at the beginning of the second century, or whether they bore testimony to the chronology of the whole edifice.

The masonry of the rotunda, like that of Hadrian's mausoleum, is faced with small triangular bricks, and with rows of *tegulæ bipedales* (large bricks, one foot ten inches square, two and a quarter inches thick) at intervals of five feet, one above the other. Since these tegulæ bipedales are dated, as a rule, holes were bored into them in about fifty places, and as many brick stamps were found; some on the outside facing, others in the thickness of the wall, in the foundations, in the dome, in the staircases, in the arches and vaults; in short, wherever the search was made.

The dates vary from the year 115 to 125 of our era. I mean, they are the dates of tilers who produced bricks between those dates. A stricter chronological investigation, too minute and too technical to be recorded in these pages, has enabled us to ascertain that the reconstruction of the Pantheon began in the year 120, and was finished in 124. It was absolute, complete, from the lowest depths of the foundations to the skylight of the dome; it included the rotunda as well as the portico, whose foundations have also been explored to a depth never reached before. In short, the present Pantheon, the world-known masterpiece, — counted by Ammianus Marcellinus among the wonders of Rome, considered by Michael Angelo "*disegno angelico e non umano*," proclaimed by Urban VIII. "*ædificium toto terrarum orbe celeberrimum*," [1] — is not the work of Agrippa, whose name it bears, but the work of Hadrian. The fact, however startling, is confirmed by other evidence, to which very little or no attention has been paid. In a pamphlet entitled Conclusione per la integrità del Pantheon, Rome, 1807, Carlo Fea, then Commissioner of Antiquities, describes how, on September 13, 1804, he found three brick-stamps of the time of Hadrian, — one in the thickness of the round wall, one under the flagstones of the portico, one in the so-called Laconicum. Piranesi, likewise, who witnessed the barbaric "restorations" of Benedict XIV. in 1747, read on the brick of the attic other names and dates of the same period.

We must now meet the question which at once confronts us in this new state of things. In rebuilding the Pantheon in its entirety, from top to bottom, from the steps of the portico to the small apse at the opposite end of the structure, did Hadrian respect the architectural form of Agrippa's (and Domitian's) building, or did he erect a new structure of his own design, altogether different in general outline and details? This is the problem, the solution of which we are anxiously awaiting from the investigations which the Department of Antiquities is making at all available points; wherever, that is, they can be carried on without injury to the monument. The following considerations may help the student to unravel the tangle.

If we read on the face of the Pantheon the names of Agrippa, the founder, and of Septimius Severus, the restorer in B. C. 202, and not that of Hadrian, the explanation is ready at hand. "Hadrian never inscribed his name on the monuments which he designed and raised, with the exception only of the temple which he dedicated to Trajan," at the northern end of the Forum. So says Spartianus in the nineteenth chapter of that Emperor's life. The omission of the name is thus easily explained. Some one, however, has succeeded in finding it inside the rotunda. In a paper read before the Archæological Academy by Stefano Piale, June 26, 1828,[2] I find the following passage: —

"I have been kindly informed by our worthy secretary, Filippo Aurelio Visconti, that when the tribune (the main altar and apse) of the rotunda was restored, a short time ago, the name of Julia Sabina, the Empress of Hadrian, was found engraved on the columns of pavonazzetto. This confirms the theory which I have long held, that the apse does not belong to the original structure, but is the work of Hadrian. He made use of it as a bench, when he, together with other magistrates, sat in the Pantheon to administer justice and dictate the law, as we are told by Dion Cassius." He was fond of presiding on the bench, and held sittings in his own palace, in the Forum, in the Pantheon, and elsewhere.

The inference to be drawn from these remarkable statements is that the inscrip-

[1] The inscription on the pronaos.

[2] Un monumento . . . della basilica di S. Paolo, Roma.

tion on the face of the building, which we had always supposed to be the "signature," as it were, of the first builder of the Pantheon, must be considered simply as homage paid to his memory by some one who did the work over a century and a half later. This some one was a great artist, in the true sense of the word, a worthy rival of the great Apollodoros, the builder of the Forum of Trajan. The temples of Venus and Rome, of Matidia, of Trajan, of Neptune, designed and built by Hadrian, his own mausoleum, the bridge which leads to it, count among the architectural masterpieces of ancient Rome. To a man possessed of such genius the rebuilding of the Pantheon must have proved an almost irresistible temptation to show his power; it is more than probable, therefore, that the original design would have been changed, enlarged, improved. This supposition, namely, that the pre-Hadrianite structure was different in shape, size, material, etc., seems to be supported by the record of the two fires in the times of Titus and Trajan. The present building is absolutely fireproof:[1] therefore the Pantheon of Agrippa and of Domitian, wrecked by fire in the years 80 and 110, must have been different from that of Hadrian and Septimius Severus, which does not contain one inch of inflammable matter.

To pass from theory to fact, from speculation to substantial evidence, there was but one way left open: to make a search under the rotunda and its portico. The delicate and hazardous work has been admirably carried out by all persons concerned with it, but the results are rather disappointing; they have thrown even more confusion, uncertainty, and darkness on the controversy. Never have I found myself, after many years of experience, confronted with such a problem as this; every time I think I have grasped and conquered it, by some new phase I am thrown out of balance again. The wisest course is to lay the bare facts before the reader, and let him judge for himself.

First as to the interior of the rotunda. The excavations made in a line from the centre to the chapel of the Madonna del Sasso, and also from the centre to the entrance gate, have shown the existence of an earlier marble pavement at the average depth of six feet under the present one (Hadrian's). The pavement is composed of a bed of concrete, over which are laid slabs of giallo antico and pavonazzetto, marbles which were used in this form and for such purpose only under the empire. The pavement *is not horizontal, but slopes from the centre towards the circumference*, like the lower floor of the arena of the Coliseum. The pavement, therefore, belongs to a *round structure covered by a dome* with a skylight, through which the rain could fall. The same pavement has been found running under the portico, at a depth of five feet. The bed of concrete is one foot thick; the marble slabs from two to three inches. The pavement slopes inward, namely, from the front of the portico towards the bronze door, with an inclination of one foot in thirty.

As regards the portico itself, — under and near which the excavations have been carried on with much more freedom than those in the inside, — it has been found to rest on a magnificent substructure of travertine, much larger, and of different design. The level of the platform is nearly eight feet lower than the floor of Hadrian's portico, and between the two there are traces of an intermediate one.

It is very difficult for me to make this account clear without the help of plans and diagrams. However, summing up the facts which I have tried to describe, and the results of the search made by the Department of Antiquities, we reach the following conclusions: —

[1] The wooden framework of the roof of the portico is an innovation of the seventeenth century; the original trusses were cast in bronze.

(1.) The present Pantheon, portico included, is not the work of Agrippa, but of Hadrian, and dates from 120–124 A. D.

(2.) The columns, capitals, and entablature of the portico inscribed with Agrippa's name may be original, and may date from 27–25 B. C.; but they were first removed, and then put together again by Hadrian. The original portico was decastyle, as shown from the foundations of travertine which project right and left of the present octostyle portico, enough to admit one more intercolumniation at each end.

(3.) The original structure of Agrippa may have been rectangular instead of round; but we can produce no decisive proof that it was.

(4.) The platform, built of huge blocks of travertine, some eight feet below Hadrian's level, dates from the time of Agrippa.

(5.) The intermediate marble floor (from three to two feet higher than Agrippa's, from five to six feet lower than Hadrian's) dates, most likely, from the time of Domitian. The fact that this pavement slopes from the centre towards the circumference shows that Domitian's Pantheon was round, like the present one.

(6.) Septimius Severus and Caracalla did not alter the shape of the structure. Their restorations were only superficial, and relate mostly to the attic inside, which they encrusted with slabs of porphyry and serpentine. Their beautiful decorations were destroyed by Pope Benedict XIV. in 1747.

(7.) The excavations undertaken by the Italian government have not yet come to an end; there is still a very faint hope of discovering new dates which may confirm or destroy the suppositions expressed above.

(8.) If the outside architecture of Hadrian's rotunda is rather coarse, and not worthy the exquisite beauty of the interior, we must remember that the round body — the front excepted — was entirely concealed and made invisible by the Thermæ.

The fortune of the building, from its last restoration in 202 A. D. to our own times, is too well known to be narrated again in these pages. I shall mention two episodes only: one relating to the destruction of the roof of the portico by Pope Barberini, the other to the discovery of Raphael's body in 1833.

Giacinto Gigli, a diarist contemporary with Urban VIII., thus describes his shameful action: "In 1625, while the war cry was raised from one end of the peninsula to the other, Urban VIII. made a great provision of arms and ammunition, and more especially of artillery. To provide himself with a copious stock of *materia prima*, he caused the portico of the Pantheon to be stripped of its bronze roof, a marvelous work, resting on the capitals of the columns. But no sooner was the destruction accomplished than he found the alloy of the metal not hard enough for artillery work.[1] Meanwhile, the population, who flocked in great numbers to see what was being done at the Pantheon, were deeply grieved, and complained that such a beautiful work of antiquity, the only one which had escaped plunder from the barbarians, should now be dismantled. But the intention of the Pope was not to destroy the Pantheon; he gave orders for the construction of a new roof, and showed his willingness to make other improvements. The weight of the metal stored in the apostolic foundry was 450,251 pounds, of which 440,877 represented the weight of the beams, 9374 that of the nails alone. Besides the four columns of the baldacchino in S. Peter's, eighty guns were cast from it, and mounted on the bastions of Castel S. Angelo."

The story about the casting of the four columns of the baldacchino is not correct; the bronze, save a few thousand

[1] Gigli affirms that the metal "was copiously mixed with silver and gold."

pounds, was all absorbed by the guns of Castello. Giano Nicio Eritreo, another eye witness, thus speaks of the event: "Our good pontiff, Urban VIII., could not bear the idea that such a mass of metal, intended for loftier purposes, should humble itself to the office of keeping off forever the rain from the portico of the Pantheon. He raised it to worthier destinies, because it is more becoming that such noble material should keep off the enemies of the Church rather than the rain. At all events, Agrippa's temple has gained more than it has lost, because Pope Urban VIII. has provided it with a much better roof" (*tectum multo quam antea elegantius*). I doubt whether Giano Nicio Eritreo was in his right senses when he wrote these lines.

Carlo Fea has discovered among the accounts of the Pope's treasury that concerning the fate of the bronze. The casting of the eighty guns (*bombarde*) used up 410,778 pounds, worth 67,260 scudi. The small fraction that was left was handed over to the Apostolic Chamber and used for other purposes. The metal for the baldacchino was supplied from Venice.

I have discovered in the Uffizi in Florence, and in other, private, collections, a set of drawings by Sallustio Peruzzi, Sebastiano Serlio, Giovanni Antonio Dotio, Jacopo Sansovino, and Cherubino Alberti, which show the construction of the bronze trusses in their minutest details. The main beams were composed of three sheets, two vertical, one horizontal, riveted together in this shape.

The beams as well as the heads of the nails were ornamented with gilt rosettes. One of the nails was presented as a souvenir to the Duke of Alcalá, and was placed in the private museum of that distinguished statesman.

The second and latest episode in the history of the Pantheon is the discovery of the remains of Raphael, which took place on September 14, 1833. Doubts had been raised as to the genuineness of the skull preserved in the Accademia di S. Luca; while Carlo Fea had advanced the theory that Raphael's remains were not to be found under the great dome of the Pantheon, but in the chapel of the Urbinati, in the church of S. Maria sopra Minerva. The Congregazione dei Virtuosi (an association of architects, painters, and sculptors, instituted in 1543 by Desiderio Adintorio,[1] whose assembly rooms are in the attic of the Pantheon itself) decided to settle the controversy by exploring the chapel of the Madonna del Sasso, the traditional burial-place of the great man. I own an autograph account of the event, signed by Gaspare Servi, the leader of the explorations, as well as a sketch in water-colors, taken by Carlo Ruspi on the very day of the find. The search began in the early morning of September 9, in the presence of a committee of eminent artists, prelates, and public notaries. It took five days to remove the massive masonry of the altar and to reach the *arcosolium* under the statue of the Madonna del Sasso, the place distinctly mentioned by Vasari in Raphael's biography as well as in Lorenzetto Lotti's. "Raphael provided in his will for the restoration of one of the antique tabernacles in the church of S. Maria Rotonda, and expressed the wish to be buried in it, under the new altar, and under a marble statue of Our Lady." In the life of Lorenzetto he adds: "In execution of Raphael's will, he modeled a marble statue four cubits (*quattro braccia*) high, to be placed over his tomb in S. Maria Rotonda, in the tabernacle restored at his expense."

The arcosolium appears to have been built in a hurry, together with the wall which sealed its opening, — a particular

[1] The first members of this artistico-religious company were Ligorio, Labacco, Siciolante, Vignola, Pierino del Vaga, Giovanni da Udine, etc.

which agrees well with the account of the burial. Raphael died in the night between Good Friday and Easter Eve (1520). His remains were laid to rest on the following night, and the wall which seals the opening of the crypt must have been finished before dawn; that is to say, before the Easter office began. Every kind of material was used in it, bricks, tufa, travertine, and chips of porphyry and serpentine.

At noon of the 14th of September, 1833, the last stone was removed, and the excited assembly beheld for the first time the remains of the "divine painter." They were lying in a coffin made of deal boards nailed with small iron nails. It seems that the waters of the Tiber, by which the Pantheon is periodically inundated, had filtered into the tomb, in spite of its being surrounded by a wall two feet thick, and had caused the wooden coffin to decay, and the bones to be covered by a layer of mud. The first bones to appear were the right scapula and the crest of the right ileus. At 2.25 P. M., Gaspare Servi announced the discovery of the skull, the leading feature of which was a double set of strong, healthy, shining teeth. At 2.30, Baron Camuccini, the painter, made a pencil sketch of the skeleton, which shows that the body had been laid to rest well composed, with hands crossed on the breast, and the face looking up towards the Madonna del Sasso, as if imploring from her the peace of the just. The size of the skeleton, from the vertex of the skull to the protuberance of the heel, was measured by means of a wooden compass of the kind used by marble-cutters: it was given at sixteen hundred and sixty-four millimetres, exactly eight times the measure of the head. The *sceletognosis*, or expert examination of the bones, was made by the "last of the Frangipanis," the learned surgeon Baron Antonio Trasmondo. Among the peculiarities described in his report, there is a "great roughness of the thumb" which is characteristic of painters.

The paper of attestation was signed by seventy-one eminent men, among whose names I notice that of Carlo Fea, who had always denied the existence of Raphael's tomb in the Pantheon. When he was shown the tomb and the skeleton, the gruff but honest veteran of Roman excavations was heard to say, "*Ergo erravimus!*"

The mud which filled the arcosolium was sifted most carefully, with no result worthy of notice. The missing tooth of the lower jaw (the last molar on the left) was not found. There were, however, some tags and small rings for lacings, which proves that Raphael was buried in his official robe of *cubicularius pontificis*, a copy of which is given by some contemporary painters.

After being exposed in a glass case for some days, Raphael's remains were again buried under the Madonna del Sasso, near those of Maria da Bibiena, his betrothed, the niece of the well-known Cardinal Bernardo Divizio, as the inscription over the girl's grave says: LÆTOS HYMENEOS MORTE PRÆVERTIT, ET ANTE NUPTIALES FACES VIRGO EST ELATA.

Rodolfo Lanciani.

AT FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

FOUR o'clock in the morning is the magical hour of the day. I do not offer this sentiment as original, nor have I the slightest hope of converting any one to my opinion; I merely state the fact.

For years I had known it perfectly well; and, fortified by my knowledge, and bristling with good resolutions, I went out every June determined to rise at that unnatural hour. Nothing is easier than to get up at four o'clock — the night before; but when morning comes, the point of view is changed, and all the arguments that arise in the mind are on the other side; sleep is the one thing desirable. The case appeared hopeless. Appeals from Philip drunk (with sleep) to Philip sober did not seem to avail; for whatever the latter decreed, the former would surely disobey.

But last June I found my spur; last summer I learned to get up with eagerness, and stay up with delight. This was effected by means of an alarm, set by the evening's wakefulness that had no mercy on the morning's sleepiness. The secret is — a present interest. What may be going on somewhere out of sight and hearing in the world is a matter of perfect indifference; what is heard and seen at the moment is an argument that no one can resist.

Having got my hint by the accident of some shelled corn being left on the ground before my window, and so attracting a four-o'clock party, consisting of blackbirds, blue jays, and doves, I waited, after the corn was gone, several days, till these birds ceased to expect anything, and so came no more, and then I spread a fresh breakfast table for more interesting guests, whose manners and customs I studied for weeks.

I was wakened by the light at exactly four o'clock; and just as I was sleepily concluding that no one could be up yet, and I would draw down my shades, I was invariably startled wide awake by a bird note, and sprang up, to see at one glance that

> "Day had awakened all things that be,
> The lark and the thrush, and the swallow free,"

and that my party was already assembled: one or two cardinals — or redbirds, as they are often called — on the grass, with the usual attendance of English sparrows, and the red-headed woodpecker in the elm, surveying the lawn, and considering which of the trespassers he should fall upon. It was the work of one minute to get into my wraps and seat myself, with opera glass, at the wide-open window.

My first discovery was that four o'clock is the most lovely part of the day. All the dust of human affairs having settled during the hours of sleep, the air is fresh and sweet, as if just made; and generally, just before sunrise, the foliage is at perfect rest, — the repose of night still lingering, the world of nature as well as of men still sleeping.

The first thing one naturally looks for, as birds begin to waken, is a morning chorus of song. True bird lovers, indeed, long for it with a longing that cannot be told. But alas, every year the chorus is withdrawing more and more to the woods, every year it is harder to find a place where English sparrows are not in possession; and it is one of the most grievous sins of that bird that he spoils the song, even when he does not succeed in driving out the singer. A running accompaniment of harsh and interminable squawks overpowers the music of meadow lark and robin, and the glorious song of the thrush is fairly murdered by it. One could almost forgive the sparrow his other crimes, if he would only lie abed in the morning; if he would occasionally

listen, and not forever break the peace of the opening day with his vulgar brawling. But the subject of English sparrows is maddening to a lover of native birds ; let us not defile the magic hour by considering it.

The most obvious resident of the neighborhood, at four o'clock in the morning, was always the golden-winged woodpecker, or flicker. Though he scorned the breakfast I offered, having no vegetarian proclivities, he did not refuse me his presence. I found him a character and an amusing study, and I never saw his tribe so numerous and so much at home.

Though largest in size of my four-o'clock birds, and most fully represented (always excepting the English sparrows), the golden-wing was not in command. The autocrat of the hour, the reigning power, was quite a different personage, although belonging to the woodpecker family. It was a red-headed woodpecker who assumed to own the lawn and be master of the feast. This individual was marked by a defect in plumage, and had been a regular caller since the morning of my arrival. During the blackbird supremacy over the corn supply he had been hardly more than a spectator, coming to the trunk of the elm, and surveying the assembly of blue jays, doves, blackbirds, and sparrows with interest, as one looks down upon a herd with whom he has nothing in common. But when those birds departed, and the visitors were of a different character, mostly cardinals, with an occasional blue jay, he at once took the place he felt belonged to him, — that of dictator.

The Virginia cardinal, a genuine F. F. V., and a regular attendant at my corn breakfast, was a subject of special study with me ; indeed, it was largely on his account that I had set up my tent in that part of the world. I had all my life known him as a tenant of cages, and it struck me at first as very odd to see him flying about freely, like other wild birds. No one, it seemed to me, ever looked so out of place as this fellow of elegant manners, aristocratic crest, and brilliant dress, hopping about on the ground with his exaggerated little hops, tail held stiffly up out of harm's way, and uttering sharp "tsips." One could not help the feeling that he was altogether too fine for this common workaday existence ; that he was intended for show ; and that a gilded cage was his proper abiding-place, with a retinue of human servants to minister to his comfort. Yet he was modest and unassuming, and appeared really to enjoy his life of hard work ; varying his struggles with a kernel of hard corn on the ground, where his color shone out like a flower against the green, with a rest on a spruce-tree, where

"Like a living jewel he sits and sings ;"

and when he had finished his frugal meal, departing, if nothing hurried him, with a graceful, loitering flight, in which each wing-beat seemed to carry him but a few inches forward, and leave his body poised an infinitesimal second for another beat. With much noise of fluttering wings he would start for some point, but appear not to care much whether he got there. He was never in haste unless there was something to hurry him, in which he differed greatly from some of the fidgety, restless personages I have known among the feathered folk.

The woodpecker's way of making himself disagreeable to this distinguished guest was to keep watch from his tree (an elm overlooking the supply of corn) till he came to eat, and then fly down, aiming for exactly the spot occupied by the bird on the ground. No one, however brave, could help "getting out from under," when he saw this tri-colored whirlwind descending upon him. The cardinal always jumped aside, then drew himself up, crest erect, tail held at an angle of forty-five degrees, and faced the woodpecker, calm, but prepared to stand up for his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of his breakfast. Sometimes

they had a little set-to, with beaks not more than three inches apart, the woodpecker making feints of rushing upon his *vis-à-vis*, and the cardinal jumping up ready to clinch, if a fight became necessary. It never went quite so far as that, though they glared at each other, and the cardinal uttered a little whispered "ha!" every time he sprang up.

The Virginian's deliberate manner of eating made peace important to him. He took a grain of hard corn in his mouth, lengthwise; then working his sharp-edged beak, he soon succeeded in cutting the shell of the kernel through its whole length. From this he went on turning it with his tongue, and still cutting with his beak, till the whole shell rolled out of the side of his mouth in one long piece, completely cleared from its savory contents.

The red-head, on the contrary, took his grain of corn to a branch, or sometimes to the trunk of a tree, where he sought a suitable crevice in the bark or in a crotch, placed his kernel, hammered it well in till firm and safe, and then proceeded to pick off pieces and eat them daintily, one by one. Sometimes he left a kernel there, and I saw how firmly it was wedged in, when the English sparrow discovered his store, fell upon it, and dug it out. It was a good deal of work for a strong-billed, persistent sparrow to dislodge a grain thus placed. But of course he never gave up till he could carry it off, probably because he saw that some one valued it; for since he was unable to crack a grain that was whole, it must have been useless to him. Sometimes the woodpecker wedged the kernel into a crevice in the bark of the trunk, then broke it up, and packed the pieces away in other niches; and I have seen an English sparrow go carefully over the trunk picking out and eating these tidbits. That, or something else, has taught sparrows to climb tree trunks, which they do, in the neighborhood I speak of, with as much ease as a woodpecker. I have repeatedly seen them go the whole length of a tall elm trunk; proceeding by little hops, aided by the wings, and using the tail for support almost as handily as a woodpecker himself.

The red-head's assumption of being monarch of all he surveyed did not end with the breakfast table; he seemed to consider himself guardian and protector of the whole place. One evening I was drawn far down on the lawn by a peculiar cry of his. It began with a singular performance which he had indulged in on a previous occasion, a loud, rapid "chit-it-it-it-it," increasing in volume and rising in pitch, as though he were working himself up to some deed of desperation. In a few minutes, however, he appeared to get his feelings under control, and dropped to a single-note cry, often repeated. It differed widely from his loud call, "wok! wok! wok!" still more from the husky tones of his conversation with others of his kind; neither was it like the war cries with which he intimated to another bird that he was not invited to breakfast. I thought there must be trouble brewing, especially as mingled with it was an occasional excited "pe-auk!" of a flicker. When I reached the spot, I found a curious party, consisting of two doves and three flickers assembled on one small tree, with the woodpecker on an upper branch, as though addressing his remarks to them.

As I drew near the scene of the excitement, the doves flew, and then the golden-wings; but the red-head held his ground, though he stopped his cries when he saw help coming. In vain I looked about for the cause of the row; everything was serene. It was a beautiful quiet evening, and not a child nor a dog nor anything in sight to make trouble. The tree stood quite by itself, in the midst of grass that knew not the clatter of the lawn mower.

I stood still and waited; and I had my reward, for after a few minutes' silence I saw a pair of ears, and then a

head, cautiously lifted above the grass, about fifteen feet from the tree. The mystery was solved: it was a cat, whom all birds know as a creature who will bear watching, when prowling around the haunts of bird families. I am fond of pussy, but I deprecate her taste for game, as I do that of some other hunters, wiser, if not better, than she. I invited her to leave this place, where she plainly was unwelcome, by an emphatic "scat!" and a stick tossed her way. She instantly dropped into the grass and was lost to view; and as the woodpecker, whose eyes were sharper and his position better than mine, said no more, I concluded she had taken the hint and departed.

When the little redbirds began to visit the lawn, there were exciting times. At first they ventured only to the trees overlooking it; and the gayly dressed father who had them in charge reminded me of nothing so much as a fussy young mother. He was alert to the tips of his toes, and excited, as if the whole world was thirsting for the life of those frowzy-headed youngsters in the maple. His manner intimated that nobody ever had birdlings before; indeed, that there never had been, or could be, just such a production as that young family behind the leaves. While they were there, he flirted his tail, jerked himself around, crest standing sharply up, and in every way showed his sense of importance and responsibility.

As for the young ones, after they had been hopping about the branches a week or so, and papa had grown less madly anxious if one looked at them, they appeared bright and spirited, dressed in the subdued and tasteful hues of their mother, with pert little crests and dark beaks. They were not allowed on the grass, and they waited patiently on the tree while their provider shelled a kernel and took it up to them. The cardinal baby I found to be a self-respecting individual, who generally waits in patience his parents' pleasure, though he is not too often fed. He is not bumptious nor self-assertive, like many others; he rarely teases, and is altogether a well-mannered and proper young person. After a while, as the youngsters learned strength and speed on the wing, they came to the table with the grown-ups, and then I saw there were three spruce young redbirds, all under the care of their gorgeous papa.

No sooner did they appear on the ground than trouble began with the English-sparrow tribe. The grievance of these birds was that they could not manage the tough kernels. They were just as hungry as anybody, and just as well disposed toward corn, but they had not sufficient strength of beak to break it. They did not, however, go without corn, for all that. Their game was the not uncommon one of availing themselves of the labor of others; they invited themselves to everybody's breakfast table, though, to be sure, they had to watch their chances in order to secure a morsel and escape the wrath of the owner thereof.

The cardinal was at first a specially easy victim to this plot. He took the whole matter most solemnly, and was so absorbed in the work that if a bit dropped, in the process of separating it from the shell, as often happened, he did not concern himself about it till he had finished what he had in his mouth, and then he turned one great eye on the ground for the fragments which had long before been snatched by sparrows and gone down sparrow throats. The surprise, and the solemn stare with which he "could hardly believe his eyes," were exceedingly droll. After a while he saw through their little game, and took to watching; and when a sparrow appeared too much interested in his operations, he made a feint of going for him, which warned the gamin that he would better look out for himself.

It did not take these sharp fellows long to discover that the young redbird was the easier prey, and soon every

youngster on the ground was attended by a sparrow or two, ready to seize upon any fragment that fell. The parent's way of feeding was to shell a kernel, and then give it to one of the little ones, who broke it up and ate it. From waiting for fallen bits, the sparrows, never being repulsed, grew bolder, and finally went so far as actually to snatch the corn out of the young cardinals' beaks. Again and again did I see this performance: a sparrow grab and run (or fly), leaving the baby astonished and dazed, looking as if he did not know exactly what had happened, but sure he was in some way bereaved.

One day, while the cardinal family were eating on the grass, the mother of the brood came to a tree near by. At once her gallant spouse flew up there, and offered her the mouthful he had just prepared; then returned to his duties. She was rarely seen on the lawn, and I judged that she was sitting again.

Sometimes, when the youngsters were alone on the ground, I heard a little snatch of song, two or three notes, a musical word or two of very sweet quality. The woodpecker, autocrat though he assumed to be, did not at first interfere with the young birds; but as they became more and more independent and grown up, he began to consider them fair game, and to come down on them with a rush that scattered them; not far, however; they were brave little fellows.

At last, after four weeks of close attention, the cardinal made up his mind that his young folk were babies no longer, and that they were able to feed themselves. I was interested to see his manner of intimating to his young hopefuls that they had reached their majority. When one begged of him, in his gentle way, the parent turned suddenly and gave him a slight push. The urchin understood, and moved a little farther off; but perhaps the next time he asked he would be fed. They learned the lesson, however, and in less than two days from the first hint they became almost entirely independent.

One morning the whole family happened to meet at table. The mother came first, and then the three young ones, all of whom were trying their best to feed themselves. At last came their "natural provider;" and one of the juveniles, who found the grains almost unmanageable, could not help begging of him. He gently but firmly drove the pleader away, as if he said, "My son, you are big enough to feed yourself." The little one turned, but did not go; he stood with his back toward his parent, and wings still fluttering. Then papa flew to a low branch of the spruce-tree, and instantly the infant followed him, still begging with quivering wings. Suddenly the elder turned, and I expected to see him annihilate that beggar, but, to my surprise, he fed him! He could not hold out against him! He had been playing the stern parent, but could not keep it up. It was a pretty and very human-looking performance.

A day or two after the family had learned to take care of themselves, the original pair, the parents of the pretty brood, came and went together to the field, while the younglings appeared sometimes in a little flock, and sometimes one alone; and from that time they were to be rated as grown-up and educated cardinals. A brighter or prettier trio I have not seen. I am almost positive there was but one family of cardinals on the place; and if I am right, those youngsters had been four weeks out of the nest before they took charge of their own food supply. From what I have seen in the case of other young birds, I have no doubt that is the fact.

While I had been studying four-o'clock manners, grave and gay, other things had happened. Most delightful, perhaps, was my acquaintance with a cardinal family at home. From the first I had looked for a nest, and had suffered two or three disappointments. One pair

flaunted their intentions by appearing on a tree before my window, "tsipping" with all their might: she with her beak full of hay from the lawn, below; he, eager and devoted, assisting by his presence. The important and consequential manner of a bird with building material in mouth is amusing. She has no doubt that what she is about to do is the very most momentous fact in the "Sublime Now" (as some college youth has it). Of course I dropped everything and tried to follow the pair, at a distance great enough not to disturb them, yet to keep in sight at least the direction they took; for they are shy birds, and do not like to be spied upon. But I could not have gauged my distance properly; for, though I thought I knew the exact cedar-tree she had chosen, I found, to my dismay and regret afterward, that no sign of a nest was there or thereabout.

Another pair went further, and held out even more delusive hopes; they actually built a nest in a neighbor's yard, the family in the house maintaining an appearance of the utmost indifference, so as not to alarm the birds till they were committed to that nest. For so little does madam regard the labor of building, and so fickle is she in her fancies, that she thinks nothing of preparing at least two nests before she settles on one. The nest was made on a big branch of cedar, perhaps seven feet from the ground, — a rough affair, as this bird always makes. In it she even placed an egg, and then, for some undiscovered reason, it was abandoned, and they took their domestic joys and sorrows elsewhere.

But now, at last, word came to me of an occupied nest to be seen at a certain house, and I started at once for it. It was up a shady country lane, with a meadow-lark field on one side, and a bobolink meadow on the other. The lark mounted the fence and delivered his strange sputtering cry, — the first I had ever heard from him (or her, for I believe this is the female's utterance). But the dear little bobolink soared around my head and let fall his happy trills; then suddenly, as Lowell delightfully pictures him, —

"Remembering duty, in mid-quaver stops,
Just ere he sweeps o'er rapture's tremulous brink,
And 'twixt the winrows most demurely drops,
A decorous bird of business, who provides
For his brown mate and fledgelings six besides,
And looks from right to left, a farmer 'mid his crop."

Nothing less attractive than a cardinal family could draw me away from these rival allurements, but I went on.

The cardinal's bower was the prettiest of the summer, built in a climbing rose which ran riot over a trellis beside a kitchen door. The vine was loaded with buds just beginning to unfold their green wraps to flood the place with beauty and fragrance, and the nest was so carefully tucked away behind the leaves that it could not be seen from the front. Whether from confidence in the two or three residents of the cottage, or because the house was alone so many hours of the day, — the occupants being students, and absent most of the time, — the birds had taken no account of a window which opened almost behind them. From that window one could look into, and touch, if he desired, the little family. But no one who lived there did desire (though I wish to record that one was a boy of twelve or fourteen, who had been taught respect for the lives even of birds), and these birds became so accustomed to their human observers that they paid no attention to them.

The female cardinal is so dainty in looks and manner, so delicate in all her ways, that one naturally expects her to build at least a neat and comely nest, and I was surprised to see a rough-looking affair, similar to the one already mentioned. This might be, in her case, because it was the third nest she had built that summer. One had been used

for the first brood. The second had been seized, and appropriated to their own use, by another pair of birds. (As this was told me, and I cannot vouch for it, I shall not name the alleged thief.) This, the third, was made of twigs and fibres of bark, — or what looked like that, — and was strongly stayed to the rose stems, the largest of which was not bigger than my little finger, and most of them much smaller.

On my second visit I was invited into the kitchen to see the family in the rose-bush. It appeared that this was "coming off" day, and one little cardinal had already taken his fate in his hands, when I arrived, soon after breakfast. He had progressed on the journey of life about one foot; and a mere dot of a fellow he looked beside his parents, with a downy fuzz on his head, which surrounded it like a halo, and no sign of a crest. The three nestlings still at home were very restless, crowding, and almost pushing each other out. They could well spare their elder brother, for before he left he had walked all over them at his pleasure; and how he could help it in those close quarters I do not see.

While I looked on, papa came with provisions. At one time the food consisted of green worms about twice as large as a common knitting needle. Three or four of them he held crosswise of his beak, and gave one to each nestling. The next course was a big white grub, which he did not divide, but gave to one, who had considerable difficulty in swallowing it.

I said the birds did not notice the family, but they very quickly recognized me as a stranger. They stood and glared at me in the cardinal way, and uttered some sharp remonstrance; but business was pressing, and I was unobtrusive, so they concluded to ignore me.

The advent of the first redbird baby seemed to give much pleasure, for the head of the family sang a good deal in the intervals of feeding; and both of the pair appeared very happy over it, often alighting beside the wanderer, evidently to encourage him, for they did not always feed. The youngster, after an hour, perhaps, flew about ten feet to a peach-tree, where he struggled violently, and nearly fell, before he secured a hold on a twig. Both parents flew to his assistance; but he did not fall, and soon after he flew to a grape trellis, and, after a little clambering, to a stem of the vine, where he seemed pleased to stay, — perhaps because this overlooked the garden whence came all his food.

I stayed two or three hours with the little family, and then left them; and when I appeared the next morning all were gone from the nest. I heard the gentle cries of young redbirds all around, but did not try to look them up, both because I did not want to worry the parents, and because I had already made acquaintance with young cardinals in my four-o'clock studies.

The place this discerning pair of birds had selected in which to establish themselves was one of the most charming nooks in the vicinity. Kept free from English sparrows (by persistently destroying their nests), and having but a small and quiet family, it was the delight of cardinals and catbirds. Without taking pains to look for them, one might see the nests of two catbirds, two wood doves, a robin or two, and others; and there were, beside, thickets, the delight of many birds, and a row of spruces so close that a whole flock might have nested there in security. In that spot "the quaintly discontinuous lays" of the catbird were in perfection; one song especially was the best I ever heard, being louder and more clear than catbirds usually sing.

As I turned to leave the grounds, the relieved parent, who had not relished my interest in his little folk, mounted a branch, and,

> "Like a pomegranate flower
> In the dark foliage of the cedar-tree,
> Shone out and sang for me."

And thus I left him.

Olive Thorne Miller.

THE PYGMIES OF AFRICA.

THE difference between savages and civilized men is not so marked as is the likeness between them. I propose to consider a race of men possessing characteristics which seem to make them an exception to this rule of common humanity.

The little men, or pygmies, are mostly confined to the continent of Africa; and, as a race, it may be that they are strictly so confined, though it has been frequently said that there is a tribe of small men in Madagascar called Kimos; but the statements concerning these people lack that measure of authenticity which would justify us in accepting them as verified.

Limiting ourselves, therefore, to the African pygmies, we find a remarkable uniformity as regards their capabilities for civilization and their disposition, so far as we are able to apply intelligent tests; but in some of their physical characteristics we find them widely divergent, even when we regard those who occupy the same district of country, and apparently live together in the same tribal relations.

I will first consider that race of little men which has been longest known and most thoroughly studied in modern times. These people originally inhabited all of Africa south of the Zambesi River, together with other aborigines of the country. Their native designation was Sana. The Dutch commenced the settlement of South Africa in 1652. As they advanced into the interior as explorers or settlers, they soon came in contact with this race of little men, who differed widely from the other native races of the country. They were not only much smaller in stature, but of a more savage and malignant disposition, more cruel and heartless in their natures, more treacherous and dishonest in their dealings, more false to their promises, and altogether more irreclaimable than the other wild nations whom the Dutch encountered. With the Hottentots and Kaffirs it was possible to get along, as they could place some reliance upon their promises and undertakings, but with the Sana they could do practically nothing. They gave them the name of Bushmen, from the character of the country which they generally inhabited. Their dwellings were caves in the mountains, whose sides were covered with thick bushes for the most part. But they did not confine themselves to the mountainous or bushy country. They roamed over the grassy plains as well, and even extended their range into the great Kalahari Desert, with an intimate knowledge of its geography and its resources, its watering-places and its vegetable productions. They were brave in battle, swift of foot, cunning in devices, and even wicked in disposition. Notwithstanding their great fleetness of foot, their capacity to endure hunger and exposure, their ability to make long journeys with incredible dispatch, they were weak of body when their strength was tested by compelling them to bear burdens or to perform ordinary manual labor.

The Dutch Boers were drawn into more wars with these Bushmen than with any other native tribes of the country, and more treaties were broken between them. It must be said, in fairness to the little Bushmen, that, cruel as they were, the Dutch were scarcely less cruel in their treatment of the natives, and especially of these pygmies. They enslaved all alike, and enforced their servitude with a severity of punishment which I have found scarcely paralleled in the annals of slavery. It may be a question whether the malignity of the Bushmen was not inspired by the cruelty of the Boers towards them. The pages of history are blackened with stories of the cruelty and treachery which the Dutch

showed towards these dwarfs. Whenever they could get a band of them into their power, they gave no quarter; all the adults, both men and women, were slain without mercy, and only the children were spared, to be brought up as slaves. The Dutch justified their conduct by the necessity of extermination. Indeed, the little people were so thievish, cunning, treacherous, and cruel that they were practically outlawed by the Boers, who considered it as much a duty to kill them, upon all occasions and by every means, as they did to destroy the hyenas, which were far less destructive to their flocks and herds than were the Bushmen. If a Bushman's cave was discovered, in which hundreds of individuals might be dwelling, it was surrounded by the white settlers, who either smoked or starved out the pygmies, until they were all destroyed. It was but natural that the Bushmen should retaliate in kind.

There is a lack of evidence to show that, before the time of the advent of the whites into South Africa, the other native races lived on terms of hostility with the little men. The latter did not exercise their thievish propensities upon the former to any considerable extent, and so there was little occasion to retaliate. This, it may be said, was because there was nothing for the pygmies to steal; but when the whites forced themselves into the country, and introduced the arts and habits of civilization, particularly the raising of domestic animals, then the opportunity came, and the Bushmen seemed to take a special delight in appropriating their neighbors' property. They would seize whole herds of cattle, and drive them to their mountain fastnesses and conceal them in their caves, where they would slaughter and feast upon them as long as they could preserve their flesh from absolute putrefaction; or else they would rush these stolen herds into the wilderness, with the intricacies of which they were perfectly familiar. In preparation for these raids, they would transport large quantities of water in gourds to intermediate points in the desert, and there bury them for use on their retreat, by which means they were enabled to outstrip their pursuing owners, who in a few days would be obliged to abandon the chase for want of water. When the pursuit of these little wretches became so hot that it was manifest they could not escape with their plunder, they would not abandon the stock to be recaptured by their owners, but they would mutilate every animal to such an extent that death must necessarily ensue. They showed a fiendish delight in hamstringing the cattle or cutting great gashes in their bellies, in putting out their eyes or cutting out their tongues, and the like. To have killed the stock outright would have deprived them of the pleasure they enjoyed at witnessing the sufferings of the creatures. The Hottentots and Kaffirs showed that they occupied a higher plane in the scale of humanity; for although they were not exempt from the weakness of theft, and often drove off the herds of the Boers, they simply abandoned the stolen property when they were hard pressed, and made good their own escape.

The mode of living practiced by the Bushmen was strictly savage. They cultivated nothing, but subsisted entirely upon wild roots, game, insects, and reptiles, or else lived by theft. They seemed thoroughly acquainted with the quality of roots and of the wild fruits which grew upon the trees and bushes of the wilderness, and of the insects which they were enabled to find, so that they could appropriate the wholesome and avoid the poisonous. The immense flights of locusts which not unfrequently occur in South Africa afforded not only the Bushmen a great feast, but all other peoples of that country. White men have often declared that the locusts furnish an agreeable and nutritious dish. They are greedily consumed not only by all carnivorous and omnivorous animals, but by the her-

bivorous as well. The elephants, which are ranked strictly among the vegetarians, feast upon them, and the hogs and dogs, both wild and domestic, revel in luxury when a swarm of locusts appear.

The Bushmen have shown themselves the most improvident of the races of men. They gorge themselves when they have plenty till all is gone, either by decay or consumption, trusting to chance or their skill for future supplies. When they kill an elephant, they do not preserve the meat, as other natives do, by cutting it into thin strips and drying it, but they lie around it and gorge themselves to repletion. Nor do they stop their feasting when decay has so far advanced as to become horribly offensive, but continue to revel in what to them is a luxury so long as nourishment remains in the rotten mass.

They are skillful and successful hunters, although their bows and arrows are comparatively feeble affairs. They are, in common with most other African tribes, skilled in concocting poisons of the most deadly nature, with which they smear the points of their arrows and assagais, and so render them most efficient weapons. With these they destroy the most formidable wild beasts. Alert and quick of motion, they are enabled to approach the elephant, and, under his very belly, inflict wounds which, though slight, by reason of the virulent poison injected soon result in death. Yet this poison does not seem to pervade the tissues so as to render the meat unwholesome for food. The Bushmen are also highly skilled in snaring birds and small quadrupeds, while for large game they dig pitfalls which are adroitly concealed, into which game falls, and so is readily secured; even the sagacious elephant not unfrequently finds himself at the bottom of a pit, from which he is unable to escape.

They do not show skill as artisans. Their grass and bush huts are small and temporary, and scarcely serve to protect them from the inclemency of the weather. Their efforts as artisans are confined to the manufacture of their little bows and arrows. They manufacture no iron, and their iron implements, such as knives and spears, are obtained by barter from other native tribes, for which their elephant tusks stand them in good stead. As before stated, they practice no agriculture, nor do they ever raise herds of cattle or flocks of sheep and goats. For these they depend upon the pastoral neighbors among whom they live or roam.

In their domestic relations the Bushmen may be said to be exemplary. They are monogamic in their habits, and their attachment to their children, if not conspicuous, is reasonably constant. They are not prolific as a race, and yet they are as much so as could be expected, when we consider their mode of life. In the wild state they are very exclusive, never intermingling with the larger races around them. A hybrid has never been reported among the wild Bushmen. It is only since their children have been captured and reared as slaves among the Boers that a hybrid race has been produced, which is no improvement on the maternal stock. Indeed, it may be said that it is no improvement on those thoroughbred Bushmen who have been raised amid civilized surroundings.

There are many instances which encourage the belief that these Bushmen possess a respectable measure of mental endowment and capability for civilization under favorable conditions. Nearly fifty years ago, the Scotchman, Gordon Cumming, who made such fearful slaughter among the large game of South Africa, admitted into his camp in the desert a young Bushman who had been taken prisoner when a child by the Boers, and brought up by them as a slave. Driven to extremity by the cruel treatment which he suffered, he had escaped to the desert, and was received by Cumming as one of his followers. Ever

after he served his new master with courage, devotion, and fidelity. When all others deserted Cumming, in the far interior, he was faithful, and finally helped him through to civilization again. This little specimen of humanity attended Cumming during the four years of his hunting experience, ever ready to perform with intelligence any service required of him, and at last followed his master home to Scotland, where he lived in luxury and happiness, enjoying the bounty and protection of the man whom he had served so faithfully. During a part of this time Cumming had in his service another Bushman, of whose former life he does not inform us; but he mentions no deficiency in the service which he was required to perform, owing to any lack of intelligence, capacity, or fidelity.

These are the most conspicuous instances that I have met which indicate anything of the capacity of the Bushmen for civilization. They show that they are capable of attachment and appreciate kindness. It is not improbable that, had a different course been pursued towards them as a people by the whites, a very different story would have been told of them. They can resent and retaliate injuries to as great an extent as any other known people; and our knowledge of human nature teaches us that those who can hate the worst can love the best; that those who feel a wrong most deeply and resent it with fierceness keenly appreciate a kindness and a favor, and are capable of the strongest attachments.

While in many respects these pygmies occupy a very low place on the scale of civilization, in some other respects they rise high above any of the surrounding tribes in South Africa, and perhaps above any other negro tribes on the continent. Their moral sensibilities are of a very low order, but in the arts of dissimulation and cunning, and in devising means to accomplish ends which they deem desirable, they display much ingenuity, although those ends are in the main very limited, and are mostly confined to the gratification of their simple wants.

But in the midst of their degraded barbarism they have raised themselves to a degree of artistic taste and skill which is truly astonishing. Their ability as artists, as manifested by their works, has shown them to be something more than rude imitators. They possess not only the power to delineate, but the capacity to comprehend and study the ways by which such delineations are made most effective by the exercise of high principles of art. And it is manifest, also, that this artistic skill is not confined to a single individual or family, or even tribe, but is widely extended. Their paintings and sculpture have been for the most part in the form of adornment of the caves which they make their homes.

Mark Hutchinson, an artist of repute, visited some of their painted caves a little more than ten years ago, and made copies of their drawings. He speaks in the highest terms of the taste and ability manifested by their works. The localities which he examined were situated in the Drakenberg Mountains, about latitude 30° south and longitude 30° east. The caves where these drawings were found had been occupied as homes by the Bushmen not more than twenty years previously; and as some of the paintings were plainly of recent date, it was evident that they were not the remains of a lost art, though the Bushmen have for the last two hundred years been hunted like wild beasts. We may well suppose that a material deterioration in this respect has occurred within that time. Hutchinson says "the drawings are the work of many different hands of various degrees of skill. Many are suggestive of being boys' work, and are very rude and careless." As the caves must have been studios for instruction as well as for the work of the master artists, we must expect to find the work of the most unskilled as well as the most skilled artists. Many of the pictures as reproduced

by Hutchinson are caricatures rudely drawn in black paint, yet very spirited in expression. A large class of the pictures represent hunting and battle scenes, and some show the presence of white men as well as of natives. Some of these pictures even suggest actual portraiture, and personal adornment in the way of headdresses, for instance. The better pictures indicate correct appreciation of the real appearance of objects, and evince remarkable skill in delineation. Perspective and foreshortening are correctly rendered. One of the pictures gives a view of the hind parts of an ox or eland, and is remarkably faithful. The best specimen of coloring was in the representation of an eland. This picture Hutchinson considered admirable for the shading which occurred in it.

The skill of the Bushmen in the handling of stone is quite worthy of observation. Like many of the aborigines in this country, they possess the art of making, cutting, and engraving instruments from flint and other hard stone, and with these they are enabled to execute carvings on the walls of their caves and on detached stones, for other uses and representations, which are not less artistic than are their paintings. With these implements, also, they do their carving upon wood, horn, ivory, bone, shells of ostrich eggs, and other substances, from which they make ornamental articles and useful utensils, implements of the chase and weapons of war.

Dr. Holub, while stopping at the Wessel farm in the Free State, examined the drawings and engravings remaining in the caves formerly occupied by the Bushmen. He also was strongly impressed with the taste and ability manifested in these works of art as still existing there. The drawings are upon the walls of sandstone, and the carvings are made upon the same ground. In some cases the carvings are chiseled entirely out of the solid rock, while in others they are incomplete, and are indicated only by lines of shading. He mentions particularly the bust of a Bushman, a woman carrying a load, an ostrich with a rider on its back, an ostrich meeting a rhinoceros, a jackal chasing an antelope, together with many figures of birds and quadrupeds. The pigments with which the paintings are done are very enduring, and show skill in their combination. In one place, these paintings are found in a cave which has been frequently filled with water in times of flood, and yet they have preserved their brilliancy to the present time amid those alternations of wet and dry. The implements with which carvings have been executed are found in abundance scattered around in or near all the caves which are discovered to be thus adorned.

The Bushmen are skillful hunters, expert thieves, and courageous fighters, but their mechanical performances are confined to the erection of the rudest temporary dwellings, and to the manufacture of their bows and arrows, and the scanty clothing which they put on to protect themselves from the cold. In the neighboring tribes, among whom they wander or dwell, the art of working iron is practiced wherever the material is found. This has never been attempted by the Bushmen, though they frequently obtain iron implements by the barter of ivory.

Even among men of scientific tastes and attainments, many may be found who seem to take no interest in the diminutive size of these people when they meet them. This may prepare us to understand why the Dutch settlers in South Africa never thought the small size of the Bushmen a characteristic worthy of special mention, while their malignant dispositions and belligerent characteristics are elaborately described. The reader of Dutch narratives would suppose that the pygmies were men of ordinary stature. It is true that in a very few instances they are spoken of as small men, but that fact does not seem to have commanded sufficient interest to induce any one to say how

small they were, by giving their height or other physical dimensions. In later times they have excited more interest and have been studied with more care, and Fritsch, in his account of the natives of South Africa, gives their average height as four feet eight and a half inches, while Bryden gives the height of the male as four feet six inches, and the female four feet. We may reasonably suppose that individuals vary in size as much as they do among the ordinary races of men; that there are no doubt giants among them as well as dwarfs; that some are abnormally tall, and otherwise of exaggerated proportions, and that others are abnormally short and small; so that it would be necessary carefully to measure great numbers of them before we could determine satisfactorily what is their average size. All that we can safely say is, that they are far below the stature of ordinary men, and we should place their standard height at about eighteen inches below that of the average of mankind.

I have been more particular in my consideration of these Sana, or Bushmen, because they have been longer and better known than the other tribes of pygmies of which we have authentic accounts, all of whom reside at a great distance north of them, and in the near neighborhood of the equator. It has been generally considered that all are of the same distinctive race, though now widely separated; but there is no definite authority for the conclusion that all came from the northern part of the continent of Africa at a remote distance of time.

The fact that all the different tribes, however far apart they may be, have so many features and characteristics in common is the strongest evidence to my mind that all are descended from the same origin; and this fact also shows that they have abstained in a remarkable degree from intermingling with other and larger peoples.

The next discovery of dwarfs in Africa was made by Paul Du Chaillu in 1863, on the west coast, in south latitude 1° 58′ 54″ and east longitude 11° 56′ 38″. In one of his excursions into the interior from the Atlantic coast, before he reached Niemboriai, in the land of the Ashangos, he came across some deserted huts of a people who, he was informed by the natives, were of very diminutive stature. He had heard that these people were called Obongos, and that there was a village of them near Niemboriai. On his arrival there, he inquired if it were possible for him to get a sight of these little people. He was told that they were in the habit of coming into the village, but that they would not come while the white man was there. Under the guidance of the Ashangos, he approached with great caution the village in the forest, consisting of twelve huts, which were composed of green branches of trees, with small holes for entrance, that were closed by similar branches stuck in the ground. They were excessively filthy, and scattered about without order. Most of the population had fled, but he found three women and one man concealed in the huts on their first visit, and several more on subsequent visits. They were very timid and greatly alarmed at the appearance of the stranger, but were somewhat pacified by gifts of beads and by the assurance of the Ashangos that he would not hurt them, but had come to make them presents and do them good. The women were fond of adornment, and seemed glad of the beads. When Du Chaillu attempted to measure these little people they were greatly frightened, and it was with much difficulty that their fears were so far overcome as to enable him to take the following measurements of six women and one man, all adults: —

Woman, No. 1. Total height, 4 ft. $4\frac{1}{4}$ in.
Between outer angles of eyes $5\frac{1}{4}$ in.
Woman, No. 2. Total height, 4 ft. $7\frac{1}{4}$ in.
Woman, No. 3. Considered unusually tall, 5ft. $\frac{1}{4}$ in.
Round broadest part of head, 1 ft. $9\frac{1}{4}$ in.
From eye to ear, 4 in.

Woman, No. 4. Total height, 4 ft. 8 in.
Round the head, 1 ft. 10 in.
From eye to ear, $3\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Woman, No. 5. Total height, 5 ft.
Round the head, 1 ft. 9 in.
From eye to ear, $4\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Woman, No. 6. Total height, 4 ft. 5 in.
Round the head, 1 ft. $10\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Eye to ear, $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Young man. Total height, 4 ft. 6 in.

Du Chaillu reports the color of these people to be a dirty yellow; they were distinctly lighter than the Ashangos, near whom they lived; their eyes evinced an untamable wildness. They had short legs, but seemed to be otherwise well proportioned. The hair of the head was in short, bushy tufts. The abundant hair of their chests and legs grew in short, woolly tufts like that of the head. Their clothing was scanty, consisting of home-made cloth which they got in barter from the Ashangos, and it is not stated that they ever made garments out of the skins of the animals which they captured. They were very expert and nimble hunters, especially in trapping game; they fairly filled the paths and forests with pitfalls in which they captured large game, and set ingenious traps in the trees for monkeys and other small game. They also caught fish from the streams, and with their fish and game they procured by barter cloths, cooking-utensils, iron implements, and the like. They were never known to practice agriculture to any degree, though their diet consisted partly of vegetable productions, such as fruits and roots procured in the forest, and they sometimes bartered the game they captured for the fruits of the garden, such as bananas, etc., with their neighbors, or stole them if they could not obtain them by barter; but their choice was for animal food, for which they appeared almost ravenous. Notwithstanding their thievish depredations, they were tolerated by their larger neighbors, who treated them kindly, and rather welcomed their presence in the neighborhood for the game and fish which they furnished. From this it is evident that their skill as hunters far surpassed that of the Ashangos.

Accepting the measurements made by Du Chaillu as fairly representing the average height of the people, we have the remarkable example of a tribe whose females exceed in stature the males, as will be observed by the table of measurements given; but it would not be safe to adopt this conclusion from so limited a number of specimens. Indeed, there was but one male measured by him, and his height was four feet six inches, which is about the average height of the male Bushmen, and exceeded that of the females of that tribe, while the average height of the females measured was considerably above this.

Du Chaillu learned from the Ashangos that the little people were very exclusive in their intercourse, and never intermarried with the larger tribes; indeed, that they were so exclusive that they were compelled to incestuous marriages, and he thinks that this may have been one of the causes which had led to the deterioration of the race. I am hardly prepared to accept the facts as stated by the Ashangos.

While this little band of Obongos may have been quite limited in numbers, we have reason to believe that the pygmy race was scattered all through that immense forest region extending north from the Congo to several degrees north of the equator, and west of the place where Du Chaillu found them to near the lake regions of Central Africa; not in large tribes or bands, it is true, but dispersed in greater or less numbers through that region, ever migratory, changing their positions as the exigencies of their precarious mode of life required. Their mode of living was principally by hunting and trapping game. When it became scarce in one place they immediately sought another locality where it was more abundant, and their little belongings were easily transported from

one place to another as their necessities required; they had no fixed place of abode, but were at home everywhere. In this mode of life, any given tribe of pygmies must have wandered over extensive areas, and in the course of their wanderings the different bands must frequently have met each other, so that the opportunities for marriage with their own people would have often occurred; hence the necessity assigned for incestuous marriages could hardly have existed. Besides, the deterioration of the race is not such as we usually look for as the result of close inbreeding; we hear of no mental imbecility, no deformity, no physical weakness, but only a diminutive stature coupled with remarkable physical activity and great sagacity in their contrivances for capturing game.

In many of their physical features, the facts given by our author from his own personal observation correspond remarkably with those given of other tribes or bands of pygmies. The body of the male measured was covered with a heavy coat of hair, and that has been observed of most of the other pygmy races, while its presence on the males of the larger tribes I have never seen noticed. The hair of the head is remarkable. It is of lighter color than is usual with the negro races, and corresponds very nearly with the color of their skins; it is in limited quantities, is very much curled or kinked, is distributed in tufts, and is altogether peculiar to this branch of the human family. In color there is a general correspondence among all these people; they are lighter in color than the Ashangos and other negro tribes, and in no part of Africa have these pygmies been found to possess the black skin of the negro, though undoubtedly individuals may be met with much darker than others, as was the case with one individual whom Du Chaillu saw at a distance.

Du Chaillu says that they are fishermen as well as hunters, but he does not state the mode in which they capture fish, if indeed that was told him by the Obongos. I do not remember to have seen it stated elsewhere that the pygmies are fishermen as well as hunters, but this mode of subsistence might well be resorted to in favorable localities without having attracted the attention of their visitors. It may be safely concluded that they do not usually obtain subsistence by fishing, in any part of their habitat.

The next in chronological order to meet with the African pygmies was Dr. Schweinfurth. He found them on the Wille River, among the Monbuttos, in 1871. He appreciated fully the importance of the discovery, and was familiar with all the previous discoveries of that strange people. He recognizes the Bushmen of South Africa as pygmies, and thinks they belong to the same race as those found in the equatorial regions. He gives Du Chaillu full credit for having been the first discoverer of that people in the equatorial region. He first met them at Munza, the residence of the king of the Monbutto of the same name, which is located about $3\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ north latitude and $28\frac{1}{4}^\circ$ east longitude; here the pygmies are called Akkas. He found them scarcely two degrees north of the Obongos, discovered by Du Chaillu, and nearly twenty degrees further east. From the best information which is at present attainable, all these people are found in the great equatorial forest which extends from about longitude 30° east to the Atlantic Ocean on the west, and to undefined limits north and south of the equator. The Obongos of Du Chaillu are the most westerly which have been thus far satisfactorily located, and the Akkas are the most easterly; how abundantly they occupy the intermediate space cannot now be determined. The first pygmy was brought to Schweinfurth's camp at Munza by his own men, and was terribly alarmed at being forced into the presence of the white man; but by presents and kindly treatment he was so far reassured that it was possible to talk with him through

interpreters, when valuable information was obtained. His name was Adimokoo, and he was the head of a small band of Akkas. His band was stationed about a mile from the palace of the king, who had brought and placed them there as curiosities. From this man Schweinfurth learned that the first village of his people was four days' journey south or southeast; that they consisted of different tribes, of which he enumerated nine, each of which was governed by a chief or king. He learned that these people occupied a large territory situated between 1° and 2° north latitude. The man was armed with a small lance and bow and arrow, from which we may infer that the Akkas as well as all the other pygmies are hunters, and probably procure most of their sustenance by the chase; but from this Akka chief very little was learned of the mode of living of his countrymen, though in another place Schweinfurth was informed that some of the Akkas kept fowls. Beyond this we lack evidence to show that any of the pygmies rear or keep domestic animals. Schweinfurth measured this little man, and found him to be four feet ten inches tall; and he considers this to be about the average height of the men of his people. The Akka was prevailed upon to show his agility by dancing, and made most extraordinary leaps and antics, which were characteristic of the pygmies in other parts of Africa. A brother of the king, named Mummery, who was a high officer in the tribe, and had an establishment of his own, had in his regiment a corps of pygmies which was organized for military purposes.

When our explorer met these pygmies marching in the street, he at first took them for a lot of boys; but he soon learned his mistake when they made threatening demonstrations towards him with their bows and arrows and spears. They had evidently lost their hereditary timidity at the sight of the white man, either because they had a strong force, or had gained confidence by their military organization and training. Anticipating a better opportunity to examine them on the morrow, Schweinfurth let this chance go; but on the morrow they had disappeared.

Munza gave Schweinfurth a young pygmy boy, who completed his growth during the year and a half in which his new master had him under his care and observation. How long he had previously been in the possession of Munza we are not told, but from Schweinfurth's account of him one would be led to the conclusion that he was possessed of a low order of intellect, and especially that he lacked the capacity to acquire new language. He showed the physical activity generally observed among the pygmy tribes, with a cruelty of disposition and a want of sympathy for suffering either of man or beast. Torture was to him a pleasant pastime, and when he saw his master boiling the head of an enemy who had been killed, in order to prepare it for his collection, his delight knew no bounds, and he rushed about the camp shouting, "Bakinda nova? Bakinda he he koto." (Where is Bakinda? Bakinda is in the pot.) Other savage nations, especially our own American Indians, take delight in torture when it is inflicted on an enemy; but this little Akka seemed to enjoy torturing any animal that could suffer pain. He was in the habit of shooting arrows into the dogs just to enjoy their sufferings. He was an enormous eater, especially of flesh, a characteristic of which we find mention in most of the other pygmy tribes where that characteristic would be likely to be noticed. The Akkas possess that high measure of cunning and shrewdness which has been so often attributed to the Bushmen, and which it is safe to say belongs to the whole family of pygmies. It may be that the sanguinary and cruel disposition observed in the race has been stimulated by their chief occupation of capturing animals; they become ac-

customed to animal suffering, and as this suffering is immediately connected with the pleasure they take in their success, the sentiment of sympathy with pain has little chance of being cultivated. Indeed, this may be true of those who live in more civilized countries, where the success of the chase affords the greatest pleasure, and deadens the sense of sympathy for the pain of animals. One who spends his life in an abattoir loses his sensibility at the sight of blood and animal suffering.

Although Dr. Junker, in his first expedition, explored the same country which had been traveled by Schweinfurth, he nowhere refers to the pygmies who had so much interested his predecessor; but in his second expedition, when he penetrated much farther into the interior, he met a tribe of these little people who called themselves Wochua. They were undoubtedly a part of the race which Adimokoo had described to Schweinfurth, but they were apparently not nearly so abundant in that region as one might have expected. Junker's measurements showed that they were a little taller than were the pygmies before reported by other travelers. He does not seem to have measured any of the thirty or forty pygmies by whom he was surrounded, but compares them with an ordinary man, and says some would reach to the shoulders and others to the pit of the stomach, and the largest, who might pass as a giant of his race, attained a height that would allow him to be ranked as a small man of the ordinary race. Like the full-sized natives, they liked to ornament themselves with beads, and were pleased with the sound of music. Junker found these pygmies in about latitude $2\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ north and in longitude $28\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ east, so that they were very nearly in the same latitude where Du Chaillu found his Obongos, and about seventeen and a half degrees further east, or something more than eleven hundred English miles.

We will next consider the pygmies brought to our attention by Stanley, in the great forest bordering the Aruwimi River, on his way to the relief of Emin Pasha. On the 18th of September, 1887, at the Arab settlement of Ngarrowwas, he met the first specimen of the pygmies. As these Arabs were a party of slave-hunters, we may well presume that this pygmy had been captured and was held by them as a slave, though the explorer does not say so. She was a young woman, apparently about seventeen years of age, and was thirty-three inches in height. Her color was much like that of yellow ivory; her figure, Stanley says, was like that of a colored woman, though diminutive in size; she was possessed of a certain grace, and was manifestly pleased at the admiration which she attracted. The most remarkable feature of this woman was her large lustrous eyes, which were protruding. In this she was the opposite of the pygmies elsewhere observed, who had small eyes. She was quite nude, but to this she was evidently accustomed, as she displayed becoming modesty, and evidently did not consider her condition in any way unbecoming. Stanley understood that the pygmies were numerous north of where he met this example.

On the 31st of October, 1887, Stanley came upon a village of pygmies in latitude $1\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ north and longitude $29\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ east, or about 1° east of where he had seen the pretty little woman at the camp of the Arabs, forty-two days before. He gives us no description of the inhabitants of this village. In his further progress he frequently came across deserted villages of this people, showing that these little men were quite abundant throughout that primeval forest. On the 9th of November, 1887, he passed through another village of the pygmies, without describing them.

He had constructed Fort Bodo while resting in the forest, at a place situated in latitude 1° $15'$ north and longitude 29° $30'$ east. The forest here seems to have swarmed with pygmies, who by their

thefts and trespasses upon the garden of the fort gave the occupants of Fort Bodo great annoyance. While here in March, 1888, one of Stanley's men captured and brought in a woman whom he calls the queen of the pygmies. She was the wife of the chief of Indekaru. She was decked with jewelry befitting her station. "She was of a light brown complexion, with broad round face, large eyes, and small but full lips." She had a quiet, modest demeanor, though her dress was very scanty. She was about four feet tall and nineteen or twenty years of age, and had a pleasing appearance.

Near a place called Indemwani, in latitude 1° 15′ north and longitude 29° 30′ east, his "men made a splendid capture of pygmies," consisting of four women and a boy. Among these he saw two distinct types. One had all the appearance of the Akkas, with deep-set eyes; the other four possessed large round eyes, full and prominent, broad round foreheads, round faces, small hands and feet, with slight prognathism of jaws; their figures were well formed, though diminutive, and of a bricky complexion. The women had mischievous eyes, protruding lips overhanging the chin, and prominent abdomen; the chest was narrow and flat, with sloping shoulders and long arms. Their feet turned inward greatly, their lower legs were very short, and they appeared to be of an extremely low and degraded type of the human family. One of the women, apparently about seventeen years of age, was evidently a mother, with bright and healthy complexion, brilliant large round eyes, and a peculiar curve of the mouth such as marked the queen of the pygmies before mentioned. She had pinkish-colored lips, small hands, long and delicate fingers; her feet measured seven inches, and her height was four feet four inches.

Here, then, it is clear that we have a distinct type of the pygmies, with features differing widely from those of the Akkas, Obongos, Bushmen, or any other specimens of the pygmies with which we have heretofore met. The large, prominent, and brilliant eyes distinguish them from any elsewhere described; nor are these large-eyed pygmies confined to this locality. The first one met with at the Arab settlement, and the queen of the pygmies brought into Fort Bodo, were of the same distinct type; so we know that they are found in widely separated districts of the forest. But what serves to attract our attention particularly is the fact that pygmies of this peculiar type are found not in separate bands by themselves, but residing indiscriminately with the other and common type of dwarfs, of which the Akkas are an example. If they live together as common members of a tribe, the inevitable conclusion is that they intermarry with each other. How therefore is it possible for them to maintain their separate and distinct features? The evidence given by Stanley would show that these inconsistencies do actually exist, notwithstanding it positively contradicts all other statements on the subject. Future observations will be looked for with great interest.

Junker locates his band of pygmies about one degree north of where Stanley met those above described; but he makes no mention of any of this large-eyed type of little folk, among the thirty or forty that he saw and whom he so fully describes.

Taking all the evidence together, it is manifest that the whole country north of the Ituri and the Aruwimi, as the river is called lower down, is inhabited by roving bands of the pygmies, who remain at times in the territory of one native chief, and then pass to that of another, as the exigencies of their peculiar mode of life demand; generally on terms of apparent friendship with the larger natives, but always feared and always disliked. Their thievish and malignant dispositions compel a tolerance of their presence, and we may not doubt that when they decamp and wander away to other regions their

departure is never regretted. They practice no agriculture, but help themselves to whatever they can find in the gardens of the more industrious negroes. Junker assures us that when one fancies a bunch of bananas which he intends to appropriate to his own use, he will thrust an arrow into it as an evidence of his claim, and the rightful owner has such a wholesome dread of the little trespasser that he leaves the fruit thus marked untouched.

Travelers have only skirted, as it were, the edge of this great unexplored forest, but their observations tend to support what has been heretofore conjectured: that the pigmy race roam through the whole of the vast primeval forest, never thickly inhabiting it, but wandering about in small bands, limiting their excursions to certain districts of greater or less extent.

The pygmies seem most to affect the densest, dampest, and gloomiest forest, rarely leaving it for the prairie or savanna openings which are not unfrequently met with among its recesses. A treeless country and bright and cheerful sunshine have no charms for them. They wander as far north as the Niam-Niam country, at least, and as far east as the grass lands which border the wooded country; but where the forests are less dense they find less attractions, and are met with less frequently.

Junker describes some individuals of this people as possessing real genius of a certain order. I cannot do better than to quote what he says of the Akkas: "They are also distinguished by sharp powers of observation." They have "amazing talent for mimicry" and "a good memory. . . . A striking proof of this was afforded by an Achua, whom I had seen and measured four years previously in Rumbek, and now again met him at Gambaris. . . . His comical ways and quick, nimble movements made this little fellow the clown of our society. . . . He imitated with marvelous fidelity the peculiarities of persons whom he had once seen; for instance, the gestures and facial expressions of Jussuf Pasha-esh-Shelahis and of Haj Halîl at their devotions, as well as the address and movements of Emin Pasha 'with the four eyes' (spectacles). His imitation of Hawash Effendi in a towering rage, storming and abusing everybody, was a great success; and now he took me off to the life, rehearsing after four years, down to the minutest details and with surprising accuracy, my anthropometric performance when measuring his body in Rumbek."

This certainly does not indicate that the pygmy race has become imbecile or is destitute of mental endowments; but, on the other hand, its members are quick-witted, lively, and sparkling to a degree quite beyond what we might expect from the lower ranks of savagery. Probably this specimen had wandered away from his tribe in the dark recesses of the forest, and mingled with the Arabs and others who occupy a higher plane of civilization than his own people; but it is certain that he had profited by his opportunities to a much greater extent than the average negro savage of Africa. No doubt missionaries would have a hard task to effect much enlightenment among these people; but the difficulty would not arise from want of mental capacity, but from the conditions under which they live, without fixed home or mode of livelihood except by the chase. We may admit as altogether probable that this specimen was much brighter than the average of his people, but the probability still remains that the intellectual endowments of the pygmies are capable of improvement to a very appreciable degree, and this probability is enhanced by their undoubted cunning and sagacity, which seem to be recognized by all whenever conditions allow of their exercise.

As Stanley marched through that forest country, literally abounding in pygmies, his men captured a considerable number of them and brought them along

as prisoners, but how many it is impossible to learn from Stanley's journal. It may be presumed that he turned loose all but the young and vigorous specimens who could be of service either as carriers, as warriors, or as camp followers. He gives an illustration in which a number of ordinary natives and of pygmies are seen grouped in his camp at Kavalli, showing the difference in size between the smaller race and the larger; but how many pygmies he had in his camp at that time we are not told. It is certain, however, that he met no pygmies in the grass lands which he traversed between the great forests on the west and the wooded country which he encountered on the east side of the Semliki River. Indeed, we hear nothing more of pygmies till he reached the country at the foot of Ruwenzori Mountain; and even there he did not encounter any of the little people, but only heard of them from the natives. Near the Ugarama village at the foot of the great mountain his men found in the woods two women of light complexion, who gave them a description of the country and its inhabitants, and said that "the enemies of the Awamba, who cut down the woods and tilled the ground, were the vicious Watwa pygmies, who made their lives miserable by robbing their plantations, and destroying small parties while at work or proceeding to market in adjoining districts." Here is the first evidence I have met with tending to show that the pygmies have ever cut down the woods and tilled the ground, and this Stanley did not see himself, and only heard it from the two native women whom he met at the foot of the mountain; but the little folks still maintained their character for viciousness and malignity, and made the lives of the larger natives miserable by their thefts, and by destroying small parties whom they came across. Further on, Stanley learned from the natives that on the western bank of the Semliki River there were Watwa pygmies.

How much Stanley's statements might be modified by a more intimate knowledge of the habits of this little people we cannot say; but of this we feel assured, that pygmies certainly reside there. This fact of itself is interesting, as it corresponds with the statements of the ancients that pygmies existed about the sources of the Nile, and Stanley's explorations prove satisfactorily that the little people of which he heard now exist around the sources of that great river. The lake which he first discovered in 1876 and rediscovered in 1887, and which he named Lake Albert Edward, is in truth the source of the west branch of the Nile; its waters flow northward through the Semliki River into Lake Albert. Into the northern extremity of Lake Albert the eastern branch runs, and from it the Nile itself flows.

The pygmies which inhabit the country near the shores of Lake Albert Edward and about the western slopes of the Ruwenzori Mountain are so far separated from those inhabiting the great forest to the west of them that the two tribes can hardly be supposed to have any intercourse with each other. We may place these eastern pygmies about under the equator and 30° east longitude, with a grass country intervening between them and their brethren whom we have placed in the western forest.

The last of the pygmies of whose discovery I have an account are located about four degrees south of the equator and about 24° east longitude, on the river Sankurru, in a vast primeval forest which it took our explorer many days to pass through. Dr. Wissmann, who discovered them, says: "I was greatly pleased to see in the afternoon some Batua of pure quality, real beauties. The people were short, of a brown yellowish color, or rather light yellow with a brown shadowing. They were long-limbed and thin, though not angular, and wore neither ornaments, paintings, nor head-dresses. I was chiefly struck with their beautiful

and clever eyes, lighter than those of the Batetela, and their delicate rosy lips, by no means pouting like those of the negro. The demeanor of our new friends, whom I treated with particular kindness, was not savage, like that of the Batetela, but rather timidly modest, I may say maidenly shy. The little men, on the whole, reminded me of portraits of the Bushmen of the south of this continent. Their arms consisted of small bows and delicate arrows, which, before using, they dip into a small calabash filled with poison which they carry fastened in their belts.

"By means of great patience and a continual encouraging smile, and by forcing my voice to the most gentle intonations I could manage, I succeeded in communicating with them, and catching some of their idiomatic expressions, which entirely differed from those of the other tribes. Amongst others, it struck me that here, in the midst of the Batetela, who for the word 'fire' have the term 'kalo,' they had the expression 'kapia,' the same as our Bashilange, with whom they have a certain softness of language in common; something of the singing modulations of our Saxons." He also notices their delicate frames and rather long limbs.

Wissmann obtained the measurements of some Batua men, whose height varied from four feet six inches to four feet eight inches. He never saw any women among them. The young people had rounded figures and fresh complexions, and their movements were especially graceful, easy, and quiet. The old men he considered painfully ugly, a result which he attributes to their savage and roving life in the primeval forest. The head seemed disproportionately large, owing to the thinness of the neck. They were very much feared by the other natives on account of the poison of their arrows.

He further says: "The real home of the Batua is the vast dark primeval forest, which in all seasons yields a variety of fruits, — perhaps only known to and eaten by them, — roots, fungi, or herbs, and especially meat; the latter chiefly of lesser and lower animals, as rats, nocturnal monkeys, bats, a number of rodentia, many of which may be unknown, now and then a wild boar, a monkey, and, by chance, even an elephant. Other game is not found in that forest, but of smaller animals there is all the more abundance. Caterpillars, cicadas, white ants, and chrysalises also offer an abundant change to their *menu*."

Our author afterward frequently met the Batua in this great forest, but they were too shy to allow him to make minute observations. He nowhere met with any evidence of agriculture among this little people, or of domestic animals. If they gathered cultivated fruits, they were cultivated by the larger natives. Wild fruits and wild animals constituted their great resource for subsistence. Ever wandering in search of these, they had no fixed places of abode. They sheltered themselves in temporary huts, which were quickly erected and readily abandoned. Indeed, they lived almost the same as do all the other pygmy tribes whose habits have been sufficiently studied to be understood. They are nearer the condition of wild savagery than any other of the savage tribes of Africa. But they have their peculiarities. According to this description they are much more comely, especially the young, than any of the pygmies elsewhere met with, and they have longer limbs than the others. While others are said to have long bodies and short limbs, these have long limbs and necessarily shorter bodies; and enough specimens were seen to enable us to determine these general characteristics. With these two exceptions, the description we have of them corresponds precisely with what we are told of other members of the race, though they are separated from each other by immense distances.

The pygmy bands occupying the coun-

try north of the equator in the neighborhood of the Congo and its tributaries are surrounded, or perhaps, more properly speaking, intermingled with the cannibal tribes, who regard human flesh as the choicest meat to be obtained. So situated, we might expect that the pygmies would be cannibals, too, for their great love of a flesh diet and their frequently straitened circumstances would seem to encourage them to adopt that practice; yet I nowhere find the subject alluded to, nor do I find evidence clearly establishing the fact that any of the bands or tribes of pygmies in Africa are in the habit of eating human flesh; and we may well suppose that if explorers had observed sufficient evidence to establish that fact they would have recorded it. True, such practice may have existed among pygmies who have been visited by white men, for we know that many cannibal tribes are loath to admit that they eat human flesh, to visitors whom they know abhor it, so it may have been concealed from observation where it actually existed; but we are not at liberty to accuse them of cannibalism without satisfactory proof to establish the fact.

Many have asserted that these pygmy races are found extended quite across the continent, from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic, in the neighborhood of the equator, but to this I am not prepared to assent. That the Bushmen did once extend across southern Africa from ocean to ocean is undoubtedly true, and that, in the equatorial regions, individual specimens may have been seen far east of their usual habitat may not be questioned; but even in the Soudan only individuals who have wandered far east of their birthplace have been met with. No collected bands containing both old and young and united families have been there found, so far as my information goes, and without these we cannot conclude that the individuals met with were within a natural habitat. Should we meet with a negro in Norway, we should hardly be justified in saying that Norway is the home of the negroes. If specimens have been met with east of the south end of Lake Tanganyika or of the north end of Nyassa, it would not prove that the pygmies extend across the continent to the Indian Ocean, or that they inhabit the regions about the great lakes of Central Africa. Joseph Thomson, in his first wonderful expedition, when he traversed the region extending from Zanzibar to the north end of Lake Nyassa, and thence to Tanganyika and up the country west of that great lake to its outlet, and north of it to the river, and explored a considerable district of country west and south of that lake, makes no mention of having met any people below the ordinary stature of the negro races; and again, in his explorations to the Masai land, embracing the whole country between Lake Victoria and the Indian Ocean, he met no people of diminutive size. If he found cave-dwellers in that country, they were of the ordinary stature.

Possibly this conclusion may be modified by a statement by Mrs. Sheldon in her account of her journey of exploration in that part of Africa. She says of the Wandurobo tribe, who had been conquered by the Masai, but not enslaved, "These people are the most insignificant in appearance; almost dwarf. 'Durobo' signifies stumpy. Among those we met there was no man who attained a height of over four feet and a few inches, and some were considerably shorter." Not appreciating the importance of this discovery from the scientific point of view, she does not seem to have taken the trouble to measure any of these little people, or to make other observations of their habits, customs, or mode of life, which would enable us to compare them with the African dwarfs, so as to determine whether they belong to the true pygmy race or not. She found these people located on the eastern flanks of the great mountain Kilimanjaro, and on the eastern borders of Masai land.

I think evidence is wanting to show that pygmies are at home anywhere in Africa east of the Ruwenzori Mountain or the Lake Albert Edward. They may be found south and west of that region, but it will be in the great forest regions which occupy most of that part of Western Africa. Wherever they have been met with elsewhere, they may be considered as estrays. Provisionally we may limit the habitat of these little people to the equatorial regions of Africa west of the African lakes, and to that part of the continent lying south of the Zambesi River. Even in the latter country the range of the Bushmen has been much curtailed during the last two hundred and forty years, and their numbers have been greatly decreased by the cruel hands of the whites. When the country between the Nile and the Indian Ocean and between Abyssinia and Mt. Kana shall be thoroughly explored, it may be that tribes of pygmies will be found in that unknown region, but at present this must be a matter of conjecture.

John Dean Caton.

AN ISLAND PLANT.

IN THREE PARTS.

II.

THE GREEN BRANCHES.

JUNE brought to Nantucket, in the olden time, a gala day of importance; in the presumption of some minds, of even more importance than were the great festivals of the vintage and of the gods of which we read. Yet nobody reads of the great shearing-days of Nantucket, when the many thousand sheep of that island were shorn of their fleeces. During all the year previous to and succeeding that event the flocks roamed at pleasure over the plains, though sometimes at pleasure was at pain; for when the sparse verdure was cropped close or the deadly breath of winter was upon it, when the pools were frozen, and the sleet-laden winds pierced to the tender skin under their woolly coats, driven by suffering they swarmed into the town, and degenerated from the pastoral flocks of poesy to beggars and scavengers. Then the goodwives threw their vegetable parings and the refuse of their frugal tables into the streets. This was the winter provision for the sheep. And timid children, awakening on bitter nights, cried out in terror of strange tramplings, as of a stealthy host pressing inward to the house, and of widespread gusty breathings in the air; but they listened with a moment's pleased interest and then sank into peace again, when their mothers' voices bade them fear not, for it was only the sheep pressing close under the house walls to keep warm. By June, their makeshifts and degradation seemed well over, and they were fit subjects for poetry again; but then came the demand for their fleeces, and the luxury of basking and browsing in the sunshine was interrupted by the washing and making ready for shearing-day.

On the part of the human population, besides the gathering and cleansing of the innumerable flocks, there were the preparations for feasting all the island's inhabitants and hundreds of strangers from the continent. Nantucket faces wore a look of sanguine eagerness tinged with fitting gravity during these momentous preliminaries. High pressure and urgency were in the very atmosphere.

While the omnifarious cooking was going forward under the hands of the women, the unwilling victims were collected by the men and boys, and driven to the great Miacomet Pool, where, with much struggle and clamor, they were thrust in among the lily-pads, and not only washed, but throttled, stifled, and utterly undone. Then, "in the wattled pen innumerous pressed, head above head," they wondered and dried themselves into creamy whiteness, so that the wave beyond wave of their rounded backs looked like a pond of rich milk.

At length the great day itself arrived. Let us say the shearing-day of 1791. The sheep-pens and shearing-grounds were on the open plain, near the South Shore. By early cockcrow these grounds were covered with tents and awnings, and the soft, fearful creatures gazed through their bars at further strange proceedings of men. The voice of sober excitement, plaintive, apprehensive bleatings, and the astonished cries of wandering shore-birds broke with pleasing discord a stillness that never was silence because of the beating sea. It beat softly, and glittered like polished steel under the white dawn. An uncertain sweetness — perhaps of the dewy, trampled sheep-grass — was in the air, and unnamed balminess from over sea.

Before sunrise, the selectmen, in a body, in best breeches and swallow-tail coats, with their queue-ribbons fresh, and their shoe-buckles and knee-buckles polished till they shone like the moon, or, here and there, in the straight, well-brushed garb of a Quaker, moved imposingly upon the scene. They were the judges in the division of the fleece, and their decision settled any doubt as to the ownership of the sheep whose marks had been defaced or washed out. As they moved about slowly, turning from side to side with an amiable "How em you?" or "How 's thee do?" it was felt that one of the great functions of the occasion had begun to operate.

Following close upon them, the long serpentine procession of the islanders and their guests came writhing out of town and over the commons, lifting a section into view on the hummocks, dropping a portion of itself into the hollows, and at last thrusting its head upon the shearing-ground, where it disintegrated into high creaking calashes and Nantucket's own two-wheeled carts that ride lightly on the sandy deep. Women in sunbonnets and pug-bonnets sat back to back in them on stiff chairs, behind the seat where the men were mounted; or men with large families walked patiently beside the horses, and prim children, on crickets, were miraculously wedged into imperceptible chinks, or hanging on to the tails of the carts. Down they came, with much bustle, but sedately, upon the common, and after them the tucked-away sails upon which the sheep were to be sheared, and the baskets, buckets, bottles, bags, and jugs containing the bounteous good things for the shearing-dinner. It is said that, with some, the savings of a whole year were liberally and anxiously appropriated to the appointments of tents, provisions, and camp equipage. Each family reared its own tent and provided its own board, and never were people more distinctly in family than at this general muster. Still, linked together by common interests, and the sympathetic tie that binds an islander more closely than a man of the broad world to his neighbor, no matter could be of indifference to one that was of consequence to another, and, as they unpacked their carts side by side, they chatted to and fro with that mixture of *bonhomie* and gentle reserve peculiar to ingenuous, sober, old-time Nantucket.

On this day there was a matter of consequence to chat about besides the shearing. To some it was of even greater moment. The first whaling-ship ever sent round Cape Horn from Nantucket lay outside the bar, about to start on its adventurous voyage. Its officers and crew

were chiefly from the men and boys of the island. Hitherto they had only ventured off shore for whales, or upon short voyages of weeks in the Atlantic waters; and because of this proposed plunge of fathers, sons, husbands, lovers, into the possibilities of two oceans, there were some sorrowful faces upon the shearing-grounds. To all the hazards, known and unknown, of treacherous waters, of man-eaters and incensed whales, there was but one offset in philosophy, to wit, that all the population of a sand-heap could not live from the sands alone, but some must needs live from the sea.

"There 's a good deal to be thought on, *I* consider," said a gentle-faced, round-shouldered man, when, upon all sides, there sounded the whet, whet, whet, and the click, click, click, of the shears, — "a good deal to be thought on," he repeated solemnly, after he had succeeded in quieting the sheep between his knees, so that it submitted to the despoiling hand with a meek, surprised look, "and *one* is that rattle-headed captain."

"Sho!" responded a rosy-cheeked youth, relaxing his own gratuitous clutch upon the passive sheep, and laying a light caressing hand upon the fleeces as they rolled to a pile on the canvas. "They say, when he goes aboard ship, he 's as sober and sensible as a parson, and he makes the men bow and scrape to him as if he was a king; but they 'd stick their hands into hot fat for him, every day, every one on 'em. He 's a wild un on land, sartain, but it 's th' land don't agree with him. The minute he touches it — p-z-z-z-z-z! But he 's made master voyages. He 's a lucky fish. Every sort o' good thing runs straight to his maw. Most o' folks likes him. I be one on 'em."

"Humph! I s'po' so!" With this mild sneer, the gentle shearer clipped faster to offset the incapacity of his moderate tongue. "I don't think well o' the son of a rich man reetrogradin' to a sailor," he declared. "High or humble, a man 's bound to stay by his own father."

"Pooh!" retorted the glib apprentice. "If King David hed 'a' stayed close alongside o' his father, the Bible 'u'd 'a' been a 'nough sight smaller book 'n 't is. There wa'n't nothin' else they could do with Cap'n Dudley. They sent him to sea to keep him fenced in. There 's too much room to caper in ashore. He took to the sea, an' 't was the makin' on 'im."

"How is 't you 've such a long tale to tell, Pillick?"

"I listened, and heered it told."

"Did you hear wheth' or no he 'd come on yet? I expect he 'll bring old Satan along with him."

"What! you did n't see 'im? He was in all parts o' town two minutes after he landed, last night. There ain't a maid this side o' th' North Shore that knows which way she wants to turn this mornin'."

This latter assertion was controverted on the spot. Some of these maids, fresh, wholesome creatures, with the clear Nantucket complexion, which the sun seems never to burn, and which, in case of freckles, makes up for that defect by a more snowy whiteness of brow and neck, and a daintier flush of cheek, — some of these, both knowingly and persistently, turned in one direction, and that exactly away from the important things of the morning and the usually favored swains. Backward, toward the town, the blue, the brown, the gray, and the black eyes steadfastly or shyly turned, under cover of deep bonnets.

The rim of the sun lifted itself out of the sea. The low-domed hillocks rolled upward into golden light and downward into violet shadow. Farmhouse windows blazed. A brig with red-purple sails heaved into sight. All things stood sharply out in the lateral rays, reflecting more light than they would in the flood of noon.

"I see Richard Macy's old gray horse," whispered a romantic one in the group of girls. "He 'll come with him, certain."

"I 'll warrant he 's asleep solid," responded the realistic one. "He 's up all night, an' don't want his breakfast till it 's time to get dinner."

A third, with keen, all-seeing black eyes, laughed a bird's trill. "I can't see the old gray horse," she said, "but I see James Newbegin's old gray sail, as plain as the sun."

This announcement was not without its interest, however. They might, at any rate, have a look at some strange creatures, rarely seen except when they came tag-locking on shearing-days; that is, to gather the numerous little locks of wool scattered upon the ground, the refuse ends of the fleece, torn off by the bushes and fences, or by the struggles of the sheep to free themselves from the shearers, or cut off by the shearers, and thrown away as useless, except to some who had time and patience to cleanse and comb and make them into yarn.

Every year James Newbegin brought his three daughters to the shearing to gather their store of tag-locks.

Richard Macy's guest was, for the moment, almost forgotten, in the interest of watching the passengers alight from that extraordinary sail-rigged vehicle. Slowly and quite silently, with noiseless flappings of the canvas, it moved over the sand billows, and silently came to a stop on the edge of the common.

Girls of to-day would say it was a "weird" sight, but those Nantucket girls of 1791 craned their necks and opened their eyes without fitting comments. The successor of "Tim'thy," with his ram's neck and rickety gait, was much like "Tim'thy" himself, and bore the same name, but the rosy, rotund James had changed to a shrunken, flabby old man. His foolish laugh had ceased, and his animal crawled on uncommanded. The reward of those who watched his young daughters was to have an ample survey of their slight figures, in scant, short-waisted gowns of faded hues, as they crept out of the tail of the cart, and clung timidly together, with large bags on their arms, tipping their cavernous sunbonnets a little, this way and that, to peep at the prospect and see which was the safest direction. Thus they gave but quick, short glimpses of a blue eye, a golden lock; half a brown face, with an eye that peered narrowly from beneath a sweep of dark lashes; and one full, sudden look at a face with eyes like a startled gazelle, set in creamy whiteness, and tender lips that moved with a nervous quiver under the broad stare of so many bold eyes. The three sunbonnets were quickly pulled far forward, and the backs of them turned to the spectators, while James, turning, jibed his sail, jerked the rope reins, and silently departed townward again.

Nobody moved to offer greeting or to pass the time of day with the young Newbegins. The daughters of a strange, muttering mother and a foolish father were under a ban by reason of their family eccentricities. The girls to whom they were a gazing-stock were recognized to be on an unapproachable plane. There was nothing strange about their families. To have been approached or addressed, however, would have been a terror the more to the shy ones; so, exclusive and excluded, they stole along the edge of the common, nearer, and still a little nearer to the busy centre, as their courage grew, each with a slight protuberance of the pocket which hung from her waist, under her skirt, revealing that she had brought her dinner, to be eaten not with the coincident spread and gayety, but in some nook where she might hide herself away. Everybody gave the three a passing stare, and let them go on, except the Quakers, who, if they could catch the bashful eyes, gave them kindly nods, or perhaps even a word or two. They were not regarded as objects of

pity or of charity, but only as strange beings who withdrew themselves, and were welcome to do so.

To the sister with the yellow locks and the one with the sleepy eyes and full under lip, there was much of exciting interest in the great scene before them, and the already plentiful tag-locks lured them out of their shrinking. In creeping after these, turning hither for scraps in the poverty grass, and thither for treasures in the bayberry bushes, they came almost as steadily into the very heart of things as if they had been bold. What they saw that day would become the stirring recollections of a lifetime. The last shearing-day furnished them with an unfading memory. Somebody had come over from Cape Cod with a fiddle! They had never seen or heard the like before. They wondered if the little wooden thing with a shrill human cry would come again.

They looked curiously, with parted lips and craving palates, at the tempting commodities under the booths, where, outspread in tantalizing array, were cakes of flour mingled with ginger and treacle, and printed in herring-bone lines by an ivory wheel called a "jagging knife;" cakes stuffed with raisins and covered with crusts of sugar; creamy shells of flour from which gushed luscious red cranberry juice, sweet with an inciting whet of sour; wonderful home-made sweets, and nuts and golden fruit from foreign lands; water sweetened with sugar and flavored with lemons; and pleasant beverages unknown and unknowable to those soft red lips that opened in sighing desire of them, though the smallest and poorest boys had pence and ha'pence that day to lavish upon any luxury they chose.

"Look thee, Mary, what is 't, I wonder, that bubbles up like suds in the cups?" softly cried the one of the yellow locks. "Look, Phebe!"

"Phebe sees nothin'," drawled the brown-cheeked sister, casting her heavy-lashed eyes lazily over her shoulder at Phebe, who stood with an idle hand lingering in the mouth of her bag, musing absently, and with a grieved look. She roused herself and moved on in pursuit of a fair lock, which the breeze was chasing into the embrace of a wild rosebush. But a red-visaged Indian woman secured it.

Phebe Newbegin was Phebe Nichols's first-born daughter, — all her own. The forces of life had apparently repelled the Newbegin strain in selecting the materials of her being, and the second Phebe was not only her mother in physical lineaments, but the distilled result of her mother's mental distractions. Much tender consideration and reverence are given to a mother because of what she suffers in bearing her child. Is the child sufficiently revered who painfully and patiently bears its mother in brain and blood through a lifetime?

Out of the maternal mixture the second Phebe had evolved, however, some distinct qualities, peculiarly her own. We know that the very desolation and seeming deadness out of which they draw life react in the full veins of April and in the tender heart of May; that the green branch has reachings, like longings, which take energy from a deeply hidden spring in the mother stem, which, after all, was not dead; that spring leaps suddenly into full glow when it is mothered by a long, hard winter. That is what the weather-wise say, — that one extreme follows another, — and Phebe Nichols, during the first years of her married life, was in the deadness of a hard, blighting winter, out of which had sprung a daughter with passionate longings. Anne and Mary were daughters, but Phebe was her mother's own soul. Phebe and her little Phebe drew together in constant companionship, and in the absence of it the girl withdrew, choosing solitude, or perhaps without choice falling into solitude, as every soul

does when not of its surroundings. So she wandered apart from her sisters, who likewise were iron and magnet to each other. While they exchanged their small impressions, Phebe spoke whisperingly, as if to her mother.

"So many folks, an' not one of 'em likes us. If it was n't for gettin' the wool for thee, mother, I could n't have hed a mind to come. Anne an' Mary wants the goodies, but in a minute they 'd be eet an' gone. Mother, mother, I do' know what 't is I lack! I ain't hungry, never; nor thirsty, — scurcely ever; an' yet it seems, too, as if I was."

She pushed back her sunbonnet, exposing her yearning face and the sweet, gentle outlines of her head, and looked again, wistfully, sorrowfully, with quivering lip, over the busy, indifferent throng. "They don't like us!" she said again. "*That* 's what I want, mother, — to be liked; to be *liked*, — more and more — and *more!*"

The day waxes warm. Selectmen, as red and moist as the most ordinary citizen, mop their faces with bright-colored handkerchiefs, and small boys keep what little remains of their diminished costumes by the sole tenure of their "galluses." The women and girls are bareheaded, and the men in their shirt-sleeves. Here and there the face of an Indian, busy and faithful at work, shines like a wet copper vessel. There is a perpetual demand for beverages, yet the lemon-flavored water and the bottles of small beer do not give out.

Beneath the tents the women are spreading the tables with snow-white homespun linen, upon which room is demanded for "huge mountains of toast; broiled slices of unequaled salmon, caught by the Indians, and brought from the wild regions of the Penobscot; cutlets of veal, slices of mutton-ham broiled and peppered in dark spots and garnished with cloves; beefsteak swimming in butter; the finest flavored fish, an hour before sporting in the sea; delicious clams and pooquaws, or quahaugs; the freshest produce of the domestic dairy in all its variety of rose-impregnated butter yielded by the tender herbage of June; pot-cheese, curds and cream, and venerable cheese which in far lands would pass for Parmesan; pies of dried fruit, custards and cranberry tarts, pound cakes, and puddings of bread, rice, and Indian meal, enriched with eggs; pickles of cucumbers, beans, beets, and onions; rare teas, foreign wine of generous vintage, seldom used by these people of simple habits, and home-made fermentations." All these, piled upon pewter platters or flowing from inexhaustible teapots and flagons, promise feasting and cheer as long as there is a wish or an appetite left.

Under one tent these preparations are made by a negro woman and man, and there is something more of fineness and luxury in the furnishings which they deftly set in array. There is a basket of champagne, and there are small boxes labeled in Spanish as from Habana.

One by one the shearers leave their work, bathe their warm faces, pull down their shirt-sleeves, brush off the fuzz, and look complacently back over the result of the morning's work. The great snowy masses that creep lazily over the heavens are matched on the earth beneath. The heavenly fleeces cover the sun, and then, like a glow of pleasure overspreading and beautifying a plain, sweet face, the humble landscape shines again, without a shade of color that is not soft and quiet, unless, perhaps, a dash made by a smart gown or a kerchief.

The dishes had just begun to move and clink merrily. Engrossing as were their contents, roving eyes directly espied a rival interest in the approach of a little belated train of carioles and calashes led — unmistakably this time — by Richard Macy's gray horse. On the warm, still air floated the sonorous sounds of men's voices, and the laugh of a musically-piped, masculine young throat. From the foremost vehicle, as it drew near, looked out

a pair of dark, keen, all-searching eyes, that seemed brimming with universal good will.

Like a new comet shooting into calm space, Captain Dudley in his shore clothes, that he had worn in his father's house in Boston, sprang from the high green calash that rocked and creaked vigorously in delivery. Flashing good-natured smiles into the staring faces that looked out from under tents and awnings and from the shelter of upturned carts, he was escorted to the tent where the black couple stood in glossy whiteness of attire to attend upon the wishes of the hospitable owners of the Susan Starbuck and their guests, and seated in the place of honor.

Never in all their lives had contiguous Nantucketers heard so much chatting and laughter as were condensed into the following hour; and by and by there was a song, quick and sweet, like the tripping of pretty feet in a dance, and little monologues in a clear, vibrant voice, interrupted by incontinent laughter, — plenty of laughter. That of the staid ship-owners appeared unaccustomed and rusty by comparison with the young captain's silver-bugle notes, and that of admiring younger men was a veritable claque of applause.

The pretty maids who had watched toward the town could not well eat their dinners, and, when the matter of dinner was dismissed, fluttered about like some abnormal species of moth, that fled from the candle with expectation that it would be attracted to them. What a confusion of sensations among them! What a retouching of smooth enough locks and retying of quite correct ribbons, when Captain Dudley, coming out of the festal tent, said, loud enough to be heard on all sides, "No, no, thank you. Good heavens, no. We must go and see the pretty lasses."

His fashion of dress was of the easy order, scorning stiffness and stocks. His handsome supple legs were well defined by smooth black stockings and tight fawn-colored breeches. His wavy brown hair was cut short, and guiltless of powder. The short-tailed coat was plum-color, with brass buttons, over a vest of flowered satin. A large collar turned over in points upon a loose cravat, displaying the superb brown column of his throat, with its capital of virile beauty. He was a gay landsman until, with the joy of a hunter after large game, he stepped upon the deck of his ship; and he dazzled the Nantucketers, but many a look of grave disapproval melted under his sunny eyes. He singed the wings of the moths right and left, as he moved across the shearing-ground, casting a sweet glance at this one, a smile and an enamored look at that one, offering much-prized words here, and almost a kiss there; never pausing long until he and his comrades were quite on the outskirts of the thronged commons, where, in some freak born of champagne, he caught a browsing horse by its mane, leaped into the bare hollow of its back, and bounded away, round and round, leaving and returning to his companions at the will of the animal.

"Is this a farewell?" shouted one of the attendant suite.

"Not at all; it 's an example I invite you to follow. Ha, ha, ha! Tra, la, la, tra, la, la, tra, la, la, la!"

These clarion notes startled the unaccustomed mare into a mad, unpremeditated career, up and over some low hillocks overgrown with field moss.

"Tra, la, la, tra, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la, la!" The reckless sounds came floating back, softened by distance into tones of tenderness.

He was indeed a wild fellow, in all the turbulence of the youthful, confused scramble after some kind of satisfaction. But out of his nebulous potentialities one star, baleful or beneficent, distinctly shone. It had for its nucleus an earnest wish to adore something. There were the possibilities of a love that makes

heroes, and probabilities of quite another sort. He longed towards some lily-pure maid, and gravitated in an opposite direction. Some Moslem devotee killed a son of the prophet in order to worship at his tomb. With equal fanaticism, Captain Dudley had worshiped, but he reversed the order: he worshiped first, and then — the tomb.

The surprised mare, seeing that she was not put to any peril or force, ceased her confused canter, and resumed her quiet grazing and wandering, with apparent indifference to her strange burden. There was a scent of pine and sweet fern and bayberry that filled the air with a dreamy sweetness, and to-morrow the captain would part with the land.

"Everything is sweetest just before we 've done with it," he said, and, humming his love-song again, he let his eyes linger upon the soft homely scene in giving it adieu. There was a glint of something golden in the tall hudsonia, a stone's throw beyond. The captain examined it with interest, and then forsaking the old horse, with quick step and quickening pulse, as though he had been another Jason, he strode eagerly towards the alluring prospect of a golden fleece. Directly he could see the girlish figure of somebody industriously gathering tag-locks where the sheep had been dragged to the washing. He approached it by the shortest route. Throwing her head back at sound of the strange, rapid step, a blooming girl confronted him, buxom and common, but pretty; her face lightly sprinkled with freckles, and aureoled by bright, tumbled hair. Her warm lips pouted defiantly, for the most timid creatures assume that aspect when brought to bay. After a long stare of amazement at the magnificent stranger, the wild thing poised herself for flight.

"Oh, don't go! Look, you 've dropped something," the captain called to her, gathering up her bag, well stuffed with wool.

This store of riches, to be sure, she could not leave behind, and she reached far over to grasp it. The captain laughed at this triumph of cupidity over coyness, and in offering the bag caught the outstretched hand in a tractive, coaxing grasp.

"There; see how harmless I am. *Don't* fear! What are you doing out here, and alone?"

"Mary 's yonder, an' Phebe. Lemme go!"

"Oh, but who are you?"

"I 'm Anne. Lemme go!"

"No, no; you don't want to go. Do you? Ah, when I 'm far away, in dull weather, I shall think of Anne's yellow locks bobbing about in the Nantucket sunshine, and remember how kind she was to me, I hope."

The girl, fascinated, hypnotized into quiet, like a charmed bird, never ceased to fix upon him her wondering, unwinking stare.

"Where 's thee goin'?" she muttered.

"Oh, beating about after whales, round the other side of Cape Horn. Give me something to take with me!"

"I hain't nothin' to give."

"You stingy little thing! Well, then, I 've something to give you, in saying farewell, — something to remember me by."

The tractive hand no longer coaxed; it compelled. The high, willful chin drew close. Something strange, terrible, and sweet descended upon Anne's outraged lips, and then, after a pretty stream of foolish, hushing babble, it was gone — *gone!*

The captain moved on deeper into the hollows, and nearer the margin of the pond, snatching a sprig of some balmy shrub, crushing and smelling it as he went.

"Two more somewhere," he murmured. "Let 's see — Phebe! Mary! Phebe, Phebe!"

Directly out of the earth, as it seemed, a brown nymph, with languorous, heavy-lashed eyes and a full, sensuous under lip,

arose, evidently from sleep, and looked at him narrowly, immovably.

"Is that you, Mary, or is it Phebe?"

A sullen stare was the only response.

"Ah, I see; it 's Mary, she 's so contrary. But where 's Phebe?"

"What 's thee want?" drawled the lazy little animal.

"I want *you*, Mary," said the captain decidedly.

"Then what 'd thee call Phebe for?"

"Oh, never mind Phebe; come and tell me if you 're glad to see me."

He did not wait, but moved over to where she stood bound to the earth by rustic curiosity that swallowed up even shyness. With a certain amenity of grace and gentleness in his impudence he made her even more securely bound, pushed back her sunbonnet, lifted the only half-shrinking chin, and gazed into the long, narrow, smouldering eyes with his mesmeric smile, until the girl shuddered, but without a struggle, under the spell.

"Tell me, are you glad I 've come? *Tell* me!"

There was a faint, inarticulate, involuntary sound, like the sob of a pacified baby. Then the lightning fell, and a second victim stood alone and overwhelmed by that strange, terrible sweetness that was *gone!*

"Too passive by half," the captain grumbled, trampling the furze and crushing deeply into the yielding field moss. "A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand. Now where 's the Phebe bird?"

He stood upon a knoll and carelessly swept the region round about, whistling the tender notes of the phebe-bird.

Not at once, but after searching had begun to seem tedious, and impatience or indifference to set in, there came slowly out of a thicket of alders on the margin of the pond, unconscious of his presence or his call, a gentle girl, bringing in her arms a stray lamb. Her bare head was bent over her burden. She spoke to it, comforting it. It seemed long before she lifted her face, and then a fresh delight flooded the captain's senses. It was another order of face than those he had gazed into so boldly. The chaste mouth was not one to be kissed in any mockery of love. She might have been St. Agnes, or the genius of that wild, simple place. Not a creature for conquest, but in her surroundings she had the loveliness of harmony. The reckless youth felt a new and strange sensation as he looked into the startled gazelle eyes. He did not dare. Nothing draws a man like that which calls him to dare and to adore. The unexpected purity which forbade him was more exquisite than the beauty which allured. All the young man's sudden transport and his homage were in the look which fell upon Phebe. Alas for Phebe! she drank the unknown draught poured out to her. She had never heard of love as between man and woman. How should she? Where could she? That half-agony of tenderness which her mother bestowed upon her was to her the only known type of love. She recalled wild, whispered demands, when she was a little child, that she should love her mother, love her more — *more!* There was little association of joy with that abstraction named love. What she felt, as she stood drinking the costly wine of that worshipful look, was something of the torture out of which her mother's whispered words had come, a sharp pang, and a wish that the pang might never cease.

Unconsciously, as much without volition as the strings of a guitar vibrate a corresponding tone to the note that is sung upon them, Phebe timidly returned the wondering, worshiping gaze. The pang mixed with it gave to her look a pathetic intensity, which pierced the captain in the old romantic way, as with a shower of arrows. He moved towards her with something of the manner of a penitent sinner approaching the shrine of his saint.

"Are you Phebe?" he gently inquired. "I 'm glad of that. How did I know? I ought to have known long ago, Phebe. I was afraid it was some angel. I hoped it was n't." As he rambled on, he patted the ugly lambkin — chiefly a collection of legs — very near the spot where Phebe's hand lay. "What a happy little beast!" he added vapidly.

"No, he ain't happy; he 's lost his mother."

"*I* should be happy, if you showed kindness to me," said Captain Dudley, "no matter what I 'd lost."

Phebe looked up, doubt-stricken, at these incredible words, and slowly surveying that impersonation of prosperity, "Thee ain't in need," she said tremulously.

Coquettish-sounding words, but Phebe's grave simplicity would have put coquetry to utter shame. There was no smile on her tender lips, and her limpid eyes were sad.

"I *am* in need! I am, I *am!*" cried the captain, with low-toned vehemence; and the hand which feigned caresses to the lamb made a broader sweep, and settled with brooding, passionate firmness upon Phebe's little brown fingers, while the face bent down to her sent that sweet pang shooting into the core of her life again and again, it was so imploring and so splendid. "I wander forever on the lonely sea, Phebe." The sound of these phrases was touching to the captain's volatile feelings. "And when I 'm upon land," he continued, "I 'm a reckless, wretched fellow. I *do* need such kindness, such goodness, such angelic sweetness. I do, I *do!*"

Phebe's reason rocked on its simple foundations.

"Ah! Phebe, Phebe" —

It is uncertain how this apostrophe would have concluded; it was interrupted by the thud, thud, of horse's hoofs on the plain. Richard Macy was cantering down in anxious search of the lost guest, whom the return of the discarded mare had reported as left on the field.

With a sailor's abandon, with one of his own impulses Captain Dudley seized the lamb, flung it bleating upon the sand, and in the excitement of haste, his face intense with the passion of the last sweet, romantic moment, clasped Phebe's hands in his own.

"Bless your little heart, *bless* you!" he whispered, and she felt his warm breathing. "Think of me; watch for me; *don't* forget me!"

He snatched a little silver ship that pinned his ruffled bosom, fastened Phebe's kerchief with it, and then turned to meet Richard Macy. In another instant he had mounted behind him and was gone.

Pale, throbbing, her chest heaving, Phebe sank down beside the forsaken lamb, and watched him disappear.

III.

THE RESULT OF DROUGHT AND WINTER.

At half past four o'clock, one morning of May, the watchman in the tower of the Unitarian Church at Nantucket blew resounding blasts from his horn. Soon the walks on many housetops were alive with animated figures and groups in unfinished costumes. Sunrise gave them a nimbus fit for ascending saints. To some, the joy of the moment seemed also fitting to a transcending climax.

The long-expected Susan Starbuck was in sight. Her sails swelled like proud breasts with her native air, and flushed carmine as if with consciousness of the hearts she was thrilling. The Susan Starbuck, having crossed and recrossed every approachable latitude, and sailed upon nearly every sea of the earth, was bringing four years' results to lay them upon the lap of Nantucket. Night-capped heads looked out. Quivering

fingers made careful toilets. Children disdained their breakfasts in view of the luscious oranges that were floating towards them, and the sweet, milky cocoanuts that long-absent fathers would soon lay open for them.

Numerous small craft presently put out to meet and welcome the returning voyagers, and get early answers to the eager questions, "What luck? What cheer?"

The old captain was bringing his ship home for the last time. His gout was too troublesome to make seafaring practicable; but he pealed a round, stentorian message through his speaking-trumpet when within hailing distance: "Chuck full! All alive and well!"

A splendid elderly figure he made, bronzed and massive, as he stood in the bow and waved a salute to the visitors coming alongside, uncovering a crown upon which the hair declined to grow. He welcomed his friends aboard; he did the final honors; and then, used as he was to leaving things behind, to seeing the last of them, he looked along and athwart the ship's deck, his abdicated kingdom, with misty eyes, and mouth firmly set to restrain its womanish trembling, before he put foot on the ladder and descended to the boat that was to take him ashore.

The Susan Starbuck was the one feminine to whom he had been true, the one creature whom he had loved without wavering. Even while he chatted and related incidents of his voyage, his thoughts wandered to the noble, slowly-bowing creature anchored outside the bar, over which she must submit to be lifted by machinery called camels, and then, in spite of her dignity, to be towed into harbor. Her old master's eyes gravely caressed her until he had rounded Brant Point. In that time, as in dying moments, the years swept over Captain Dudley. In the surrender he was making, he seemed to die out of youth and prime into the cold other world of age. As he climbed to the wharf, with some difficulty of stiff and twinging joints, he said to himself that he was fifty-nine. The years that remained to be disposed of were a very sobering consideration. He was richer than his employers by inheritance and the accumulated gain of lucky voyages. The continent, the world, was before him, upon which to choose a convenient, comfortable, or luxurious abiding place, and he might gather about him such friends as he would choose, at wide liberty and pleasure. To be sure, there were some things that he lacked, which age seemed to need: a hearthstone, sympathetic faces about it, dear memories and associations; for he had no family ties.

The rattling jar of transit over cobble-paved streets was troublesome to a forty years' traveler upon fluid roads. Forty years! Only eight voyages and their intervals! There seemed to him a sudden shrinking of perspective.

When he had deposited his papers, Captain Dudley was ready for the late breakfast to which he was invited. It was at this bright, cosy morning table of a famous Nantucket housekeeper that he conceived the restful thought, "Why not stay where I am, in Nantucket?" On land he was everywhere a stranger. At Nantucket the familiar sea would surround him, and he could lie at anchor or sail out at his will. It soothed the homesick feeling that oppressed him at thought of being forever landed. With his remainder of impulse, he began to arrange his own Nantucket breakfast table, and garnish it with the vision of some smiling face. His affections had been a good deal pulled upon, but still preserved a degree of elasticity. They had not reached that disastrous crisis of wear and tear which in old metals is called fatigue.

With the proverbial restlessness of the sailor upon land, and under the impossibility of smoking his cigar in the im-

maculate, untainted house of his hostess, he went out after breakfast to try how his sea legs would serve him upon the steadfast earth. He lighted his cigar, and sauntered up Main Street, with his feet far apart, rolling this way and that, as the earth seemed to lurch under him. On either side, the kindly, homely face of Nantucket invited him again to consider the plan of making permanent port of the island. Wander he must, now and again, but return he must, too, to some refuge strong of the salt and the tar and the oil, when fresh water and dry land became odious to him.

Then, as always, Nantucket set no claim upon luxury or elegance. It had no foolish notions of prettiness, made no luckless excursions after supposititious beauty; but its strong character was everywhere visible in a severe reserve, favorable to the prudent and the useful. Accustomed to the limitation and exactness of his own cabin, the captain liked this definite precision, varying in expression from the more opulent stiffness of the homes in which the oil merchants had serenely sheltered themselves to the unqualified baldness of conveniences for the lesser people to live in, with their needful little windows and doors, flights of steps that either opened a passage up one side, over a landing, and down the other side, or else sternly compelled you to return as you came up. There was seldom room for a direct frontal mount, they stood so close upon the street. Here and there somebody had coaxed an abortive shade tree; but for the most part this court end of the town was unshaded, cobbled, flagged, simple, severe, exquisitely clean, and crooked, like every other part.

The captain, with the comfortable supposition that he had settled upon an abiding place, began to look about for the exact site of his proposed home, and to study the faces of the townsfolk, who, thinking that he must be the lucky captain of the Susan Starbuck, stared at him as if he had been some strange beast. He recalled his alfresco meeting with some of them before he was old. Vague recollections and vivid rushed upon him. He smiled; he breathed "Heigh-ho!" Since that far-away shearing-day, he had barely landed on the island, and taken the first boat off; or, having sent home his oil of late years, he had not landed here at all.

He felt disposed to exchange glances with some pretty women and girls whom he encountered. He ogled them in a wistful, tentative way. "They don't look at me as they used to," he said, blowing the smoke of his cigar with a long, slow puff that ended in a sigh.

He had sauntered on towards the Friends' burying ground beyond the limit of sidewalks, and was about to turn and retrace his steps, when he was arrested by the appearance of an extraordinary human figure on the lonely scene that opened out beyond: a gaunt woman, with harsh sandy hair and sunburnt face framed in a Quaker bonnet. She bore down the road with a spanking tramp and a lumbering energy, her arms pendulous, her eyes drooped and steadfastly fixed upon the path before her or upon some foreseen goal.

"Good heavens! Who would have expected to see such a sight as that on Nantucket?" said the captain; for as he looked, this homely Quakeress rolled athwart the way, from side to side, like a person basely intoxicated. Yet, after all, no; it was unlike that, since her zigzag direction seemed strongly and regularly determined in the manner of an able craft moving against the wind. It was no wavering, uncontrolled helplessness, but a chosen course, evidently pursued with enjoyment. The captain's wonder dilated when this human craft, as it was about to pass some marking-post beside the way, made a circuit of it three times, — round and round and round, — and then came tacking on again, until it reached a solitary pine stump,

that had struggled up uninvited and died unmolested by the footpath. This she also circumnavigated three times, and in finishing came face to face with the captain.

"Why do you give yourself so many extra steps, good woman?" he asked.

She swept him a derisive smile that showed the broken ranks of her teeth.

"Does thee expect a ship to go beatin' round Cape Horn as if it was only a boat sailin' up the harbor?" she asked. And the captain would have replied, but the Anne Newbegin came suddenly round to the wind again, and sailed off on her sturdy course.

The captain, smiling, watched her, as something foreign to his ken, and then went slowly rolling after, like an imperfect instance of the same species. He dined with Mr. Macy Starbuck that day. That gentleman, glowing with his own satisfaction in the most remarkable last voyage of the captain, subdued by regret that there were no more such captains to be had for the asking, and Mrs. Starbuck, reflecting her husband's mien, and radiating her own essential cheerfulness, repeated themselves in still brighter tones, on either hand, by way of a fine, strapping taciturn son, and a pretty, loquacious daughter. The captain looked about him with the complacent satisfaction of a fellow-citizen. Everything was "ship-shape," he said to himself, — just as he might have it; yes, even to the son and daughter, peradventure. His audacity was not dead. He began to have a confident manner and tone. Mrs. Starbuck — an expansive, sweet-faced woman in a brown "shiny" gown, with a lace collar pinned by a large topaz breastpin, which looked like a little window through which streamed her stored-up sunshine — looked warm and rosy, as if she had come from a fiery region. This promised a pudding unattainable to the outside world, the secret of which was sacredly held by Nantucket housekeepers, and never trusted to cooks.

"One fault of a Nantucket dinner, for a man who has been four years at sea, is that it *must* have a flavor of the sea," she said, when the lobster soup was disappearing. "Even the things that grow on our land seem to absorb a taste of it."

"To please me, a thing must come either from Nantucket or from the sea," Captain Dudley responded gallantly. "I found I had a little sentiment in connection with Nantucket, tucked away somewhere and forgotten."

"Such things ought not to be allowed to get musty," said Mrs. Starbuck. "Ought n't you to bring it out and air it a little?"

"A — well" — the captain hesitated, "there 's no danger of its getting musty. It 's preserved in a general fondness for the island."

Mr. Starbuck, smooth-haired, smooth-faced, with large, prominent teeth and a smile that exposed them enormously, listened to these remarks with his wonted disclosure, which expanded to a grand dental display as he called upon the captain to bring on his sentiment. "For here 's a bit of the island itself," said he, "every atom extracted from the Nantucket soil." This bit of Nantucket was a roast of spring lamb, the product, not of the sunny plains, but of a sunny corner in Mr. Starbuck's own farm. Its tempting aroma mingled with the sweet pungency of mint.

"My affection for Nantucket is growing," said Captain Dudley, beaming upon the roast. "Give us our lamb with mint, and not sentiment."

"No, no; let 's have them all together, captain," pleaded Mrs. Starbuck.

The young man and the maiden looked at the weather-beaten seaman with their vainglory of youth discreetly suppressed. They gleefully hoped the old salt would melt into sentiment. Incongruity in age is one of the standard jokes of youth.

"Well," said the captain pensively, as though he felt their slight unconscious disdain, "I 'm an old fellow. I can't

blush with any kind of grace, but upon my word, I was remarkably young once, and your grandfather" (to the young people) "took me out, one shearing-day, to dine on the commons. It was then and there that I packed away in spices a very romantic moment. I found somewhere, down by the margin of a pond, the sweetest pattern of a girl, to my fancy, that I ever set my young eyes upon. My *young* eyes, understand," with a glance of apology at the girl beside him. "I thought about her for a year, — yes, rather more than a year."

"Oh, who was she? Where is she?" asked little Miss Starbuck, graciously accepting the tradition of the captain's youth.

"I don't know."

"Don't know who she was?"

"Did n't think to ask her, and the next morning I sailed out to pass a few years on the Pacific Ocean."

"And you have n't seen her since?"

"No."

"Did n't you try to, when you came back?"

"No."

"Dear me! Why not?"

"O-ho! I can't undertake to tell my whole history."

"Maybe she 's here now. Oh, do try to find her! We 'll help you."

"Very well. Shall we start out after dinner, you and I, and make a beginning? You could take one side of a street, and I the other, and ask at each door if Phebe is there."

"Phebe? Was her name Phebe?"

"It was."

"Then there 's a clue! We *will* find her!"

"But you see, my child, if she 's alive, she won't be that enchanting wild lily whose innocence I adored. She 's somebody's grandmother by this time."

Miss Starbuck's enthusiasm fell forty degrees. In her pursuit of the romantic, she seemed to come unexpectedly against a blank wall.

"Oh, maybe not," she said, however, "there are such a lot of women here who never married. Can't you think of any who are named Phebe, mother?"

"Plenty," said Mrs. Starbuck, with readiness; "but I don't advise Captain Dudley to look for his wild lily among the middle-aged unmarried women of Nantucket. I can't think of one that he 'd be likely to adore to-day. There are some interesting characters among them, but they do get to be so very eccentric."

"I must have met one of them, then, this morning," said the captain. "Ha, ha, ha! Eccentric! I vow, that 's the word. She came beating down the road, starboard and port, like a close-hauled lugger against the wind, and rounded every stick and stone that came in her course."

A smile went round the board.

"It was Anne!"

"Oh, Anne Newbegin!"

"Poor Anne!"

These ejaculations fell here and there, and Mr. Starbuck explained, with a smile of medium range: "One of the Newbegins, — three sisters who live out beyond the Friends' burying-ground. Singular creatures. Perhaps you 'd like to pay them a visit; almost everybody does. We have n't much to offer. They are our curiosities."

"Thank you. Do they all tack and circumnavigate? What a spectacle when they walk out together!"

"Two of them never walk out at all," said Mrs. Starbuck, "or not beyond their own bounds. They have n't been seen in town for nearly forty years. To them it is the vast outside world. They know only from hearsay of its changes, — of the remarkable buildings that have risen, and the many that were swept away by the great fire. Even the wonder of a boat that goes by steam did not bring them, as we thought it would. Anne does the walking and the talking, while the others sit silently at home, one staring

out of a window that looks towards the town, and the other gazing into the fire, always with their backs turned to each other. Some people find them interesting."

"And droll," said Miss Starbuck, while a mischievous twinkle in young Starbuck's eye seemed reminiscent of funny things.

"They say that Mary has sat so long by the fire that one side of her is baked hard and brown," said he. "We all want to know what they 've been thinking about for thirty or forty years."

"And watching for," added his sister. "We build hopes upon the winning and finding-out powers of every new person we take to visit them. So far, all have failed. The Newbegins are as much a mystery to-day as they ever were; but to-morrow we 're going to take you out, captain."

The captain shook his head at Miss Starbuck's smiling challenge, and declared that they could not take a man who would feel more abashed before three such remarkable ladies.

The next morning, a solemn black boy — the blackest boy north of the equator — came round to Captain Dudley's lodgings with Mr. Starbuck's carryall and heavy, well-kept horse, to take him up for a turn around the island. Then, putting about for Mrs. Starbuck and her daughter to come aboard, as the captain expressed it, he appealed for the privilege of doing the navigating himself. Tom was put ashore, and the remaining trio set out in a southerly direction, down Orange Street, and past the town farm, in the direction of the shearing-grounds. On either side of the way, flocks of sheep and their lambs, enjoying their spring elysium, gave peaceful life to the bland stretches of the commons; and patches of houstonia, purple and white violets, and yellow rock-roses among the poverty grass represented the exuberance of the soil. The night's fog rolled away over the sea in white columns, and the uncovered sky seemed to soar. The moist air was full of the sweetness of spring. A farmhouse far out, and one 'Sconset fisherman whom they met creeping across the plain in his cart, were the only suggestions of human life; but the tips of the pines had pushed out their pink buds, and among them a song sparrow gushed into ravishing jets of tune. It was almost June. The old captain felt young Captain Dudley alive under disguise of the portly figure and bald head in which he was masquerading. The wishes of his youth returned upon him, like a tide past its ebb, as the simple scene opened exactly as it had years ago, and he smelled again odors of sweet things he had plucked and cast away as he went.

By that sure and swift evocation that is in the power of remembered odors, a blooming yellow-haired damsel appeared behind the thicket of young oak, a lazy, brown-eyed nymph among the hudsonia; tender sweet fern and bayberry and shoots of pine crushing under the wheels united with all other subtleties of the air to bring back the little sad-eyed Quakeress and her words, "Thee ain't in need." Again the captain cried out, almost audibly, "I am! I am!" and then coughing to cover the sound which he fancied had escaped his lips, he asked which way he should steer.

"To the right; we want to go round by the Newbegins', you know," said Miss Starbuck.

Mrs. and Miss Starbuck's kind offers of conversation came short of their reward. The heavy wheels ploughed the sands, and the respectable vehicle rose and fell with the undulations of the island. The road seemed to have no destination. It got quite away from everything except the scant and scathed vegetation of a moorish face of country, and then presented the surprise of a weather-worn old house, with a rainwater barrel at one corner, and windows that needed the water very much indeed; behind this a tottering barn or shed, with pigeon holes in its

gable, and a few pigeons sunning themselves on its caving roof. Through wide gaps could be seen the remnants of a two-wheeled cart, gone to pieces like its owner, who lay below in the Friends' burying-ground, divided at last, by the intervening graves which filled out his row, from Phebe Nichols, to whom the earthly chances had married him.

In the doorway of the old house, Anne Newbegin was reasoning with a brown hen that stood in the sandy path and listened with averted head cocked aside, which gave it a very unpersuaded air. At the approach of visitors Anne caught up the stubborn fowl, and set it on the stairs behind her. "Thee go lay thy aig where thee 'd oughter, Abig'il," she said. "Shoo! Shoo! *I* know th' plans;" and talk, talk, talking in a high, vixenish voice the hen ruffled herself, hopped up, and disappeared in the room above, while Anne turned to nod and chuckle at Mrs. Starbuck and her large basket, which the sociable stranger of her yesterday's encounter was about to set within the door.

She acknowledged both basket and bearer with appreciative grins, and cordially invited the three visitors to "come in and set down." This she made possible by banishing a bucket of hen's food, a pan of potatoes, and other contingencies to the sinkroom and bedroom.

The receiving apartment was indescribable in the variety of its appointments. From nails on the walls hung old garments and sunbonnets, interspersed with iron and wooden utensils. Overhead was strung a combination of cobwebs, dried herbs, strings of peppers, onions, and ears of yellow corn. The high chimney-piece was a museum of the miscellaneous things that three queer old dames would set up out of the way: a dead chicken, an old shoe, a yellow pitcher without a handle, a brown earthen teapot without a spout, some whale-oil lamps in the condition of the foolish virgins', and a tallow dip decorated with its own congealed drippings, were among the most evident. A black cat sat considering on a window sill. From a basket on the table came the shrill peep of a resuscitated sick chicken, brooded by the fragments of an old quilted petticoat. There were continual pattering and clucking sounds overhead.

A woman in the chimney-corner and one by the window roused themselves from their musings. The captain, with a feeling of repression or repulsion, saluted them across the room, seated himself in a fiddle-back chair near the door, and gave mute attention to the curious scene, while Mrs. Starbuck and her daughter chatted kindly to the three sisters in turn. Their prim Quaker caps and kerchiefs gave them an effect of neatness that was absent from their surroundings. The sallow one in the chimney-corner, with heavy under lip and drowsy eyes, answered only in gruff monosyllables, and turned a look upon the captain now and then, that seemed to him unpleasant. But he felt something pull at that corner of his heart where compassion lay, as he looked upon the slight form at the window. Her sunken eyes unaccountably disturbed him. Her absent responses had a tone of pathetic patience.

Anne, for her part, with undivided interest, sat upon something like a hencoop, and frankly scrutinized the hushed stranger, who grasped his hat with one hand, while with the other he slowly combed the beard that covered half his face, and wondered why he had brought up at this strange anchorage. The three pairs of eyes that either stealthily or steadily examined him had each their own way of making him feel that there was something uncanny in the moment. He remembered that the Fates were three; and the deuce! there was a spindle in the corner, and a pair of shears hanging against the wall!

Anne, always uneasy, got up presently, and pottered about the room, advancing little by little upon the cap-

tain's position with a bewildered, dubious air.

"Has thee ever been here before?" she asked suddenly, from close behind his chair.

The captain started.

"No, never," he said, with decision.

"Wal — I do' know."

The poor soul tucked a lock of her thin blonde hair under her cap border, and stood with her hands clasped resignedly, and her eyes fixed upon a crack in the floor, while she struggled to lay hold of some elusive thread of association, some vague shadow that touched her dull perceptions. What was it? Whence came it? The woman by the window started and sighed, and the one in the chimney corner repeated her contemptuous stare. To each of those wastes of womanhood was borne a sense of something troublous, tumultuous, and long-ago. They were far from referring it to that heavy, elderly man with a thick voice.

"Where be thee from?" persisted Anne, to whom Nantucket was the world, and all beyond it as inconceivable as the unseen world of faith to human speculation.

"From round the other side of Cape Horn," the captain answered largely.

A flash of excitement lighted the woman's faded eyes. A mottled flush stained her cheek. She swept a glance over her shoulder at her sisters (who were seemingly listening to Miss Starbuck's lively account of things in town, told as one would tell wonder-tales to children), and then whispered, "Hev there been much dull weather round there?"

"I dare say. Why?"

Anne drew still nearer, with a peculiar flux of confidence, as she whispered the first divulgement of her secret into the ear that shrank from her breathings. "When it 's dull weather, somebody 's a-thinkin' 'bout me."

The captain, as yet unaware of the irony of the gods or of Anne's unconscious mockery, responded: —

"Ah, I see; you 're one of the host of women who have sent their hearts round Cape Horn."

"'Sh!" hissed Anne, glancing over her shoulder again at those long-ago partakers with her in some stray crumbs of love. "*They* think *they* 're the ones."

This low-toned conversation was indeed a matter of disturbance to the more reticent ones of the triad. The contemptuous look hitherto bestowed upon the captain, in his generic aspect of man, now included Anne, and even the watcher at the window roused herself, and seemed to reproach her sister with her hollow eyes. Anne, evidently good-natured and a lover of concord, quickly left her machinations to attend to more obvious and innocent matters. At some curious, low diverberation of sound, she turned to an ancient oak bureau which seemed to be its source, and opened one of its drawers.

"Hannah 's laid!" she announced with smiling satisfaction; and Hannah herself lifted a speckled, electrified neck, and uttered the same proclamation in her own language. Directly from overhead came an answering volley of "cut-cut-cut-ah-cut," until the whole house resounded with a chorus of triumphant, respondent hens, penetrated by the solo of a sympathetic cock. Hannah descended from her official bureau, and continued to laud and magnify herself. Under cover of the racket, Miss Starbuck reached towards the captain, with a merry twinkle in her eye, and said, "You don't recognize the one by the window?"

"Recognize her?" The noise and the question were confounding.

"Her name is Phebe."

Miss Starbuck blushed then, with the afterthought that this would seem a poor joke to the captain. He made no response. His face was stern; and could it be an expression of dread and horror that she saw gathering in the eyes he fixed upon the withered old lily at the

window, now relapsed into abstracted contemplation? Things of the present had little power to hold her. Again she sighed and moved a little. Her thick blue-gray hair lay smoothly over the small hollows in her temples, and brought the sad, darkly marked eyes into vivid distinctness. Her pale mouth, the dead body of tender passion, that had died not in hard struggles, but in long, slow, wasting sickness, had little galvanic tremors. A homely woman, prematurely old; a mere curiosity to her kind.

But there came and stood beside this wreck, in the captain's wrought-up fancy, the same figure retouched. He saw again the eyes that had drunk his own passion, more than thirty years ago; the innocent lips that had quivered under the gust of his momentary ardor. A little breeze from the window fluttered her cap-strings, now revealing, now concealing, a point of brightness on her bosom. The captain's bronzed face was ashen gray, as he leaned forward, put up his glasses, and discovered, deep in the folds of Phebe's kerchief, his little silver ship. It seemed to punctuate the story of his loves, — to stand for its final period.

The next day, the only person who understood the vagaries of the Newbegins surprised the owners of the Susan Starbuck by proposing to buy them out. What did he want of old Susan? He wanted a home; and he paid for it, put it into the dock at New Bedford for repairs, shipped his men, and sailed out to finish his days on the sea.

The symptoms of that tumult which their one taste of love had aroused in the minds of the Newbegin sisters remained to the end, as the mere persistency of habit.

The Friends gave them a comfortable asylum in their old age; but one by one they stole away by night, and went back to their home and their hens on the desolate plain; and from thence, one by one, they too sailed out.

Mary Catherine Lee.

ON THE RIVER AT NIGHT.

The city writes, in hieroglyphs of fire,
The story of her life;
Her stress of toil, her passion of desire,
Her ecstasy of strife.

Each night, on either margin of the stream,
Her page of flame unrolls;
And all along the wave, with varied gleam,
She draws her jeweled scrolls.

Her soul's appeal is flashed upon the night;
While, traced in mightier lines,
From clustered stars, in characters of light,
Some calm, great answer shines.

Marion Couthouy Smith.

A NATIONAL VICE.

In the heart of a crowded city, in the hot month of August, I once met a woman whom I had known some ten years before as a resident at one of the most beautiful spots in what is perhaps the most beautiful county of New England. She told me that she now lived, all the year round, in a big boarding-house on —— Square. "Fourteen lines of horse-cars," she continued, not without pride, "pass the door, and there are two large hotels nearly opposite." "Good God, madam," I could not help exclaiming in pity, "how you must pine for the country!" "Pine for it?" she answered in astonishment. "Why, the folks wanted me to come up and visit them this summer, but I could n't bear to leave the city. And I forgot to tell you," she added, with the air of one who caps the climax, "there 's a brass band that practices twice a week in the building next door." [1]

When I heard all this, I still pitied the woman, but for a different reason. Her case, I take it, was a typical one. She was simply a victim to what I shall venture to call the national vice of undue gregariousness. Thus I assume, not without violence, as some people would think, that gregariousness can be overdone by the human race so as to constitute a vice, and presently I shall endeavor to justify this assumption; but first I might state a few examples by way of showing what I have in mind. This vice — or habit, if the reader prefers that term — is a characteristic of the age; it begins to attack even the morose and healthy nature of John Bull; but obviously its manifestations are most common and most extreme in our own country. Many proofs of this statement will at once occur to the reader: the railroad cars in which we travel; the apartments in which we live; the continual exodus from the farm to the village, and from the village to the town; the form which our amusements take; and, above all, the immense development of clubs. Almost every function of modern life is discharged through the medium of a club. To dine in a crowd; to be charitable in a crowd; to go out in a crowd to view the face of nature; and, perhaps greatest absurdity of all, to read poetry in a crowd, — such are the ambitions of a typical American. I believe that there are in existence societies of drunkards, not for legitimate purposes of conviviality, but with the weak intention of reforming in a body. There is certainly a club of persons whose bond of union is a desire to free themselves from the dreadful vice of procrastination; and I have observed advertisements of "Rest Classes" at the seashore for clergymen and school teachers. There are immense summer towns or camps on Cape Cod, where people are herded together almost as closely as the occupants of a tenement house in the city; and this for pleasure.

To what, again, but the same instinct can we attribute the excessive popularity among us of secret or semi-secret societies? To be sure, the possibility of being honored with a magnificent title and the certainty of being decorated with a badge count for a good deal, but the primary reason for the existence of these very numerous bodies must have been the gregarious passion. The same vice exhibits itself in the matter of picnics and of excursions generally. One would think that a middle-aged man, especially a dweller in the city, would like to spend his holiday in comparative solitude, — at some quiet spot in the country, with his family, for example. But the actual case is very different. Paterfamilias puts on a

[1] These remarks are reported just as they occurred, without exaggeration.

black coat, and, with fifty or five hundred of his fellows, crowds into a stuffy railroad train (the oldest and most uncomfortable cars are always used on these occasions), and is off for an excursion which very likely includes a dusty march through the streets of a neighboring town.

Moreover, the very slightest bonds are thought sufficient to unite excursionists. Three hundred undertakers, or tailors, or wholesale grocers, for example, will go down the harbor together for a day, although the excursion has nothing technical about it. The common employment is a mere excuse for being gregarious. Can any one fancy three hundred poets, or three hundred men who had written plays which never had been performed, picnicking together? And yet in both of these imaginary cases the bond of union would really be much greater than it is in the actual instances which I have cited. These mammoth excursions involve much speechifying, much eating, drinking, and smoking, but nothing that tends to serenity or elevation of mind. However, there is no need to multiply examples; it might be more useful to inquire what is the gregarious instinct, what are its proper limits, why is it harmful when indulged to excess. To be gregarious is to frequent the society of one's kind. It is a habit necessary to certain wild creatures for protection against their natural enemies. So it was, and to some extent still is, necessary for men to keep together for a like reason. But this instinct, essential at one time, is now comparatively superfluous, and its continuance prevents men from attaining their proper individuality of mind and of character. Mr. Galton gives an interesting account of the gregarious habits of South African cattle, comparing their conduct in this respect with that of the human race. He says: —

"The traveler finds great difficulty in procuring animals capable of acting the part of fore-oxen to his team, the ordinary members of the wild herd being wholly unfitted by nature to move in so prominent and isolated a position, even though, as is the custom, a boy is always in front to persuade or pull them onwards. Therefore a good fore-ox is an animal of an exceptionally independent disposition. Men who break in wild cattle for harness watch assiduously for those who show a self-reliant nature by grazing apart or ahead of the rest, and these they break in for fore-oxen. . . . The oxen who graze apart . . . are even preferred to the actual leaders of the herd; they dare to move more alone, and therefore their independence is undoubted. The leaders are safe enough from lions because their flanks and rear are guarded by their followers; but each of those who graze apart, and who represent the superabundant [1] supply of self-reliant animals, have one flank and the rear exposed, and it is precisely those whom the lions take."

Mr. Galton next shows how the same gregarious instinct is necessary for the safety of the various African tribes, and then he adds: "I hold, from what we know of the clannish fighting habits of our forefathers, that they [the gregarious instincts] are every whit as applicable to the earlier ancestors of our European stock as they are still to a large part of the black population of Africa." And his final conclusion is as follows: "I hold that the blind instincts evolved under these long-continued conditions have been ingrained into our breed, and that they are a bar to our enjoying the freedom which the forms of modern civilization are otherwise capable of giving us. A really intelligent nation might be held together by far stronger forces than are derived from the purely gregarious instincts," etc.

The gregarious instinct with which chiefly Mr. Galton is concerned, as we

[1] In the sense, as Mr. Galton elsewhere explains, that they are not needed for leadership of the herd.

have seen, leads men to associate for mutual protection. It is, no doubt, the primary gregarious instinct; but it is reinforced by the social instinct, — the instinct to derive amusement and sympathy from mingling freely with one's kind. This is very strong in all animals: it is especially strong in monkeys.

I do not wish to underestimate the value of this social instinct: it fosters sympathy and pity and charity. Gregariousness, indeed, makes the whole world kin. Not from the hermit, but from one who reads the daily papers, and talks over their contents with his neighbor, should we expect a contribution to feed the hungry in Ireland, or to relieve the political exile in Siberia.

To the social instinct we owe the salon, most kinds of cleverness in art and literature, the dramatic stage, and all those mental or intellectual qualities which come from the attrition of mind against mind. It is a commonplace that artists are of necessity gregarious. A single painter, confined to a New England village, for example, would pine and die, or take to drink, or come to some other ineffective end. The reason, perhaps, is that the painter works chiefly in the field of his perceptive faculties; his eye is turned outward, not inward: hence he is a creature not so much of thoughts as of impressions, and he can verify his impressions only by sharing or comparing them with those of his fellows. In popular estimation the painter is set down — and, on the whole, with truth — as being of a mercurial, superficial type of character. This levity of nature constitutes the price which he has to pay for being gregarious.

But when the intellectual element, and more especially the imaginative element, qualifies his work in a high degree; when, in short, he is a man of genius, then he becomes a law unto himself: his eye is turned inward, not outward, and the necessity for being gregarious disappears. Millet was the least gregarious of painters, excepting Turner, who alone, among modern artists, I suppose we may truly say, surpassed him in force of imagination.

What was true of Millet and of Turner is true of all intellectual workers, especially when they belong to the field of literature. Literary power can be stored, as water is stored in a reservoir. Experiences, internal or external, if not related on the spot, or little by little, may furnish, when accumulated, the material for a great work. Had the Brontë sisters passed their lives in a gossiping, tea-drinking society, they might have produced some clever stories and verses, but hardly the strong and original works which proceeded from that remote vicarage on the moors where they lived with a fortunately taciturn father. No abstract thinking can be done except in solitude. The thinker may find his solitude in the midst of London, as Addison did; at Craigenputtock or at Chelsea, as Carlyle did; in the woods and fields, as Wordsworth and Emerson did, — but find it he must.[1]

So, then, it appears, as indeed no one would deny, that the gregarious habit sharpens the wits, but dulls the higher intellectual powers. It might be urged that most men are incapable of abstract thinking, or of the exercise, in any real sense, of imagination, and therefore that solitude would be no advantage to them, and gregariousness no disadvantage. But this is an unduly pessimistic view. Every mind has in it some intellectual element, and that element can be nourished only in comparative solitude. Solitude tends to develop whatever there is in the individual which differentiates

[1] John Boyle O'Reilly used to say that the happiest years of his life were those which he passed in solitary confinement at Dartmoor prison; and although in this statement there may have been some unconscious exaggeration, those years could not have been unhappy, for the prisoner came out a sound and healthy man in mind and body.

him from the race. Men of genius seldom arise in large cities. How very slight, for instance, has been the contribution made by London, notwithstanding its immense population, to the roll of great thinkers!

The former intellectual strength both of Scotland and of New England can be traced, in part at least, to the isolated lives of their rural population; and the admitted decline of intellectual power in New England — accompanied, no doubt, by an increase of information on the part of the average man — has kept pace with the advancing tide of gregarious habits. Who will assert that this is merely a coincidence!

It is, as I have implied all along, a question of degree. To be gregarious within proper limits tends to health and sanity, to good nature and charity. What these limits are it would be difficult to indicate in precise terms, but thus much may be affirmed: every man's life should have a background of solitude; there should be times when he walks alone, reads alone, thinks alone. Those who have not experienced these deep and tranquil delights, who have never refreshed themselves with solitude, as with a cool bath on a hot day, may find it difficult to imagine them. But there can be no difficulty in perceiving the evil effects of the opposite quality, gregariousness. "We descend to meet" is a saying of Emerson. And this is not a fault; it is not a weakness or a thing that can be remedied. It is a law of human nature. If a man have a noble aspiration, a holy ambition, let him keep it to himself, on penalty of becoming a self-satisfied egotist, if not a hypocrite. (I am, of course, speaking of impulses or resolves personal to one's self, which cannot be communicated in general terms, as may be the admonitions of a preacher.)

Whenever an attempt is made to reverse this law, the results are disastrous. In certain Protestant bodies, there is a custom of holding "experience" or prayer meetings. At these meetings the practice is for one converted Christian or "professor" after another to get up and relate his experience: not his experience as a sinner, — that is passed over very lightly, — but the experience of his conversion, his spiritual resolves, hopes, and aspirations, his Christian deeds and thoughts. A coarse, self-satisfied nature will go through this performance very glibly; but a truer, better nature will accomplish it only by strong self-compulsion, and with a hesitation and shamefacedness painful to observe. I have witnessed them many times. Such persons have a natural and proper reluctance to lay bare the recesses of their hearts, to make public what should be kept secret; but under an erroneous sense of duty they violate their own instinct in the matter. I do not cite these religious meetings as examples of undue gregariousness, though perhaps I might fairly do so; but I cite them to show the futility, the sin, of endeavoring to reverse this law of nature, "We descend to meet."

And if we descend to meet, that is a reason for not meeting overmuch. If we descend to meet, it must follow in a general way, with many exceptions no doubt, that those who meet the most descend the lowest. Now, if the reader will consult his own experience and observation, he will find, I think, that such is the case. Of course, in making this inquiry, we must compare, not one class with another, but the relatively isolated members of one class with the relatively gregarious members of the same class. Let us take drivers, for instance. A teamster who travels a lonely route is indefinitely superior to country hackmen, who spend half the day idling at the tavern and at the "deppo." Such men are vile in their language almost in exact proportion as they have opportunity to cultivate the society of their equals. Among mechanics, the domestic shoemaker, who sits at his bench alone all

day, may be compared with his contemporary who works in a crowded shop. The former has ideas where the latter has only catch-words; and in respect to decency of thought and of language, the solitary workman will surpass the gregarious one even more widely. One of the most refined and thoughtful persons I ever knew was a mechanic who labored all day alone. Was such a man ever found in a roomful of men?

Thus far I have not sharply discriminated the two forms of evil that flow from gregariousness, namely, its tendency to dwarf the intellect, and its tendency to debase the manners. Gregariousness is always fatal to intellectual excellence; but is it always fatal to good manners? Is it always a source of vulgarity? Far from it. It will have occurred to the reader that what calls itself and with much truth the best society is excessively gregarious. The gregariousness of good society leads to an intellectual emptiness and monotony which in time disgust and weary even its own votaries, but it hardly tends to vulgarity. There can be no vulgarity without gregariousness, and yet it by no means follows that all gregarious people are vulgar. The truth seems to be that when people are fenced off from one another by the barriers of refinement, of a highly developed self-respect, and of a scrupulous regard for the personality of others, then gregariousness tends to lose its vulgarizing effect. In fact, gregarious habits are essential to the development of civility. Courtly manners are acquired at court, not on the farm nor in the library. And yet, so dangerous a thing is gregariousness, its baneful effects upon manners are seen even in the heart of the best society. When people slavishly adopt the same phrases, the same opinions, the same way of shaking hands, they are so far forth vulgar, whatever their refinement or consideration for others. And this brings us, I think, to the root of the whole matter.

The essence of good breeding is simplicity; not the simplicity of the peasant, although that is good in its way, but the simplicity of the really civilized man who has arrived at a kind of artificial naturalness. Treating of style in literature, the Saturday Review long ago remarked, "It is not given to every one to be simple." This was a profound observation, and it is as true of life as of literature. The natural man has fitly been described as "a noisy, sensual savage." Civilization teaches him to be quiet, to mind his own business, to refrain from offending or disgusting his neighbor, to respect himself, to stand on his own basis.

Now, if the essence of good breeding is simplicity, it may be said that the essence of vulgarity is a want of simplicity. To be vulgar is to be unquiet, to have no taste of one's own, to be in continual disturbance on account of one's neighbor, either by way of truckling to him, which is the manner of the snob, or of hating him, which is the vice of the radical, or of competing with him, which is the weakness of the parvenu. To be vulgar is to adopt other people's language, to use their cant phrases, to copy the inflections of their voices, to espouse their ideas; in fine, to think and do and say, not what comes naturally to one, but what is supposed to be considered proper by other people. Thus to be vulgar is to lack simplicity.

This want of simplicity, this continual reference to outside standards, is possible only in a gregarious society. If a man lives in a solitary place, or alone in a city, he is forced back upon himself; the material for being vulgar does not exist. Apropos of that most accurately drawn heroine, Eustacia Vye, Thomas Hardy truly says, "It is impossible for any one living on a heath to be vulgar." We associate vulgarity with large towns, because in the latter only can that measure of gregariousness obtain which is essential to the propagation of vulgarity. Vul-

garity is a town growth, just as rusticity is a country quality.

The antidote to gregariousness is solitude, and especially solitude amidst natural objects. Hawthorne's allegory of The Great Stone Face illustrates the influence of nature upon a receptive mind; and the same author thus concludes his account of a long and solitary ramble upon the seashore: —

"Such companionship works an effect upon a man's character, as if he had been admitted to the society of creatures that are not mortal. And when at noontide I tread the crowded streets, the influence of this day will still be felt, so that I shall walk among men kindly, and as a brother, with affection and sympathy, but yet shall not melt me into the indistinguishable mass of humankind. I shall think my own thoughts, and feel my own emotions, and possess my individuality unviolated."

The present age being greatly given to admiration of scenery, it might be thought that in respect to this taste, at least, the passion of gregariousness would be held in check. But alas! such is not the case. As I have said, men go out to view the face of nature in a crowd, and in the neighborhood of Boston there is a large and flourishing club for this very purpose. It has already left its trail upon almost every mountain slope in New England. Could any one fancy Wordsworth serving as president of the Grasmere Mountain Club, and pointing out the beauties of his beloved vale to a little group of one or two hundred fellow-members? It is true that we cannot all feel as Wordsworth felt, but every real lover of the mountains will approach them in precisely the same spirit that actuated him. One man alone — perhaps two men together, if congenial and reticent — can see a mountain, a valley, or a wood; but Nature hides her face from a crowd. Those unseen creatures of another world, to whom Hawthorne refers in the passage just quoted, will not reveal themselves to a party of picnickers eating hard-boiled eggs; they visit the imagination of the solitary rambler. The Dryades, I take it, would never have been discovered by a gay company rollicking homeward; they first appeared to some wanderer who passed through a wood alone at dusk.

"But there are no unseen creatures and no Dryades," it might be objected. Perhaps not; and yet, since science cannot tell us what matter is or what life is, it may be that the thing which we call inanimate nature is a part of some conscious existence; or, at least, that the pagan conception of it is nearer to the truth than is our own mechanical view. I refrain from quoting here, as being too familiar, that famous passage in one of Newman's sermons, which begins, "Every breath of air, every ray of light and heat," etc.

At all events, thus much is certain: the landscape has a way of impressing upon the human mind ideas and emotions, vague but not unreal. Its influence is felt as is that of a person or of a book; and these subtle communications are made to man only as an isolated individual. They are not at the service of clubs or crowds. Solitude, good under any circumstances, is best in the face of nature; and although opportunities will often be wanting, yet it is in the power of almost every one to say with the old philosopher in his garret, "Ach, Mon lieber, I am alone with the stars!"

H. C. Merwin.

ENNUI.

"Tous les genres sont permis, hors le genre ennuyeux."

"WANT and ennui," says Schopenhauer, "are the two poles of human life." The further we escape from one evil, the nearer we inevitably draw to the other. As soon as the first rude pressure of necessity is relieved, and man has leisure to think of something beyond his unsatisfied craving for food and shelter, then ennui steps in and claims him for her own. It is the price he pays, not merely for luxury, but for comfort. Time, the inexorable taskmaster of poor humanity, drives us hard with whip and spur when we are struggling under the heavy burden of work; but stays his hand, and prolongs the creeping hours, when we are delivered over to that weariness of spirit which weights each moment with lead. Time is, in fact, either our open oppressor or our false friend. He is that agent by which, at every instant, "all things in our hands become as nothing, and lose any real value they possess."

Here is a doctrine distinctly discouraging, and stated with that relentless candor which compels our reluctant consideration. There can be no doubt that to Schopenhauer's mind ennui was an evil every whit as palpable as want. He hated and feared them both with the painful susceptibility of a self-centred man; and he strove resolutely from his youth to protect himself against these twin disasters of life. The determined fashion in which he guarded his patrimony from loss resembled the determined fashion in which he strove — with less success — to guard himself from boredom. The vapid talk, the little wearisome iterations, which most of us bear resignedly enough because custom has taught us patience, were to him intolerable afflictions. He retaliated by an ungracious dismissal of society as something pitiably and uniformly contemptible. His advice has not the grave and simple wisdom of Sir Thomas Browne, "Be able to be alone," but is founded rather on Voltaire's disdainful maxim, "The world is full of people who are not worth speaking to," and implies an almost savage rejection of one's fellow-beings. "Every fool is pathetically social," says Schopenhauer, and the advantage of solitude consists less in the possession of ourselves than in the escape from others. With whimsical eagerness, he built barrier after barrier between himself and the dreaded enemy, ennui, only to see his citadel repeatedly stormed, and to find himself at the mercy of his foe. There is but one method, after all, by which the invader can be even partially disarmed, and this method was foreign to Schopenhauer's nature. It was practiced habitually by Sir Walter Scott, who, in addition to his sustained and splendid work, threw himself with such unselfish, unswerving ardor into the interests of his brother men that he never gave them a thorough chance to bore him. They did their part stoutly enough, and were doubtless as tiresome as they knew how to be; but his invincible sweet temper triumphed over their malignity, and enabled him to say, in the evening of his life, that he had suffered little at their hands, and had seldom found any one from whom he could not extract either amusement or edification.

Perhaps his journal tells a different tale, a tale of heavy moments stretching into hours, and borne with cheerful patience out of simple consideration for others. Men and women, friends and strangers, took forcible possession of his golden leisure, and he yielded it to them without a murmur. That which was well-nigh maddening to Carlyle's irritable nerves and selfish petulance, and

which strained even Charles Lamb's forbearance to the snapping-point, Sir Walter endured smilingly, as if it were the most reasonable thing in the world. Mr. Lang is right when he says Scott did not preach socialism, he practiced it; that is, he never permitted himself to assign to his own comfort or convenience a very important place in existence; he never supposed his own satisfaction to be the necessary formula of the universe. But his love for genial life, his keen enjoyment of social pleasures, made him singularly sensitive to ennui. He was able, indeed, like Sir Thomas Browne, to be alone, — when the charity of his fellow-creatures suffered it, — and he delighted in diverting companionship, whether of peers or hinds; but the weariness of daily intercourse with stupid people told as heavily upon him as upon less patient victims. Little notes scattered throughout his journal reveal his misery, and awaken sympathetic echoes in every long-tried soul. "Of all bores," he writes, "the greatest is to hear a dull and bashful man sing a facetious song." And again, with humorous intensity: "Miss Ayton's father is a bore, after the fashion of all fathers, mothers, aunts, and other chaperons of pretty actresses." And again, this time in a hasty scrawl to Ballantyne: —

> "Oh, James! oh, James! two Irish dames
> Oppress me very sore:
> I groaning send one sheet I 've penned,
> For, hang them! there 's no more."

That Sir Walter forgot his sufferings as soon as they were over is proof, not of callousness, but of magnanimity. He forgave his tormentors the instant they ceased to torment him, and then found time to deplore his previous irritation. "I might at least have asked him to dinner," he was heard murmuring self-reproachfully, when an unscrupulous intruder had at last departed from Abbotsford; and on another occasion, when some impatient lads refused to emulate his forbearance, he recalled them with prompt insistence to their forgotten sense of propriety. "Come, come, young gentlemen," he expostulated. "It requires no small ability, I assure you, to be a decided bore. You must endeavor to show a little more respect."

The self-inflicted pangs of ennui are less salutary and infinitely more onerous than those we suffer at the hands of others. It is natural that our just resentment when people weary us should result in a temporary taste for solitude, a temporary exaltation of our own society. Like most sentiments erected on an airy trestlework of vanity, this is an agreeable delusion while it lasts; but it seldom does last after we are bold enough to put it to the test. The inevitable and rational discontent which lies at the bottom of our hearts is not a thing to be banished by noise, or lulled to sleep by silence. We are not sufficient for ourselves, and companionship is not sufficient for us. "Venez, monsieur," said Louis XIII. to a listless courtier; "allons nous ennuyer ensemble." We fancy it is the detail of life, its small grievances, its apparent monotony, its fretful cares, its hours alternately lagging and feverish, that wear out the joy of existence. This is not so. Were each day differently filled, the result would be much the same. Young Maurice de Guérin, struggling with a depression he too clearly understands, strikes at the very root of the matter in one dejected sentence: "Mon Dieu, que je souffre de la vie! Non dans ses accidents, un peu de philosophie y suffit; mais dans elle-même, dans sa substance, à part tout phénomène." To which the steadfast optimist opposes an admirable retort: "It is a pity that M. de Guérin should have permitted himself this relentless analysis of a misery which is never bettered by contemplation." Happiness may not be, as we are sometimes told, the legacy of the barbarian, but neither is it a final outcome of civilization. Men can weary, and do weary, of

every stage that represents a step in the world's progress, and the ennui of mental starvation is equaled only by the ennui of mental satiety.

It is curious how much of this temper is reflected in the somewhat dispiriting literature which attains popularity to-day. Mr. Hamlin Garland, whose leaden-hued sketches called — I think unfairly — Main-Travelled Roads have deprived most of us of some cheerful hours, paints with an unfaltering hand a life in which ennui sits enthroned. It is not the poverty of his Western farmers that oppresses us. Real biting poverty, which withers lesser evils with its deadly breath, is not known to these people at all. They have roofs, fire, food, and clothing. It is not the ceaseless labor, the rough fare, the gray skies, the muddy barnyards, which stand for the trouble in their lives. It is the dreadful weariness of living. It is the burden of a dull existence, clogged at every pore, and the hopeless melancholy of which they have sufficient intelligence to understand. Theirs is the ennui of emptiness, and the implied reproach on every page is that a portion, and only a portion, of mankind is doomed to walk along these shaded paths; while happier mortals who abide in New York, or perhaps in Paris, spend their days in a pleasant tumult of intellectual and artistic excitation. The clearest denial of this fallacy may be found in that matchless and desolate sketch of Mr. Pater's called Sebastian van Storck, where we have painted for us with penetrating distinctness man's deliberate rejection of those crowded accessories which, to the empty-handed, represent the joys of life. Never has the undying essence of ennui been revealed to our unwilling gaze as in this merciless picture. Never has it been so portrayed in its awful nakedness, amid a plenty which it cannot be persuaded to share. We see the rich, warm, highly colored surroundings, the vehement intensity of work and pastime, the artistic completeness of every detail, the solicitations of love, the delicate and alluring touches which give to every day its separate delight, its individual value; and, amid all these things, the impatient soul striving vainly to adjust itself to a life which seems so worth the living. Here, indeed, is one of "Fortune's favorites," whom she decks with garlands like a sacrificial heifer, and at whom, unseen, she points her mocking finger. Encompassed from childhood by the "thriving genius" of the Dutch, by the restless activity which made dry land and populous towns where nature had willed the sea, and by the admirable art which added each year to the heaped-up treasures of Holland, Sebastian van Storck has but one vital impulse which shapes itself to an end, — escape; escape from an existence made unendurable by its stifling fullness, its vivid and marvelous accomplishment.

It is an interesting question to determine, or to endeavor to determine, how far animals share man's melancholy capacity for ennui. Schopenhauer, who, like Hartmann and all other professional pessimists, steadfastly maintains that beasts are happier than men, is disposed to believe that in their natural state they never suffer from this malady, and that, even when domesticated, only the most intelligent give any indication of its presence. But how does Schopenhauer know that which he so confidently affirms? The bird, impelled by an instinct she is powerless to resist, sits patiently on her eggs until they are hatched; but who can say she is not weary of the pastime? What loneliness and discontent may find expression in the lion's dreadful roar, which is said to be as mournful as it is terrible! We are naturally tempted, in moments of fretfulness and dejection, to seek relief — not unmixed with envy — in contemplating with Sir Thomas Browne "the happiness of inferior creatures who in tranquillity possess their

constitutions." But freedom from care, and from the apprehension that is worse than care, does not necessarily imply freedom from all disagreeable sensations; and the surest claim of the brute to satisfaction, its absolute adequacy to the place it is designed to fill, is destroyed by our interference in its behalf. As a result, domestic pets reveal plainly to every close observer how frequently they suffer from ennui. They pay, in smaller coin, the same price that man pays for comfortable living. Mr. Ruskin has written with ready sympathy of the house dog, who bears resignedly long hours of dull inaction, and only shows by his frantic delight what a relief it is to be taken out for the mild dissipation of a stroll. I have myself watched and pitied the too evident ennui of my cat, poor little beast of prey, deprived in a mouseless home of the supreme pleasures of the hunt; fed until dinner ceases to be a coveted enjoyment; housed, cushioned, combed, caressed, and forced to bear upon her pretty shoulders the burden of a wearisome opulence, — or what represents opulence to a pussy. I have seen Agrippina listlessly moving from chair to chair, and from sofa to sofa, in a vain attempt to nap; looking for a few languid minutes out of the window with the air of a great lady sadly bored at the play; and then turning dejectedly back into the room whose attractions she had long since exhausted. Her expressive eyes lifted to mine betrayed her discontent; the lassitude of an irksome luxury unnerved her graceful limbs; if she could have spoken, it would have been to complain with Charles Lamb of that "dumb, soporifical good-for-nothingness" which clogs the wheels of life.

It is a pleasant fancy, baseless and proofless, which makes us imagine the existence of fishes to be peculiarly tranquil and unmolested. The element in which they live appears to shelter them from so many evils; noises especially, and the sharpness of sudden change, scorching heats, and the inclement skies of winter. A delightful mystery wraps them round, and the smooth apathy with which they glide through the water suggests content approaching to complacency. That old-fashioned poem beginning

"Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove,"

filled my childish heart with a profound envy of these happy creatures, which was greatly increased by reading a curious story of Father Faber's called The Melancholy Heart. In this tale, a little shipwrecked girl is carried to the depths of the ocean, and sees the green sea swinging to and fro because it is so full of joy, and the fishes waving their glistening fins in silent satisfaction, and the oysters opening and shutting their shells in lazy raptures of delight. Afterwards she visits the birds and beasts and insects, and finds amongst them intelligence, industry, patience, ingenuity, — a whole host of admirable qualities, — but nowhere else the sweet contentment of that dumb watery life. So universal is this fallible sentiment that even Leopardi, while assigning to all created things their full share of pain, reluctantly admits that the passive serenity of the less vivacious creatures of the sea — starfish and their numerous brothers and sisters — is the nearest possible approach to an utterly impossible happiness. And indeed it is difficult to look at a sea-urchin slowly moving its countless spines in the clear shallow water without thinking that here, at least, is an existence equally free from excitability and from ennui; here is a state of being sufficient for itself, and embracing all the enjoyment it can hold. The other side of the story is presented when we discover the little prickly cup lying empty and dry on the peak of a neighboring rock, and know that a crow's sharp beak has relentlessly dug the poor urchin from its comfortable cradle, and ended its slumbrous felicity. Yet the

sudden cessation of life has nothing whatever to do with its reasonable contentment. The question is, not how soon is it over, or how does it come to an end, but is it worth living while it lasts? Moreover, the chances of death make the sweetness of self-preservation; and this is precisely the sentiment which Leigh Hunt has so admirably embodied in those lines — the finest, I think, he ever wrote — where the fish pleads for its own pleasant and satisfactory existence: —

> "A cold, sweet, silver life, wrapped in round waves,
> Quickened with touches of transporting fear."

Here, as elsewhere, fear is the best antidote for ennui. The early settlers of America, surrounded by hostile Indians, and doubtful each morning whether the coming nightfall would not see their rude homes given to the flames, probably suffered but little from the dullness which seems so oppressive to the peaceful agriculturist of to-day. The mediæval women, who were content to pass their time in weaving endless tapestries, had less chance to complain of the monotony of life than their artistic, scientific, literary, and philanthropic sisters of our age; for at any hour, breaking in upon their tranquil labors, might be heard the trumpet's blast; at any hour might come the tidings, good or bad, which meant a few more years of security, or the horrors of siege and pillage.

It is pleasant to turn our consideration from the ennui which is inevitable, and consequently tragic, to the ennui which is accidental, and consequently diverting. The first is part of ourselves, from which there is no escape; the second is, as a rule, the contribution of our neighbors, and may be eluded if fortune and our own wits favor us. Lord Byron, for example, finding himself hard beset by Madame de Staël, whom he abhorred, had the dexterity to entrap poor little "Monk" Lewis into the conversation, and then slipped away from both, leaving them the dismally congenial task of wearying each other without mercy. "A bore," says Bishop Selwyn, "is a man who will persist in talking about himself when you want to talk about yourself;" and this simple explanation offers a satisfactory solution of much of the ennui suffered in society. People with theories of life are, perhaps, the most relentless of their kind, for no time or place is sacred from their devastating elucidations. A theoretic socialist — not the practical working kind, like Sir Walter — is adamant to the fatigue of his listeners. "Eloquence," says Mr. Lowell feelingly, "has no bowels for its victims;" and one of the most pathetic figures in the history of literature is poor Heine, awakened from his sweet morning nap by Ludwig Börne, who sat relentlessly on the edge of the bed and talked patriotism. I hardly think that even this wanton injury justified Heine in his cruel attack upon Börne, when the latter was dead and could offer no defense; yet who knows how many drops of concentrated bitterness were stored up in those dreary moments of boredom! The only other instance of ennui which seems as grievous and as cruel is the picture of the Baron Fouqué's brilliant wife condemned to play loto every evening with the officers of the victorious French army; an illustration equally novel and malign of the devastating inhumanity of war.

In fact, amusements which do not amuse are among the most depressing of earthly evils. When Sir George Cornwall Lewis candidly confessed that life would be tolerable were it not for its pleasures, he had little notion that he was uttering a witticism fated to enjoy a melancholy immortality. His protest was purely personal, and society, prompt to recognize a grievance when it is presented, has gone on ever since peevishly and monotonously echoing his lament. We crave diversion so eagerly, we need it so sorely, that our disappointment in its elusiveness is fed by the flickerings

of perpetual hope. Ennui has been defined as a desire for activity without the capacity for action, as a state of inertia quickened by discontent. But it is rather a desire for amusement than for activity; it is a rational instinct warped by the irony of circumstances, and by our own selfish limitations. It was not activity that Schopenhauer lacked. He worked hard all his life, and with the concentrated industry of a man who knew exactly what he wanted to do. It was the common need of enjoyment, which he shared with the rest of mankind, and his own singular incapacity for enjoying himself which chafed him into bitterness, and made him so unreasonably angry with the world. "In human existence," says Leopardi, "the intervals between pleasure and pain are occupied by ennui. And since all pleasures are like cobwebs, exceedingly fragile, thin, and transparent, ennui penetrates their tissue and saturates them, just as air penetrates the webs. It is, indeed, nothing but a yearning for happiness, without the illusion of pleasure or the reality of pain. This yearning is never satisfied, since true happiness does not exist. So that life is interwoven with weariness and suffering, and one of these evils disappears only to give place to the other. Such is the destiny of man."

Now, to endure pain resolutely courage is required; to endure ennui, one must be bred to the task. The restraints of a purely artificial society are sufferable to those only whom custom has rendered docile, and who have been trained to subordinate their own impulses and desires. The more elaborate the social conditions, the more relentless this need of adjustment, which makes a harmonious whole at the cost of individual development. We all know how, when poor Frances Burney was lifted suddenly from the cheerful freedom of middle-class life to the wearisome etiquette of a court, she drooped and fretted under the burden of an honor which brought her nothing but vexation. Macaulay, who champions her cause with burning zeal, is pleased to represent the monotony of court as simple slavery with no extenuating circumstances. He likens Dr. Burney conducting his daughter to the palace to a Circassian father selling his own child into bondage. The sight of the authoress of Evelina assisting at the queen's toilet or chatting sleepily with the ladies in waiting thrills him with indignation; the thought of her playing cards night after night with Madame Schwellenberg reduces him to despair. And indeed, card-playing, if you have not the grace to like it, is the most unprofitable form of social martyrdom; you suffer horribly yourself, and you add very little to the pleasure of your neighbor. The Baroness Fouqué may have conquered the infantine imbecilities of loto with no great mental exhaustion. If she were painfully bored, her patience alone was taxed. The Frenchmen probably thought her a pleased and animated companion. But Miss Burney, delicate, sleepy, fatigued, loathing cards, and inwardly rebellious at her fate, must have made the game drag sadly before bedtime. It was a dreary waste of moments for her; but a less intolerant partisan than Macaulay would have some sympathy to spare for poor Madame Schwellenberg, who, like most women of rank, adored the popular pastime, and who doubtless found the distinguished young novelist a very unsatisfactory associate.

It is salutary to turn from Miss Burney and her wrathful historian to the letters of Charlotte Elizabeth, mother of the Regent d'Orléans, and see how the oppressive monotony of the French court was cheerfully endured for fifty years by a woman exiled from home and kindred, whose pleasures were few, whose annoyances were manifold. Madame would have enjoyed nothing better than a bowl of beer soup or a dish of sausages eaten in congenial company. She

lunched daily alone, on hated French messes, stared at by twenty footmen, from whose supercilious eyes she was glad to escape with hunger still unsatisfied. Madame detested sermons. She listened to them endlessly without complaint, and was grateful for the occasional privilege of a nap. Madame liked cards. She was not permitted to play, nor even to show herself at the lansquenet table. She never gambled, — in fact she had no money, — and it was a fancy of her husband's that she brought him ill luck by hovering near. Neither was she allowed to retire. "All the old women who do not play have to be entertained by me," she writes with surpassing good humor. "This goes on from seven to ten, and makes me yawn frightfully." Supper was eaten at the royal table, where the guests often waited three quarters of an hour for the king to appear, and where nobody spoke a word during the meal. "I live as though I were quite alone in the world," confesses this friendless exile to her favorite correspondent, the Raugravine Louise. "But I am resigned to such a state of things, and I meddle in nothing." Here was a woman trained to the endurance of ennui. The theatre and the chase were her sole amusements; letter-writing was her only occupation. Her healthy German nature had in it no trace of languor, no bitterness born of useless rebellion against fate. She knew how to accept the inevitable, and how to enjoy the accidental; and this double philosophy afforded her something closely resembling content. Napoleon, it is said, once desired some comedians to play at court; and M. de Talleyrand gravely announced to the audience waiting to hear them, "Gentlemen, the emperor earnestly requests you to be amused." Had Charlotte Elizabeth — long before laid to sleep in St. Denis — been one of that patient group, she would have literally obeyed the royal commands. She would have responded with prompt docility to any offered entertainment. This is not an easy task. "Amuse me, if you can find out how to do it," was the melancholy direction of Richelieu to Boisrobert, when the pains of ennui grew unbearable, and even kittens ceased to be diverting. Amuse! amuse! amuse! is the plea of a weariness as wide as the world, and as old as humanity. Amuse me for a little while, that I may think I have escaped from myself.

It is curious that England should have to borrow from France the word "ennui," while the French are unanimous in their opinion that the thing itself is emphatically of English growth. The old rhyme,

"Jean Rosbif écuyer,
Qui pendit soi-même pour se désennuyer,"

has never lost its application, though the present generation of English-speaking men are able to digest a great deal of dullness without seeking such violent forms of relief. In fact, Mr. Oscar Wilde, prompt to offer an unwelcome criticism, explains the amazing popularity of the psychological and religiously irreligious novel on the ground that the *genre ennuyeux*, which no Frenchman can bring himself to pardon, is the one form of literature which his countrymen thoroughly enjoy. They have a kindly tolerance for stupid people as well, and the ill-natured term "bore" has only forced itself of late years upon an urbane and long-suffering public. Johnson's dictionary is innocent of the word, though Johnson himself was well acquainted with the article. As late as 1822, a reviewer in Colburn's Magazine entreats his readers to use the word "bore;" to write it, if they please; to print it, even, if necessary. Why shrink from the expression, when the creature itself is so common, and "daily gaining ground in the country"?

Before this date, however, one English writer had given to literature some priceless illustrations of the species. "Could we but study our bores as Miss Austen

must have studied hers in her country village," says Mrs. Ritchie, "what a delightful world this might be!" But I seriously doubt whether any real enjoyment could be extracted from Miss Bates or Mr. Rushworth or Sir William Lucas in the flesh. If we knew them, we should probably feel precisely as did Emma Woodhouse and Maria Bertram and Elizabeth Bennet, — vastly weary of their company. In fact, only their brief appearances make the two gentlemen bores so diverting, even in fiction; and Miss Bates, I must confess, taxes my patience sorely. She is so tiresome that she tires, and I am invariably tempted to do what her less fortunate townspeople would have gladly done, — run away from her to more congenial society. Surely comedy ceases, and tragedy begins, when poor Jane Fairfax escapes from the strawberry party at Donwell, and seeks, under the burning noonday sun, the blessed relief of solitude. "We all know at times what it is to be wearied in spirits. Mine, I admit, are exhausted," is the confession wrung from the silent lips of a girl who has borne all that human nature can bear from Miss Bates's affectionate solicitude. Perhaps the best word ever spoken upon the creation of such characters in novels comes from Cardinal Newman. "It is very difficult," he says, "to delineate a bore in a narrative, for the simple reason that he is a bore. A tale must aim at condensation, but a bore acts in solution. It is only in the long run that he is ascertained." And when he *is* ascertained, and his identity established beyond reach of doubt, what profit have we in his desolating perfections? Miss Austen was far from enjoying the dull people whom she knew in life. We have the testimony of her letters to this effect. Has not Mrs. Stent, otherwise lost to fame, been crowned with direful immortality as the woman who bored Jane Austen? "We may come to be Mrs. Stents ourselves," she writes, with facile self-reproach at her impatience, "unequal to anything, and unwelcome to anybody;" an apprehension manifestly manufactured out of nothingness to strengthen some wavering purpose of amendment. Stupidity is acknowledged to be the one natural gift which cannot be cultivated, and Miss Austen well knew it lay beyond her grasp. With as much sincerity could Emma Woodhouse have said, "I may come in time to be a second Miss Bates."

There is a small, compact, and enviable minority among us, who, through no merit of their own, are incapable of being bored, and consequently escape the endless pangs of ennui. They are so clearly recognized as a body that a great deal of the world's work is prepared especially for their entertainment and instruction. Books are written for them, sermons are preached to them, lectures are given to them, papers are read to them, societies and clubs are organized for them, discussions after the order of Melchizedek are carried on monotonously in their behalf. A brand new school of fiction has been invented for their exclusive diversion; and several complicated systems of religion have been put together for their recent edification. It is hardly a matter of surprise that, fed on such meats, they should wax scornful, and deride their hungry fellow-creatures. It is even less amazing that these fellow-creatures should weary from time to time of the crumbs that fall from their table. It is told of Pliny the younger that, being invited to a dinner, he consented to come on the express condition that the conversation should abound in Socratic discourses. Here was a man equally insensible to ennui and to the sufferings of others. The guests at that ill-starred banquet appear to have been sacrificed as ruthlessly as the fish and game they ate. They had not even the loophole of escape which Mr. Bagehot contemplates so admiringly in Paradise Lost. Whenever Adam's remarks expand too obviously into a

sermon, Eve, in the most discreet and wife-like manner, steps softly away, and refreshes herself with slumber. Indeed, when we come to think of it, conversation between these two must have been difficult at times, because they had nobody to talk about. If we exiled our neighbors permanently from our discussions, we should soon be reduced to silence; and if we confined ourselves even to laudatory remarks, we should probably say but little. Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who is uncompromisingly hostile to the feeble vices of society, insists that it is the duty of every woman to look bored when she hears a piece of scandal; but this mandate is hardly in accord with Miss Cobbe's other requisite for true womanhood, absolute and undeviating sincerity. How can she look bored when she does not feel bored, unless she plays the hypocrite? And while many women are shocked and repelled by scandal, few, alas! are wont to find it tiresome. I have not even observed any exceeding weariness in men when subjected to a similar ordeal. In that pitiless dialogue of Landor's between Catherine of Russia and Princess Dashkov, we find some opinions on this subject stated with appalling candor. "Believe me," says the empress, "there is nothing so delightful in life as to find a liar in a person of repute. Have you never heard good folks rejoicing at it? Or rather, can you mention to me any one who has not been in raptures when he could communicate such glad tidings? The goutiest man would go on foot to tell his friend of it at midnight; and would cross the Neva for the purpose, when he doubted whether the ice would bear him." Here, indeed, we find the very soul and essence of ennui; not virtuous disgust which revolts at the disclosure of another's faults, but that deep and deadly ennui of life which welcomes evil as a distraction. The same selfish lassitude which made the gladiatorial combats a pleasant sight for the jaded eyes which witnessed them finds relief for its tediousness to-day in the swift destruction of confidence and reputation.

There is a curious and melancholy fable of Leopardi's, in which he seeks to explain what always puzzled him sorely, the continued endurance of life. In the beginning, he says, the gods gave to men an existence without care, and an earth without evil. The world was small, and easily traversed. No seas divided it, no mountains rose frowning from its bosom, no extremes of heat or cold afflicted its inhabitants. Their wants were supplied, their pleasures provided; their happiness, Jove thought, was assured. For a time all things went well; but as the human race outgrew its infancy, it tired of this smooth perfection, and little by little there dawned upon men the inherent worthlessness of life. Every day they sounded its depths more clearly, and every day they wearied afresh of all they knew and were. Illusions vanished, and the insupportable pains of ennui forced them to cast aside a gift in which they found no value. They desired death, and sought it at their own hands.

Then Jove, half in wrath and half in pity, devised a means by which his rebellious creatures might be preserved. He enlarged the earth, moulded the mountains, and poured into mighty hollows the restless and pitiless seas. Burning heat and icy cold he sent, diseases and dangers of every kind, craving desires that could never be satisfied, vain ambitions, a babble of many tongues, and the deep-rooted animosities of nations. Gone was the old tranquillity, vanished the old ennui. A new race, struggling amid terrible hardships, fought bravely and bitterly for the preservation of an existence they had formerly despised. Man found his life filled with toil, sweetened by peril, checked by manifold disasters, and was deluded into cherishing at any cost that which

was so painful to sustain. The greater the difficulties and dangers, the more he opposed to them his own indomitable purpose, the more determined he was to live. The zest of perpetual effort, the keenness of contention, the brief, sweet triumph over adversity, — these left him neither the time nor the disposition to question the value of all that he wrung from fate.

It is a cheerless philosophy, but not without value to the sanguine socialist of to-day, who dreams of preparing for all of us a lifetime of unbroken ennui.

Agnes Repplier.

WOMANHOOD IN THE ILIAD.

The Iliad offers us the oldest picture which we have of the life of man on the continent of Europe. This picture is also a most vivid and beautiful one. There is a constant temptation, therefore, to treat this poem as a starting-point and substantial basis for the history of our civilization. Any attempt of this kind, however, seems to me almost utterly vain and elusive. Before we undertake to recover, by sifting the materials at our command, the true picture of Homeric manners, customs, and beliefs, let us seriously imagine Macaulay's New Zealander, three thousand years hence, employed in reconstructing England as it was under the Tudors, with no materials save the Faery Queen and Chaucer's Knight's Tale. Or, to match the Theogony and Works and Days of Hesiod, let him be furnished with Pilgrim's Progress and Snowbound. Instead of the fragments of the Greek lyric poets, we may generously permit Andrew Lang's Blue Book of Poetry to drift down intact. We should still fail to recognize our kinsfolk in the picture he would draw.

Perhaps, however, my feeling can be better illustrated by a figure. A traveler, crossing the Alps by rail at night, may be awakened by a peal of thunder, and, pushing aside his curtains sees, perchance, across a wide intervale, a panorama of stately mountains, their outlines half shrouded in storm-clouds. The scene is illuminated for a single instant by the unearthly glare of the lightning. The next second he falls back into dreamless slumber. In the morning, indeed for life, that picture abides with him: whether in memory or in imagination he hardly knows, but certainly little associated, if at all, with the scenes, whatever they may be, that greet him in the familiar light of the sun.

The pilgrim is the Western Aryan. The vision of the night is the Homeric age. For the real dawn of our historical knowledge, the awakening of the race, as it were, to its own continuous life, lies not far behind the first historian, Herodotus, who lived in the fifth century before our era. Even to him, the men his grandsires knew — gentle Crœsus and ruthless Cyrus, Solon the wise and Polycrates the fortunate — stand with blurred outlines against a background of fable. How long before himself the poet Homer had lived Herodotus can only conjecture, and his conjecture is, four centuries, — just the gap that yawns to-day between us and Columbus. And think what impenetrable mystery would now enshroud the figure of the Genoese adventurer, had his age transmitted to us, through generations utterly destitute of historical records, nothing save a metrical romance!

But even Homer, or, let us say, the Homeric poets, avowedly described, not

their own ignobler days, but a more heroic, far-distant foretime, whereof they

> Hear but the rumor alone, and know nothing as certain.

Brilliant as is the fabric of this vision, it is inextricably interwoven with the superhuman and the marvelous. Achilles is the child of a sea-nymph; Hermes, messenger of the gods, chats familiarly with Priam. The hero's horse is immortal and inspired to prophetic speech; his arms are forged in the smithy of the Fire-god. And over all parts of the picture alike there lies the light that never was on sea or land, the glow of poetic imagination.

It is thus that we should receive and read the tale. It remains none the less true, — not to mere authentic dates and historical events, but in a higher sense, like the Dantesque Purgatorio, or Prospero's enchanted isle, or Arthurian Camelot, true to the eternal laws of artistic creation, and to the cravings of baffled weary humanity, reaching forth eagerly after the higher truthfulness of perfect beauty.

We do not present here, then, the first chapter of an historical essay upon the development of woman. How far the social conditions of Homeric Troy represent the observation of the poet at any particular place and time can never be known. We desire merely to unroll a few of the quieter scenes in the lurid panorama of the Iliad. The translator is, for his own part, fully assured that we gaze, through the poet's eyes, upon a glorified vision of men and women as they might have been. Even while our tears fall with theirs, we see in Hector and Andromache not the features of any loving pair that ever lived and died, but rather immortal types of an idealized humanity. We shall expect, therefore, to find in the women of Homer, as in his heroes, not highly individualized characters, hardly even specifically Greek figures, but rather natures simply human, swayed by the strongest and most universal passions and motives. Andromache is neither a Greek, nor a Trojan, nor a Cilician. She stands upon a pedestal, and we look up reverently to the inspired creation of a master artist.

On the Greek side, to be sure, the Iliad presents for the most part only the lawless social conditions of a permanent camp. Yet even here we are not left without reminders that women are indispensable to the happier side of life. The very absence of the Achaians from their own firesides, through so many darkening years, is an element of pathos, to which the poet has appealed in memorable passages.

> "Whoso tarries afar from his wife, in a many-oared vessel,
> One month only, is chafed in spirit, so long as the gusty
> Storms of the winter and furious water detain him from sailing.
> But for ourselves is the ninth year passing, as here we have lingered."

Several times also, amid the wild turmoil of war, an effective simile suddenly transports us to scenes of peaceful life, and even of humble toil. Thus the equal poise of a well-contested fight is illustrated by the figure of a woman

> Holding the scales, who raises the wool and the weights together,
> Balancing them, to win scant wage for herself and her children.

Still more striking by its unexpected tenderness is the picture that is called up by Achilles, as he reproves his friend for shedding tears over the disasters of the Greeks: —

> "Why do you weep, O Patroclus? Ev'n as a fond little maiden,
> Running beside her mother, and begging the mother to take her,
> Plucking her still by the gown, and striving from haste to detain her,
> Tearfully looks in her face, until she indeed is uplifted, —
> Like unto her, O Patroclus, the swelling tears you are shedding!"

There are, moreover, some women in

the Greek camp itself. The pathos of their fate is evidently felt by the poet. They are for the most part the sole survivors from the lesser towns of the Troad, which have been successively stormed and sacked by Achilles. They have lost, at a single blow, kindred, home, freedom, often honor as well. Of these unhappy creatures we have occasional vivid glimpses, and two of their number stand forth with distinctness, — are indeed essential to the epic plot.

Fair-cheeked Chryseis, a less tragic figure than the rest, merely glides like a swift vision of maidenhood through the opening scenes of the tale. She is not left friendless nor forsaken, for her kindred were not with her when she fell into captivity. How it chanced that this girl, who dwelt with her father, Apollo's priest, in holy Chrysè, was taken in Andromache's town, Thebè, Homer does not pause to explain. The poem opens with her father's plea for her release, Agamemnon's scornful refusal, the prayer of Chryses to the god he served, and Apollo's response. The angry sun-god sends a pestilence upon the host, until Agamemnon's stubborn heart yields, like Pharaoh's. So Chryseis' day of captivity is brief, and seemingly not bitter. Her release is the first and pleasantest result of the stormy council of Greek chieftains. Before the first rhapsody closes, the glancing-eyed maiden trips lightly upon Odysseus' ship for the homeward voyage. It is apparently only a few hours later, when she is placed in her father's arms, who

> rejoicing,
> Welcomed his daughter beloved.

There is a powerful tribute to her beauty, — and a dark hint of the fate from which she was rescued, the fate of Cassandra not long afterward, — in the expression which Agamemnon had made of his reluctance to give her up: —

> "I am greatly desirous
> In my household to keep her; I prize her above Clytemnestra,
> Who is my lawful wife; nor is she inferior to her,
> Either in stature or beauty, in cunning of mind or of body."

If Chryseis' youth was troubled with other sorrows, they probably did not arise from the presence of the Grecian host, who had well learned in her case the lesson of "wisdom through suffering."

Briseis' fate is more closely entangled with the darkest threads of the tragic drama. At her first appearance, indeed, she is a mere silhouette, as she passes reluctantly down the strand from Achilles' cabin, led by the heralds to the galley of Agamemnon, who has ruthlessly claimed her to make good his loss. The leading away of Briseis is represented more than once upon Greek vases, and is also the subject of one of the largest and finest Pompeian wall-paintings. The event was evidently regarded as the decisive point in the quarrel between the leaders. It is this seizure of his favorite that stirs Achilles' wrath so deeply that he holds aloof from the war. When Agamemnon, after the first series of disasters, sends the ineffectual embassy to Achilles, he not only offers many royal gifts, but also proposes to restore Briseis, and declares that he himself has shown her no discourtesy during her enforced stay under his roof. When she actually returns, after the reconciliation between the quarreling chiefs, it is to find the gentle Patroclus lying dead in the cabin which she had shared, we know not how long, with the illustrious pair of friends and her fellow-captives. In her instant lament over him, not only do we hear nearly all we shall ever learn of her own piteous story, but there also comes into view a peculiarly winning and amiable side of the dead hero's character.

> Then Briseis, as lovely as Aphrodite the golden,
> When she beheld Patroclus, so mangled by keen-edged weapons,

Throwing her arms about him, lamented shrill, with her own hands
Tearing her shapely neck, her breast, and her glorious features.
Then the divinely beautiful woman bewailed and addressed him:
"O thou dearest of men to my hapless spirit, Patroclus,
Living I left thee here when I from the cabin departed;
Dead do I find thee now at my coming, O chief of the people!
So evermore upon me comes sorrow close upon sorrow.
Him upon whom my father and mother bestowed me, my husband,
Saw I mangled with keen-edged spears, in defense of his city.
Then, though Achilles the swift, when he ravaged the city of Mynes,
Slew my husband in battle, yet thou didst forbid me to sorrow,
Promising I should become the wife of the godlike Achilles:
He, thou saidst, would lead me with him on the vessels to Phthia;
There in the midst of his folk would my marriage feast be appointed.
Therefore I mourn for thee dead, who living ever wast gentle."
Weeping so did she speak, and in answer lamented the women,
Moaning as if for Patroclus, *yet each her woes was bewailing.*

I cannot refrain from calling attention to that closing phrase, with its quiet touch of sympathy.

A last glimpse of Briseis tells us only that she regained the position of Achilles' favorite, held during her absence by a Lesbian captive, "fair-cheeked Diomede." It is in that magnificent final act of the drama, when the suppliant king in the cabin of his foe, utterly exhausted by vigils and fasting, is forced to give way to sleep. A couch is spread for Priam under the portico, and

Meantime Achilles also slept, in the well-built cabin's
Inner recess, and beside him was lying the lovely Briseis.

The first woman to appear prominently in the Iliad is, fitly enough, Helen herself, the source of all the woes of Troy. To the apple of discord, the strife of the three goddesses, the judgment of Paris, Homer makes no allusion, if we omit a single awkwardly interpolated pair of verses. These features of the story were doubtless invented by the author of the later Cyprian Epic. Though she is under the especial charge of Aphrodite, and is once called Zeus' daughter, Helen seems to be, in the Iliad, merely a fair, selfish, fickle woman. The marvelous and superhuman elements in her origin and destiny are apparently later additions to the tale. The carrying off of Helen by the roving Paris is the first link in the chain of evil with which Homer is acquainted. Her own sin is perhaps confined to a later acquiescence in their union, and a fondness for Paris which has now largely passed away. She has already been twenty years in Ilios.

In the third book of the Iliad Helen is summoned from the palace of her lover by the tidings that he and Menelaus are to contend in single combat for the possession of herself and the treasures stolen with her. Perhaps her lack of deeper feeling is hinted at by the manner in which the messenger finds her employed.

A magnificent web she was weaving,
Twofold, purple in color, and thereon she had embroidered
Many a battle of knightly Trojans and mailèd Achaians,
Fought for the sake of herself, and under the hands of Ares.

For whom the single tear falls, as she leaves her loom, Homer does not tell: perhaps he did not know. Save for an occasional epithet, usually "trailing-robed," no attempt is made to indicate her beauty. Instead, the old men, looking down, from the tower over the gate, upon panic-stricken city, devastated fields, and beleaguering hosts, murmur at her approach: —

"Nowise marvelous is it that Trojans and mailèd Achaians,
Over a woman like this, through the long years suffer in sorrow:
Wondrous like to the deathless goddesses is she in beauty."

But of course the sober second thought quickly follows,

"Yet even so, though lovely she be, let her fare in the vessels;
Let her not leave vexation behind her for us and our children."

Priam greets Helen with the courtesy of a king, saying, among other things: —

"Nowise guilty I hold you; the gods are responsible only,
Who have incited against me the fatal war of the Argives."

After a few words of self-abasement, she points out, at the aged monarch's request, the Hellenic chieftains in the plain below. The loneliness of her life in Troy, cut off from her race and kin, is brought out, but with no undue emphasis, in the passage concerning her brothers; which incidentally confirms our belief that to the poet of the Iliad Helen and her brothers are mortal, and of merely human nature. It is more prudent to quote here the deservedly famous and oft-cited version of Dr. Hawtrey. (Whether this was his only experiment in Homeric translation I have not learned.) It is Helen who speaks: —

"Clearly the rest I behold of the dark-eyed sons of Achaia;
Known to me well are the faces of all; their names I remember;
Two, two only remain, whom I see not among the commanders,—
Kastor fleet in the car, Polydeukes brave with the cestus;
Own dear brethren of mine; one parent loved us as infants.
Are they not here in the host, from the shores of loved Lakedaimon,
Or, though they came with the rest in ships that bound through the waters,
Dare they not enter the fight or stand in the council of heroes,
All for fear of the shame and the taunts my crime has awakened?"
So said she. They long since in Earth's soft arms were reposing,
There in their own dear land, their fatherland, Lakedaimon.

The combat ends with Paris' discomfiture, and Aphrodite has to interfere and snatch him away in a cloud to save his forfeit life; but there is nothing to indicate that Helen is more concerned than any other spectator. Then Aphrodite appears to Helen in the guise of an old woman, and bids her return home to console her lover. Helen refuses with pettish rudeness, bidding Aphrodite go to him herself, "to become his wife, or his handmaid." Her chief concern is for her own disgrace.

"The Trojan women behind me
All will jeer, and I in spirit have sorrows unnumbered."

Yet to a second and sterner summons she renders prompt obedience. Perhaps the goddess only stands for the lawless love in Helen's own breast. At least there is often a temptation to have recourse to such allegorical interpretations when a divinity appears only to a single person, and merely for a moment. So in the council scene already mentioned, Pallas darts from heaven to bid Achilles refrain from physical violence against Agamemnon. She is revealed only to the son of Peleus, and seems little more than his own wiser self.

Upon reaching the chamber of Paris, Helen taunts him with his overthrow, but she is unable to resist his wheedling words, and is presently only too ready to accept his caresses. There is no moment when the doom of Troy seems so imminent, and so deserved, as at the close of the third book, when we see, as it were, at the same glance, the guilty lovers in their momentary security, and Menelaus, raging like a baffled lion up and down the place of combat, hoping yet to discover and slay his vanquished enemy. The poet adds grimly that not one of the Trojans would have screened their prince, but would gladly have pointed him out to the injured husband, "for he was hated like black death by them all."

We are now about to approach the chief series of home and domestic scenes in the poem, the episode for the sake

of which any paper like the present is largely written. There is the less objection to detaching Hector's visit to Troy from its present connection in the poem, because it can hardly have been composed for the place it now occupies. It is not like Hector to leave a desperate and losing fight that he may take a message to the city, — which any page could have carried as well as he, — and to linger there for an hour at least, forgetful of his duties as commander in the field. And the pathos of the immortal parting scene is materially lessened as we discover that Hector, for two succeeding nights, came back in safety to Andromache's arms; encamped on the third and fourth nights in the plain, and perished only on the fifth day!

The episode of his visit to Ilios fills the greater part of the sixth book. Diomedes has more than filled Achilles' place during the first day's fighting, putting men and gods to rout. In the midst of the flight and panic of the Trojans, Helenus, their chief priest and seer, bids his brother Hector, first rallying and ordering the terrified host, go straightway to the city. He is to command Hecabè, the queen, to assemble the aged women of Troy and go in procession to Pallas Athene's temple with a propitiatory offering. Little actually occurs during his absence. The poet fills the gap by recording the famous dialogue between Diomedes and Glaucos, with their exchange of armor on the battlefield.

It would be impertinent to interrupt the unbroken flow of the famous rhapsody with any comment or discussion. We must venture, however, to call the reader's attention to the skillful use that is made of golden silence in this part of the poem; to Hector as he receives with unuttered scorn Paris' voluble excuses; to Andromache, who is already departed, a tear in her eye and a smile on her lip, toward her desolate home, ere Hector's last words are uttered; but, above all, to the eloquent muteness of Hecabè, lady of many sorrows, turning away obediently to do the bidding of her valorous and dutiful son, who has just prayed with all his heart for the speedy death of the guilty, selfish, best-belovèd younger brother!

HECTOR'S VISIT TO ILIOS.

(Iliad VI. 237–502.)

When now Hector arrived at the Scæan gate and the beech-tree,
Round him quickly were gathered the daughters and wives of the Trojans,
Asking for news of their friends, — of child and brother and husband,
Hector commanded them unto the gods to make their petition,
All of them, each in her turn; but grief was appointed for many.

Presently he was arrived at the beautiful palace of Priam.
It was adorned with porches of polished columns. Within it
Chambers, fifty in number, of shining marble were builded;
Close at the side of each other they stood; and there did the princes
Dwell with their lawful wives. On the innermost side of the courtyard,
Opposite, stood the abode of the married daughters of Priam,
Twelve roofed chambers of shining marble, and close to each other.
There had the daughters of Priam their home, with the men they had wedded.

There his bountiful mother came forth to receive him, and with her
Led she Laodice, who was the fairest in face of her daughters.
Closely she clung to his hand, and thus in words she addressed him:
"Child, why is it you come, deserting the furious combat?
Hard pressed surely are ye by the hateful sons of the Argives
Struggling about our town; and your own spirit has brought you
Hither, to lift your hands unto Zeus from the heights of the city.
Yet pray wait till I bring you the wine that is sweeter than honey;
So you may pour a libation to Zeus and the other immortals
First, and then 't were well for you yourself if you quaffed it.

Mightily wine increases the strength of a man exhausted,
Even as you are exhausted by strife in defense of your dear ones."

Then unto her made answer the great bright-helmeted Hector:
"Proffer me not the delightsome wine, O reverend mother,
Lest you enfeeble my limbs, and my force and my strength be forgotten.
Yet uncleansed are my hands. I fear me to pour in libation
Gleaming wine unto Zeus. To the cloud-wrapt monarch of heaven
I, who with gore am beflecked, may dare not to make my petition.
But do you go yourself to the fane of Athene the Spoiler;
Gather the aged dames, and carry your offerings with you.
Ay, and a robe in your hall that is lying, the fairest and largest,
Dearest of all to your heart, you must also bear to the temple.
Lay this over the knees of the fair-tressed goddess Athene.
Promise her, too, you will slay twelve oxen for her in the temple,
Sleek, that know not the goad, if she will have pity upon you,
Saving the Trojans' wives, their helpless children, and city,
If she afar from sacred Troy will hold Diomedes,
That undaunted spearman, the savage, the rouser of terror.
So do you go your ways to the fane of Athene the Spoiler;
I myself am going to seek and to call Alexandros,
If he perchance be willing to heed me. Yet were it better
Earth should yawn for him! Truly the lord of Olympus has made him
Source of woe unto Troy, and to Priam the brave and his children.
Gladly indeed unto Hades' gate would I see him descending.
Then would I say that my heart had a joyless sorrow forgotten."

So did he speak; but the mother returned to her home, and commanded
Straightway her maids, who assembled the aged dames of the city.
Hecabè down to her odorous treasure-chamber descended;
There were the garments richly embroidered, the labor of women,
Wrought by Sidonian women, whom Alexander the godlike
Brought from Sidon with him, as the wide-wayed water he traversed,
Homeward sailing to Troy with Helena daughter of princes.
One robe Hecabé lifted, and brought as a gift to Athene:
This was the one of them all most fairly embroidered and largest;
Brightly it shone as a star, and under the rest it was lying.
Forth she fared, and the ancient dames in multitude followed.

When they were come to Athene's fane on the heights of the city,
She of the beautiful cheeks, Theano the daughter of Kisseus, —
She who was wife to the knightly Antenor, — opened the portal,
Since she had been of the Trojans appointed Athene's priestess.
They, with a prayerful wail, all raised their hands to Athene,
While bright-faced Theano uplifted the robe and bestowed it
Over the knees of the fair-tressed goddess Athene; and loudly
Unto the daughter of Zeus supreme she made her petition.
"Royal Athene, the saver of towns, O goddess divinest,
Break, I pray, Diomedes' lance, and grant that the hero
Prone in the dust shall lie, at the Scæan gate of the city.
So that to thee straightway twelve kine we will slay in thy temple,
Sleek, that know not the goad, if thou wilt have pity upon us,
Saving the Trojans' wives, their helpless children, and city."
Thus she prayed: but Athene tossed her head in refusal.

While to the daughter of Zeus most high they made their petition,
Hector had come meantime to the beautiful palace of Paris;
This Alexander himself had built, with the craftiest workmen, —
Best of the builders were they in the fertile land of the Troad, —
Near unto Priam's and Hector's home, on the heights of the city.
Hector, beloved of Zeus, passed into the palace, and with him
Carried his spear, full six yards long; and brightly before him
Glittered the point of bronze, and the golden circlet upon it.
Paris he found in his chamber, preparing his beautiful armor,

Shield and breastplate, and testing his bended bow and his arrows.
Argive Helen was sitting among her women attendants.
Glorious works of the loom her maidens wrought at her bidding.
Hector reproached his brother in words of scorn as he saw him:
"Sirrah, it is not well to cherish your anger within you.
Perishing now are the people about our city and rampart,
Waging the strife; but for your sake only the battle and war-cry
Rages around our town; and you would be wroth with another,
If you should find him skulking afar from the hateful encounter.
Up, then, ere our homes with devouring flames shall be kindled!"

Then, in reply to his brother, thus spake Alexander the godlike:
"Hector, indeed you reproach me, with justice, no more than I merit.
Therefore to you will I speak, and do you give attention and hearken.
Not out of rage at the Trojans so much, nor yet in resentment
Here in my chamber I sate, but I wished to give way to my sorrow.
Yet even now my wife, with gentle entreaty consoling,
Bade me go forth to the fray, and I, too, think it is better.
Victory comes unto this one in turn, and again to another.
Tarry a moment, I pray, till I don mine armor for battle;
Or, do you go, and I will pursue, and, I think, overtake you."
So did he speak; and to him bright-helmeted Hector replied not.
Helen, however, with gentlest accents spoke and addressed him.
"Brother of mine, — of a wretch, of a worker of evil, a horror!
Would that the selfsame day whereon my mother had borne me,
I had been seized and swept by the furious breath of the storm-wind
Into the mountains, or else to the sea with its thundering billows.
There had I met my doom, ere yet these deeds were accomplished!
Or, as the gods had appointed for me this destiny wretched,
Truly I wish I had been with a man more valorous wedded,
Who would have heeded the scorn of the folk and their bitter resentment.
Never a steadfast spirit in this man abides, nor will it
Ever hereafter be found; and methinks his reward will be ready! —
Nay, but I pray you to enter, and here on a chair to be seated,
Brother, for on your heart most heavily laid is the burden
Wrought by my own base deeds and the sinful madness of Paris.
Evil the destiny surely that Zeus for us twain has appointed,
Doomed to be subjects of song among men of a far generation."
Then unto her made answer the great bright-helmeted Hector:
"Helena, bid me not sit, — nor will you, tho' gracious, persuade me.
Eagerly yearns my spirit to fight in defense of the Trojans,
While among them there is longing already for me in my absence.
This one I pray you to rouse, and let him make haste for himself, too,
So he may yet overtake me before I depart from the city,
Since I am now on my way to my home, in the hope I may find there
Both my wife and my infant son, and the rest of my household:
For if again I may come returning in safety I know not,
Or if already the gods by the hands of Achaians shall slay me."

He, so speaking, departed, — the great bright-helmeted Hector.
Presently into his own well-builded palace he entered.
Yet his wife, white-armed Andromache, was not within it.
She with her infant child and her fair-robed maid had departed.
Now on the tower at the gate she stood, and bewailed and lamented.
Hector, when he had found not the blameless lady within doors,
Came and stood at the threshold, and thus did he speak to his servants:
"Tell me, I pray you, O serving-maidens, the truth with exactness.
Whither is lovely Andromache out of her palace departed?
Is she then gone to the home of my brothers' wives, or my sisters',
Or did she fare to the shrine of the goddess Athene, where others,
Fair-tressed Trojan dames, are appeasing the terrible goddess?"
Then made answer to him their faithful housekeeper, saying:

"Hector, since you have bidden us tell you the truth with exactness,
Not to your sisters' home, nor your brothers' wives' she departed,
Nor did she go to the shrine of the goddess Athene, where others,
Fair-tressed Trojan dames, are appeasing the terrible goddess.
But to the tower of Ilios sped she, since it was told her
Hard were the Trojans prest, and great was the might of the Argives.
Therefore she in her eager haste has rushed to the rampart
Like one crazed; and the nurse, with the boy in her arms, went also."
So did the servant reply, and Hector rushed from the palace,
Back by the well-built ways, and the path he so lately had traversed.
So through the city he passed, and came to the Scæan gateway,
Where he intended forth to the plain and the battle to sally.
There did his bounteous wife, Andromache, running to meet him
Come, — Andromache, child of Eëtion, fearless in spirit.
He, Eëtion, dwelt at the foot of deep-wooded Plakos,
King of Cilician folk in Thebè under the mountain.
She was his daughter, and wife unto brazen-helmeted Hector.
So she came and met him, and with her followed the servant,
Clasping the innocent boy to her bosom, — yet but an infant,
Hector's well-loved child, — and brightly he shone as a star shines.
Hector Scamandrios called him, the others Astyanax named him,
— Prince of the city, — for Hector alone was Ilios' bulwark.

Smiling the father stood, as he looked at his son, and in silence.
Close to his side, with a tear in her eye, Andromache, pressing,
Clung to her husband's hand, and thus she spoke and addressed him:
"Ah me, surely your prowess will slay you! Nor will you have pity,
Not for your helpless child, nor yet for myself the ill-fated.
Soon I of you shall be robbed. Erelong the Achaians will slay you,
All of them rushing upon you! And truly, for me it were better,
When I of you am bereft, to go down to the grave. Nor hereafter
May consolation be mine, when once your doom is accomplished,
Only laments! No father have I, nor reverend mother.
Well do you know how godlike Achilles murdered my father,
When he had sacked our city, that well-built town of Cilicians,
Thebè with lofty gates; and Eëtion also he murdered,
Though he despoiled him not, since that he dreaded in spirit.
There did the victor burn his body, in beautiful armor.
He, too, heaped up a mound; and the elms are growing about it,
Set by the Oreads, sprung from Zeus, who is lord of the ægis.
Seven my brethren were, who together abode in the palace.
All on a single day passed down to the dwelling of Hades,
Each of them slain by the sword of the fleet-footed, godlike Achilles, —
They, and the white-fleeced sheep, and the herds of slow-paced oxen.
Lastly, my mother, who ruled as queen under deep-wooded Plakos:
Though he had led her hither along with the rest of his booty,
Yet he released her again, and accepted a bountiful ransom.
Then, in the hall of her father, the huntress Artemis slew her.
Hector, so you are to me both father and reverend mother;
You are my brother as well, and you are my glorious husband.
Pray have pity upon me, and tarry you here on the rampart,
Lest you may leave as an orphan your boy, and your wife as a widow.
Order your people to stand by the fig-tree, since upon that side
Easier gained is the wall, and exposed to assault is the city.
(Certainly thrice already the bravest have come to attempt it:
Ajax the less and the greater, renowned Idomeneus with them,
Tydeus' valorous son, and both of the children of Atreus.
Whether because some man well skilled in augury bade them,
Or it may chance that their own hearts urged and impelled them to do it.")

Then unto her made answer the great bright-helmeted Hector:
"Surely for all these things, my wife, am I troubled, but greatly

Shamed were I before Trojans and long-robed Trojan matrons,
If like a coward I lingered afar from the war and the battle.
Nor has my heart so bade me, because I have learned to be always
Valiant and ready to fight in the foremost line of our people,
Striving to win high fame, for myself and for Priam my father.
This, too, well do I know, — in my heart and my soul it abideth:
Surely a day shall come when the sacred city shall perish,
Priam himself, and the folk of Priam the valorous spearman.
Yet far less do I grieve for the Trojans' sorrows hereafter,
Even the woes of Hecabè's self, and of Priam the monarch,
Or for the fate of my brethren, though many will perish undaunted,
Falling prone in the dust by the hands of the merciless foemen, —
Less do I grieve for all this than for you, when a warrior Achaian
Leads you lamenting away, for the day of your freedom is ended.
Then as another's slave at the loom you will labor in Argos,
Or from the spring Hypereia draw water, or else from Messeis,
Oft in reluctance, because compulsion is heavy upon you.
Then, as you weep, perchance 't will be said by one who shall see you,
'Yon is Hector's wife, who still among knightly Trojans
Bravest proved in the fray, when Troy was with battle encircled.'
So some day they will speak, and again will the pain be repeated,
Since of so faithful a husband bereft you suffer in bondage.
Verily dead may I be, and the earth heaped heavy upon me,
Ere I may hear thy cry, or behold thee dragged by the foemen."

Speaking thus, for his son reached out the illustrious Hector;
Yet he backward recoiled on the breast of the faithful attendant,
Crying aloud in his fright at the sight of his father belovèd.
'T was by the brazen mail and the horsehair plume he was frightened,
Seeing it nodding so fiercely adown from the crest of his helmet.
Then out laughed the affectionate father and reverend mother.
Presently now the illustrious Hector lifted his helmet
Off from his head; on the ground he laid it, resplendently gleaming.
When he had tossed in his arms his well-loved son, and caressed him,
Then unto Zeus and the other immortals he made his petition:
"Zeus, and ye other immortals, I pray you that even as I am
So this boy may become preëminent over the Trojans,
Mighty and fearless as I, and in Ilios rule by his prowess!
May it hereafter be said, 'He is better by far than his father!'
When he returns from the fray with the blood-stained armor of heroes,
When he has smitten the foe, and gladdened the heart of his mother."
So did he speak; and into the arms of his wife, the belovèd,
Laid he the boy, and she in her fragrant bosom received him,
Laughing with tears in her eyes. Her husband was moved as he saw her:
"Dear one, be not for me so exceedingly troubled in spirit.
No one against Fate's will shall send me untimely to Hades.
None among mortal men his destiny ever evadeth, —
Neither the coward nor hero, when once his doom is appointed.
Pray you, go to your home, and there give heed to your duties,
Tasks of the loom and the spindle, and lay your commands on the servants,
So they may work your will. Let men take thought for the combat,
All — I most of them all — whoso are in Ilios native."

So having spoken, illustrious Hector took up the helmet,
Horsehair-crested. The faithful wife had homeward departed,
Turning ever about, and fast were her tears down dropping.
Presently now to her palace she came, that so fairly was builded,
Home of Hector, destroyer of heroes: many a servant
Found she within, and among them all she aroused lamentation.
They in his home over Hector lamented, while yet he was living,
Since they believed he would come no more from the battle returning,
Nor would escape from the hands and might of the valiant Achaians.

These three women, Hecabè, Helen, and Andromache, appear again in the closing scenes of the drama. Hecabè in particular is seen quite frequently in the later books; and yet, she does not appeal to us, as the type of motherhood in bereavement, by any means so powerfully as might be expected. In fact, the dignity even of her queenly position is sadly lessened in our eyes, perhaps in the eyes of the ancient Greeks, by her apparently contented acquiescence in the conditions of a polygamous household. Sometimes she seems little better than the head of an Oriental harem. For example, in the last book, Priam, endeavoring to move Achilles' heart to pity, speaks as follows, with no touch of shame, feeling only the pathos of his own loss: —

> Fifty numbered my sons when to Ilios came the Achaians:
> Nineteen borne of a single mother to me, and the others
> Children of women that dwelt in my royal abode; but already
> Now are the knees of the most by Ares the furious broken.

Such a half-brother, Gorgythion, falls at Hector's side in one of the earlier combats of the poem, and his mother, Castianeira, is there spoken of as "wedded," by Priam, "from Thrace, and like the goddesses in beauty."

Yet worse remains: when Hector tarries alone outside the town to face the enraged Achilles, Priam and Hecabè lean from the wall together, bidding him have pity on their gray hairs and come within the gates; and Priam says: —

> Nay, even now two sons, Polydorus and also Lycaon,
> I am unable to see as the host throngs into the city.
> These Laothoë bore unto me, — most noble of women.
> If they still are alive in the Argive encampment, surely
> They shall be ransomed with gold and with bronze, for within is abundance.
> Large was the dower illustrious Altes gave with his daughter.
> If they already are dead and abide in the dwelling of Hades,
> Bitter the sorrow will be to my heart and the mother who bore them.

It is hard to believe that the poet who created Andromache is unconscious how much he is weakening Hecabè's hold upon our sympathies. There is, nevertheless, real pathos in her words, which presently follow, though they are but a brief pendant to a much longer appeal of Priam.

> Tearing open her robe and revealing her breast with the one hand,
> So she a tear let fall, and in wingèd words she addrest him:
> "Hector, my child, this bosom revere, and have pity upon me!
> If with my breast I ever have made thee forgetful of sorrows,
> Now be mindful thereof, dear child, and, avoiding the foeman,
> Enter within our walls; stand not thus forward to meet him.
> Merciless is he, and if he shall slay thee, never, my darling,
> I and thy bounteous wife on thy bed shall lay thee, lamenting:
> Yon by the Argive vessels the swift-footed dogs will devour thee."

When her worst forebodings have been realized, and Achilles drags Hector's lifeless body behind his chariot as he drives exultantly shoreward, the pitiful group "in the chamber over the gate" is again brought distinctly into view, as it were to complete the picture.

> And the mother
> Tore her hair, and flung far from her the beautiful head-dress,
> When she beheld her son, and loud and shrill she lamented.
> Pitiful, too, was the father's wail, and about him the people,
> Everywhere in the city, to moaning and weeping betook them.

But here again the father is unmistakably the chief figure. He can hardly be restrained in his frenzy from rushing forth at the gates to share his son's doom. He fully realizes now that Hector was most dear to him among all his children. Though so many of his sons

have fallen at Achilles' hands, he mourns for Hector more than for all the rest. He wishes he might at any rate have held him dying in his arms: —

"So we at least had sated ourselves with weeping and wailing,
I myself, and the evil-fated mother who bore him."
So did he make his moan, and the townsmen groaning responded.
Then the Trojan women lamented, and Hecabè led them:
"Wretched am I, my child! Why am I alive in my sorrow?
Low thou liest in death, who by night and by day in our city
Ever my pride hast been, and to all our people a blessing,
Both to the men and the women of Troy. By all thou wert greeted
Like to a god: and indeed thou wert their honor and glory
During thy life! Yet now thy death and doom are accomplished."

It illustrates excellently the wise moderation and simplicity of the greatest artists, that Andromache is not present as a witness of Hector's unworthy flight and death. At this point we have again a glimpse of her home-life, which is clearly intended to recall that memorable earlier scene in which she appeared.

But Andromache knew not
Yet of her Hector's fate. No messenger came with the tidings,
Saying her husband had tarried outside of the gate of the city.
She was weaving a web, in the inmost room of her palace,
Twofold, purple, and many a flower she broidered upon it.
Unto the serving-maids in her hall she had given commandment
Over the fire to set a mighty tripod, that Hector
Might have water, to bathe, when homeward he came from the battle.
Hapless one! for she knew not that he, far, far from the bathing,
Under Achilles' hands by keen-eyed Pallas was vanquished.
Then from the tower she heard the shrieks and the voice of lamenting.
Trembling seized on her body, the shuttle was dropt from her fingers.
Straightway unto her fair-tressed serving-maids she commanded:
"Come ye twain with me to behold what deeds are accomplished.
That was the voice of my husband's reverend mother. Within me
Up to the lips my heart doth leap, and my knees are enfeebled;
Surely calamity now draws nigh to the children of Priam.
Would that the tidings never might come to my ears! But I fear me
Terribly, lest bold Hector alone by the godlike Achilles
Be cut off from the city, and unto the plain may be driven.
So ere now hath he ended the perilous pride that possessed him,
Since he never would stay in the midst of the ranks of his people.
Far to the vanward he hastened, in hardihood yielding to no man."
Such were her words, and out of the hall as if frantic she darted.
Wildly her heart was throbbing; and with her followed the maidens.
When to the battlements she was come, and the throng of the people,
There on the rampart taking her stand she gazed, and beheld him
Dragged in front of the town, and the swift-hooved steeds of Achilles
Merciless drew him along to the hollowed ships of the Argives.
Over her eyes like a veil descended the darkness of Hades.
Backward she fell in a swoon, and her soul fled out of her body.
Far from her head she cast the shining adornment upon it,
— Frontlet, and net for the hair, and headband skillfully plaited,
Even her veil, — 't was a gift from Aphrodite the golden,
On that day whereon bright-helmeted Hector had led her
Out of Eëtion's hall, having furnished numberless bride-gifts.
Round her gathered the sisters of Hector, and wives of his brothers.
They in their midst upheld her, who nigh unto death was distracted.
When she again drew breath, and her soul had returned to her body,
Heavily sobbing she cried, in the midst of the women of Troia,
"Hector! ill-fated am I! to the self-same doom we were nurtured,
Both of us: you in Troy, in the royal palace of Priam,
I in Thebè, under the deep-wooded mountain of Plakos,
There in Eëtion's hall, who reared me when I was little!

Wretched were father and child! I would
I had ne'er been begotten!
— Now unto Hades' abode in the depths of
the earth thou departest.
I am behind thee left, in my bitter bereave-
ment, a widow
Here in our halls: and our boy is yet but an
infant and helpless,
Child of ill-starred parents, of me and of
thee: and in nowise
Thou, when dead, and he, shall be to each
other a comfort.

After some hesitation, a passage of about twenty lines has been omitted at this point from Andromache's lament. It is a somewhat famous picture of an orphan's lot. He is described as thrust aside by his father's friends while they sit at the feast, as beaten, starved, and thirsty. Surely this could not be the lot of Hector's son while Troy stood unconquered. When Astyanax is directly mentioned, it is as one who had fed "only on marrow and fat flesh of sheep:" a strange diet for an infant in the nurse's arms! Ancient and modern students are generally agreed that the verses cannot be Homeric. The following lines form the close of the twenty-second book, the central event of which is Hector's death: —

"Now by the curving Achaian vessels afar
from thy parents,
When thou the hounds hast sated, the writh-
ing worms shall devour thee.
Naked thou art, and yet in our palace the
garments are ready,
Delicate beautiful garments, the handiwork
of the women.
All these I will destroy in devouring flame:
though in nowise
This will be helpful to thee, nor shalt thou
within them be lying,
Yet among Trojan women and men it will
bring to thee honor."
— Thus she lamenting spoke, and wailing
responded the women.

Only the two closing books of the great epic remain to be mentioned. The twenty-third is chiefly occupied with the games celebrated in Patroclus' honor. These scenes, naturally, afford little material suited to our present purpose. There is, however, a sinister reminder of the abundance of captive women, doubtless largely of gentle birth, held as prisoners in the camp. For the contest in wrestling, the first prize is a great tripod, intended for use over the fire, and estimated by the Greeks as of twelve oxen's worth. The "consolation" prize for the loser is a woman. Though "skilled in many tasks," she is valued only at four oxen. The victor in the chariot-race is to win both a woman and a tripod.

The limitations of space warn us to pass rapidly over the last book of the Iliad, the more as it has been already quite fully discussed in an earlier paper.[1] When Priam is commanded by Iris, — who comes at the bidding of Zeus, — to set forth toward the Grecian camp and beg back Hector's body from Achilles, he consults Hecabè before following his own strong impulse to obey. She thinks the aged king mad to venture thither, and bids him submit to Fate, which from birth has doomed Hector to feed the Grecian hounds with his flesh. She adds a savage wish that she herself might fasten upon and devour the vitals of Achilles. (Perhaps the passage was the starting point of that strange later legend, that Hecabè was actually transformed into a dog.) When her warnings fail to check the determination of Priam, she gives him no aid in selecting the treasures which may move the victor's heart. Just as his chariot is made ready for the perilous journey, she appears in the courtyard, in her hand a golden cup filled with wine. This she bids Priam pour in libation, and also urges him to pray for a favorable omen, which is straightway accorded, in the form of an eagle.

It is Cassandra, Hector's sister, who first descries the father returning next morning with the body of his son. All the folk of Troy, women and men, meet the bier without the gates. After the arrival at the hero's home, he is lamented by

[1] Closing Scenes of the Iliad, Atlantic Monthly, October, 1889.

the three noble dames, Andromache, Hecabè and Helen. The wife dwells chiefly on her son's loss of a father, and forebodes the violent death which actually befell Astyanax in the sack of Troy. The mother is assured that Hector, her own dearest son, was dear to the gods as well, and seems to think his present lot less bitter than the slavery into which his captive brethren have been sold beyond the sea: —

> Fresh and dewy before me now in thy hall thou art lying,
> Like unto one who is slain by the shining archer Apollo,

that is, one who has met a sudden and painless death. Helen, whose appearance here, though perhaps surprising, is certainly very effective, pays a more direct tribute than the others to the dead prince. She has lost the one steadfast friend she had among this alien folk. Priam indeed has always treated her with gentle courtesy, — as we have observed for ourselves in the first scene upon the wall, — but Hector, himself ever courteous, had also restrained the unkind tongues of his kin. (There is a passing hint that the queen mother had not spared the feelings of this unwelcome and unwedded daughter-in-law.) And then, after brief mention of Hector's obsequies, the curtain finally falls.

In regard to this trio, Andromache, Hecabè, Helen, as well as the less prominent women of the Iliad, it should be kept in mind that they are not intended to become, even for the time being, the chief object of interest. Each of them might indeed be so treated, — and in fact every one of the three was so treated, — in an Attic tragedy. But here they are, so to speak, not sculptured in the round, and refuse to be viewed as complete character-studies. Though drawn in firm and strong outlines, by a master's hand, they bear to the great temple of epic song merely the relation of figures in the frieze, or of the group upon a metope. One object of such a special study as the present paper is, to induce the reader to observe these same figures more carefully in their proper connection and environment, as component parts of the whole poem.

The Greeks reserved their highest admiration for devoted friendship between men. Hence the love of Achilles and Patroclus held the loftiest place in the appreciation of the classic people. The wedded happiness of Hector and Andromache appeals, it may be, more powerfully to us than to Homer's first hearers, certainly far more strongly than it did to Athenians of the fifth or fourth century B. C. Doubtless it was partly this feeling that led to the inclusion of Hector, not Achilles, among the three pagan knights, who with three Jewish heroes and three Christian champions, were held up for admiration in mediæval times as ideals of chivalry. Andromache is not, however, dwarfed or overshadowed even by her heroic and patriotic lord.

Of Helen this is not the place to speak at length. She can hardly be treated at all without the inclusion of the scene where she reappears, in the Odyssey, radiant, fascinating, and happy, despite all these years of shame, the well-loved wife of a contented Menelaus! Indeed, her figure is so frequently seen in later literature, of ancient and modern times, that it would not be easy to stop short of Goethe's Helena.[1]

We have already indicated our feeling, that the epic treatment has weakened, doubtless intentionally weakened, our natural sympathy with the sorrows of Hecabè. The poet probably always remembers that he is himself a Greek.

[1] As for Andrew Lang's ill-starred collaboration in an audacious continuation of the Homeric story, in the form of a sensational prose romance, he himself realized the impiety of the attempt before it was fairly completed. We can only say Amen to his confession, — and accept his latest volume, in defence of Homer, as a manful palinode.

Certainly he always keeps it before us, that not only Paris, but Troy, is utterly in the wrong. And it is above all else the weak devotion and submission of the royal parents to Paris' lawless desire, that draws down ruin upon all Ilios as well as upon himself. It may be that the polygamous life of the palace is to be thought of as aiding in blinding their eyes to the inexpiable nature of the wrong done to Menelaus.

These impressions are set down with somewhat more confidence, because we find, present in the poem, a purer, more beautiful, and, upon the whole, a more pathetic figure of motherhood in sorrow, than that of Hecabè. It is a character which at first thought may seem to lie beyond the limits of our announced subject. I mean the mother of Achilles.

Homer's divinities in general do not appear to me to be taken quite seriously even by their creator. Though we may not feel all the grim earnestness of Plato as we watch their actions, we can hardly fail to agree with him, that they are surprisingly bad models of behavior to set before the youthful mind. The childish temper of the goddesses, in particular, culminates in the astonishing scene of the twenty-first book, where nearly all the divinities take part, in almost ludicrous fashion, with Greeks or Trojans in the fray. Hera, irritated by a bold word from Artemis' lips, seizes both the maiden's wrists in her left hand, and with the right

> Smiling
> Beat her over the ears, while this way and that she was turning.

The weapon used in this chastisement is the huntress' own bow and quiver, and the arrows fall meanwhile far and wide in the dust. Presently, when released, the archer-maid flies for comfort to her august father, who, smiling, holds her upon his knee while she bitterly complains of his ill-tempered spouse, — mother Leto meantime carefully gathering up the scattered arrows. Of this remarkable family we are content to see little more, as the epic gathers yet greater dignity and force through the closing books.

But Thetis is hardly of their kin, in no sense of their kind; and though she is a divinity, dwelling with the rest of her race in the depths of the sea, it is in a wholly human relation and character that she so often meets us in the Iliad.

As to the unique and undying charm of the silvery-footed Nereid, we appeal fearlessly to every schoolboy. (That is, to Macaulay's schoolboy, whom we may fitly set here to face the New Zealander invoked in our prologue.) Any one who has read the tale, no matter how painfully scanned through the darkened window of a Greek text, cannot have forgotten the thrill of pleasure, the full assurance that we were indeed in the land of Enchantment, that came over us at the point where Achilles' tearful appeal upon the lonely strand is instantly answered:

> And his reverend mother did hear him
> Where in the depths of the sea by her ancient sire she was sitting.

Though

> Like a mist from the brine she uprises,

yet the goddess is at once lost in the mother as she takes her place beside her mortal son. And under her caressing hand the strong-souled warrior is again but a weeping boy at that mother's knee. He gladly obeys her bidding to repeat to her all the story of his wrongs, though well aware that she is already as familiar with it as himself. In his appeal for her intercession, we catch a glimpse of that marvelous childhood in the royal halls of Thessaly, and yet beyond we hear also the murmur of strange discord in the divine world, which could hardly have come, save through her lips, even to the ears of the inspired bard. For Achilles recalls to his mother how in childhood he had heard her tell that she alone had once saved the tottering throne of Zeus, when brother, wife, and favorite daughter conspired against him and would have compassed his downfall.

Yet even this reminder of her wondrous power is offered only as a reason why she may well intercede at Zeus' knees for justice to her child. The tears of mother and son are for a moment commingled, and she bitterly bewails the day when she bore him to brief life and a grievous doom. And it was in truth utterly against her own will, doubtless through actual guile and force combined, that this free daughter of the billowy sea had submitted to a mortal husband. (We must abandon all such graceful fancies as that of Catullus, that the youthful Peleus and the Nereid, ageless and deathless forever, were smitten with sudden love and longing for each other when first the Argo startled the sea nymphs in waters never disturbed before by mortal wayfarers.) Yet once wedded, and a mother, she tarried with seeming content in the abode of the human father of her Achilles. It may be well to assure a modern reader that she is no mere elemental spirit, like the Undines of our northern world of myth, who acquire a soul and hope of immortality from this union with man. The divinities of the Greeks are like mankind; in fact, early poets assure us that they were sprung from the same source. But the differences are wholly in the favor of the divine natures, who lack nothing which man has to bestow.

It was doubtless only the bond of maternal love that detained Thetis in Peleus' home, for now that Achilles is in the Troad, she also has returned to Nereus' submarine palace in this quarter of the Ægean, to be ever close at hand in her son's time of need.

At the earliest possible moment, Thetis does betake herself to snowy Olympus, and obtains from Zeus the promise of just vengeance upon Agamemnon. Here the temptation lies especially near, to interpret her as the mere embodied type of mother-love itself, traversing sea, earth, and heaven in her devotion, and interceding at the very throne of grace for suffering, wronged humanity. But such a fancy is no doubt foreign to the intention of the poet, for whom she is as real a person as any actor in the tale.

Wherever she reappears, it is because the same chord of maternal affection is struck. Everywhere we see the silvery flash of her tireless feet, the tender grace of divine motherhood, the sad prescience of mourning soon to be. The most learned critic of antiquity erased three lines from his edition of the poem, because they laid upon her lips a sentiment unworthy of the mother.

Her most important later appearance is when she comes to console Achilles for Patroclus' death, and thence departs to Hephaistos' abode on Olympus, in quest of fresh armor to replace that stripped by Hector from Patroclus slain. It is with a heavy heart that she thus proceeds to equip her hero for his last and greatest exploit, for she has just reminded Achilles: —

> Shortlived truly, my child, thou 'lt be, from the words thou hast uttered,
> Since at once after Hector for thee too death is appointed.

The culminating scene of Thetis' life as a mother does not come within the limits of our subject, for Achilles is yet alive when the poem closes. This very fact, however, may serve to emphasize what has been said elsewhere, that the pathetic characters of the Iliad exist not for their own sake, but purely to serve the requirements of the epic plot. From a special study like the present essay it is peculiarly desirable to return to a thoughtful perusal of the poem as a whole. And the phrase is chosen advisedly. There is no more imperative duty for the teacher of literature, than to encourage the study of the Iliad and the Odyssey, and indeed of all other great poems, as wholes: as the masterpieces of ideal artists, appealing, like a Madonna Sistina or a heaven-piercing Gothic spire, to the noblest of human faculties, the imagination.

Neither the arguments nor the masterly English translations of the two older friends to whom I am most indebted for encouragement and sympathy, Mr. Charles Eliot Norton and Mr. George Herbert Palmer, have convinced me that prose is the proper form into which to translate a poem, particularly a sustained effort like an epic. One point seems to me not sufficiently emphasized in any discussion I have noted, namely, the importance of the *line* as a natural unit of measure for the thought. Any verse becomes unbearably artificial and wearisome to poet and hearer which is not of an approximately fit length for the ordinary, the average sentence or clause of the language in question.

Aristotle remarks that the iambic trimeter, the twelve-syllable verse of Greek tragedy, is the metrical form nearest to the language of prose, and intimates that this is the cause of its great success and vogue in Greek drama. The English speech, having lost its inflectional endings, usually needs only ten syllables, at most. Hence the persistent life of our "blank verse," and of rhymed combinations of the same unit. The "heroic couplet," however, passed out of use to a great extent in England with the coming of a less artificial poetic school, because its instantly recurring rhyme compels the expenditure of *twenty* syllables upon the expression of a single thought. This requires either padding of a feeble kind, — chiefly adjectives, — or else the composition of a second line carrying an idea purely tributary to that uttered in the preceding verse. An amusing instance of the former weakness was pointed out long ago, in the opening lines of Pope's Iliad, where two syllables can be excised from almost any line, with no appreciable loss to the thought. For example,

> "Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
> Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, sing!"

Of course a spring of unnumbered woes is direful; of course a goddess is heavenly. So, to the tune of Scott,

> Achilles' wrath, to Greece the spring
> Of woes unnumbered, goddess, sing!

The other fault, a very serious one in a translator, I have myself already remarked upon as illustrated at the other end of Pope's famous original poem on the Trojan war.

> "Such honors Ilium to her hero paid;
> And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade."

The first line may pass as a rather free version of

> So they made ready a grave for Hector the tamer of horses.

The last verse is not Homeric, nor Greek at all; nor can any one tell why the "shade" should "peaceful sleep" because the body is laid in the ground.

Dante's Commedia is composed in lines of about eleven syllables. The loss of music and grace in a transfer to English is a most discouraging one. I never yet knew any one who learned to love or admire the poem first through Longfellow's version. But the ideas, — Mr. Norton says we can bring over little more in any case, — are there. More than this, Longfellow offers us the poet's thoughts in orderly succession. We confess that with all the superior faithfulness and taste of Mr. Norton's own version, despite his Dantesque accuracy in choosing the one fit word, we are often bewildered, often wearied, by the weighty thoughts falling thick and fast without the recurrent pause between. We miss the division into lines, because it was a fit and natural division.[1]

And now, to apply all this to the case in hand. It has been already conceded

[1] If any lover of Dante will undertake to recall his favorite passages, he will almost invariably find himself quoting *entire lines*: "Quegli è Omero, poeta sovrano," "Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate," "Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante," and endeavoring to render them in English iambic verse.

that the Homeric hexameter is too long for an ordinary English sentence. That is alone enough to condemn it for use in a sustained original poem. Evangeline is not loved for its metre. Clough's Bothie is rugged reading. Kingsley's Andromeda is better metrically, but is a mere classical experiment in artificial form. These are not encouraging examples, and will hardly be largely followed.

In the problem of translating Homer, however, the question is both simpler and more difficult. The thoughts are furnished us, the amount a line shall express is fixed. The fatal defect of all versions in blank verse is that this unit of measure, the line, cannot be retained, and so the form of the thought is broken up. Ten English syllables cannot be made to hold the thought of the average Homeric verse. All translators make from a fifth to a half more lines. I tried laboriously to make such line-for-line versions for the essay on the Closing Scenes of the Iliad, and succeeded for just twenty-one successive verses. In many passages it would be absurd to attempt it.

Now, granting all the metrical and musical diversity between the two languages, it will doubtless still be conceded, that an English dactylic line, when successful, is, at least, a closer echo of the Homeric verse than anything else in our rhythmical armory. It was indeed a somewhat long line even for early Greek needs. Hence the frequent repetitions, the fixed epithets, etc., which are saved from the stigma of "padding" only by their unfailing grace and fitness. But here, — if anywhere, — the final solution of the translator's Homeric question is to be found. The resonant Latin element of our vocabulary must be freely drawn upon. The earlier freedom of forming fresh compounds might be cautiously revived. The naive repetitions and epithets of Homer should be fearlessly retained. Perhaps successive generations of humanistic scholars will have to use and improve upon the results of their predecessors, as Mr. Palmer both practices and advises. Perchance a great master of poetic forms will suddenly arise to show us how simple a thing it is to translate Homer, by simply doing it.

William Cranston Lawton.

TWO FACES.

When that enchanted tapestry unrolls
The pictures wrought in old Homeric song,
Where heroes wrestle with their dual souls
Who, born of gods, do yet to earth belong;

Where white-armed women ply the wondrous looms,
While long-haired Greek or crested Trojan falls;
Where desolation sits in lofty rooms,
And old men weep upon the fated walls;

Where skies are red with glare of burning pile,
Of cities sacked, of beakëd ships aflame;
Where gods insatiate bend with awful smile,
Above the countless hecatombs of slain;

Where that superb procession of the past
Sweeps through the ages and with noiseless tread
Marches and counter-marches, till at last
I seem myself to stand among the dead;

Then two young faces, vivid and intense,
Enthrall my spirit wheresoe'er I turn;
Two visions sweet of girlish innocence,
Of eyes that shine, of cheeks that pale and burn.

And them I follow through the fitful light
That weirdly shifts o'er human grief and joy,
E'en as they follow, from her chamber white,
The Argive Helen to the walls of Troy.

Silent they watch, with widely wondering eyes,
Her tender tears at Menelaus' name,
Discerning there that olden sad surprise,
Immortal beauty and immortal shame.

Silent they wait, these maids-in-waiting sweet:
What sudden thoughts within your bosoms stir,
O mute companions, as at Helen's feet
Ye watch the life-tide ebb and flow for her?

What part have ye in jealousy and hate,
In love and loss and sin's unseemly woe?
Alas! Of all the mysteries of fate,
There is not one ye shall not live to know!

Across life's web the shuttle rainbow-hued
No more henceforth can send its stainless thread;
A dull red seam, with this day's blight imbued,
Marks woman's faith despoiled and lying dead.

And no dread picture on the ancient page
So moves my being, — ah! not even he,
The great Achilles, awful in his rage,
Nursing his wrath beside the wailing sea;

Nor fair Andromache, who through her tears
Holds up her boy again and yet again
For that farewell which, ringing through the years,
Makes women weep and men once more be men;

Nor, where the fount of swift Scamander runs,
The glorious Hector falters for relief;
Not aged Priam, spoiled of many sons;
Not Hecuba, still royal in her grief;

But, uneclipsed by all the mighty shades,
Your faces haunt me, threatened by the Fates,
Æthra and Clymene, — O silent maids,
Who stand with Helen at the Scaean gates!

Emma Huntington Nason.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF DR. SCHLIEMANN.

When I came to Greece, Dr. Schliemann was one of my earliest visitors. I had hoped to see him at some time, and to know him distantly. It was part of my dream of Athens. To find myself at once, by his overtures, brought near him, taken into his confidence, was one of my pleasant Athenian surprises. Our first topic, after the ice was broken, was not Ithaca, or Mycenæ, or Troy, as one might have expected: it was Cuban railway shares. He had invested largely in these, and his agents had sold out on a rising market: by this *contretemps* he was much exercised, and anxious at once to recoup himself by new investments. It was an old acquaintance in a new light: I had not then read the autobiography in his Ilios, and had yet to learn that the uncoverer of ancient cities was first and foremost a hard-headed man of business. Almost the last time I met him, this impression was strengthened in a whimsical way. He had just returned from Troy with wagon-loads of antiquity, and I found him on the ground floor of his mansion, with Dr. Brückner and several assistants, piecing together ancient vase-fragments. He was eager to show us a fine fourth-century vase, just found by his workmen in digging the foundations for a block of Pompeian houses near the university. Holding the precious thing in his hand, he descanted earnestly on the myth depicted upon it, until a sudden turn brought him to the subject of the new houses: they would bring him only two and a half per cent. on his investment, and he ought to make five. And at once the dreamy archæologist was transformed into the alert and ambitious man of business. Intense in everything that touches the heroic past, he was no whit less intense in what concerned the bread-and-butter present.

From our first meeting I saw much of him: invitations to his house came thick and urgent. There were grand balls, filling the great marble mansion with the *élite* of Athens — half a thousand guests at times. There were select dinners that brought together the élite of the élite, and will always aid me, as I remember them, to recall the old Greek symposia. There were quiet breakfasts at which a favored few came still nearer one another and the genial host, particularly when (as was my privilege on the very last occasion) one sat by his side.

All visitors to Athens, especially all Americans, know the marble mansion on the street of the university, with its beautiful frescoes on the front and its sculptured gods and heroes guarding the battlements, with its garden full of oranges and climbing roses on either side and in the rear. Even in its exterior, it is a splendid palace, with its full front looking across the city upon the Acropolis. But enter once, and the charm of the house becomes commanding. The ground floor was a great museum, in some ways the most fascinating in the world, for it was full of the rude, prehistoric things of Troy. Adjacent were the working-rooms, where one found antiquity piled pell-mell, waiting for the work

of classification. Hence a wide marble stairway led up to the second floor, with its grand ball-room, drawing-room, dining-room, music-room, etc., etc.; while another took the visitor to the top, which was Dr. Schliemann's own. Here was his magnificent library, with its long, wide balcony; from this balcony he was fond of pointing out the profile of Gladstone, which nature has carved in the southeast face of the Sacred Rock. The library opened into the study, which was itself a very treasury of ancient art; while across the wide hall was the Doctor's chamber, looking out upon the lovely garden in the rear. The whole house was beautiful, with its fine mosaic floors, its frescoed walls and ceilings, very transcripts of old mythology, and the gnomic sentences and Odyssey verses which from every possible panel gave out their own sweetness and light. It was a treat to wander about the house with him and listen to his genial and often whimsical reading of the "writings on the wall." Over his library door stood the Delphic text, γνῶθι σαυτόν ("know thyself"), and under this, ἰατρεῖον ψυχῆς, which he always translated "doctor-shop of the soul." The beauty and the fitness of all these gnomes and verses (and they would fill a small volume) made them no mean transcript of the mind of the man; and should Schliemann's Ἰλίου Μέλαθρον some thousands of years hence share the fortunes of the Pompeian prototypes it would yield a choice harvest of ancient wisdom. This name of the mansion, the Hall of Ilium, inscribed on its front does not savor of excessive modesty; but when I mentioned it to the Doctor one day, he rendered it at once the "Hut of Troy," saying Homer used the word for the huts of the beleaguering Greeks. I think he was mistaken about this; but it is the word used of Priam's palace. And certainly the man whose magic spade dug up Priam's city had good right to borrow the Homeric name for his Athenian mansion.

Bright and unique as was the mansion itself, it was the man in it, with his unique personality, that made it an event to enter there. More than any other man in new Greece, he had about him the old Greek flavor. German though he was by birth, American by adoption, cosmopolite by his far wandering life, he seemed a better Greek than any of the Greeks. Taking up the alphabet only after he had wrung a fortune out of fate by his own pluck and fortitude, and at the age of thirty-four, he had come to write and speak and think ancient Greek as a second mother tongue. The old authors, whom we spell out laboriously at college and then lay on the shelf forever, were his daily familiar society. How often have I found him in his library poring over Lucian as one of us might thumb his Thackeray! But it was Homer he knew best. A few weeks before leaving Athens for the last time, he came to call upon us. We were already entertaining a poor Ithacan, who, as a countryman of Odysseus and a special student of Homer, had Iliad and Odyssey at his tongue's end. The meeting of the two men was as the collision of two old rhapsodists, and the fire flew. Schliemann acknowledged my introduction of the Ithacan with a spontaneous burst of Homer; he was himself Odysseus "all marred with the salt foam of the wine-dark deep" which had tossed him hapless on the Phæacian strand, and as such he made his plaint to fair-armed Nausicaa: "I supplicate thee, O queen, whether thou art some goddess or a mortal!" and so on to the end of that long and splendid speech. Then Nausicaa of the white arms (by the mouth of our Ithacan) answered him and said: "Stranger, . . . since thou hast come to our city, and our land, thou shalt not lack raiment" — and all the rest. Long the combat raged; fast flew the winged words and hot: for the men were on their mettle. Schliemann's mood was worthy of Odysseus himself, "like a lion

of the hills trusting in his strength, who fares out under wind and rain, and his eyes are all on fire." Pitted against the Ithacan who knew nothing but Homer, the odds were yet with the old German who at the age of eight, in his father's humble parsonage at Ankershagen, had conceived the object of his life, to dig up Troy, but had to wait nearly thirty years before he could learn the Greek alphabet.

Speaking of the mansion and the man, the picture is far from finished without the figures of his charming family. The world knows how Mrs. Schliemann, a true Athenian, born and bred under the shadow of the Acropolis, shared his labors at Mycenæ and Troy, the very right hand of all his glorious enterprise;[1] but the world does not know so well with what an Attic grace and dignity she presided in his home, and made it a bright and memorable spot for all who were honored with his friendship. Still less does it know their children, Andromache and Agamemnon, the former a beautiful and accomplished girl just blooming into womanhood,[2] the latter a bright and sturdy boy of twelve. It was their father's wish that they should carry on his unfinished work, and they promise to be every way worthy of the trust.

Christmas was a great day always at Dr. Schliemann's, with the good old German Christmas-tree loaded down at the head of the ball-room. As usual, following the old Greek custom, my invitation was expansive enough to take in a countryman who was staying in Athens. We did not wait for the small hours, as most of the guests did, but I can never forget that I shared Schliemann's last bright Christmas joy. The house was alive with youth and merriment, "chasing the glowing hours with flying feet," and host and hostess were at their beaming best. Each guest received a number and drew the corresponding trinket from the tree: simple and whimsical enough, some of them, but mine will have a permanent place among the treasures of a little maid who never saw his kindly face. The great man cherished to the last his childlike loves and ways: the day after his death Andromache dwelt upon this: "He would always have the nuts gilded as in his father's house in childhood." And his friend Virchow, whom he had visited at Berlin after the fatal operation at Halle, had just written the family how well he was looking, and congratulated them on the happy Christmas they would have on receiving him back!

Pleasant as are my recollections of the Schliemann routs, I recall with far greater pleasure the quieter hospitalities of his house. When I arrived in Athens, Boetticher's attacks on his Trojan theory were exercising him beyond his patience, and he was preparing to do his work at Troy over again, challenging the learned world to sit in judgment upon it. His preparations were minute and exhaustive. The grounds of the mansion were piled with spades, till they seemed a mining camp. American passports for himself, his family, and his servants must be taken out: it should never be forgotten that Troy was uncovered under the protection of our flag. It was amusing enough to set under the American eagle the names of his servants, Æneas and Creusa and Priam and Telamon; but he would have nothing but Homeric servitors about him. And when he went back to Troy, he might have set the Homeric story on the stage of the ancient theatre he discovered there — so far as names were concerned. Well, the world knows the story of his second siege of Troy, and

[1] "With glad enthusiasm," he says, "she joined me in executing the great work which nearly half a century ago my childish simplicity had agreed upon with my father, and planned with Minna," his first love.

[2] Since this was written, I have assisted at the fair Andromache's wedding with Leon Melas, son of the present Demarch of Athens.

how far it went toward settling Captain Boetticher and his necropolis theory. The work was indeed unfinished, and was to be resumed the next spring. Mrs. Schliemann will go on with it as the mission of her widowhood.

But I set out to speak of Schliemann's return from Troy that spring. He was feeling happy enough over the progress made, and the protocol just then published by Virchow and the other authorities who had gone to Troy at his request, and he gave a little dinner to which some twenty of his friends, mainly archæologists, sat down. I think the dinner was an expression of his feelings, all the way from the soup to the sweets; but it became preëminently so when he rose to propose the health of the chief guest, a German engineer officer who had made his Trojan surveys. For unmitigated frankness, I have never heard the equal of that speech. For some reason he spoke in English, and the burden of the language, which he managed well enough in conversation, increased with the intensity of his feeling as he went on to bless his friends and blast his enemies. Altogether the effort, with its effect, was indescribable; but it was like the man in its unstudied simplicity, and not a heart there but felt toward him the warmer and more trustful for it.

After this Schliemann went again to Troy, and kept the work going until the season stopped him. Several of my friends, who visited him there, have told or written me of the warm welcome he gave them and his unstinted hospitality. Among others, two English ladies, traveling alone, desired me to give them a letter to him, and as they were of the heroic order that Schliemann admired, I did so. They landed at the Dardanelles, secured a guard and an ox-cart, and in this Oriental state advanced on Ilium, several hours distant. Schliemann and his people received them with three cheers, declaring theirs "the first *carriage* that ever entered Troy." In person he showed them over the ancient city, entertained them on the Acropolis where Ilium *was*, and dismissed them with a proper escort.

I remained in Athens all the summer long, bent on reading the Attic calendar from end to end; most people flee from the place if they can get away. My family joined me here in August, when the heat was at its height. A few days later I went to show my daughter the Troy collection, supposing Dr. Schliemann to be with his family at an Austrian watering-place. To my great surprise we found him at home, hard at work with the new Trojan spoil; he had been buried there for a month without people's knowing he was in town. His delight at seeing my daughter, though only an incident of his spontaneous sympathy with youth, impressed me deeply. No young man could have been more gallant; and, with the ruling passion in him strong, he decorated her offhand with an Homeric name, and a divine one at that, *Artemis*, appealing to Dr. Brückner, his assistant, to say if she did not look the image of the goddess. It was enough to turn an older head; but we had to take him seriously when the next day brought this invitation in his dear old Greek: "I beg you, *with your daughter Artemis* and your wife, to breakfast with me day after to-morrow, Sunday, when the sun is in mid-heaven." With Artemis I presented myself in due time, to find a choice group of his intimates already with him. There were two university professors and several *savants* from the German Archæological Institute, and a fine young fellow, the Doctor's *protegé*, from the University of Berlin. Artemis, as sole representative of her sex, was installed in the place of mistress of the mansion, while I sat on the Doctor's left, facing the Nestor of Greek archæology on his right. I am thus particular because the occasion is consecrated in my memory as the last of its kind. Just before he left, I was

invited to another little breakfast with him, but I could not go. So my last symposium with the last of the old Greeks — alas! that I should have to say "last" of either — was on that bright Athenian Sunday at high noon in the brilliant banquet-chamber of the Hall of Troy. The picture cannot fade, nor can it ever be recalled without a warm feeling about the heart for the man who was great enough to be as simple as a child. The little maiden just escaped from the Wild West could hardly have felt more at home in her father's cottage than the simple great man made her feel in this extraordinary experience of presiding at his board.

At his table one was little conscious of the eating and drinking, generous as was the fare always; but the talk was tremendous. And there was no monopoly. Even at a little breakfast, with only a dozen covers, half a dozen conversations might be going on at once. In the medley of tongues, German always had a long lead, but Schliemann himself conscientiously preferred Greek. He thought he knew it as well as his mother tongue; but then he thought the same of his English, in which he was mistaken. I counted it a great compliment that he often spoke and usually wrote to me in classical Greek, though I rarely exercised myself to reply in kind. At his table, and anywhere, he would turn with the greatest facility from one language to another, carrying his part, it might be, in three concurrent conversations in as many tongues. And I never saw him heavy-laden with his language but once; it was in the English toast to which I have already referred.

I find the pen running away with me, so many things crowd upon the mind as I recall the happy hours I owe him, but I must follow the Artemis incident a little further. Since his death, Mrs. Schliemann has shown me some of his last letters to her, and from one of them, written on the eve of her return to Athens, I had the mournful pleasure to transcribe in his good old Greek the original of these words: "I entreat you, the first time you go out of the house, to call upon Mrs. Manatt. . . . She has a daughter *whose name is Artemis*, so Andromachidion must go with you." Dear, thoughtful soul! Could he have thought how that visit would be paid! On Christmas day — day that he loved so well — Mrs. Schliemann and Andromache were visiting Artemis and her mother; and the night after Christmas the lightning flashed from Naples the news of their bereavement.

The man's thoughtfulness left nothing out. I have his last will, a closely written document of thirteen foolscap pages in Greek, and for comprehensiveness, minuteness, and unassailability, it is the most remarkable paper of which I have any knowledge. Dealing with an estate of some three millions, to say nothing of treasures beyond all estimate, and with peculiar liability to contests, he has (humanly speaking) made it impossible to mistake or evade or overthrow an article or particle of his will. A man in the uttermost parts of the earth could open that will and administer it without asking a question of any living man, for everything is in it.

I have alluded to his "doctor-shop of the soul" with its Delphic text above the portal. After the operation at Halle he was in great pain, and thus he tells, in a letter to his wife, of the poultice he applied: —

"Last night I had awful pains in my ear. Then I wondered, Is there no remedy? when the thought came to me of the writing over my door,— *γνῶθι σαυτόν*. I meditated on the words, and then I wrote them down, and put them on the pain, and thought and thought upon them until I persuaded myself that the pain was unreal. And that was the first time I slept without pain since the operation."

This Socratic mind-cure was like the man. By faith he saw what was invisible

to other men, and lived in the company of the Immortals even in our prosaic age. He could think himself into the heart of Homer, and he could think away his torturing pain.

His life went out suddenly, among strangers, in a strange city — a vicissitude in keeping with the bitter pathos of his youth; but few Athenians in all the long illustrious roll have had a grander funeral. Upon his pall were heaped the honors of the world, and about it gathered all the greatness that is left of Greece.

On a cloudless winter day, the lambent Attic atmosphere suffused with sunshine all the brighter for the snowy mantle on the Attic mountain tops, "at the highest spot in the Hellenic cemetery" (so ran his will) between the Ilissus and the sea, we "heaped the piled earth on him," and left him forever with the Immortals.

J. Irving Manatt.

A MARINE OBSERVATORY THE PRIME NEED OF AMERICAN BIOLOGY.

THE ocean is now regarded as the original home of life on this planet, and its present inhabitants furnish records of life histories and evolution phases which are absolutely indispensable to a deeper insight into the phenomena and laws of life. This is not merely the opinion of a few investigators, but the concurrent testimony of leading biological authorities the world over. It is a conviction which began to take root a little after the middle of this century, but has only within the last twenty years found expression in the establishment of marine laboratories.

A glance at the history of this movement may give some idea of its importance, and place our long-felt need in a clearer light. Liebig's Welt im Glase is said to have given rise to the idea of marine aquaria, which were first developed in London. The step from inland marine aquaria to seaside laboratories, simple as it may be in theory, was accomplished only after many years of pioneer work had shown the importance of marine biology, and the necessity of well-equipped laboratories at the seashore for its prosecution. It was the work of such men as Johannes Müller, Carl Vogt, Louis Agassiz, Rudolf Leuckart, Thomas Huxley, Carl Gegenbaur, Anton Dohrn, and Lacaze-Duthiers that prepared the way for the appreciation of marine zoölogy. Carl Vogt, of Geneva, once a colleague of the late Professor Agassiz, was one of the earliest and ablest advocates of seaside laboratories in Europe. As early as 1844 we find him engaged with Milne-Edwards on a plan for the investigation of coral islands, for which purpose a station was to be erected, and a ship with dredging apparatus supplied. A mere question of etiquette, says Vogt, brought the plan to naught. The commander in chief of a man-of-war in the royal navy of France would not submit to the direction of a naturalist. A few years later, Vogt tried in vain to create an interest in a station at Villafranca, and in 1863 he proposed a "zoölogical seminary" at Naples, which only failed of realization through the untimely death of his coadjutors, Matteucci and Filippi. Similar events thwarted his effort to found a station at Triest, in 1871. At last, after so many disappointments, this great apostle of marine laboratories has had the satisfaction of seeing that his labors were not wholly in vain; for stations have been planted both at Villafranca and Triest, and at Naples his plan

has been more than realized in the magnificent international station founded by Anton Dohrn. It was early in the seventies that the movement culminated in the establishment of the celebrated station at Roscoff, under the direction of Professor Lacaze-Duthiers, and in the Zoölogical Station at Naples. Many other stations have since been planted in Europe, and they have extended even to Africa, Asia, Australia, and Japan, rapidly verifying the prediction of Dohrn that the world would soon be encircled by biological stations.

Such institutions are no longer regarded as doubtful experiments. The leading governments of Europe, while staggering under the dead weight of standing armies, support them by liberal subventions. The annual deficit of ten thousand dollars in the budget of the Naples station is generously met by the German government, although the station does not stand on German ground. Germans may well be proud of a "Fatherland" that, in matters of science, forgets geographical as well as ethnological boundary lines.

On this side of the Atlantic, the earlier marine laboratories most fruitful in research are the private laboratory of Mr. Agassiz at Newport, the Chesapeake Zoological Laboratory of Professor Brooks, and the United States Fish Commission Station at Wood's Holl. The history of our seaside laboratories began with the Anderson School of Natural History in 1873. That school holds an important place in the history of our summer schools; but its story has been so faithfully and graphically told by Mrs. Agassiz,[1] as to make it unnecessary to dwell upon it here.

The isolated location of the Anderson School, ten or fifteen miles from the mainland, and the death of its master, December 14, 1873, led to its abandonment at the close of the second session, in 1874. Mr. Alexander Agassiz, to whom the directorship fell after the death of his father, endeavored in vain to interest educational institutions in its support, and hence his plan of removing the laboratory to Wood's Holl was given up. For nearly twenty years the laboratory stood as an empty monument to the enterprising genius of Agassiz, its plain pine walls adorned only with some mottoes which were the treasured words from his inspired lips during that memorable summer. These mottoes were taken to the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Holl in the summer of 1891, and they, with a few other relics, are all that remain, for shortly afterward an unexplained fire completely destroyed the building.

About ten years after the abandonment of Penikese, the late Professor Spencer F. Baird, backed by all the resources of the United States Fish Commission, succeeded in planting at Wood's Holl the most extensive fish and fisheries station in the world. The station had a fleet of vessels at its service, and laboratory facilities beyond anything before offered in this country; but for various reasons the station did not develop into a strong centre of biological research. After Professor Baird's death, his successor in office, Colonel Marshall McDonald, reorganized the station, and endeavored to revive the plan of making it a scientific centre. While the station has fulfilled the functions of a fish commission with marked success, it is manifest that its organization and aims are incompatible with those of a great national centre of research. It is conceded on all sides that a station, in order to meet the needs of our science, must have an organization entirely independent of government control, and be dependent, not on annual appropriations that may be as uncertain and variable as the fortunes of political parties, but on an adequate endowment furnished by private initiative. This point is settled by our own history as well as by the general verdict of scientific men.

[1] Louis Agassiz: his Life and Correspondence. Edited by Elizabeth Cary Agassiz. Vol. ii. chap. xxv.

The latest effort to establish a biological observatory at Wood's Holl is now in the fifth year of its development. It started with small means, but with high aims. At the outset the times were not ripe for the immediate realization of high hopes. The entire situation was beset with difficulties, which time and faithful work alone could overcome. Educational institutions, with but few exceptions, took no active interest in the project; rival schemes were set up all around; men of high scientific respectability and influence held aloof; and the cause itself had to be vindicated at every point. In short, the conditions and forces with which its supporters had to deal required a period of re-creative incubation and nursing before they would lend themselves to the hoped-for development. The records of the laboratory show that it has all the vitality of a sound germ, which needs only the sprinkling of an adequate endowment to call forth its latent powers, and make it a national centre of biological research. When a second Anderson arises to bless the undertaking, he will find that the ground has been so well prepared as to preclude the possibility of another failure. The feasibility of the plan has already been demonstrated; the active coöperation of a very large number of the leading biologists of the country has been secured; no less than a dozen colleges and universities responded to the first offer of private rooms on subscription; and, what is all important, the whole organization is on a strictly non-sectional basis. Not only have all these elements of a safe and permanent foundation been secured, but the resources of the fauna and flora have been tested over and over again; so that it can now be said with absolute confidence that Wood's Holl, all things considered, is precisely the location which combines the largest number of natural advantages, such as accessibility, a healthy climate, quiet surroundings, extensive and easy collecting grounds, water free from contaminating inflows either from rivers or city sewers, wealth and variety of shore life as well as pelagic forms. Close by are small, easily isolated bodies of brackish water, and a considerable number of isolated fresh-water basins and lakes, affording opportunities of the rarest kind for studying the effects of long isolation, and most favorable conditions for the control of experimental work. The United States Fish Commission plant, with extraordinary facilities for collecting, adds greatly to the advantages of the location.

In speaking of the many practical advantages of the location, the attractive features of the environment should not be overlooked. Low, sloping hills, covered with forests of evergreens, or groves of oak, beech, and maple, form the background; in front lie the beautiful islands of Nonamesset and Naushon, the two nearer links in the long chain of the eight Elizabeth Islands, the Indian names of which are familiar to members of the laboratory through the following rhyme: —

> "Naushon, Nashuena,
> Nonamesset, Uncatena,
> Weepecket, Pasquenese,
> Cuttyhunk and Penikese."

On the south and east lies Vineyard Sound, a favorite course for yacht-races, and an important highway for steamers, vessels, and craft of every order and description. Just beyond rises Martha's Vineyard, which, together with Nantucket, constitutes the "foot" of the Massachusetts "boot." The "sole" of this "foot" is imagined to be ripped off and turned back in the form of Cape Cod, which, being out of sight to the observer at Wood's Holl, does not detract, even by way of metaphorical suggestion, from the beauty of the island. Opposite, on the west, is the broad expanse of Buzzard's Bay, nearly landlocked from the ocean by the chain of the Elizabeth Islands, and thus forming a separate sea of about thirty miles in length. Such are the surroundings.

The present Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Holl represents only the initial stage of the undertaking. It serves as a temporary basis for the concentration of forces and the perfection of plans. It is provisional, however, only as a germ is provisional, which anticipates, potentially at least, the essential characters and activities of the mature organism.

The laboratory owes its origin to the Women's Educational Association and to some members of the Society of Natural History of Boston. Its board of trustees, numbering about twenty, represents Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, Harvard Medical School, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Williams, Cincinnati, the University of Toronto, the Missouri Botanical Garden, the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, and the Boston Society of Natural History. Its officers of instruction have been drawn from no less than fourteen leading educational and scientific centres of the United States. Its membership has extended to nearly all the more important universities, colleges, and schools. Beginning in 1888 with a membership of 17, representing thirteen different institutions, it increased the number to 44 in 1889, 47 in 1890, 71 in 1891, and 110 in 1892, from fifty-two of our higher institutions of learning.

The Marine Biological Laboratory attaches itself to no single institution, but holds itself rigidly to the impartial function of serving all on the same terms. It depends not upon one faculty for its staff of instructors, but seeks the best men it can find among the higher institutions of the land. The board of trustees is a growing body, every year adding to its number, until it now comprises a very large proportion of the leading biologists of America. The whole policy is national in spirit and scope. The laboratory exists in the interest of biology at large, and not to nurse the prestige of any university or the pride of individual pretension.

It upholds an idea which appeals more and more every day to our scattered workers. It is the idea of collective as opposed to isolated endeavor, the idea of coöperative concentration of varied forces in place of dissipative multiplication of like forces. Recognizing specialization in scientific work as one of the two great principles underlying all progress, it finds the companion principle in affiliation. These two principles, — the one tending to intensify and exalt individual effort, the other to supplement and magnify it through organic unity of action, — these two principles, acting together, furnish, as we now both see and feel, the conditions of progress. The organic world has obeyed these principles unconsciously; the social world is forced along the same general line of progress, sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously, but forced all the same; the scientific world has discovered that specialization is a necessity, and that this necessity has a twin sister, for which we have no better name than "affiliation." We have ceased to distrust the leadership of specialization, and as we follow, limiting our effort to what we can do best, we find the parts we have resigned provided for and kept in true relation by affiliated labor. Affiliation, and affiliation of the broadest scientific catholicity, is the keynote of the organization, which serves as a preliminary to the desired foundation at Wood's Holl.

On a sound organization hangs everything. This is the *punctum saliens*, the vital point in such an undertaking. It is the only agency to which a large endowment can be safely entrusted. It must be sound in principle, true to ideals, and practical in aims. The prime requisites are three. First, it must be representative: it must represent the leaders of our sciences; it must *express* the affiliation it advocates; it must not be open to the suspicion of favoring local or personal interests; and it must be so ordered as to be proof against the intrusion of such

influences. Secondly, it must be devoted to biology as a whole: it must stand, not for any one-sided development, but for the broad interests of all the biological sciences in marine life; representing all schools of biology, it must be the safest guardian of the common interests of all. Thirdly, it must be independent: it should be free from the control of either the state or the general government, — as far removed from the influences of political intrigue as possible; it should tolerate only such connections or relations with colleges and universities as would further its general usefulness, insure its scientific efficiency, and secure impartiality of administration.

Representative character, devotion to biology at large, independent government, — such are the essential elements of a strong and progressive organization.

Such an organization would comprise, in addition to a representative board of trustees, a strong body of salaried investigators, and a staff of officers for the direction of the scientific work and for the administration of current affairs. The investigators should be selected with a view to representing as many of the leading branches of biological work as possible, so as to realize to the fullest extent the great advantages of close association among specialists. For the work of such a staff and that of transient investigators, an extensive equipment would be required, — furniture, aquaria, instruments, glassware, and all the paraphernalia of an investigator's table, besides boats, dredges, nets, and whatever other apparatus is called for in collecting.

To all this must be added a body of expert research assistants. This is a provision of the very highest importance, as a moment's reflection will make clear. The proper work of the investigator is mental. While it is true economy for him to devote a certain amount of time to physical exercise in the open air, he cannot afford to waste time in the purely mechanical drudgery of his occupation. In order to know the haunts and the habits of the organisms he studies, he must search for them himself, and his work is incomplete until he can bring habits and activities into relation with structure and form. But in this time-consuming work of collecting, the greater part may and should be done by trained collectors who are not fitted to do the brain-work of research. For the same reasons, the investigator should not have to lose time and energy in preparing reagents, dish-washing, knife-sharpening, sectioning with the microtome, elaborating tedious drawings with the pencil or brush, constructing models, and many other purely manual performances, which can be done better and more quickly by trained assistants. While he must be master of most of these technical aids, he should have every time-saving service at hand.

In these days, when so much may depend upon the method employed, the investigator must be an experimenter, and that he can be without descending from the plane of scientific discovery. When, however, the results have been reached and formulated, the preparations and applications of the means devised can, for the most part, be carried out by assistants. It should be a reproach to any institution to permit an investigator worthy of the name to squander precious moments and money pottering with mechanical details that signify nothing. The time will come when waste of brain-energy will be reckoned a public calamity. Francis Galton[1] speaks to the point when he says, "Aptitudes and tastes for occupations which enrich the thoughts and productive powers of man are as much articles of national wealth as coal and iron, and their waste is as reprehensible."

Biological investigation, be it remembered, has already suffered beyond calculation from the lack of proper service. So generally has this matter been neg-

[1] English Men of Science, page 223.

lected that we often have the mortification of seeing science confounded with technique. Neither biology nor any other science can dispense with its retinue of hod-carriers, but bricks and mortar do not create an edifice. The hod-man remains a hod-man until he rises to the mastery of architectural origination. Fine artistic drawings, skillful dissections, exquisite models, beautiful microscopical preparations, and the like are instrumentalities and illustrative decorations of science, in all of which the average unscientific intelligence may excel. The execution of such work, admirable and useful as it is, is not to be confounded with science, even though it be done by a man of science. High-sounding titles, like "Contributions to Science," often honor contributions of unwrought clay, and these may be archived in scientific periodicals. But the clay-digger, like the hod-carrier, is doing purely mechanical work — he is contributing only material elements — devoid of all tectonic creation. It is not collection and description of material, but interpretation that makes science. "Observation and Reflection" are the expressive words with which Karl Ernst von Baer signalized his idea of true scientific work. Goethe's contributions to biology bear on the title-page the inscription, "Erfahrung, Betrachtung, Folgerung," — Experience, Reflection, Inference, — three steps without which science cannot be reached.

It is for the higher productions of our sciences that a marine biological observatory would stand. It should be guided by men imbued with lofty aims, who are in touch with the leading issues of biology, who know both how to respect and how to estimate all grades of work, who are fertile in ideas and yet not lacking in common sense, who understand the difference between the achievements of pure science and the exploits of technique, who are able to stimulate and guide the efforts of others, who appreciate the importance of keeping specialists in working relations that approach organic unity, and who know how to order mechanical agencies so as to make them most effective servants to the higher functions of science.

The buildings required for such an organization would be an observatory and a mansion. The observatory should be a three-story fireproof building, large enough for an extensive aquarium, a library, lecture hall, several general laboratories, about fifty private laboratories, and a number of store and work rooms.

Doubtless some questions yet remain to be answered in the minds of those who have not inquired particularly into the needs, aims, and practical importance of biological investigation.

Why should the friends of education and science take a deep interest in the project I have outlined? Is it a scheme that the whole scientific world would approve and urge, or is it only the fad of a few scientific cranks? Is it of sufficient importance to the higher educational institutions of America to receive their general and continued support? Allowing that it would be a great and lasting benefaction to science, would it touch the vital every-day interests of humanity? Is a national affair of this magnitude an object for private enterprise? As it does not appeal to local pride, how can it expect individual beneficence to come to its aid? Some of these questions have been fully answered in the foregoing pages; others, although many times answered by the deeds of enlightened generosity, are yet deserving of brief notice here.

Let me again emphasize the fact that the distinctive feature of the undertaking, its national character, is precisely what gives it the indorsement of scientists both at home and abroad, and makes it a matter of common interest to our colleges and universities; hence it touches larger than sectional interests, and appeals to more worthy motives than those which are moved by local celebrity. To the large-minded benefactor, who measures

the dignity and worth of an undertaking, not by what it will return in local fame, but by what it will accomplish for the advancement of science, — to such a benefactor this feature will appeal with no little force.

The cause of higher education and science, in this country, owes nearly all its greater foundations to the broad and generous philanthropy of private initiative. The Smithsonian Institution, which has so long and so successfully served the cause, stands to-day, and will ever stand, as one of the best examples. The Anderson School of Natural History was absolutely free from the reproach of localism; its master and its founder were both spirits finely touched to fine issues. Some of our older and most honored universities arose, not at the instance of sectarian rivalry, metropolitan pride, or any other limitation foreign to the spirit of science, but at the instigation of sentiments and purposes as free and boundless as the air we breathe. One such universal blessing lifts this centennial year above the din and clang of a gigantic World's Fair, and makes it forever memorable in the annals of American university creations. The real glory and grandeur of that gift, be it noted in passing, lie in the simple fact that it was bestowed on a cause, not on a place. A world's cause, like a World's Fair, must have a "local habitation;" such a cause finds its place, not the place the cause.

The scientific importance of the work in question has been indicated; its discoveries are now leading philosophical thought, and giving us an insight into the history of life which other lines of investigation could never afford. Its educational value is that of biological studies in general. These studies appeal to the mind and to the heart at every stage of our intellectual existence. They keep alive that innate love of nature which is so essential a foundation of happiness and well-being. They awaken thought and sharpen sight; they intensify regard for essentialities, train the powers of observation and discrimination, accustom the mind to logical methods, deepen sincerity, and give strength and courage of conviction.

The really precious things of life, as Ruskin has so clearly discerned and taught, are thought and sight, not steam and electricity. "The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world," says Ruskin, "is to *see* something, and tell what it saw in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion, — all in one." No stronger testimony to the importance of biology as a means and source of culture could be desired, for it is especially the biological sciences which appeal directly, constantly, and in a multitude of ways to sight, while exercising and developing the insight. Emerson, discoursing on The Method of Nature, gives no less emphatic testimony to the same truth when he says, "Where there is no vision, the people perish."

The "practical" utilities of biological knowledge are multiplying on every hand, and they are beginning to be felt in so many ways in our homes and our occupations that a detailed consideration of them does not seem necessary here. A few general statements for those who are not familiar with the facts will suffice. Without claiming more than has already been conceded by impartial judges, it may be said that our best protection against the ills and dangers of life, our best security in respect to such necessities as food and clothing, and our highest welfare of both mind and body are more intimately connected with the biological sciences than with any other branches of knowledge. Medicine, surgery, and hygiene have been revolutionized at the hands of biology; agriculture and horticulture go to biology as well as chemistry to learn the agencies and first principles of fertility, and for methods of protec-

tion against the ravages of insects and destructive parasites; forestry seeks light and aid from the same source; our great fish and fisheries industry, including oyster culture, lobster breeding, and all the rest, is gravitating more and more into the hands of biological investigators. The germ theory of disease, which is biological from beginning to end, has been turned to practical applications of the most varied nature, and of the most far-reaching importance to every people under the sun. Pointing to the marvelous discoveries of recent years in the etiology of disease, in an address before the International Medical Association of 1881, John Simon, a very high medical authority, said, "I venture to say that in the records of human industry it would be impossible to point to work of more promise to the world than these various contributions to the knowledge of disease, and of its cure and prevention." [1] This wonderful germ theory owes its origin to the study of the purely scientific question of spontaneous generation.

The study of the great problems of heredity now occupying so much attention among biologists will surely lead, sooner or later, to practical applications of no less moment to the human race than those based on the germ theory of disease. For such study we need facilities for long-continued observation and experiment. Every branch of biological research should be brought to bear on these and kindred problems, and our best talent should be enlisted and encouraged in the service.

C. O. Whitman.

THE FUTURE OF LOCAL LIBRARIES.

The action of the State of Massachusetts, a year or two ago, in creating a library commission, and committing to a small body of selected men and women the task of fostering local libraries, opens a new era in the history of such institutions. The act went farther than any legislation had gone before in pledging in a moderate way the help of the commonwealth to towns finding it difficult, by reason of financial inability, to avail themselves of their right to establish a library. The founding of this commission has only increased the preëminence which this State had before achieved in the number of her public libraries. Before the creation of this commission Massachusetts possessed a predominating influence in the whole country by the number and activity of her local libraries, and with this renewal of her energy the State is not likely for many years to have her lead in library matters questioned. Therefore it is in Massachusetts that the problems of a public library system are more numerous than elsewhere, and the elements of these problems are more likely to be arrayed with the best chance of instructing a wider and national public. These elements necessarily vary from the necessities and expansions incident to a free municipal library of the first class, like that of Boston, to the conditions attached to the smallest possible collection of books which the public is likely to sustain. There will also be corresponding differences in the constituencies, depending on this wide range of conditions.

When the State recognized the desirability of exercising an advisory relation to such small libraries, adding at times the financial aid of an almoner, the first step was taken towards preparing the way for a larger interposition. There can be no question, from the experience

[1] Nature, 1881, page 373.

of the Société Franklin in France, that judicious paternal supervision over a large circle of dependent libraries, as scattered as they are in the French provinces, can yield many advantages, both financial and administrative, to each library of the circle. This organization, with its main seat at Paris, is not, indeed, an exact parallel of what a state might do, because the society named after the promoter of popular libraries in America is a private instrumentality, supported by the friendly aid of subscribers. The many small libraries scattered through the length and breadth of France are its absolute creatures, and subject primarily to its central discipline. Such an autocratic control is probably impossible, and in many ways undesirable, in an American community accustomed to local autonomies. It is, however, a pertinent question whether the French methods cannot be adapted in this country in such a way as to preserve for the town a vital interest in its library.

It is necessary to look to what the French system can accomplish, both in the saving of money and in the perfection of method, in order to consider whether these advantages are enough to render such an adaptation, because of the allurements, both possible and likely. The advantages are these: —

A central station of control amasses experience, derived from observation in all sorts of communities, far beyond what is possible in a single small library.

Such a station can furnish material appliances for library service, made on approved patterns, and, being manufactured or bought in large quantities, at less cost.

The same chance for better advantages would accrue in the purchase of books in large quantities.

The cataloguing of such books, once done, would suffice for all the libraries in the circle, and the same printed lists would serve equally well in all, each library inserting its own shelf-marks where it has the books. Every trustee of a small library knows what an onerous proportion of its income is given by compulsion to the preparation and printing of its book-lists, and can perceive what great help in bearing the burden this combination would afford, to say nothing of the better results in the uniform excellence of the catalogue work. The printing charges of all administrative blanks, etc., could be shared in the same way.

In the choice of books, the large experience of the central agency would have a like free scope for the general good, and this choice could be made without slighting the peculiar needs of different localities and the preferences of local helpers in such matters. Every purveyor to such libraries knows how often a new interest in the public appreciation demands a suitable book. Often the market is not supplied with just what is wanted. The Paris society has found that, with an assured sale for its circle of libraries, a trained writer and responsible publisher can be found to prepare the needed book.

These are all great advantages, patent to every one, but there are undoubted offsets. The system strikes hard at local interests and pride. The town carpenter and printer think they are deprived of their just chances of profit when the metropolis furnishes tables and catalogues. The few educated men of the village — the minister, the doctor, the lawyer — judge their natural ascendency among their neighbors to be imperiled, if they are not allowed to select the books or supervise the cataloguing. If the town or its citizens furnish the money for the library's support, they prefer to entrust its expenditure to neighbors rather than to a distant executive council. All these are obvious disadvantages, and a system which induced them would be regarded as abridging both public and private rights.

A decision, however, may arise from

weighing advantages against disadvantages, and in ascertaining whence, on the whole, the greater profit comes. With the tendency to centralization which is seen in every direction, and the breaking down of old barriers of opinion on every hand, there seems little doubt that the public is drifting to a position in which this central control will be naturally and effectively applied to local libraries. If we consider a moment the history of railroad amalgamation, we shall find the public mind forty years ago as respects small local corporations where it is now in relation to these minor libraries. It was thought that these petty local corporations looked best after local interests, and protected the public against monopolies. Forty years have shown that better service and greater convenience can be assured by the abolition of such corporations, and their union into a wide, methodized consolidation. It is apparent that if this tendency takes at last the library interests of the community under its control, the scope of such a commission as Massachusetts now possesses has a good chance of enlargement.

No indication, by any means, has been given of all the ways in which a uniform system and common administration could benefit these local libraries. They might have not only relations to a central bureau, but improved relations to each other and to the higher functions of literature. Every local board of library management knows how difficult it is to decide upon the proportion of expenditure to be maintained between expensive books, — including those of reference, — which are always to some extent a necessity in small libraries, and the books of a low cost and merely pastime character. There is no reason why, in such a system of combination as is above outlined, a central agency should not gradually amass a collection of more costly books, to be sent to this library or the other, as a loan, as occasion might require. There is no reason why the central agency might not mediate between libraries of the circle, and transfer books, or classes of books, temporarily, to answer local demands of a casual nature.

It is a common experience in local libraries that their shelves become weighted with books practically dead, which have been poured into the collection from overstocked garrets, and have escaped from households at the refurnishing of family sitting-rooms. Such books take the same space that active ones do, and require as much care and cost of cataloguing, and almost always fail of the proper mission of a book, — to be read. This is an old grievance, and has been much talked about. In the big Report on Public Libraries, issued by the national Bureau of Education in 1876, the suggestion was made that some system should be devised by which the large libraries of the country should have the chance of selecting from such a superfluous mass what they could make use of, while the rest should be sent to the auction room or the paper mill. When this hint was thrown out, seventeen years ago, there was little chance of any result from such ruthless advice, since it was thought that the sensibilities of givers of books should be respected; and it was a hard thing for the board of trustees of any local library to consent to a diminution of the count of volumes in its rivalry with neighboring towns. If perhaps a college student, home on his vacation, chanced to ask for one of these despised volumes, the incident was held to be enough to vitalize the whole of them.

The public mind, in such a condition, seldom or never acts without a leader, and it is not every man who has the courage to conduct his neighbors to the right. The last report of the public library of Quincy, Mass., shows that in Mr. Charles Francis Adams its board of trustees had a chairman who dared to become a champion of intelligence against slumberous tradition. Mr. Ad-

ams squarely met the question of a new extension of their library building by packing off to the auction room some thousands of just such books, rubbish there, but possibly provender in some other place.

Mention has been made that one of the leading obstacles to reform lies in the transfer of care and responsibility from a local management to a central board, thus serving to depress public interest and subordinate individuality. There is one particular in which this self-control can most effectually be preserved, whether in a circle of libraries or out of it, and it is most desirable that it should be so preserved. Every locality has its traditionary interest. A town may have its roll of authors; and, taking advantage of this, the public libraries of Concord and Cambridge have made a collection of the writings of their sons. Hingham has a reputation for buckets; Duxbury lives in its clams and Myles Standish; another village is famous for its paper mills, and still another because its button factory has carried its name the world over. One town has a distinguished son, as Woburn was the birthplace of Rumford; Salem has its witch history; other places figure in the annals of war or peace. There is every reason why such distinguishing features of a town's record should be the motive of a collection of books illustrating that characteristic of which it is proud, or whose memory it cannot escape. Watching the growth of such a collection would be an excellent object lesson to its people of the way in which large libraries are gathered, and the lesson would be a salutary one.

Justin Winsor.

THE HAYES ADMINISTRATION.

When the nominating convention of the Republican party met in Cincinnati in 1876, the country was still agitated by the disclosures of corruption in office which had given the administration a bad notoriety, even in comparison with the most scandalous periods of other days. Public sentiment had been so grossly outraged, that politicians who kept their heads knew perfectly well that some promise of reform was necessary, if the party was to have any chance for success in the approaching presidential election. Few people doubted that the shameless "whiskey frauds" were connected with the third-term movement, and this movement had collapsed before the convention assembled. Mr. Blaine was in the natural order of succession, if actual leadership in party politics were to determine it; and he would probably have been nominated with little opposition had it not been for the investigations of the last Congress into the private uses made of public power. His prestige among the active politicians who controlled the party organization was nevertheless so great that it was plain it would be "Blaine against the field," and that he would still be nominated unless all the elements opposed to him could be concentrated upon some one else. All these elements were by no means reformatory. The delegates in the convention who really meant reform were a mere handful, led by Mr. Curtis, and the contest would have to be pretty close before they would hold the balance of power. The machinery of party, as everybody knows, is not set up to give expression to notions of reform. Delegates are chosen with other ends in view. To gain these ends, however, the elections must be carried, and therefore

the fear of defeat may make the engineers give some recognition (usually in the platform) to a vigorous and persistent minority in the party, who might go into opposition at a time when circumstances indicate a close vote. A similar recognition may be given, by way of seductive influence, to independent organizations and to bodies of disaffected men in the opposite party. No politician takes these things seriously. They are either mere "tubs to the whale," strictly for campaign use, or at most are concessions to a demand which cannot safely be ignored, and must be followed by an effort, more or less honest, to redeem the pledge by legislative or executive action. It is of the essence of current American politics that the education of public opinion and the creation of an effectual demand for reform shall be conducted outside of the brotherhood of "workers" in a party, by men who consciously sacrifice political advancement in doing so. Our good fortune comes when, in the lottery of nominating conventions, a man who means to redeem his party's promises, and who has the courage and ability to do it, is put into a place of power.

The candidates opposed to Mr. Blaine were Bristow, Conkling, Hartranft, Hayes, and Morton. Each of these had the backing of a nomination by his own State, and none of them were unknown men. They entered the contest with all the accustomed forms, and the rivalry was confined to them to the end. Mr. Bristow was distinctively the candidate of the men who felt most deeply the need of systematic reform in the civil service. His unflinching prosecution of fraud in the revenue service had been in the face of influences which few men would have had the nerve to resist. Personal attachments, official comfort, party advancement, and public ambition all combined to warn him off from the course of duty. His experience in the Treasury Department had quickened and broadened his sympathy with the civil-service reformers, so that his nomination would have been in itself an assurance that positive progress in the right direction would be made.

Neither Mr. Conkling nor Mr. Morton could be said to stand for anything specific in doctrine or in practice which should distinguish their candidacy from that of Mr. Blaine. Both were veterans in public life and leaders in their party. Both were responsible for their full share of the influences which had made party politics synonymous with selfish ambition, yet both were free from any suspicion of seeking pecuniary profit for themselves in their official action. That they did not require equal self-denial of their followers was notorious enough; but, as times were, it was no small advantage that their own hands were clean. They had long been rivals of Mr. Blaine in party leadership, and if he had outstripped them in the race, they still had each a strong following. The selection of either of them as a candidate would have meant the continuation, as nearly as possible, of the methods and influences in government which had marked the past eight years. Both were members of the "senatorial group" which was popularly regarded as omnipotent in controlling appointments and in the details of party policy.

Hartranft and Hayes were men whose careers had also a similarity to each other. Both had been brave and devoted soldiers during the civil war. Both had risen by merit from subordinate places in regiments to the rank of general of division. Both had distinguished themselves on hard fought fields and won honorable places in the military history of the country. Colonel Bristow had also a good military record, but his actual position in the Cabinet and the recent incidents of his service there so filled the public eye as to make these the distinguishing marks of his candidacy. Hartranft and Hayes had been

governors of their respective States, and both gave evidence of more than ordinary popularity at home. Neither of them had reached any prominence in national politics, and they were free from connection with or responsibility for the causes of depression and of division in their party. They were thus in the list of those who had been sufficiently tried in public affairs to be acknowledged capable of filling reputably the office of President, yet were unaffected by the quarrels and jealousies with which more prominent national politicians were burdened. This constitutes political availability in our recognized American sense, but it is an honorable form of it and not one that implies anything to be ashamed of.

Disinterested observers of the convention noted the fact that there was little interest manifested in the platform. It was a typical example of the colorless expression of generalities supposed to represent the demands of different groups of voters, whose support might be necessary to success. The ruling purpose was, of course, to keep the government in the hands of the party as organized. Apart from the cohesive power of office-holding, which was most powerful among the active politicians who held places or hoped to do so, the common sentiment which held the masses of the party together was still the patriotic desire to carry to fullest legitimate results the principles which had animated the national side in the civil war. The habit of united action was still strong, and was a genuine if somewhat transformed party spirit. The war issues were still potent rallying cries, but among thoughtful people a doubt had been rapidly growing whether these cries had any longer a practical meaning, except to keep power in the hands of managers whose abuse of it now threatened the defeat of the party.

It was vain to try longer to shut one's eyes to the fact that the Stevens-Sumner experiment of ruling the South by means of the freedmen's vote had failed. The so-called carpet-bag governments, with their legislatures, had been a distinctly retrograde movement away from civilization. A saturnalia of corruption and plunder threatened to bankrupt the several States and to make democratic institutions an impossibility. The natural leaders of opinion in the North began to unite in the demand that property and intelligence should be restored to their legitimate influence in Southern society, as a necessary safeguard for order and the reign of law. Yet the violence and intimidation which had been the natural counterpart of disfranchisement and corruption were equally shocking to the moral sense. The Cincinnati convention recognized in a mild way both these elements of discontent by resolutions in favor of pacifying the South and of protecting the freedmen.

In financial matters the party was still committed to the reduction of the war tariff, and had not yet accepted Mr. Blaine's plan of substituting high protectionism for the war issues as the vital contention with its adversaries. His Twenty Years in Congress was published some years later, and became the basis of a new departure. For the moment, the resumption of specie payments was the nearest approach to a financial issue. A majority of Republicans favored resumption, and a majority of Democrats favored at least a postponement of it. The platforms therefore indicated this divergence without committing either party to a sharply defined policy. The Republicans contented themselves with declaring in favor of continuous and steady progress to specie payments.

In regard to the reform of the civil service, the eloquence and ability of Mr. Curtis in leading the reform element in the convention was rewarded by the adoption of resolutions recognizing the "quickened conscience of the people

concerning political affairs," calling for the swift punishment of officials who betray public trusts, and declaring that Congress should have nothing to do with appointments; honesty, fidelity, and capacity being the criteria to be used by the executive. The explicitness of the last declaration of principles was anything but agreeable to party leaders, as was demonstrated afterward. The triumph was therefore the greater, and it marked a positive step in the progress of the reform. It would be of inestimable aid to a President who meant to purify the administration of public affairs, and it was one of those committals from which a party cannot retreat without suffering the punishment of its insincerity.

The balloting in the convention soon showed that the earnest supporters of Bristow and Hayes numbered hardly one third of the whole, whilst the Blaine forces were almost one half, and were disposed to adhere steadily to their candidate. The problem, therefore, was whether the friends of the other candidates preferred to unite upon one person, or would, by division, allow enough to go over to Blaine to secure his nomination. To understand their action, it is necessary to recall something of the history of the reform movement. The Independents of 1872 made both the reduction of the tariff and the reform of the civil service cardinal points in their creed. The illogical absurdity of the result by which, in their mass convention, Mr. Greeley, the veteran champion of high protection, was made their candidate, foredoomed the movement to defeat. It was too plainly the mere capture of a public meeting by those who had other ends in view. Had Mr. C. F. Adams been nominated, as was expected by the real leaders in the reform movement, it is not improbable that a new organization of permanent parties would have followed. As it was, the disbanding of a distinctively reform organization in such a critical time, and the later drift of the Republican party into ultra-protectionism, seemed to make it a foregone conclusion that the politics of the country would be worked out within the old party lines.

This, however, was not definitely accepted in 1876, and a considerable body of the most intelligent and earnest men in the country were determined to make a new effort at an independent organization, unless the Republican party should give some guaranties of real encouragement to "reform within the party." A call for a conference was issued in April by William Cullen Bryant, President Woolsey, Ex-Governor Bullock, Horace White, and Carl Schurz. The meeting was held in New York in May, and in it were the most earnest of those who had started the movement of 1872. They put forth an address in which they said, "The country cannot now afford to have any man elected to the presidency whose very name is not conclusive evidence of the most uncompromising determination of the American people to make this a pure government once more." Looking to the probability that the coming convention would be quite willing to offer them a reformatory resolution in the platform as a cheap consideration for their support, they further declared that "not mere words are needed, but acts; not mere platforms, but men." Their purpose was explicitly stated. "We shall support no candidate," they said, "who, however favorably judged by his nearest friends, is not publicly known to possess those qualities of mind and character which the stern task of genuine reform requires."

Thus it happened that the Cincinnati convention met, with full knowledge that the nomination of either of the most prominent party leaders would certainly be followed by the open opposition of all who were represented in the New York conference. The condition of

public sentiment was such that he would be a very sanguine partisan who could hope that this opposition would not prove fatal to party success. The result of the election proved that it would indeed have been decisive. No doubt the attachment of Mr. Blaine's followers was so strong that they would have preferred defeat with him to success with another; but the supporters of Conkling and Morton were inclined to vote for some other candidate as soon as it should be probable that they could not succeed with their own. It soon became evident that their choice must lie between Bristow and Hayes, and upon the seventh ballot the concentration was complete, and Hayes was nominated, receiving thirty-three more votes than Blaine. At the critical moment, the Morton vote, led by R. W. Thompson of Indiana, was withheld from Bristow, to whom it was supposed it would be given, Michigan was transferred to Hayes, and the rest made haste to follow.

From the opening of the convention the crucial question had been, whether the reform organization would support General Hayes if he should be nominated. It was plain that the party managers did not desire the nomination of Bristow, who was too distinctively the reform candidate; and if the reformers could be induced to support another, it would be a compromise of the kind that is always attractive to a politician. The address that had been published by the New York conference had been so explicit in its unwillingness to support an unknown candidate, or to take his character on trust, that opinion for a time trembled in the balance. The summing-up was on this wise. General Hayes as a soldier had been a modest one, but his courage had been tested, and had shone more nobly with the demands upon it. He had in civil life been a strict party man, but in his votes in Congress, and in his acts as Governor, he had solved his doubts in favor of the purest principle and of the most honest course. He had avoided collisions and had followed acknowledged leaders, but he had never allowed party devotion to compromise his personal integrity. He had never been willing to break out of party lines, but he had given countenance and assistance to reform in every way short of this. His whole life had been one of unostentatious but pure morality, and no one could come very near him without learning that he was a man to whom no corrupt proposal could be made, and who would not tolerate corruption.

The reform delegates in the convention had inquired as to all these points with intense solicitude, for they knew they did not hold the balance of power, and could not dictate a nomination. Had it been only a question who would most fitly represent their principles, and who, in intellect, in cultivation, in character, in knowledge of public business, in power to commend the right to the minds and hearts of others, would most nobly fill the great office of President, they had on that floor, in the person of George W. Curtis, one of whom every American might well have been proud. But no one knew so well as Mr. Curtis that his championship of reform made him ineligible, in the sad condition of politics, for high political office, and that his work must be done with conscious self-renunciation and as a private citizen. He and those who acted with him were not impracticable, and they welcomed the evidence that among the recognized available party candidates there was one whose character and career gave so much ground for confidence as that of General Hayes. They bore willing testimony that if only the honest and intelligent administration of the laws were considered, Hayes, as The Nation expressed it, was "precisely the kind of man for which the presidency calls." They needed, however, his own declarations, and withheld their final decision till his letter of acceptance was published. It was known in advance that this would

be no mere perfunctory gloss upon the convention platform, but would be an indication of the candidate's principles and policy, by which he would firmly abide.

In accepting the nomination, General Hayes selected for special mention four of the topics contained in the platform. These were, first, the reform of the civil service; second, the return to specie payments; third, unsectarian common schools; and fourth, the pacification of the South. The first and the last were treated with considerable fullness; the others very briefly. He traced the abuse of the distribution of public offices as a means of political advantage, and showed that, during the preceding half century, the offices had become "not merely rewards for party services, but rewards for services to party leaders." He enumerated some of the most glaring evils of the spoils system. He intimated that it made office-brokers of members of Congress, instead of statesmen. He declared that every department of the government would be elevated by the reform, and that this "should be thorough, radical, and complete." He pledged himself, if elected, to use all his constitutional powers to establish this reform. He went further, and stated his inflexible purpose not to be a candidate for election to a second term. He put this emphatically upon the ground that the reform to which he pledged himself could "be best accomplished by an executive who is under no temptation to use the patronage of his office to promote his own re-election." This was something more than words: it was "an act" such as had been spoken of by the New York conference. It was an explicit and original withdrawal from the list of future candidates, and the adoption of a position which was in itself a progress in reform. The abuse of the appointing power and of executive authority to secure a second or third term was the subject upon which the country was exceedingly sore, yet it was one of such delicacy for a party candidate, that General Hayes's solution of it must be regarded as both wise and significant. His action was itself a condemnation of the wrongs in the past, and the surest pledge as to the future. A declaration in favor of a constitutional amendment limiting the President to one term would have been mere "words;" for experience had shown how little chance there was for early action upon it. His directness and sincerity of purpose was better shown in this act than it could have been by reams of disquisition.

In dealing with the subject of Southern pacification, he was by the necessity of the situation limited to generalities; yet his letter, read in the light of the actual history of the Southern States, is full of intentional significance. Peace on the basis of the supremacy of the law was his theme, and "an intelligent and honest administration of government" he recognized as the "first necessity." He pledged himself to organize his administration so as to "regard and cherish their truest interests, — the interests of the white and colored people both and equally," and to "wipe out forever the distinction between North and South in our common country."

The letter removed all misgivings from the minds of most men of the reform wing of the party, and from a strong probability of defeat gave to the Republicans a fair chance of success. If it shall seem that I have given too much space to things which were only preliminary to the administration of President Hayes, my apology is that the character of the administration was determined by these events. It is sometimes said that the contest over his election led him to conciliate the South, and to try to calm public agitation by making his administration acceptable to all parts of the country. The fact rather is, as it seems to me, that he was only carrying out, with logical consistency and with personal singleness of purpose, the princi-

ples and the policy to which he was committed by his nomination, and by the avowed convictions which had made him an acceptable candidate to the men who thoroughly meant "to make this a pure government once more."

The controversy over the election of 1876 is much more easily understood now than it was at the time. Excited political discussion is always full of reckless assertions, and the easy credulity of party men accepts as truth all that is claimed by the party. The returning board question amounted to this. The returning board of Louisiana rejected the vote of election precincts in which the elections had been undisturbed on election day, upon the ground that a general condition of intimidation existed among the negroes in consequence of violence practiced during an indefinite previous time. If such rejected votes had been counted, the electoral vote of the State would have gone to Tilden, and he would have been elected. There were, of course, disputes as to the fact of intimidation, its connection with this election, and its extent. Those who admitted it offered excuses found in the revolutionary condition of affairs in the South and the intolerable character of the first local governments after the close of the war. The returning board had no claim to public confidence, for it was a partisan body, the members of which refused to fill a vacancy that the law directed to be filled by one of the opposite party. It was a self-perpetuating body, whose composition had deteriorated in the changes of its membership which had occurred during several years. In justice to them, however, it must be admitted that the bold plan of ruling the State through its decisions was put in operation by prominent Northern politicians. At a previous election, when there were men of character upon it, the board had declared the election favorable to the Republicans, but had sent one of their number to Washington to represent to leading congressmen that they did so, not because the evidence justified it, but because they thought there was no fair election. They requested that the whole election might be set aside by Congress, and a new one ordered, under such federal protection as would make it satisfactory to all. They were referred to Senator Morton of Indiana, as the spokesman of the party leaders, and after some delays he informed them that the result as declared by their return was so satisfactory that it was not considered necessary to take congressional action. It may have been a mere coincidence that the Louisiana Republican Convention of 1876 indicated Senator Morton as its first choice for the presidency. The complications in Florida and South Carolina were variations of the same revolutionary conditions. The facts were more or less obscured by the fierce antagonisms and contradictions of party dispute, and the most honest man, even if he were himself a candidate, might well doubt where the truth lay. Light dawned upon the situation when a measure was introduced in Congress to appoint a commission to count the votes and to decide the election, making judges of the supreme court in their private capacity umpires of disputed points.

The merit of securing the passage of this measure belongs in no small degree to Speaker Randall of the House, who, after giving free rein for a long time to those who were determined to defeat it by filibustering, until they had thus exhausted themselves and wearied all others, at a well-chosen moment, when the temper of the House was likely to rally to him, announced the constitutional obligation to prepare to count the electoral votes to be paramount to the right of further debate, refused to entertain dilatory motions, and gave a favorable majority the opportunity of a final vote. The country was in greater peril of a renewal of civil war than most people knew or believed. The conduct of both

Hayes and Tilden was admirable. Both gave their whole influence to the submission of all disputes to peaceful solution through legal forms. Both earned the title of true patriots, who postponed their personal and party ambitions to the peace of the country. Senator Morton strengthened his claim to be considered the type of extremest partisanship by leading the mixed opposition to the electoral commission. Republicans who opposed it generally contended that the Republican president of the Senate had full authority to count the vote without control by either house of Congress, although the right of either house to object to any vote had been distinctly recognized by Republican Congresses. Democrats who opposed did so in the belief that an objection from the House of Representatives would prevent the vote, and if the Senate and House could not agree, the election by the electors would fail, and an election by the Democratic House would follow under the provisions of the Constitution.

The electoral commission decided that they were bound to recognize and count the votes of all electors appearing upon the face of the returns to be duly qualified. They accordingly declared General Hayes to be the President elect. The title to the office was thus lawfully and finally determined, though the question as to fraud or wrong-doing behind the returns was avowedly untouched. It was plainly one of those cases coming under an ancient legal maxim, that it is more important to the country that the law should be certain than that it should always be just. General Hayes had not been a claimant of the office, nor had he taken the position that he had the right to any vote whatever. With a mind prepared for either event, he had quietly waited for the lawfully constituted authority to declare upon whom the office devolved in accordance with the forms of law. His refusal to accept it before the electoral college had voted would only have thrown upon that body the actual choice intended to be given it by the Constitution, and could neither have dissolved it nor changed its political complexion. His refusal afterward would only have passed the office to the Vice-President elect, and to those in the legal order of succession. Fully conscious of the unwelcome incidents connected with his tenure, he modestly accepted as a solemn duty the responsibilities which both houses of Congress in due form had declared to be upon his shoulders.

The selection of his Cabinet was the next duty, and he went about it with the same directness and simplicity of motive which had marked his previous conduct. Suggestions were made to him abundantly, and he sought the opinions of those in whom he had confidence. He kept his own counsel, however, and did not indicate his purpose till he had maturely considered everything which should weigh with him. The first selections definitely made were Mr. Evarts for the State Department, Mr. Schurz for the Interior, and Mr. Sherman for the Treasury. Mr. Evarts had been the leader of the reform element in New York during the State canvass. He had always been an independent Republican, and had not only defended President Johnson professionally in the impeachment trial, but had accepted the Attorney-Generalship in his Cabinet afterward. The mantle of Mr. Seward seemed to have fallen upon him. Eloquent in advocacy, subtle in counsel, irresistible in social life, he combined in the highest degree the qualities of successful diplomacy. The fitness of the selection could not be questioned, but it was none the less significant of the new President's judgment of the factions within the party. Mr. Schurz was more distinctively the champion and the representative of aggressive reform. Although deeply chagrined at the nomination of Greeley in 1872, he had not felt at liberty to cut loose from a movement

he had done much to start. Yet he declared himself an Independent in politics, with earnest wishes that the Republican party should command the support of all such by a real committal to the civil service reform. Almost unrivaled for lucid and cogent reasoning on political subjects, his earnest advocacy of General Hayes's election had been fruitful in votes as well as a real educational force upon public opinion. Mr. Sherman was the type of the naturally conservative but devoted party man. His great administrative abilities and his familiarity with the financial legislation of the country pointed him out as a safe and strong Secretary of the Treasury. His steady policy in his department made the most intelligent men of the community wish that a larger part of his career might have been spent in executive duties, where the temptations to yield to the shifting currents of momentary popular opinion are much weaker than upon the floor of Congress. The selection of General Devens for Attorney-General was an additional proof of the influence of great purity of character, tried ability in judicial duty, and a noble self-sacrificing patriotism in the military as well as in the civil service of the country. In putting Mr. Thompson into the Navy Department, President Hayes more distinctly recognized the claims of a wing of his party than in any other of his selections. That Senator Morton was a strong factor in our politics, every one knew. His leadership in the opposition to the electoral commission was an additional reason for conciliating him and his friends. Mr. Thompson had been the spokesman of this group in the Cincinnati convention, and was a political veteran, dating back to the times of the full vigor of the Whig party.

No part of General Hayes's purpose had been more distinctly formed or firmly held than that of making an effort to give peace to the South. He hoped that this might be done on the basis of the mutual recognition of their rights by the two races, when assured that the Federal administration would countenance no wrong by either, and would be an impartial umpire between both. As something more than a pledge to do this, he had at a very early day determined to give a place in his Cabinet to some distinguished Southern man who would have the fullest confidence of the late Confederates. Such a man, admitted to the confidential relations of the Cabinet, would be an authoritative exponent of the broad patriotic policy of the President, and could give to the administration the most trustworthy information of the real views and desires of the Southern whites. The President's own history and that of most of his advisers showed that the interests of the freedmen would be watched by them with friendly solicitude. A representation of the disaffected element would, it was hoped, bring about the mutual understanding which was a necessary condition of a solid pacification. To ensure the best results, it was desirable that the Southern man chosen should possess the absolute confidence of his own people, and yet be, as far as possible, free from the entanglements of an active politician. General Joseph E. Johnston seemed to unite the desired qualities, and President Hayes determined at a very early day to offer him the position of Secretary of War. Johnston was not only a very able man, with dignity of character and of perfect integrity, but he had given such proof of the completeness with which he had accepted the results of the war, and of his desire to assist in cultivating renewed loyalty to the nation, that no one could be a more fit intermediary between his section and the government. As the matter was discussed, however, there was seen evidence that in the army and among the disbanded volunteers there was a good deal of restiveness at the idea of a general of the late Confederate army becoming the immediate represen-

tative of the national commander-in-chief. Many thought it too violent an experiment, whilst recognizing the wisdom of the President's general purpose. General Sherman had doubts of the feasibility of the plan, but he distinctly said that, for himself, he could receive the President's orders through his own old antagonist without chafing or unhappiness. The decision was left open by General Hayes till he went to Washington to be inaugurated, when adverse influences became strong enough to lead him to modify his plan, and, at the last moment, he nominated General Key of Tennessee to be Postmaster-General, and Mr. McCrary of Iowa to be Secretary of War. It is no impeachment of the ability or high purposes of General Key to say that his appointment could not have the full significance that Johnston's would have had, and that the President's plan was not tried in the sense he had originally meant. Mr. McCrary had been a distinguished member of the House of Representatives, and had introduced the resolution which led to the electoral commission. By his loyal coöperation with the President, he justified the confidence reposed in him.

In the organization of his cabinet, President Hayes had consistently carried out the purposes he had formed at the time of his nomination. In his inaugural address he called his countrymen to witness that he only reiterated the principles which he had stated in his letter of acceptance. He scarcely added anything to the list of important measures he had already advocated. He recommended a constitutional amendment fixing a term of six years for the President, and forbidding a reëlection. This was a proper corollary to the personal pledge he had given the country that he would not be a candidate for a second term. He referred with dignity to the decision of the electoral commission making him President, and, recognizing the fact that "for the present, opinions will widely vary as to the wisdom" of their conclusions, rested his own title on the judicial determination of the tribunal to which the law referred the controversy. He rightly saw the best proof of capacity for self-government in the willingness of the people, in the height of political excitement, to submit such a contest to decision under the forms of law.

The first business which confronted the administration was embarrassing. In South Carolina and Louisiana two rival organizations claimed to be the state government. In each State two persons assumed to exercise the governorship, and two bodies pretending to be the legislature were in session. Congress had sent committees to examine the situation, and General Grant had reached the conclusion that the military forces of the United States could not properly be used to maintain local governments which would fall unless upheld by the army. Preliminary steps had been taken looking to the withdrawal of troops, and the question for President Hayes was whether he would change the policy indicated. Strong efforts were made to convince him that he condemned his own title to the presidency if he allowed the Republican claimants in the Southern States to be ousted. He showed true statesmanship in refusing to allow his own title to be considered in connection with the present dispute. To have done so would have made him the slave of a faction, and would have forfeited his claim to be the head of the nation. He determined to send a committee to represent him in a strong effort at voluntary conciliation in the States. The Republican claimants of state offices were to be informed that the administration shared the grave doubts of their predecessors as to the right to use the army as a garrison for the continuous support of a state government. The constitutional authority to use military force was limited to invasion, insurrection, and the

acute rather than the chronic disturbances of the public peace. It was for the local claimants to say whether they had any confidence in a popular support which would be efficient if their opponents were not overawed by the army. If not, they were to be advised that the good of the whole country would be best promoted by their abandonment even of what they regarded as a legal right, and by awaiting the effects of peace and education to determine the political future of their States. The commission was wisely chosen, and performed its task with diplomatic skill. Enough members of one legislative organization went over to the other to remove all doubt as to the *de facto* and *de jure* quorum, the claiming governors who were unsupported by the legislature retired, and the contest was ended. That Mr. Hayes was disappointed in his hope that there would be no recurrence to fraud or force does not invalidate the truth that, in the actual state of public opinion, the cessation of war methods and the return to the ordinary ways of peace was a necessity.

The civil service question remained a burning one throughout the term of the administration. The step which was taken at the Cincinnati Convention, and to which President Hayes earnestly committed himself, did not by any means cover the whole ground. To put an end to the dictation of appointments by congressmen was a considerable advance, if it could be really done. It was open, however, to the criticism that the President could not have personal knowledge of the tens of thousands of incumbents and candidates, and that it would be practically impossible to draw the line between accepting information from members of Congress and acting on their recommendation and request. The earnest advocates of reform saw clearly that the systematic classification of the service with appointments upon impersonal and judicial examination would be the only satisfactory solution of the problem. The gist of the reform is to take the ordinary administration offices entirely out of politics, and to put them upon a purely business basis. Transferring patronage from congressmen back to the President was a step in the right direction, because concentration of responsibility tends to better selection. The President reiterated his wish to return to the practice of the earliest administrations, when removal of officers for political reasons was practically unknown. He was desirous of coöperating with Congress and of procuring efficient legislation on the subject, but he did not yet see his way clear to doing the work by executive order. Mr. Schurz introduced a system of examinations for appointment and promotion in the Interior Department; and he adhered to it with the support and encouragement of the President, despite the withholding of the money necessary to meet the cost. The Civil Service Commission had a nominal existence, and did such voluntary work as the earnest zeal of its members prompted them to do. Congress refused, during the whole of Mr. Hayes's term, to make appropriations for the necessary expenses of the commission; and without the means to carry on the examinations with which we are now familiar, the commission could do little more than educate public sentiment.

The hostility did not stop here. Every form of pressure was brought to bear upon the President to make him retreat from his position. An informal meeting of congressmen supposed to represent the different phases of opinion was finally arranged at the house of Secretary Sherman, who consented to be the medium of conveying to the President any suggestions or requests on which they could agree. It is not quite clear how the selection for this little caucus was made, but it was probably a fair indication of congressional opinion. The large majority were men who believed that party organization could be efficient only when

the offices were used for partisan rewards, and who insisted with considerable logical force that, if this were true, the members of the Senate and House were the natural distributers of the prizes; the President, through the Cabinet, being only the arbitrator of their conflicting claims. Most of them pooh-poohed the attempt at reform as theoretically pretty and even ultimately desirable, but wholly visionary and unpractical. Butler was there, professing his cynical disbelief in the honesty of the reformers, and openly denouncing the pharisaism, as he styled it, of the "snivel service reform." There was also present a very small but determined minority, who forced the meeting to face the explicit terms of the party platform and the pledges of the President's letter of acceptance as repeated in his first regular message. They asked which party would be likely to bear the penalties of hypocrisy and pharisaism, if, by organized effort, they should succeed in repudiating these pledges. The result was that no formal resolution or other united action was ventured on, and the secretary did not have to report to his chief any ultimatum of his party in Congress. The strained relations were perhaps a little relieved, but the urgency of individuals upon the President to abandon his purpose was not less strong than before. Whether it was that he had a period of real discouragement, or that he thought it useless to continue to press upon the two houses his views on this subject, it is a significant fact that, in his message to the second regular session of the Forty-Fifth Congress, he omitted the subject of civil service reform, though he returned to it again in his messages to the Forty-Sixth, and with a manifestly increased depth of conviction as to its necessity. A good measure of the progress since that day is found in the outspoken declaration of Mr. McKinley, so honorable to him, when, as chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means in the last Congress, he said the reformed system had "come to stay," and that he would not be party to any effort to defeat proper appropriations for the expenses of the commission.

President Hayes's administration was noteworthy for the number of instances in which he felt obliged to make use of the veto. On some ten different occasions he returned to Congress bills which had been passed, giving reasons for withholding his assent. The bill to provide for the coinage of the standard silver dollar was one of these, and his objection was that, in his judgment, silver should not be made a legal tender for debts incurred before the passage of the act. The bill to restrict Chinese immigration was another. He thought this bill inconsistent with the treaty then existing with China, and that its abrogation by one party, without negotiation, would be in substance a violation of international law. In both these cases the veto was overridden by the constitutional majority of both houses of Congress. In another class of cases, in which the veto was effectual, some curious questions were involved. The House of Representatives, having a Democratic majority, passed several bills in succession in which a "rider" was put upon army appropriations and appropriations for the expenses of deputy marshals, declaring that no part of the money appropriated should be used to carry out provisions of statutes formerly passed relating to the use of troops at places of election, and to the employment by United States marshals of extra deputies to supervise elections. The effect of such "riders" was practically to annul laws which remained upon the statute book unrepealed. The danger of defeating the whole appropriation bill had sufficed to coerce the Senate into acquiescence, but, undeterred by this, the President interposed his veto. He did so upon the ground that it was his constitutional duty to see that unrepealed laws are faithfully executed, and that the restrictions sought to be imposed not only prevented

this in the cases referred to, but were sweeping enough to cripple the executive power in matters committed to its care continuously since 1792.

The contention of the House became, in substance, the assertion of the right of the representatives to dictate to the other branches of the legislative power whenever they believed that a "grievance" existed and ought to be removed. Really, it implied the right to make a deadlock in the business of the government, and to use this as a sort of duress upon the Senate and the President. The common arguments in support of such action were drawn from the history of the English Commons in the well-known cases of enforcing redress of grievances by withholding grants of money. The advocates of this doctrine put themselves in the position of smatterers in history who miss its sense. The English Commons were the only direct representation of the people, and they were forcing upon the hereditary king and lords the constitutional principle that the will of the people must be paramount. The House of Commons thus became the dominant factor in government. In the United States, however, the President and the Senate also derive their power from the people by election and for brief terms. The same constitution fixes their tenure of office and their part in the government which fixes those of the representatives. To attempt to change these at the will of one of the coördinate departments is to alter the Constitution. To do it irregularly and by means of interrupting the conduct of the government is revolution. When this question has been raised, the people have never failed to stand by their Constitution. The party which has tried revolutionary methods has found itself condemned. It is popular in the United States, as well as lawful, for the Senate to assert its full share in legislation, and for the President to use freely his judgment in signing or in vetoing the bills which Congress may pass. President Hayes temperately but firmly set forth the true doctrine in returning these bills, and though he had to do it not once or twice, but seven times, he adhered to his conviction of duty and was sustained. It was a constitutional crisis of no mean dimensions. Here, if ever, was the occasion on which the right of veto would meet popular disapproval. So far was this from being the case, that viewed merely as a question of parliamentary policy, it was disastrous for the majority in the House, and made easier the unquestioned victory of the Republicans in the next presidential contest.

The detailed history of the events occurring during President Hayes's term would have its interest as illustrating the ordinary business of the country in time of peace. It is often said that the happiest periods of a nation's existence are those which offer the fewest exciting themes to the historian. With no wars or dangers of war, with no scandals to excite the political gossips, with no great issues to stir party organizations to spasmodic efforts, everything seemed to move on in humdrum prosperity. The public debt was rapidly paid off, specie payments were resumed, the Mormon question in Utah was brought within the control of established law and the suppression of polygamy there was made certain, the classified civil service system was applied to the most important custom-houses and post-offices and its principles took firm root, the fisheries dispute was added to the precedents which support arbitration as a better way of settling international differences than war. If the President was disappointed in his hope that the pacification of the South would be completed within his term upon the basis of the removal of the race question from politics, it was not from any lack of effort on his part. The root of the evil was found to be so deep that what had been centuries in growing could not be sud-

denly cured. The cessation of turbulence and organized violence was much, even if frauds remained; for it is only in a peaceful atmosphere that men can hear the voice of conscience and of wisdom in political disputes.

The experience of President Hayes proved that an administration which seeks to abolish the spoils system must expect to lose that appearance of leadership in legislation which has been sustained by the farming out of patronage. The appearance was in the main a sham, but it imposed upon a public not well informed, and gave a repute for strength to administrations that only bought votes in Congress by places under the government. In matters in which the country has an active interest, the real leadership will accompany the clearest knowledge of the public need and of the proper means to meet it. In ordinary affairs a President who will not so purchase help will find his recommendations treated with slight respect, or even ostentatiously overruled. There will be no loss in dignity for the executive nor in advantage to the country when once we are oriented to the new condition of things. The recommendations of the President will be less political and more business-like. The public necessities and advantages which are supported by a strong array of facts will command attention even from a hostile legislature. The presidential presentations of party advocacy and efforts at party control can be dispensed with, and both the country and the chief magistrate will gain by the absence.

President Hayes put himself beyond the temptation to court favors, in Congress or out of it, by his simple and honest adherence to his original withdrawal from further candidacy. He did not dally with the matter, or show the slightest wish to change his resolve. He did not encourage, but repelled suggestions that the determination was ill-advised. He put the thing behind him once and forever. We shall do well to study his administration carefully from this point of view. It is an object lesson in the essential difference there is in the whole spirit of a government when it is absolutely free from the suspicion of an ulterior purpose to aid a personal ambition. Its duties ran on from day to day in a wholesome independence and vigor. It had no need to slur the expression of duty or to soften its demand for the right. Its recommendations were known to be honest, and not warped by cunning policy. It gave those who will carefully look at it and make comparisons with that which had gone before, an opportunity to see some of the permanent benefits which would come from the adoption of the constitutional amendment fixing the single six-year term. It began under a cloud of odium never paralleled in our history. Its opponents had been keyed up almost to the point of armed insurrection. It steadily silenced its detractors and gained upon their respect, till, when it ended, there was universal assent to the proposition that not only was President Hayes precisely the kind of man for which the presidency calls, but that he had given the country precisely the kind of administration that it needed. We do not need to say that he had been ideal in wisdom or in power. That was not what was called for. He was well balanced in judgment, teachable in the school of experience, single-hearted in patriotic purpose, honest in seeking only the public good, and so successful in enforcing honesty in his administration that not a breath of scandal stained it. The very quietness and modesty of it all was one of its chief merits, and should make his countrymen pray that such administrations may become the rule and not the exception. And from the time that he laid down his great office till the day of his death, he devoted himself with the same quietness, but the same untiring industry, to the good of his country. Looking to education as

the best guaranty for republican institutions, he was especially active in the administration of the Peabody fund, and other endowments of popular education in the South, believing that increase in knowledge and cultivation would go further than any other influence in removing the antagonisms left by the war. Deeply impressed by his executive experience with the fact that prisons are too often the schools of crime, he gave unstinted labor and time to the work of prison reform. The hard fate of the Indians had excited his sympathy, and his aid was freely given to every effort for their civilization and their fair treatment. He cultivated true comradeship with the soldiers who had been his companions in war, though his official messages contained no recommendation for an enlargement of the pension system. From first to last his life was one of consistent and steadfast obedience to fixed principles and earnest convictions, and the more intimately it was known, the more free did it seem from all subservience to momentary influences or merely personal ambitions.

Jacob Dolson Cox.

THE EDUCATIONAL TREND OF THE NORTHWEST.

THE great river which is the central artery and highway of our continent is so varied in its direction — at one point flowing eastward, then northward, with here a stagnant marsh and there an eddy without progress — that those whose observations are restricted to small sections of its course may differ greatly as to what its general trend is, and whether it will finally empty its waters into the Gulf, or either ocean.

For a like reason, we, in the midst of complex and conflicting social forces, with no view of the future and seeing the past in very different perspective, are likely to differ in our judgments or guesses as to whither we tend. Since there is no question which attracts the attention of the American people more seriously than that of education, I shall give in outline, without discussion, what seems to me to be the general trend of educational sentiment in the Northwest in relation to the public school system.

As civilization moves westward, its tendency is to slough off the accidents of local conditions, to incorporate more thoroughly into itself the good results of ancient strife and controversy, and to readjust itself to its new conditions. English pilgrims brought with them to this country the best that the Old World had to give, high ideals of religion and politics, and left behind the conditions which impaired the realization of those ideals. In like manner the great West has inherited the wealth of New England's history, and, removed from some of the effects of her controversies, may add what may prove to be a paragraph, if not a new chapter, in the national life.

Unity on the basis of homogeneity of mass is of the lowest type. Of this type is the government of state or family unified in the absolute will of one man. The higher and ideal type is that based on individuality and freedom of parts acting in unity as one harmonious whole. Conservatism often mistakes crystallization for disintegration. In this line of progress New England represents the freedom of the individual, the separation of church and state, and the duty of the state to provide elementary and secondary education for its children. The institutions of higher education came of individual philanthropy, to which the State has, by its friendly alliance, given contin-

ual support and protection. I note, then, as the first step of progress in the West, that higher education has come to be recognized as an integral part of our public school system. From the common school through the university, the system is one, and commands the unquestioning support of the public. The State that, for its perpetuity and progress, felt bound to teach its children to read and write feels an equal necessity to bring within the reach of its youth the learning and culture necessary to the higher and more vital demands of citizenship in government and industry. In Minnesota for the future, as in Michigan for the past, the property of the State will sustain a regular annual tax for the support of its university, as well as for its common schools.

The second step of progress is that Protestant Christianity is coming to recognize it as the province of the State to provide secular education in all its departments for all its people. This is already an accomplished fact as to elementary education. Christian people have come to see that when the family and the church recognize their respective responsibilities, the influence of the elementary school, in its moral atmosphere and intellectual results, is quite satisfactory; that godless schools are made up of godless children of godless parents; in which case the remedy is in the hands of the church, and not of the State. American Protestantism has turned over its entire work of elementary education to the public schools. There are strong indications that, allowing the State to teach the children all their arithmetic and geography, it will also soon turn over the teaching of chemistry and calculus. In other words, that, as the churches now utilize the instruction of the elementary schools for the religious instruction of youth in Sabbath-school and family, they will at no very distant day utilize the higher instruction in natural science, philosophy, classics, and history given in the public schools of higher learning, eliminate these branches from their own curricula, and then, under the growing demand for a division of labor, concentrate their resources and energy upon distinctively religious instruction, training specialists in church work, such as ministers, lay preachers, medical missionaries, city missionaries, and superintendents and teachers of Sunday-schools. This is likely to come about because (1) it is the logical outcome of the position taken regarding elementary education; (2) the resources of the churches are wholly inadequate to the demands of secular education at this day in addition to their own special work of evangelizing the world; and (3) the problem of special training for special work is pressing hard upon the attention of thoughtful Christians. This new question, when solved, will divert interest from mere secular learning, and engross interest and all available means in religious schools. Churches will at no distant day have normal religious colleges for the training of teachers of the masses, as the State now has for the instructors of its school.

Michigan and its university are evidently at the front in this movement. About the state university are now clustered separate and generously equipped halls for the use of the students' Christian associations, Methodists, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians, for social and religious culture, and for special courses of lectures upon religious themes for the defense and establishment of Christian truth. It will be interesting to follow the development of this movement, and to note its bearing upon the disposition of the Christian public toward state university education.

The third and most marked indication of progress is the possible reconciliation of the Catholic Church to the public school system. No part of our national organization is more vital to its great future, if not to its very existence, than

our public schools. Hence patriotism and loyalty are words of stinted meaning in the vocabulary of him who is disloyal to our free schools. I believe that the heart of the American Catholic is as true to our free schools as to the old flag itself. Hence I believe that the order and trend of events are toward an American Catholic Church, and a corresponding adjustment of relations in view of historic differences, whether of prejudice or of conviction.

We have seen various phases in the history of this problem in Europe and America, all of which provide for the separate instruction of Protestant and Catholic children by teachers respectively of their own faith. All these expedients recognize the existence of a feeling of mutual distrust that religious faith and character would be liable to corruption if exposed to the influences of persons of any other form of Christian faith than their own. Under such circumstances there is no alternative but to dwell apart; for it is better so to live in peace than together in discord.

But with us this is no solution; it may be a truce, but it is not peace. When our schools are pervaded with an atmosphere of Christian culture, and by such a sense of respect for the religious opinions and rights of others that Protestant, Catholic, and Jew are equally at home in our schools, and the children of Protestants are confidently trusted for their instruction in the secular branches to teachers who are Catholics, and, *vice versa*, when Catholics come to believe that Protestants can teach their children these same branches without the least prejudice to their religion; when the children of both classes may sit at the same desk, recite in the same class, and play at the same game in friendly accord, and then part at the schoolroom door, each to his own home and church life, then, and not till then, we shall have the final solution.

It must be confessed that this day has not yet come, but no one can measure the progress of the past twenty-five years without feeling that the trend is in that direction.

As Minnesota is the field of controversy, and the Archbishop of St. Paul the prominent representative of the Catholic educational movement, it will help to recall some significant and brave words of Archbishop Ireland uttered at Baltimore in 1889: —

"The watchwords of the age are reason, education, liberty, the material improvement of the masses. . . . I seek no backward voyage across the sea of time. I will even press forward. . . . Do not fear the novel, provided principles be well guarded. It is a time of novelties, and religious action, to accord with the age, must take new forms and new directions. Let there be individual action. Laymen need not wait for priest, nor priest for bishop, nor bishop for pope. The timid move in crowds, the brave in single file. . . . We should live in our age, know it, be in touch with it. There are Catholics, more numerous in Europe, however, than in America, to whom the present will not be known until long after it has become the past. Our work is in the present, and not in the past. It will not do to understand the thirteenth century better than the nineteenth. We should speak to our own age of things it feels and in a language it understands. . . . The church of America must be, of course, as Catholic as ever in Jerusalem or Rome, but so far as her garments assume color from the local atmosphere, she must be American. Let no one paint her brow with foreign tint, nor pin to her mantle foreign linings. . . . Americans have no longing for a foreign church with a foreign aspect."

Again, at St. Paul, in an address befor the National Educational Association in July, 1890, he used these words: —

"I am a friend and advocate of the state schools. . . . The right of the state school to exist I consider is beyond the

subject of discussion. . . . I unreservedly favor state laws making education compulsory. . . . The state school — withered be the hand raised in sign of its destruction."

And next, in the season of 1892, Mgr. Satolli, representing the Roman pontiff, suggested several expedients for the reconciliation of Catholics with the public schools. Of those proposed, the most advanced was that when the public school is of such a character as to be satisfactory to the priest in character and in its considerate spirit toward the children of Catholics, the children may attend such school; in which case provision shall be made for their religious instruction apart from the school. This is the Faribault plan, so called, and as distinguished from the Poughkeepsie plan.

In response to a request by the Superintendent of Public Instruction for a "statement of the facts in the case and the interests and principles involved," an official statement was made by the President and Secretary of the Board of Education.

Following the proposition made by Father Conway for the transfer of the parochial school to the charge of the Board of Education, and the offer of the use of the building for public school purposes, the report continues: —

"The Board of Education unanimously accepted this proposition. They are bound by no conditions other than those contained in this proposition. We accepted the building simply because we needed it for the present. Finding the teachers in the school competent, we engaged them. It is the purpose of the Board of Education thoroughly to assimilate the parochial schools turned over to us with the public school system and make them an integral part of it, and to effect this as rapidly as possible. We believe this is also the wish of the Catholics interested in the matter. We intend to treat all patrons of the school fairly and courteously, and to give to the city the best schools we can, but at the same time we shall carefully guard every interest involved and every principle at stake in our American public school economy.

"By order of the Board of Education."

It appears, then, that in Faribault the Catholics, priests and people, are satisfied with the public schools.

That this is likely to be the final outcome appears in these reasons: (1) The Americanizing tendencies of the century are irresistible. Nothing short of a complete assimilation of foreign blood will satisfy the spirit of the times. (2) By no other means can the children of the nation secure the knowledge and training necessary to fill the more honorable, lucrative, and responsible positions in civil and industrial life than through the public schools. The field of learning and investigation has so broadened in every direction, and the cost of equipment in scientific branches has so increased that, however well a private school may meet the several demands of religious or social culture, all are alike dependent upon the provision made by the State for all its youth.

There will be an immeasurable gain to religion and the State when, in the freedom allowed every body of Christians to perfect its highest ideal undisturbed by strife about differences, they can grow toward a common likeness in life and character, a common hatred of all evil, a common loyalty to their common country, in defense of which they will stand shoulder to shoulder. In that day we shall profess, with deepest sincerity, "I *believe* in the holy Catholic Church."

D. L. Kiehle.

MISS AUSTEN AND MISS FERRIER: CONTRAST AND COMPARISON.

'T is sixty years since the author of Waverley died, and only the year before, with the practical kindness which is not always an accompaniment of genius, he had found time out of the grief and toil that were killing him to make good terms with Cadell for the publication of his friend Miss Ferrier's last novel. Destiny, for such is the title of this work, is just now come from the press, together with Marriage and The Inheritance, Miss Ferrier's other two novels, in a beautiful new edition, which contains also a short biographical sketch of the author, and accounts of visits to Ashestiel and Abbotsford which remained in manuscript until 1874. As happens with most writers who do not at first give their names to the public, Miss Ferrier has paid the price of anonymity by being twice unknown: for a long time she was not found out, even the friendly wizard himself being suspected of the deed by not a few persons; and now for many years she has been forgotten. It has been my lot, and doubtless others have had the same experience, to find any mention of The Inheritance, or even of Marriage, received with a blank look, followed by the eager inquiry of who wrote it, and at last by the civil subsidence of interest which commonly greets a reference to old novels.

Now, however, that the newspapers are advertising these books, — which North described to Tickler in the Noctes as "the works of a very clever woman, sir," — and the writer's fine Scotch name as well, there can be no more ignorance of the fact that Marriage, The Inheritance, and Destiny, were written by Susan Edmonstone Ferrier. But sooth (and sad) to say, investigation is forced to go one step further, and ask who and what that very clever woman was. The whirligig of time does indeed bring in a revenge or two along with the rest of its cargo, for Susan Ferrier, although during the greater portion of her life she was one of the most brilliant Edinburgh figures, has long been an extinct phenomenon, while the laurels of Jane Austen are each year taking on a brighter shade of green. But poor Miss Austen had no laurels to wear while she was alive, — perhaps that is the reason why she put on caps at an extraordinarily early age; and it is therefore to be hoped that her piquant shade is finding a truly Positivist satisfaction in the immortality of thick-coming editions, memoirs, criticisms, and discussions. An édition de luxe ten years ago was soon followed by the publication of above two hundred household letters, in which the proudest aspiration towards celebrity breathes humorously through the characteristic statement that the writer would like to be Mrs. Crabbe; three memoirs, with the promise of a fourth, have been given to the world within the last two years; and at this moment England and America are vying with each other in new editions, that embrace tentative and fragmentary pieces as well as the six novels known to fame.

Miss Ferrier, although so much the vogue when her stories were first published, has to set over against all this posthumous glory of Miss Austen's only the Bentley edition of 1882, — which called forth the only considerable modern criticism of what Temple Bar had well called these "three clever, satirical, and most amusing novels," in the form of an appreciative article contributed to the Fortnightly Review by Mr. Saintsbury, — and the present American issue, uniform with the same publishers'[1] edi-

[1] Both Miss Austen's and Miss Ferrier's novels are published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

tion of Jane Austen. Yet Ferrier is a kenn'd name. A great deal of The Inheritance, moreover, of Destiny, and still more of Marriage, can be accurately derived from Miss Ferrier's forbears and relationships, and from the manner and circumstances of her life, just as there is little in the bright perfections of Jane Austen that might not have been seen within or without the walls of a well-connected Hampshire parsonage a hundred years ago. Yet these causes are far more directly operative in the one case than in the other, for Jane Austen was no copyist, but Miss Ferrier avowedly made thumb-nail sketches, — as is proved in one of the few surviving letters to or from her, — out of which grew the merciless caricatures that created her fame. Thus Lady M'Laughlan was Lady Frederick Campbell, and Miss Ferrier and the friend who began (but did not continue) as a collaborator with her in Marriage were a good deal afraid of being found out, in spite of many changes in circumstances, personality, place, and what not. Sir Sampson M'Laughlan, on the other hand, who is thus named, apparently, for the reason that his servant may be punningly called Philistine, has no recorded correspondent in real life. But Miss Ferrier did not always need a grotesque model to feed her habit of exaggeration, and the puny Sir Sampson was a sort of half-anticipation of Grandfather Smallweed, just as the ever spoken of but never seen Anthony Whyte (of Whyte Hall) prevented and came before Mrs. Harris, although Miss Ferrier allowed no sceptical Prig to arise and express to the Pratt her disbelief in any sich a person.

These originals, however, as Smollett would have called them, are, one suspects, more often than not done from models and *sur le vif*. The three old Miss Edmonstones, for a good example, — old family friends for one of whom Miss Ferrier herself was named, — furnished more than a broad hint for Miss Jacky, Miss Nicky, and Miss Grizzy. Their conversation caused the beautiful Lady Charlotte Bury, then Lady Charlotte Campbell, to "screech with laughing;" and Miss Clavering (the collaborator before mentioned), who had read the whole of Marriage in manuscript to Lady Charlotte, recommended the speedy publication of the book, lest one of "the aunties" should die and haunt the keen delineator. A gentle, honest ghost would have been that of Molly Macauley, the faithful housekeeper of Glenroy in Destiny, as may be seen by a letter to Miss Ferrier from her sister, Mrs. Kinloch: "Molly Macauley is charming; her niece, Miss Cumming, is an old acquaintance of mine, and told me the character was drawn to the life. The old lady is still alive, in her ninety-first year, at Inverary, and Miss C., who is a very clever, pleasing person, seems delighted with the truth and spirit of the whole character of her aunty." The duke who was so much like Lord Courtland in The Inheritance may have been a clever, but could scarcely have been a pleasing person, and we find no testimony to delight on his part at the truth and spirit with which his character was rendered. Of some of these sharp strokes of Miss Ferrier's it would not be easy to say, without some external prompting, whether they were coin or copy; but the droll and vigorous rendering of Mrs. MacShake, the old oddity whom Mary Douglas and her uncle called upon in Edinburgh, would be suspected as copy even if it were not known to be such. Mrs. M'Gowk, Mrs. Bluemits, and Mrs. Pullens, — all three, like Mrs. MacShake, minor characters in Marriage, — are probably original as well as originals. But Mrs. Pullens is not above suspicion. There is less of the type, more of the individual, in her than in the slatternly hostess and the precious person whose name is evidently an easy transition from Bluestocking; and some especially shrewd lines devoted to Mrs. Pullens

seem bitten in from personal experience. "The great branch of science," says Miss Ferrier, "on which Mrs. Pullens mainly relied for fame was her unrivaled art in keeping things long beyond the date assigned by nature; and one of her master strokes was, in the middle of summer, to surprise a whole company with gooseberry tarts made of gooseberries of the preceding year; and her triumph was complete when any of them were so polite as to assert that they might have passed upon them for the fruits of the present season. Another art in which she flattered herself she was unrivaled was that of making things pass for what they were not; thus she gave pork for lamb, common fowls for turkey poults, currant wine for champagne, whiskey with peach leaves for noyau. . . . Many were the wonderful morsels with which poor Mr. Pullens was regaled, but he had now ceased to be surprised at anything that appeared on his own table; and he had so often heard the merit of his wife's housekeeping extolled by herself that, contrary to his natural conviction, he now began to think it must be true." One seems to see here the true colors of some managing housewife in real life, but heightened, deepened, and arranged, in Miss Ferrier's own most lively manner.

There is no injustice to the lady in thus enumerating instances of her method, but rather justice pressed down and running over, for portrait satire was the very base of her success, and upon it rests her reputation. It would indeed be grossly unfair to Jane Austen to insist upon Darcy, or Mr. Collins, or the moving idea of Northanger Abbey, for these are among the very few exceptions to the beautiful temperance of her method. Whatever she meant to do, — and can one doubt that hers was *mens conscia artis?* — Miss Austen represented life: whatever Miss Ferrier meant to do, — and there is good reason to believe that she thought she was giving a true picture of contemporary manners, — she too often succeeded only in misrepresenting it. Miss Austen, as might be proved by evidence both from within and without, was the best sort of realist before realism was yet a christom child. She had the extremely rare gift of tracing faithfully through transparent pages the outlines of her world, and these were filled in with an artistic discretion far enough removed from the photographic process which is scarcely more satisfactory when it succeeds than when it fails. The Miss Austen of Scotland, on the other hand, — for so readers and critics were wont to name her, without apparent perception of the cardinal distinction between the two, — practiced in this regard a very different style. Humorous distortion was of the essence of her talent, and, with the notable exception of Miss Pratt, her most extravagant flights were her most characteristic ones. Miss Pratt, Adam Ramsay, Mrs. Major, Lady M'Laughlan, and Mr. M'Dowd, perhaps the five master works of Miss Ferrier, may well be left until we reach a more particular discussion of the books in which they figure; but this is the page for one or two more brief illustrations of her gift of caricature. The whole of Dr. Redgill's lines may safely be commended to lovers of polished farce, and they have also value in fixing a vanished type; Mary Douglas's three "aunties" have made and will make many persons, almost as clever as Lady Charlotte Bury, "screech with laughing;" and "a few more of the broth" is always a by-word in Ferrier-reading households. Hardly less familiar in their mouths are the Ribleys and "Kitty, my dear;" and joys forever are Lilly Black, her letter from the lake country, and the postscript by Mrs. Major which is understood to have had the distinguished approval of Lord Jeffrey.

Eminent among Miss Ferrier's countless minor sketches is that of Mrs. Fairbairn, the maternal Mrs. Fairbairn. This

is of the perplexing order already referred to: one does not quite know whether the study is imagined or appropriated. The long and highly diverting scene with the Fairbairn children (compare, however, the not less humorous but more credible performances of the young Prices in Mansfield Park) can scarce have been without the rancor of experience; but the mother is more generic, and the paragraph consecrated to her matches for satire anything to be found in the three novels. Viewed merely as prose, too, it is — with an opening exception — admirable. The balanced phrases click in time, and the whole passage bristles with "points" in the high eighteenth-century fashion: —

"Mrs. Fairbairn was one of those ladies who, from the time she became a mother, ceased to be anything else. All the duties, pleasures, charities, and decencies of life were henceforth concentrated in that one grand characteristic; every object in life was henceforth viewed through that single medium. Her own mother was no longer her mother, she was the grandmamma of her dear infants; her brothers and sisters were mere uncles and aunts, and even her husband ceased to be thought of as her husband from the time he became a father. He was no longer the being who had claims on her time, her thoughts, her talents, her affections; he was simply Mr. Fairbairn, the noun masculine of Mrs. Fairbairn, and the father of her children. Happily for Mr. Fairbairn, he was not a person of very nice feelings or refined taste; and although at first he did feel a little unpleasant when he saw how much his children were preferred to himself, yet in time he became accustomed to it, then came to look upon Mrs. Fairbairn as the most exemplary of mothers, and finally resolved himself into the father of a very fine family, of which Mrs. Fairbairn was the mother." Miss Becky Duguid is almost as good in a less pretending way. This poor old maid, who had thought, by remaining single, to lead a life of leisure and escape the probable grief and the certain perplexities of the married state, is overwhelmed with the responsibilities of others, which they unload upon her. "She was expected to attend all *accouchements*, christenings, deaths, chestings, and burials, but she was seldom asked to a marriage, and never to any party of pleasure." Miss Ferrier's fatal habit of exaggeration, however, led her to undo the character by overdoing it; and the specimen letter entrusting Miss Becky with commissions is a monument of literary unrestraint. The letters of Mary Musgrove, of Lady Bertram (on the occasion of Tom's illness), and even Mr. Collins's letter of condolence to the Bennets, come immediately to mind as examples of Miss Austen's way of doing that sort of thing. They are as well within discretion as this letter to Miss Ferrier's excellent old maid, and, it may be added, the epistles of Miss Jacky and Miss Grizzy, are beyond its bounds. Finally, the author of Marriage probably reached the top of her bent in caricature by committing the offense of which Dickens was guilty in his Mr. Micawber, for, writes Sir Walter to himself January 20, 1829, "Honest old Mr. Ferrier is dead, at extreme old age. I confess I should not wish to live so long. He was a man with strong passions and strong prejudices, but with generous and manly sentiments at the same time. We used to call him Uncle Adam, after that character in his gifted daughter's novel of the Heiress [Inheritance]." In the gifted daughter's novel we learn that Uncle Adam was "cross as two sticks," but his character as a whole is not unattractive, not unamiable; and, though Miss Ferrier the novelist may have been slightly unfilial, Miss Ferrier the daughter was irreproachably filial.

Here again comes in the inevitable comparison with Miss Austen, comparison which is often found to be a con-

trast. It has been said that the author of Emma did not found her work upon thumb-nail suggestions, and most unlikely would she have been to take these from relations or friends. William Price, to be sure, and the frequent examples of sisterly affection in Miss Austen have often been thought to owe much to the fact that she had sailor brothers, and to the strong attachment between her and an older sister. The cross that William Price brought to his sister at Mansfield Park, and the topaz crosses, bought with a part of "the produce" of his share of a privateer, that Charles Austen gave Jane and Cassandra, are triumphantly cited, along with the adoption of one of the brothers, much as Frank Churchill was adopted by his uncle, to show that real persons were transferred from life to print by Jane Austen. Suggestions not a few, she doubtless took from the little life about her. She would not have been the cleverest novelist of her time if she had not thus drawn upon the most trustworthy material within a writer's reach. But the sisters of the novels are never strikingly like the sisters of Steventon and Chawton, the young sailors find their counterparts only after the most general fashion in those of the family circle, where one may be sure Lieutenant Price had no counterpart at all, and the two adoptions show all the difference between the rancorous Mrs. Churchill and the amiable and harmonious Knights and Austens. If Miss Austen had been in any degree a copyist, the trick would have shown itself in Mrs. Norris, Mr. Collins, the Eltons, or even in Mr. Woodhouse and Miss Bates, though this the critics seem not to have thought of, rather than in Elinor Dashwood, or Elizabeth Bennet and her sisters, or the good William Price, or the good-looking Frank Churchill. For surely it is the loud and salient (not to say the ridiculous) traits of the people of this world that tempt the thumb-nailer; yet no ill-natured cousin of Mrs. Norris has arisen in all these years to prove by neighborhood documents that her kinswoman was foully caricatured, no brother parson has come forward to say who was "meant" by Mr. Collins, no lady with an objection to entails has put in a claim to be Mrs. Bennet. The Eltons have not shown up, nor has Jane Fairfax deposed that it was a slander against her aunt, a calumny unworthy of a clergyman's daughter, to make poor Miss Bates as little able to decide as *l'âne de Buridan* between Mr. Woodhouse's pork and Mr. Elton's marriage. For the apparently personal note in Persuasion, Mr. Austen-Leigh's memoir of his aunt (the second edition) implies that there may have been a personal reason. There may have been, there may not; but much at least of the subdued tone, the half-lights, in a word the charm of Anne Elliot, must have come simply from the autumn, the twilight, and the evening bell, in the writer's own life. However this may be, there is nothing in the most keenly etched characters of Miss Austen, and less than nothing in that most gentle and beautiful personage, Anne Elliot, to show that her author owed anything more than suggestion to the individual (as distinguished from the general) realities that are beneath the poet's "painted veil." All the evidence, indeed, from within Miss Austen's art, bears toward the truth that she permitted herself only suggestion, selection, and combination — if the formula be not too bald — to aid imagination, to fortify and direct the inventive faculty.

Some weary one may say that all these words might have been spared, might have been condensed and expressed in the single word that Miss Austen is an artist, and that her Caledonian rival — this pen has been dipped in Miss Ferrier's ink — belongs to the larger band of non-artists. Yet such a condemnation would have been hasty, such a classification rigid, for Miss Ferrier is often an

artist, and an admirable one surely, by scenes and bits. And in The Inheritance, still more, it may be, in Destiny, there are many considerable periods in which the writer's besetting sin ceases to beset her. She can relent, too, from the sharpness it breeds (Molly Macauley and Uncle Adam are witnesses), and let Sir Walter come into the court to declare that her own life was gentle. He writes of Miss Ferrier in the Gurnal, that greatest monument of all to his fame, on the title page of which should be set the Colonna motto, "Though sad, I am strong:" — "A gifted personage, having, besides her great talents, conversation the least *exigeante* of any author — female, at least, whom I have ever seen among the long list I have encountered; simple, full of humor, and exceedingly ready at repartee, and all this without the least affectation of the bluestocking." He would have liked to hear that other gifted and humorous personage say, as she did in one of her letters, apropos of Waverley, that Walter Scott had no business to take the bread out of other people's mouths by writing novels. And his heart must have been touched, could he have known what Lockhart knew about Miss Ferrier's last visit at Abbotsford, — the visit that called forth the praise of her just quoted from Scott. This reminiscence of the year 1831, which was gleaned for Temple Bar, together with most else of the little existing record of the author of The Inheritance, commemorates one of the most touching offices of friendship to be found in books. Says Lockhart in the Life: —

"To assist them in amusing him in the hours which he spent out of his study, and especially that he might make these hours more frequent, his daughter had invited his friend the authoress of Marriage to come out to Abbotsford, and her coming was serviceable. For she knew and loved him well, and she had seen enough of affliction akin to his to be well skilled in dealing with it. She could not be an hour in his company without observing what filled his children with more sorrow than all the rest of the case. He would begin a story as gayly as ever, and go on, in spite of the hesitation of his speech, to tell it with highly picturesque effect, but before he reached the point it would seem as if some internal spring had given away. He paused and gazed round him with the blank anxiety of look that a blind man has when he has dropped his staff. Unthinking friends sometimes gave him the catchword abruptly. I noticed the delicacy of Miss Ferrier on such occasions. Her sight was bad, and she took care not to use her glasses when he was speaking, and she affected also to be troubled with deafness, and would say, 'Well, I am getting as dull as a post; I have not heard a word since you said so and so,' being sure to mention a circumstance behind that at which he had really halted. He then took up the thread with his habitual smile of courtesy, as if forgetting his case entirely in the consideration of the lady's infirmity."

To go back again from life to literature, a comparison between a novel of Miss Austen and a novel of Miss Ferrier is likely to show us each writer in the light of the other better than any amount of unfortified comment on the works of either. It will be fair to each to take her best book, and this, in the case of Miss Ferrier, is by common consent The Inheritance. If we set over against it Emma, the partisans of Pride and Prejudice, and even of Persuasion, though these are more subtle and more difficult, will perhaps let the choice pass for the sake of argument. Now in The Inheritance the reader is met almost on the threshold by Miss Pratt, for whom I have a profound respect as by far Miss Ferrier's best achievement in character. The masterly, hard brightness of the pages that introduce this feminine Paul Pry is kept up through all her "scenes." With such eyes, such ears,

and such a tongue, it is not to be wondered at that she is commonly to be found where she is not wanted. Miss Pratt humiliates the proud and outrages the dignified. She interrupts lovers' confidences, and listens to political news not meant for her; and finally precipitates the end of Lord Rossville by alighting at his door from a hearse, — the omnibus of death being the only vehicle she could find to speed her on the way through a heavy snowstorm. Thus does the vivacious busybody shuttle in and out through the complications of The Inheritance. But the word is misleading, since Miss Pratt has far less to do with the web than a shuttle, and will rather be remembered as a brilliant strand, — of a shade that fights with all the other colors, — which appears, vanishes, and reappears, without apparent premeditation and with little influence on the pattern. Miss Pratt is never in greater form than when she talks about her invisible nephew, Anthony Whyte, — a stroke of genius, and the anticipation of a stroke of genius in an author with whom Miss Ferrier has much in common; and were it not for the too constant repetition of his name and for the farcical monstrosity of the hearse, this triumphant invention would run some of Miss Austen's best characters hard. The management of this best personage of her triad is, by the way, a curious and valuable illustration of Miss Ferrier's lax method, for, with all the traits of a marplot, Miss Pratt, except in the instance of the Earl's incredible taking-off, is let neither to make nor to mar the plot of The Inheritance, from which we stay too long. A chapter of accidents precedes the first chapter of the book, and by these Mrs. St. Clair finds herself bringing her beautiful daughter Gertrude to the halls of Rossville Castle. The castle is the inheritance, to which Gertrude, as the only child of a younger son of Lord Rossville, is heiress presumptive. But she has the misfortune to fall in love with the wrong nephew of that nobleman, who, when she refuses to convey her affections to the right nephew, threatens to disinherit her. All this time a villainous stranger has hovered about. He has some mysterious hold on Mrs. St. Clair, who makes her daughter and the reader equally unhappy with her melodramatic schemes and lamentations; and Gertrude is assisted, at a moment when the hovering becomes acute, by her mother's old Uncle Adam, an excellent study in portrait exaggeration. But, before things can be brought to a crisis by disinheritance, Lord Rossville dies intestate, and the new Lady Rossville, now her own mistress, goes away to London, companioned by the wrong nephew and Mrs. St. Clair. She drinks deep of the turbid spring of London gayety, which makes her sick of the metropolis and all its works. Miss Ferrier, who, when she is not a caricaturist, is very apt to be a moralist, has her opinion of London and of fashionable life; and in each of her three novels, it is to be observed that any truly good person soon wearies of the world and its ways. But worse things than London are in store for poor Gertrude. She no sooner returns to Rossville than Lewiston — the villainous stranger, and an American — not only hovers about the castle, but actually swoops down upon it and enters its doors. It now appears through Lewiston that Gertrude is not what we took her for, that she is not of the St. Clair blood at all, and that Mrs. St. Clair introduced her to Lord Rossville as his granddaughter, not only to grasp the Inheritance, if so she might, but also to avenge the slights which in the past had been put upon her own inferior birth. The wrong nephew now proves himself very wrong indeed by deserting his love and marrying the Duchess of St. Ives, but the sky soon clears, for the good Mr. Lyndsay, a third nephew, not yet mentioned, inherits the kingdom by the death of the heir. He has long loved Ger-

trude, and so, by a bouleversement with which Lord Tennyson's ballad has made the world familiar, she no sooner steps down with a single rose in her hair than Mr. Lyndsay comes forward as Lord Ronald, and Gertrude is still the Lady Clare.

The humors of the novel are well attended to, as, in addition to Miss Pratt and Uncle Adam Ramsay, there are to make us laugh the immortal Mrs. Major, who is always talking about "my situation," the scarcely less immortal Lilly Black (whose Augustus, by the way, although droll enough, is as conventional as the London 'Arry whom he is a good deal like), the Major himself, and the Blacks in general, Mrs. St. Clair's vulgar relations, — not to speak of the Major's too-maternal sister, Mrs. Fairbairn, and Miss Becky Duguid, who have already been spoken of. Scenery less abounds than in Destiny, where the influence of Wordsworth's poetry is unmistakably felt, or even in Marriage; but wherever it occurs, Miss Ferrier shows her unusually good powers of description. The story is on the whole well managed, — The Inheritance and Destiny differ chiefly from Marriage in having a story — and the persons of the drama revolve fairly well, in the old-fashioned way, about a young woman who is much less trying than Miss Ferrier's other two heroines. Edith Glenroy and Mary Douglas have an afflicting amount of sensibility, and Mary, as readers of Marriage may remember, is one who would "sink lifeless" on her mother's bosom at the least provocation. The English of this novelist, barring *will* or *shall*, and a few other Scotticisms, is always good and often excellent, but quite too conscious of itself to be of the best service in dialogue. Her French is as often bad as her English is excellent, and a lady who is capable of writing *esprit forte* should be charier of that language than is Miss Ferrier. There are, however, evidences on every page, far too many evidences, indeed, for fiction, that the author is uncommonly well read in both English and French; Cicero, Montaigne, La Bruyère, Shakespeare, Sir Thomas More, and everybody else, are made to stand sponsors for the chapters in The Inheritance as in Marriage; and Mr. Lyndsay, the virtuous hero of the former work, is so apt at quotation that he sometimes narrowly escapes the absurdity of the precious ladies who enliven Mrs. Bluemits' *salon*. As for Lewiston, one knows not whether he is queerer in his capacity of American or of a villain who gives away the circumstances of Gertrude's birth, and thus spoils his only chance of getting any more money. All for all, then, The Inheritance, in spite of an enormous expense of talent on the part of an indubitably "clever woman, sir," is a rather grotesque blend of modern manners with the old-fashioned romantic novel, the whole conducted in the presence, and with the occasional aid of a group of those Smollett-like originals who make Miss Ferrier's novels worth reading. So that we of to-day read with unfeigned surprise what the Shepherd said in November, 1826. He had been speaking of The Inheritance, which was published two years before, and added: "which I aye thought had been written by Sir Walter, as weel's Marriage, till it spunked out that it was written by a leddy."

Sir Walter did not write much like the leddy who wrote The Inheritance — *pace* the Shepherd — and still less did she write like the lady whose crowning glory is Emma. Consider for a well-spent moment the plot of that delightsome narrative. It may without exaggeration be said to consist of perfectly commonplace people in perfectly commonplace circumstances, to whom happen perfectly commonplace things. It is so very probable that once or twice it verges on improbability, just as vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself, or as a very straight person is prone to bend back-

ward. "Emma Woodhouse, handsome, clever, and rich, with a comfortable home and happy disposition, seemed to unite some of the best blessings of existence; and had lived nearly twenty-one years in the world with very little to distress or vex her." She is at the head of her father's house, everybody knows, her mother being dead and her sister married. The Woodhouses are people of consideration, and Emma, with a particular propensity to match-making, takes great pains for the advantage of a silly, pretty friend of hers in a humbler way of life. Much of the interest results from these attempts and what becomes of them. Emma is forced, in the long run, to let the girl to whom she is attached marry the very man whom at first she kept her from marrying. She unexpectedly finds herself (or her consequence and money) beloved by a man whom she wished to love her friend; she herself almost falls in love with a man who cares for some one else; and ends by marrying the very man whom it would most have astonished her to think of marrying six months before. The various shifts by which all this is brought about have the verity and detail of life, and the on-looker cries bravissima to a writer who, with the help of no unusual character, except perhaps the slightly heightened comic mask of Mr. Woodhouse, can tease us out of thought as does Jane Austen. She has invested the commonplace with enduring charm. She can be quiet without being humdrum. In a word, Miss Austen chronicles the smallest of beer, and makes it sparkle like Mumm's extra dry. Yet Emma — and (with qualifications) *ex Emma Jane Austen* — has as many dramatic complications as The Inheritance, if indeed it has not more. But how infinitely quieter are the tone and accent of the play! And the stage, how infinitely small! It is a "little bit (two inches wide) of ivory," and the scenery is painted with the finest of brushes, as to which Miss Austen made only one mistake, namely, that it "produces little effect after much labor."

What the pseudo-Austen of Scotland would have done with the materials of Emma is awesome to conjecture, but useful also as a means of critical comparison. She would, I am sure, have taken away what little sense Miss Bates ever had, and bestowed considerable sensibility upon Emma. Mr. Woodhouse would have had some droll disease peculiar to valetudinarians, and there might not improbably have been a Scotch cousin to recommend a few of the gruel. Wicked fashionables would have come down from London — vide Marriage, vide The Inheritance, vide Destiny — to flaunt their follies and vices before the morality of Hartfield and the rural ingenuousness of Highbury. Or else the reader would have been taken up to town with Frank Churchill when he went to have his hair cut, or with the John Knightleys — though not to Brunswick Square — and folly and fashion would have been shown in all the insolence of their native heath. It is easy to imagine a Ferrierized Miss Bates, vastly funny, we may be assured, but speaking two pages to her present one, and burlesqueing the Elton-pork scene out of all recognition. Jane Fairfax and Mr. Knightley would be triple prigs, and Knightley would be even more tiresome than he is in reality. The little group of old women round Mr. Woodhouse would be funny incredibilities, there would be a long rigmarole and mystery about Harriet Smith's father, and the harmless Fairfax-Dixon dealings might, it is to be feared, be an intrigue of the deepest dye. But there is too much Ferrier in this mode of criticism. Let us hasten to be good-natured and add that, although a great part of this new, monstrous Emma would be grossly tedious and most of it improbable, another considerable portion could not fail — to

go back to Miss Clavering's word — of being screechingly laughable. Yet we should not care a button, when all was over, how long Mr. Woodhouse lived after the end of the book to keep Emma and Mr. Knightley out of Donwell, or what the word was that Frank Churchill placed before Jane Fairfax and she indignantly swept away unread. We do care very much in the real Emma, and Jane used to tell those who asked her, if they were worthy of confidence, that Mr. Woodhouse lived two years after his daughter's marriage, and that the rejected word was p-a-r-d-o-n. There may be, by the way, discreet and uninformed ones who would like to know that Miss Steele did secure the doctor at last, and that "the considerable sum" given by Mrs. Norris to William Price was — one pound. It is grievous to think that Miss Austen could not have been there at Lyme on the day when the Laureate, having been very carefully shown where the Duke of Monmouth landed, made answer that he should far rather be conducted to the exact spot where Louisa Musgrove fell. Miss Ferrier's people and places have no such hold upon us.

One curious point has been left unnoticed in this scant consideration, and that is the lack of a certain element in Miss Ferrier's novels which was to be expected there. She shows so sensitively in many ways the effect of surrounding conditions, and her mental temper is so keenly satirical, that it is hard to account for the absence of any caricature of the Edinburgh society of her own day and generation. Where Scott, Wilson, Brougham, Jeffrey, Cockburn, and Chalmers — to name no more — raised the flag and led the van, there must have been many learned Thebans who made themselves supremely absurd in trying to keep up with the Athenian procession. We do not hear of them from Miss Ferrier. Did n't she dare, or had she compunctious visitings from her better nature? There is no deponent to say, and Charon will not carry a subpœna. But possibly Edinburgh suggested the *précieuses* in Marriage, and Miss Ferrier thought it prudent to establish them at Bath. They are very droll, monstrous droll, in fact. Their talk is the very bravura of burlesque, but it does not wear so well as the discussions of Mr. and Mrs. Bennet, or the flow of soul that mingles with Mr. Woodhouse's friendly bowl of gruel, or as this wonderful little bit, taken almost at random: —

"'Well, Fanny, this has been a fine day for you, upon my word!' said Mrs. Norris, as they drove through the park. 'Nothing but pleasure from beginning to end! I am sure you ought to be very much obliged to your Aunt Bertram and me, for contriving to let you go. A pretty good day's amusement you have had!'

"Maria was just discontented enough to say directly, 'I think *you* have done pretty well yourself, ma'am. Your lap seems full of good things, and here is a basket of something between us, which has been knocking my elbow unmercifully.'

"'My dear, it is only a beautiful little heath, which that nice old gardener would make me take; but if it is in your way, I will have it in my lap directly. There, Fanny, you shall carry that parcel for me; take great care of it; do not let it fall; it is a cream cheese, just like the excellent one we had at dinner. Nothing would satisfy that good old Mrs. Whitaker, but my taking one of the cheeses. I stood out as long as I could, till the tears almost came into her eyes, and I knew it was just the sort that my sister would be delighted with. That Mrs. Whitaker is a treasure! She was quite shocked when I asked her whether wine was allowed at the second table, and she has turned away two housemaids for wearing white gowns. Take care of the cheese, Fanny. Now I can manage the other parcel and the basket very well.'

"'What else have you been spunging?' said Maria, half pleased that Sotherton should be so complimented.

"'Spunging, my dear! It is nothing but four of those beautiful pheasants' eggs which Mrs. Whitaker would quite force upon me; she would not take a denial. She said it must be such an amusement to me, as she understood I lived quite alone, to have a few living creatures of that sort; and so to be sure it will. I shall get the dairymaid to set them under the first spare hen, and if they come to good I can have them moved to my own house and borrow a coop; and it will be a great delight to me in my lonely hours to attend to them. And if I have good luck, your mother shall have some.'

"It was a beautiful evening, mild and still, and the drive was as pleasant as the serenity of nature could make it; but when Mrs. Norris ceased speaking it was altogether a silent drive to those within. Their spirits were in general exhausted; and to determine whether the day had afforded most pleasure or pain might occupy the meditations of almost all."

Sixth and lastly, from whatever point of view Miss Austen and Miss Ferrier are looked at together, there is no escape for the eye of criticism from the dividing distinction which is none the less obvious because Mr. Saintsbury has seized upon it — none the less important because it is obvious. This distinction, and it has perhaps been tediously insisted upon already in our discussion, which so sharply divides the writers of prose fiction, one band of them from another, leaves on one side the practitioners of the normal and on the other the practitioners of the abnormal. Le Sage, Fielding, and Thackeray, are great names, yet not so great that Jane Austen, in these days of Girton and the Annex, may not be admitted licentiate of their college, if only because no one of them is so uniformly normal as she. Dickens and Smollett are great names, but not so great that Lady M'Laughlan, Miss Pratt, and Mr. M'Dow — who should have a page to himself — do not entitle Miss Ferrier to mention in their company. There must be no attempt here to pronounce on the merits of the rival classes, but thus much may be observed, namely, that the partisans of those who practise the abnormal, who misrepresent life humorously, are always striving to prove that they really belong to the numbers of those who practise the normal, who represent life humorously.

Charles Townsend Copeland.

CHOCORUA IN LITERATURE.

The White Mountain region in New England is well known to the tourist and the city vagrant. Certain features of its physical and its human life have even passed into literature, for, among others, Hawthorne and Whittier have lighted it with their genius. Hegel says somewhere that one thought of man is worth the whole of nature. He set the price of this commodity high, like Proudhon, because he knew he should be beaten down; but there is no paradox in the statement that it is not the land speculator, but the poet, who enhances the real value of a mountain. And when we say poet, we distinguish clearly between the one who reports the charms of a scene in nature and him who in whatever form reflects those charms. A thousand pens may make known the attractions of some valley; but not until some one pen has drawn in lines of light

the beauty which he may now see who never has set foot in the valley does the valley have that independent existence which literature gives to inanimate life. This is the function of art, to liberate, for the delight of all, that which nature keeps secret for the eye of her lovers.

The White Mountain region is buttressed on the south by what is known as the Sandwich range, a series of wooded slopes stretching from the Pemigewasset on the west to the Saco on the east, and serving thus as the base from which are drawn the two ranges of Franconia and the Presidential group. Out of this range rise Sandwich Dome, Whiteface, Passaconaway, Paugus, and Chocorua, the last a mountain so individual, so nobly moulded, so kingly in its bearing, that whether seen from the distant waters of Asquam or from the triple lake which lies at its base, it commands the landscape with a strong will. The eye, following the lines which meet at its head thrown back against the northern sky, rests with content upon a form which is singularly self-centred, yet harmoniously composed with the sweep of mountain lines stretching to the west and south. The rich title which it received from the Indian chief whose story clings to it as the mist of tradition is the most satisfying name ever given to a mountain, and the voice dwells upon it as upon a strain of music.

From the base of this range of mountains flow streams of which the Bearcamp River is the most notable. Meadow and wooded slopes and sandy barrens and half-hidden lakes make the foreground and the approach to the heights, and a few farming villages with light factory industries are dotted over the landscape. The railroad skirts the neighborhood through which the mountain stages before the day of the railroad carried their lively freight during the short summer season. The comparative seclusion of the district, with its marvelous picture of mountain beauty, has attracted little by little those who enjoy nature singly rather than in crowds, and especially about Chocorua Lake are gathered the summer homes of down-country people to the gradual extrusion of the diminishing farming folk.

It is this region which forms the theme of Mr. Bolles's pastoral.[1] In a preceding volume, Land of the Lingering Snow, he lured the reader by degrees, from jaunts about the country neighboring Boston, deeper and deeper into the mountain fastnesses, until the book closed with a few sketches of life in the Chocorua region. In this volume he leaves the city almost wholly behind him, returning to it once for an impressive contrast, and devotes himself to a chronicle of life in sunshine and storm within the brooding forest, by the shore of the gleaming lake, upon the slopes and on the summit of the mountain range.

Two or three of Mr. Bolles's chapters have already been under the eye of readers of The Atlantic. From these, such as Alone on Chocorua at Night, and from other papers not included in the book, it is possible to get a taste of the flavor of his writing; but a careful reading of the two books which include thus far his deliberate work impresses one with the belief that in Mr. Bolles we have an artist in letters who, if he leaves these books only, will have made a distinct contribution to American literature. We are half inclined to regard him as the spokesman of a large class of cultivated men and women, — those who retire into the mountainous country with genuine but somewhat inarticulate delight in nature; who see and hear, without distinguishing clearly, the plumage and notes of birds, who watch the changes on the mountain slopes, and follow the day as it shades into night, and the night as it blossoms into day, without the power

[1] *At the North of Bearcamp Water: Chronicles of a Stroller in New England from July to December.* By Frank Bolles. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

which art gives to communicate this delight to others. The summer boarder has had his experience set forth for him by the airy story-teller. It is much that the resident in the mountain region has his emotion in the midst of the silent world of nature interpreted by the sympathetic and often profound report of a keen observer, a vigorous spirit, a delicate artist.

Mr. Bolles is this because he does not elect to be a spokesman. His individual but not isolated genius has impelled him to go "across lots," and not keep to the highways or even footpaths which other men have laid out. As a result there is an aggressive tone to his writing which belongs to one who enjoys the freedom of nature; but that freedom is in reaction from artificial life, and thus the expression corresponds to the feeling so sure to find a place in the minds of those who have made a temporary return to wilder scenes. The exhilaration which vibrates in his prose meets a responsive chord in the souls of readers who have been made sensitive alike by the restraint of conventional life and the unloosing which follows the rebound to nature. It is not, we suspect, the mind's eye of a countryman which pierces the appearance of things, but his whose training has been amongst men and books while his native instinct has known a homing for the woods and fields. There is a brief passage at the close of a graphic chapter headed 'Lection Day, '92, which illustrates well this cast of thought. Mr. Bolles had gone to Tamworth to vote, and returning had spent the evening in Boston in a newspaper office, waiting for the returns from the great presidential election. "Before sleep came to me," he writes, "a panorama of the day swept in feverish review across my closed eyelids. I saw the surging mob in Washington Street, the group around the telegraph machine, the motley crowd in the Tamworth town hall, the baby beauty of the Ossipee plains, and then, like a benediction, came a vision of Chocorua, snow-capped and immutable in a pale blue sky, with the rosy light of the clear November morning flooding its wondrous peak." The noble passage which forms the culminating strain in the fine description of a night on Chocorua was written by one whose thought was deepened, not created, by converse with the mysterious depths of nature.

It is this element of human thought which lifts the delightful descriptions of scenery and narrative of adventure into a higher place than commonly belongs to writing of this class, and closely allied is the element of sympathy with human life which is shot through the whole like a golden thread. Without parade, this element is conspicuous by its kindly presence. There is, for example, in the chapter from which we have just quoted a charming description of a little home in the woods on which the writer stumbled as he was returning to the railway station, and readers of A Wintry Wilderness will recall the little interior scene painted so deftly near the end of the narrative.

It is, in brief, the art of a keen and sympathetic observer of a bit of nature where man is no intruder, but a part of the scene, which makes this book a genuine piece of literature. Mr. Bolles's sense of the life, the color, the movement of nature is very keen, and something of the swiftness of his eye has gone into the deftness of his touch. If he rests for a moment, it is only because he would catch some tremulous moment and hold it for his reader. For the most part, it is an art which transfers the passion, the stir, the moving force of a world pulsating with life to the printed page, and renews through literature, in sentences compact yet flowing, something of that divine beauty which is impressed upon the eyes of those who have the good fortune to know the little world of Chocorua.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Fiction. The Children of the King, by F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.) Mr. Crawford will not in this book disappoint those readers who expect much from so accomplished and versatile a story-teller. We use the last words advisedly of one who is a story-teller by inborn gift, and not, like many of his more or less successful co-workers, by force or circumstance. The *blasé* gentleman and the noble son of the people are familiar characters in fiction, and are often depicted with so much conventional sentiment, not to say cant, that all the reader's sympathy is perversely given to the high-born reprobate. But Ruggiero, who, with his brother, is the last of a family of Calabrian peasants that has no other surname than *dei figli del Rè*, perhaps a long-past inheritance from some Norman conqueror, is a genuinely heroic figure. The author's touch has seldom been more vigorous and truthful than in the sketch of this strong, brave, honest, and, we may say, primitive man. The well-bred and worthless Conte di San Miniato, the indolent, self-indulgent, and heartless marchesa, and their victim, the clever, impulsive, charming Beatrice, are drawn with equal delicacy and effectiveness. How San Miniato and the marchesa make their evil bargain, covering ugly truths with the suavest Italian courtesy of phrase, and how Ruggiero, loving Beatrice with an entirely hopeless passion, gives himself body and soul to save her from a hateful marriage, is what the story admirably sets forth. The tale is excellent in construction and swift in movement, save for some quite unnecessary deliberation in the introductory chapters. That it has the color and atmosphere of Southern Italy need not be said. — A Mere Cipher, by Mary Angela Dickens. (Macmillan.) The heroine of this novel, and by far the most interesting character in it, is Mrs. Custance, the cowed, shrinking, colorless, and almost inarticulate wife of an indolent and self-indulgent doctor, whose heartlessness and utter want of principle are somewhat veiled by a certain attraction of person and manner. Though no one recognizes the fact, least of all the young man himself, Mrs. Custance is really the good angel of the hero of the tale, who has won the forlorn woman's heart by simply treating her with the courtesy and consideration to which, in her wretched married life, she had grown unaccustomed. Her timid pleadings rouse him from the apathy and despair to which his own folly and weakness have brought him ; she turns to him the heart of the woman he loves, and finally, at the heaviest possible cost, saves him from ruin. This pathetic figure is exceedingly well drawn, — sympathetically, yet without exaggeration or false sentiment. As we have intimated, the interest centres in herself and her pitiful story. The other characters are more or less conventional, and the chapters devoted to the exposition of the hero's philanthropic schemes are, truth to tell, rather tiresome. — Playthings and Parodies, by Barry Pain. (Cassell.) Capital criticism on literature and life in the form of imitations, parodies, and mock-serious essays. The fun in the book is never uproarious, but it is often exceedingly keen, and the gravity of demeanor with which Mr. Pain announces his whimsies adds to the humor. — By Subtle Fragrance Held, by Mary Fletcher Stevens. (Lippincott.) A slight novel, in which the author aims to transform a not too hardened society girl into a woman of principle and with power of loving. There are the customary misunderstandings, the timely loss of property, the masterful young man who has himself already been converted from the error of his selfish ways; and though the incidents are not many or important, and the characters not very effectively modeled, there is refinement, honest sentiment, and good English. — An Artist in Crime, by Rodrigues Otto Ungui. (Putnams.) A well written and cleverly planned detective story. It is the old game of Button, button, who 's got the button ? and we can promise those who like literature of this sort more satisfaction than they often get; for though the book belongs to the order of puzzles in literature, the touch is lighter and the handling more skillful than is usually the case. — Sybil Trevyllian, by Mrs. Reginald Hughes. (Ward & Drummond, New York.) An English love story, correctly written, with figures that

are almost venerable in the service of novelists, and misunderstandings and readjustments which have become so well known in books that it would seem almost impossible for the reader of fiction ever to make similar mistakes in real life. There is a death by drowning, of course, and a rescue and "mine at last" on the seventh page from the end; the closing six pages being reserved for explanations. — Mr. Eggleston's The Hoosier Schoolmaster (Orange Judd Co., New York) comes to us in a new edition, with an Introduction and Notes on the Dialect by the author. This introduction is entertaining from its half autobiographical nature and the freedom with which Mr. Eggleston lays about him.

History and Biography. The Tragedy of the Cæsars : A Study of the Characters of the Cæsars of the Julian and Claudian Houses, by S. Baring-Gould, M. A. (Imported by Scribners.) Those readers (a large class, we think) to whom the personal element in history most strongly appeals will find these volumes peculiarly attractive. Indeed, the narrative is biographical rather than historical, and only such political and military events are described as are in the writer's view needful for the proper comprehension of certain great actors therein. As a preliminary to his work, Mr. Baring-Gould devoted much time to a careful study of the faces of his subjects, as shown in the portrait-busts preserved in various museums, thus adding greatly, he feels assured, to his knowledge of the men and women of the Julian and Claudian houses. The author's position is that of an Imperialist, so to speak ; and as to the first three Cæsars, it may be briefly said that he idolizes the great Julius, warmly admires Augustus, and regards Tiberius with a mixture of respect and pity. In contradistinction to this, it hardly needs saying that Cicero is treated with consistent injustice by a writer who, as a devotee of Cæsar, goes beyond even Mommsen. Two of the most curious passages in the book are the rapt description of the face of Cæsar, with its "sweet, sad, patient smile, . . . and that far-off look into the heavens, as of one searching the unseen," and the presentment of Cicero as an intellectual but time-serving English parson on the look-out for a deanery. The latter portion of the work tells the direful tale of Caligula, Claudius, and Nero, the terrible ending of the Julian race. The book is vigorously written, and is readable from beginning to end. If the writer is sometimes carried away by partisan zeal, he does not forget in certain matters, which he views without prejudice, that persons greatly placed are also greatly libeled, and that the gossip of old Rome was inexpressibly malignant and virulent. In many cases, the reader will be willing to give with him the benefit of very real doubts. The book is admirably and very fully illustrated with portraits taken from statues, busts, medals, coins, and gems, all of which are described in detail, while the questions as to their authenticity and comparative value are intelligently discussed. This feature of the work deserves the heartiest commendation. — Memories of the Professional and Social Life of John E. Owens, by his wife. (John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.) A familiar narrative of the career of a well-known comedian, written not by some one who saw Mr. Owens from the front of the stage, but by one who knew him as something besides an actor, a kindly, cheerful and enthusiastic man. It is full of detail, without very much regard to the importance of the details, and is enlivened with anecdote, gossip, and slight running comment and criticism on impersonations. In reading memoirs of actors, one is struck with the almost vain effort to make scenes vivid which depend for their vividness upon the histrionic. One is reluctant to confess that a book will not do what the stage does, and the anecdotes all seem to lack the accompanying gesture and facial expression which made them so witty at first hand. — Through Colonial Doorways, by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. (Lippincott.) An exceedingly pretty book in its exterior presentment, and disclosing when one comes to the contents a light and agreeable *réchauffée* of the humane side of our colonial antiquities. The Meschianza, that pageant of Revolutionary days which glitters like a jewel in the distance and shows paste when one gets nearer, the Wistar Parties, in which Philadelphia society shows how it can be dignified in the midst of frivolity, the Philadelphia Dancing Assemblies, New York Balls and Receptions, — these and similar topics enable the author to give some notion of the frisky side of not too distant antiquity. May not our descendants have historical societies

devoted to the great Whist Revival of the last Decade of the Nineteenth Century? — The Lost Atlantis and other Ethnographic Studies, by Sir Daniel Wilson. (Macmillan.) Eight papers, chiefly on prehistoric subjects, which the author collected from their temporary depositaries and revised before his death. They relate to the Lost Atlantis, the Vinland of the Northmen, Trade and Commerce in the Stone Age, Pre-Aryan American Man, Relative Racial Brain-Weight and Size, and are marked by the patient accumulation of facts and cautious deductions of a trained scientific mind. In his paper on Vinland, for example, Sir Daniel recites with perfect courtesy the conjectures of enthusiastic men who have established Leif's landfall as confidently as if they had access to his log, but quietly dismisses the result with an exclamation point and a "to his own satisfaction, at least, it is manifest that the author has identified the site."

Economics. American Marine. The Shipping Question in History and Politics, by William W. Bates. (Houghton.) In an octavo volume of nearly five hundred pages Mr. Bates has reviewed the history of navigation in this country, especially in its connection with legislation. He has considered the question of materials, of seamen, of insurance, of commercial profit, and above all of national self-reliance. He has amassed a great body of facts which men of different way of thinking will use differently, but he makes them all support his thesis of governmental support. His book will be of great service to students, not only as a vigorous plea by a man of long experience, but as an arsenal of weapons to be used on both sides of the economic controversy.

Education and Text Books. Alcuin and the Rise of the Christian Schools, by Andrew Fleming West. (Scribners.) A volume in The Great Educators series. A careful, reserved study of the man and his influence with special reference to the place which he occupied in the transmission of learning. It is a glimmering light in the darkness which Alcuin's lamp seems to show, but it makes the darkness more visible. — The Theory of Education, by William T. Harris. (Bardeen.) In this address, besides making an historical résumé, Dr. Harris assails vigorously the lazy oral method; lazy, that is, for the scholar. — The Foundations of Rhetoric, by Adams Sherman Hill. (Harpers.) Mr. Hill regards words as the raw material of literature, and his method leads him to proceed from the consideration of words to sentences, from sentences to paragraphs. The method has its advantages, and inasmuch as the process looks to a constant criticism and vigilance, and to a study of good usage, the only peril lies in an exaggerated attention to details and an undue uneasiness over form. It is a risk worth taking, when so many young writers rely upon the standard of familiar speech. — Figure Drawing for Children, by Caroline Hunt Rimmer. (Lothrop.) This charming little volume, by the artist daughter of the late Dr. Rimmer, tells in a simple and fascinating way, how the method of drawing the adult human figure, taught by that distinguished artist, may be applied to the education of the child. It is no quack pretense of teaching one to draw perfectly in so many lessons, but aims to awaken the artistic feeling in a child, by giving, in the first place, the fundamental proportions and lines of the figure, then showing how these lines rightly divided can be made to express action and "tell a story;" then how by the addition of the rounded outline of flesh and muscle a beautiful and harmonious whole is formed. To a child thus taught, the habit of observation roused, and the universal desire of imitation rightly directed, infinite avenues of pleasure are opened wide. — Recent numbers in Heath's Modern Language Series are L'Expédition de la Jeune-Hardie, by Jules Verne, edited by W. S. Lyon; Schiller's Der Neffe als Onkel, edited by H. S. Beresford-Webb; Assolant's Une Aventure du Célèbre Pierrot, edited by R. E. Pain; Gervais' Un Cas de Conscience, edited by R. P. Horsley; Legouvé and Labiche's La Cigale chez les Fourmis, edited by W. H. Witherby.

Theology. Prayer-Meeting Theology. A Dialogue, by E. J. Morris. (Putnams.) Three men, who have been steadfast in all weathers and under all discouragements at the prayer-meeting of their church in the country for twenty years, fall to discussing first the cause of the decline of interest in the meeting, and then those fundamental questions of faith and life which are restated and re-answered in modern Chris-

tianity. The writer has a pungent and forcible style, and though he does not put much vitality into the persons of his interlocutors, who are reduced to the letters A, B, and C, he distinguishes their separate attitudes toward the subjects discussed, and is plainly no indifferentist himself, but an open-minded, earnest pursuer of the elusive truth, who rests his faith on something more than logic. The book is well worth reading.

Poetry. A Paradise of English Poetry. Arranged by H. C. Beeching. In two volumes. (Macmillan.) Under such comprehensive terms as Love, Home Affections and Friendship, Man, Patriotism, Art, Romance, Nature, Pastorals, Death, Religion, Mr. Beeching has brought together from the lyric and dramatic poetry of England the most lofty and permanent examples. He has arranged his matter substantially in chronological order, and as he excludes copyright poems and poems of living writers, he has the advantage of Time as a critic. Why he should have disregarded all sonnets we do not quite see ; the exclusion seems somewhat arbitrary; but by narrowing his range and drawing from the great springs of poetry, he has produced a book of high order. There is a small body of judicious and serviceable notes, and the editor professes to have used great care in his text. — The Eloping Angels ; a Caprice, by William Watson. (Macmillan.) A little volume of twenty-nine eight-line stanzas. Surely Mr. Watson need not have stepped down quite so far after his poems had been brought together. The audacity is in the title alone ; there is no wit in the scheme nor poetry in the execution.

Travel. A Handbook for Travelers in Japan. (Imported by Scribners.) This is one of Murray's handbooks, and bears on the title-page for its chief editor that master of things Japanese, Basil Hall Chamberlain. Mr. W. B. Mason, associated with him, is late of the Japanese Department of Communications. The book is based on Saton and Hawes's original handbook, published a dozen years ago, but is after all practically a new and up to date book, though it should be said that two years have elapsed since the Preface was dated. The plan followed is that familiar through Murray's classic series. There is useful introductory matter and there is a good index, there are fifteen maps, and there is a compactness about the plan which permits fullness of information and paucity of mere comment.

Bibliography. The Best Reading. Fourth Series. Edited by Lynds E. Jones. (Putnams.) A most useful little book, giving in classified form the titles in brief, with prices and places of publication of the more important English and American publications for the five years ending December 1, 1891. One may not always agree with Mr. Jones in his relative estimate of the writers of fiction, whom he ranks as a, b, c, and we question the wisdom of attempting such judgments, as when he undertakes to put Miss Wilkins and Kipling among the b's, and Ruskin in his King of the Golden River among the a's ; but this is a slight blemish. The book must be of service to librarians and other book buyers.

Books for the Young. The Moon Prince and other Nabobs, by Richard Kendall Munkittrick. (Harpers.) An entertaining piece of nonsense, as uninterrupted in its succession of fancies as a variety show, but much more refined. There is an endless play on words and situations, and we can imagine a child sitting down and reading the book gravely through, bewildered by the friskiness, but on the alert to know what comes next. A little less fancy, a little more imagination, might last longer, but the book is a study in fun.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Literary Lack of Logic.

THERE is something quite striking in the occasional lapses of correct reasoning on the part of writers of no mean ability. At certain points the power of clear perception has apparently for a moment forsaken them. This may happen from various causes. It may come from carelessness. It may come from possible ignorance. It may come from sheer willfulness. What is here meant is best shown by examples.

In Mr. Reade's novel of Foul Play the shipwrecked heroine, after her long abode on the desert island, comes bounding down to the shore to greet her father, who has arrived to rescue her, in her clean *white* dress. A lady friend of the contributor's who was reading this story quietly looked up at this place and remarked, "I wonder who her laundress was!" This was carelessness on Mr. Reade's part. It was a lapse of the same kind when Coleridge wrote, —

> "The horned moon with one bright star
> *Within* the nether tip."

It was carelessness which made Poe cast the shadow of his raven on the floor, when the raven was sitting on the bust of Pallas just above the parlor door. Even the suggestion of a kindly critic that there was a transom and a hall-lamp in the second story will not overcome the optical difficulty.

It was probably ignorance when Poe in his Murders in the Rue Morgue made a point in the story turn upon the falling of a window-sash into place where it appears to be secured by a nail, the head of which is in fact broken off at the neck. The unraveler of the mystery dwells on the inefficiency of the police in overlooking this, thus emphasizing the point. Poe could not have known that such a window as he describes was not to be found in all Paris, or for that matter in all France. But it was a direct failure of the logical faculty, the more remarkable in a story of acute and wonderful analysis, when he represented the owner of the homicidal ape as looking in at the window from the point on a line with it where he hung on a lightning-rod. It is distinctly stated that the distance from the rod to the window-sill was too great for the sailor to reach from one to the other. The ape gained access to the room by swinging on a shutter, a Venetian blind, which he left standing out at a right angle to the wall. A moment's thought, at least a moment's experiment, will show the utter impossibility of looking into a room under such circumstances. The sailor is too far at one side to reach the window by stretching out from the rod. He could only bend away from the wall at arm's length. His head is at one angle of a right-angled triangle, of which the base represents his distance from the plane of the window, in which runs the perpendicular of the triangle, at least double in length to the base. In that case the hypothenuse will barely clear the sides of the window, and if, as in Paris is the case, the wall is a foot or more in thickness, will not enter the room at all. The interposing Venetian blind would also cut off the view if there were any.

To illustrate the share which willfulness has, one can hardly do better than to touch upon the anachronisms of Scott. These cannot be set down to ignorance of dates. Thus The Abbot is at least ten years beyond its real historical distance from the dates of The Monastery. If this concerned the hero alone it would not much matter, but it requires the advancement to middle life of Sir Halbert Glendinning, of Mary Avenel, of Edward, and of the Regent Murray. Murray was not forty at the date of his assassination. He appears at the head of the Scottish armies when Halbert is introduced to his notice and when the latter rescues the infant babe of Julian Avenel. This was after the Queen's return to Scotland in '61. For Murray to become the patron of Roland Avenel, when that youth could not well be less than eighteen, would bring Murray to an age at least ten years after the bullet of Bothwellhaugh had ended his career. Since Sir Walter was familiar with the dates of Scottish history, as his Tales of a Grandfather show, this can only be set down to willfulness. Quite in keeping with this is the treatment of history in Ivanhoe. The clerk of Copmanhurst sings his jolly ballad in praise of the barefooted friar at a

date when St. Francis of Assisi was just founding his order, and one must come down to the days of Chaucer to find any likeness to the picture in the ballad.

It may be said that fiction and poetry are not bound by the laws of logic. Nevertheless, it is not the modern style to be caught tripping. Perhaps, however, it is in grave history that the lapse of this faculty is most evident. No critic was more merciless to the fallacies of an opponent than Lord Macaulay, yet in spite of his omnivorous reading and magnificent memory he was not always sure. He sometimes let a safe general conclusion hurry him into false inferences in the details. He was probably right in considering Marlborough as a lover of money to a great and even criminal degree. That such was Churchill's reputation in his own day is shown by the well-known *mot* of Peterborough, when the mob, misled by the similarity of the coronets, attacked his carriage. "My good fellows," said he, "I am not my Lord Marlborough, and I can prove it to you in a moment. I have only five guineas, and here they are at your service." The cheer of the crowd bore witness to the popular estimate.

This assurance of the general fact trapped Macaulay into unwary generalizing. Marlborough, he tells us, kept hoards of guineas in his drawers, which he was fond of counting and displaying. For this he gives a reference which I was led to look up. I found that the duke did once show to an acquaintance some twenty or thirty guineas put away in a writing-table, and said, "I keep this sum just as it is, for it was the first money I ever earned." If anything could redeem Marlborough's reputation it would be this story. It proves that in one instance the duke was ready to sacrifice a considerable sum of money to a sentiment. The guineas ceased to be money. Since he would not spend them or part with them, they became a souvenir. Macaulay's usually clear intellect missed a very plain distinction. Marlborough was avaricious, but not miserly. He would do much for money that better men would have turned from. But he was as far from the madness of men like Elwes and Dancer as he was in his military methods from the temper of Frederick William of Prussia, who hoarded up his high-priced battalion of giants, and shuddered at the thought of war. Marlborough did not hesitate to put troops into the field when a battle was to be won. And so, with an adequate end in view, thousands of gold pieces would have been spent with the same freedom as that with which he hurled his troopers upon the lines of Blenheim, or rallied them amid the deadly fire of Malplaquet.

There is another field wherein this failure of the logical faculty is even more frequent. It is doubtless because the feelings are more ardent, and foregone conclusions more prevailing. It is the field of Biblical criticism. It is a matter of conscience to sustain or to overthrow certain writings, and the fervor of conviction is often in ludicrous contrast to the poverty of proof. Dr. Schwegeler, the Tübingen critic, devised a neat and symmetrical theory of the origin of the New Testament writing. In dealing with the Pauline Epistles this forced him to reject that to the Ephesians, and he gives as a very convincing reason that it was impossible for St. Paul after his long and loving service at Ephesus to write to that city without many personal greetings. This has weight to a modern scholar and divine who feels that he would surely have closed his letter with abundant messages of affection. But an examination of the whole body of the Pauline Epistles, and especially of those conceded as genuine by every critic, will show that the only cases where personal greetings are used are in letters to churches which St. Paul had never visited. The greatest number of these greetings is in the Epistle to the Romans, and there was a church to which St. Paul was personally a stranger, and where for him to write at all was a very daring venture. The inference then is that these greetings are not tokens of friendship, but are credentials. How they were to serve this end does not matter, since our knowledge of early Christian life is very meagre; but one point is sure, and that is, they were not tokens of personal affection. St. Paul was equally dear to the churches at Corinth, at Philippi, and at Thessalonica, but there is no trace of these greetings in his letters to them.

While on this topic it is impossible to pass by the quaint explanation (in the interests of St. Peter's primacy) of the presiding by St. James in the first General Council — the synod of Jerusalem. "I suppose," said the good brother, "that Peter wanted

to make a speech and so got James to take the chair." It is refreshing to think that Cushing's Manual, or at least the principles thereof, can boast so early and so honorable an origin.

Because of the failure of the logical faculty, a metaphor or simile will sometimes suggest the opposite of the intended meaning. Thus Longfellow's

> "The day is done, and the darkness
> Falls from the wings of night,
> As a feather is wafted downward
> From an eagle in his flight,"

almost impertinently thrusts upon one the sense of night's flying away and leaving the darkness behind it, to the exclusion of the real thought, the descending, fluttering, feather-like fall of the evening gloom. So, too, in another charming lyric where he wrote, —

> "The past and present here unite
> Beneath time's flowing tide,
> Like footsteps hidden by a brook,
> But seen from either side."

There is a suggestive beauty in the imagery which might almost condone the misapplication. But logic is pitiless, that the footsteps instead of being hidden are the one visible token that the pathway has come to the spot and gone further on. The associations and memories called up are vivid here at the scene, and fade away into dimness as one recedes. The imagery would befit a slumber or a trance which breaks the continuity of life, but here is just the opposite.

Neither Emerson, Whittier, nor Lowell would have written thus, though one may name other poems of Longfellow which not one of them could have written. The reason for this was, I think, that Longfellow was more exclusively and entirely literary, and that there is something in the pursuit of literature apart from other ends which is unfavorable to the logical faculty. Literature for itself alone to literature for a purpose is as composing a picture to the copying of nature. The artist who does the latter serves truth ; the one who attempts the former bids truth serve him. When he gets what he wants he is ever tempted to say, "Go ! I don't want you any longer."

A Shelley Haunt.

— Certainly, memories and mosses are more decorative to a house than turrets or marble facings, and no one will deny that the association of a poet's name confers charm upon any home. It may not be amiss to describe our summer abode, in which Percy Bysshe Shelley, with his Mary, spent three months of 1818.

Bagni di Lucca, nestling in the green valley of the Lima in one of the most fertile parts of Tuscany, has been for several hundred years a favorite health and pleasure resort, so that it can boast a long list of distinguished visitors. The names of Byron, Landor, Browning, and many another great man are associated with its leafy ways, and memories of Malibran and Catalani cling to the old ducal palace on the hill. The place, like an antiquated belle, remembers past triumphs and grandeur, days when the Dukes of Lucca and the Grand Dukes of Tuscany held court here, and wealthy foreigners came in their carriages to spend the summer. In more than one garret, tattered old sedan-chairs point back to a time when powdered, jeweled beauties were carried up to Her Highness's balls at the Bagni Caldi, while the generous scale on which all the houses are built indicates a provision for large retinues of servants in every family. Now, with our quicker means of transit, the rich who winter in Rome and Florence go on to Switzerland and the Tyrol ; and Bagni di Lucca, with its boast of decayed gentility, is left for families who need to economize and for the omnipresent British old maid. The Bagni is composed of three villages, each one with mineral water bathing establishments; two of them, Ponte Seraglio and the Villa, lie a mile apart along the banks of the river, and the third, Bagni Caldi, is perched high on the hillside.

Shelley's house, overlooking the Villa and on the way to the Bagni Caldi, is too much out of the way to be popular with those who wish for gay summers. Passers stop to look at the big hydrangeas blooming in the tiny sloping garden before it, but grass grows thickly on the path and between the steps which lead up to the narrow arched doorway, and, pronouncing it a "moated grange," they go on by. The house itself seems more like an asylum for old ladies. Eighteen windows on the front without shutters (like lidless eyes) give it a staring look, and one must enter to understand why a poet should have chosen the place. It is explained when one

issues at the back into a garden fit to revel and to dream in. Masses of jessamine hang over the doorway, and there is a big cool well at the kitchen window. Growing geraniums and lemon-trees are set along the side nearest the house, but the rest of the garden is a broad grassy esplanade, shaded densely by beautiful plane-trees, and seeming to be almost suspended over space. To separate it from the vineyards of the upper mountain slope are a few tall yellow lilies and straggling monthlies, and on the valley side is a dainty hedge of canes, overrun with roses and a grapevine, whose leaves and tendrils gleam green and golden against a background of "vaporous amethyst." Lying here in the cool shade, the murmur of the flowing river below floats up to the ear, and the eye dreamily rests on meadow, hillside, and purple height lovely enough to have inspired lines like those written in the Euganean hills. But Shelley was here with a doctor's warning against the excitement of composition; so he read Ariosto with Mary and Claire Clairmont, bathed daily in a rushing mountain torrent, and took long rides in the dewy mornings and evenings, absorbing beauty for coming days. In his letters from here to the Gisbornes and to Peacock, we find reflections of this pleasant life. He says in one letter: "I take great delight in watching the changes of the atmosphere here, and the growth of the thunder-showers with which the noon is often overshadowed, and which fade away towards evening into flocks of delicate clouds. Our fire-flies are fading away fast; but there is the planet Jupiter, who rises majestically over the rift in the forest-covered mountains to the south, and the pale summer lightning which is spread out every night, at intervals, over the sky. No doubt Providence has contrived these things, that, when the fire-flies go out, the low-flying owl may see her way home." In another letter he describes the clear pool and spraying waterfall of his forest bath, where, sitting undressed on "the rocks to cool off before an icy plunge," he was accustomed to read Herodotus. While rejoicing in the radiance of the stars, "the finely woven webs of vapor" and the growing richness of the chestnut woods, he found time to translate Plato's Symposium and the Phædrus, began a Discourse of the Manners of the Ancients relative to the Subject of Love, and, "to please Mary," finished Rosalind and Helen.

The interior of this Shelley house is cut up into many small rooms, all frescoed those vivid blues and greens and yellows that seem a specialty of the Bagni, and the drawing-room is furnished with terrible cockney furniture which it is to be hoped the Shelleys never saw. Upstairs, however, is a big garret to go to one's heart. The dark beams and rafters have never been ceiled, and the walls are only roughly plastered; but it is hung closely with old-time paintings which formed my delighted amusement in days when Shelley was only a name to me. There are long, narrow landscapes made brilliant in the foreground by sections of watermelon so enormous that they dwarf mountains and towers; portraits of slim-waisted rouged ladies, and ruffled ancestors, and, most fascinating of all, realistic Bible scenes. In one of these, God the Father, attired in a long blue dressing-gown, is feeling Adam's head, while Eve, a bold, brazen-faced hussy, stands by with arms folded and an expression of cool indifference. In another, Potiphar's naughty wife has a firm grip on the scarlet coat of flying Joseph; and a *vis à vis* of this shows Joseph's brethren holding up a disreputable pair of bathing-drawers before the weeping father.

Fortunately, the landlady who brought this place as dowry to her husband is of too saving a disposition to alter house or furniture, so year after year we find its delicious ugliness untouched; and the gilt still clinging to the clumsy bedsteads, the cracking inlaid table, and the stained Bartolozzi print remind us that

"We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

"The spirit world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air."

Behind the Scenes.

— How many people, I wonder, are blessed or cursed — one hardly knows which term is the more appropriate — with that irresistible desire for getting behind the scenes which I have felt since childhood? I do not mean, it is scarcely necessary to say, a desire to be introduced into the Green Room, or to have the freedom of the scene-shifters' precincts,

but an impulse to penetrate those still more mysterious regions which form the character and consciousness of the actor himself. The play within the play is the thing that engrosses my attention. There is a fascination in this pursuit, although it sadly interferes with one's enjoyment of what is more strictly speaking the dramatic art. There we sit, the reader and I (for I assume that he shares my idiosyncrasy), gravely conjecturing about the life or character of a particular actor or actress, so absorbed in striving to catch the natural tones in his voice, as distinguished from the theatrical, so intent upon all his gestures and movements, that the real play, to call it such, passes over our heads, almost unheeded.

This, I repeat, is not the legitimate drama ; it is not the object for which we pay our money at the box office ; and yet perhaps in this way one gets as near a view of the tragedy and comedy of human life as a closer attention to the actual play upon the boards could afford. What romances, what joys, what catastrophes, what sorrows do we not discern speaking even through the paint and powder, through the strange costume, through the assumed manner, through the artificial voice in which the actor vainly seeks to hide his personality ! A child-like forehead, a melancholy eyebrow, a sensitive mouth, a graceful throat, the "false twist of a hip," a liquid, or a flashing, or a cold and glittering eye, — any one of these or of a thousand other singularities in appearance will provide a sufficient starting-point for our imaginations.

Sometimes the audience and not the players furnish the tragic or the comic figure which diverts our attention from the fictitious scenes upon the stage. I remember among the spectators at one performance a little crippled boy, with pale face and shabby clothes, his crutch hugged under his arm, lest it should be lost in the crowd of the gallery where he sat ; — this small, pitiful figure eclipsed for me, in spite of myself, the unreal scenes upon the stage. I was compelled to spend the evening at a tragedy, whereas it was a comedy that I had come to see. The fact is, people are never at any other time so pathetic to look upon as when they are enjoying some unusual pleasure ; the very intensity of their delight on such a rare occasion calls attention to and emphasizes the darkness of their ordinary life.

But it is not only at the theatre that I find myself thus haunted by an inclination to get behind the scenes, to study the play within the play. Even at church — I confess it — a sacrilegious impulse to dissect the clergyman (morally speaking) seizes upon me, and especially at sermon time. I like sermons, — perhaps I am one of only half a dozen persons, or thereabout, in this country who possess a taste so archaic. Newman's sermons, Robertson's, Trench's, and a few others are on my bookshelves, and from time to time I read them, but alas ! not in the right spirit, not, I fear, to edification, for I regard them in the light of works of art. And so of the preacher ; when he ascends the pulpit, instead of putting myself in the attitude of a sinner ready to be exhorted and admonished, I take my place, in imagination, beside the minister. I sit in the pulpit. I go along with him in his assault upon the congregation. I appreciate, criticise, condemn or praise, as the case may be, the art with which he manages his subject. I wonder what effect he is producing, and sometimes, when a particularly telling passage has been delivered, I find myself thinking, "That must hit somebody extremely hard," — never taking the application to myself, although it may be one of my pet vices that is under discussion.

Besides, of course, I have to keep a close scrutiny upon the preacher himself, noting all the subtle tones in his voice, and conjecturing as to whether he really means what he says or not; striving to decide in my own mind when he is absolutely sincere and spontaneous, when he is intentionally theatrical, when he wanders in the vast neutral territory between these two positive states of feeling. This is a very difficult task ; and it is not strange that I like hearing sermons, nor can it be accounted singular that they do me no good.

My condition in this respect resembles that of the sexton. As a child I used to wonder — nearly all serious thinking, by the way, is done in childhood — how the sexton could by any possibility be saved, seeing that although his body was necessarily present in the sacred edifice, his mind was occupied with other things than the prayers and sermons, so that he might, spiritually speaking, just as well have been

absent. And this childish problem is one which, even in mature life, I am unable to solve. How, indeed, can there be hope for a man who invariably stands upright while the congregation kneel! How can the heart of the sexton be softened, considering that at the very moment when the minister gathers together the converging threads of his discourse, when he reaches the climax of his appeal, when the light grows dim, when the church is absolutely silent — except for the preacher's voice, when the coughers stop coughing, and even the sleepers awake, conscience-stricken, and pay attention, — how, I say, can the heart of the sexton be softened, considering that at this vital moment he has to steal out on tiptoe and open the storm doors in the vestibule! Perhaps Providence in its infinite mercy may find a way to save the sexton (and me), but I confess that I hardly see how it can be done.

There is another mode of getting behind the scenes which, I take it, is more common, and which certainly has the merit of being innocent. I mean the practice of detecting in the work of a painter or illustrator some hint as to his private life and character. We are all familiar, for example, with the face of Mr. Du Maurier's beautiful wife, and with that magnificent St. Bernard, which must be a frequent guest in his studio. There are two illustrators of a weekly paper published on this side of the water whose clever drawings are often suggestive in a similar way. One of them can scarcely take up his pencil without depicting a certain girl, — a tall, beautiful, stately young woman, with a noble head and an imperious air. This girl is shown in many situations, sometimes talking idly in an easy chair, sometimes standing in a drawing-room, sometimes walking outdoors, and once, I remember particularly, making a slight but graceful courtesy as she greets her hostess in a ball-room. Of course she is the artist's wife, or else she is betrothed to him? Well, no, I fear not, for the peculiarity of this girl (as we see her through the eyes of the artist) is that she always wears an expression of scorn, or at least of disdain. Even when the nature of the situation does not require it, this proud and disdainful expression still appears upon her face. I cannot help thinking that it was stamped indelibly upon the artist's mind in some supreme and unpleasant moment. However, the most obdurate women have been known to relent; and I live in hopes of seeing this hitherto unapproachable girl drawn in a different fashion. Then, when the haughty head is bent, when the scornful eyes are cast down, when the proud lips are parted by a smile, when a blush (if a blush can be indicated in black and white) appears upon her cheek; — if the weekly —— ever contains such an illustration as this, I shall be moved to send the unknown artist a congratulatory present.

The other draughtsman to whom I have referred has enjoyed, unless I am much in error, a happier fate. His girl is always wreathed with smiles. She is short and plump, with a pretty face and a small foot, and an expression roguish, piquant, and essentially good-humored. This is a girl of such character that a strange child would crawl upon her lap, or a strange dog would come and lick her hand without fear of repulse. She is a sad flirt, though, it is to be feared. I remember one scene where, in the very presence of a sleepy chaperon, she kisses a young man behind a book of conveniently large size. Was this lucky youth the artist?

But the picture from which the most certain deduction as to this young woman can be drawn deals with a street-car incident. Probably many of my readers will recollect the three or four successive scenes in which it is described. An unprotected man in a car full of women (among whom is our girl) is at last, by the mute battery of female eyes turned upon him, compelled to give up his seat to a petticoated passenger. To bring this about, the other women look indignant, angry, shrewish, or viragoish, according to their several natures. But how about this particular girl? Could the artist bear to draw a frown upon her beloved face? No; the rogue eludes the difficulty by ingeniously screening her with the body of the woman who is tacitly demanding a seat. When the matter has been arranged, when the vanquished man despondently arises, then indeed her smiling face comes out, as the sun from behind a cloud; and I firmly believe that it shines perpetually upon the fortunate artist.

Shelley, with a Codicil.

— Pasted into an old common-place book is a page, in the late Dr. Thomas William Parsons' delicate large-

spaced handwriting, which will have an interest for all lovers of Shelley who knew that other humanist poet of ours, gone away, even as he walked among us, unapprehended save by a few, or, in a favorite phrase of his, by a "blessed few." In an idle and affectionate hour, when (as it seems supererogatory to remind the public to whom "Dante's man" confided so very little) there was no thought of more than one reader, Dr. Parsons pleased himself by affixing its final stanza to that sweet and famous fragment of Shelley's called The World's Wanderers : —

"Tell me, thou star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

"Tell me, moon, thou pale and gray
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now?

"Weary wind who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow?"

There the divine little lyric breaks in twain. It bears the date of 1820. Sixty-five years after, a reverent and elder hand sought to match it with these four Shelleyan lines : —

"Spirit of man, O drifting worn
Wreck outgrown of ages, torn
By many terrors! is thy bourne
A prison or a pillow?"

"For so," wrote Dr. Parsons playfully, in copying his step-brother verses for a young girl to whom Shelley was the breath of life, — "so do I complete the rhyme, if not the sense, of that bad man, —

'The Kirk maun call him sae'!"

Beautifully, at any rate, does this daring last touch of as exquisite a poet as the New World ever bred compare with another superadded quatrain which is to be read in books. Does any one recall Kirke White's gentle moral quite needlessly hitched to Go, Lovely Rose? That, moreover, was a finished song, which Shelley's was not; and alas! it failed, in the nineteenth century, to enrich itself in Waller's own manner.

Port versus Claret.

— "Firm and erect the Caledonian stood :
Old was his mutton, and his claret good.
'Let him drink port!' the English statesman cried.
He drank the poison, and his spirit died."

When the philosophic mind looks at a literary topic, it does so from a contributory, and not from a prohibitory point of view. Therefore it may be permitted to consider (after a literary fashion) the bearing of national beverages upon national conduct. As a local-optionist of the most pronounced stamp, the present contributor opposes alcohol in every shape, not excepting even Jamaica ginger. As a member of the Club, it is impossible to overlook the fact of the large place in poetry and fiction filled by the juice of the grape and the blood of the barley-corn. From the text of the above epigram, it may be permissible to evolve a brief exposition on the subject of national tastes expressed through their drinks and diet.

Claret and mutton in the north, beef and beer in the south, whiskey in Edinburgh, gin in London, are some of the antitheses which are visible in the chronicles of Great Britain. For a Scotch preference of course an Irish reason is excluded. In the days of Sir Jonah Barrington, a certain squire of Galway, in chronic pecuniary difficulties, was advised to furnish his guests with punch, as being cheaper than claret. His well-known reply was, "An' where would I get tick for a lemon?" It is not within the limits of credulity, even at the extreme bound set up by the Jew Apella, to suppose such a reason recognized north of the Tweed. To examine more fully the fare of the two nations will perhaps illustrate the difference. Scotch mutton compared with English beef; Scotch ale, light and effervescent, with English porter, heavy and heady; oat and barley meal bannocks with close and heavy wheat bread; Glenlivat with Hollands; and lastly claret with port, show in contrast the tendency of the one nation to mind and of the other to matter. The English objection to thin potations is that one "gets no forrarder" in proportion to the amount consumed.

The beginning of the national tastes was probably this, however. Up to the accession of James I. Scotland and England were two hostile realms. The constant ally of Scotland was France, and in Scotch words and customs are still found survivals of the impress of French ideas. Up to the act of union the two peoples of Great Britain continued almost as distinct as England and Hanover under the Georges. There was one sovereign, but there were two governments. On the other hand, the commercial and po-

litical ties between England and Portugal were of long and unbroken standing. Doubtless it was for reasons of revenue that the English statesman cried, "Let him drink port!" But apart from these, there was a certain understood persuasion that the drinking of port was a badge of loyalty and orthodoxy in church and state, a good old Tory practice, while claret was apt to mantle in the glass that was waved above the water carafe when the toast of "the king" was honored. As a proof of what is here laid down, it will be found that when wine is mentioned unqualified by specific title, the Englishman understands port, and the Scotchman claret.

There is yet another explanation of these opposed tastes. Port was the accepted and canonical drink of the beneficed clergy of the English Established Church. The old school parson, as late as the Waterloo era, was stanch to this tradition. Arthur Pendennis, Esq., owns that to the rector of Clavering St. Mary's was due the taste for old port which he preserved through all his days. Lord Tennyson, the son of a clergyman, in his Lyrical Monologue to the plump head-waiter at the Cock, chants the praise of his pint of port. This would go far to make the wine of Oporto "poison" to the "firm and erect Caledonian." As a true blue Presbyterian he shunned the prelatical beverage. He chose his claret drawn from the wood, and not his port in glass. If he could not get claret, he was content with whiskey, which, like the Covenanters of old, had its lurking place in the same glens and hillside morasses that had baffled the dragoons of Claverhouse as after they defied the gaugers of Walpole. Claret came indeed from France, but there were Huguenot vineyards as well as popish, while the presses of Oporto and Xeres were trodden only by the feet of the children of Belial, the servants of the Man of Sin, the devotees of the Scarlet Woman. But, however the taste began, the fact seems to be manifest of the varying tastes on the opposite sides of the border.

The contributor of this brief note is of course unable to speak with assurance of the comparative influences upon national character of the two vinous preparations. He is bound to esteem the port to be indeed "poison" to the Caledonian without conceding that the claret could be "good" for the Englishman, so long as any portion of the original sin of alcohol abode in it. But, as a theoretical and tentative speculation, he may be permitted to query whether the English choice did not incline to the drink which was supposed to lull and soothe the nerves after violent physical exertion, while the Caledonian valued the draught which should stimulate convivial and intellectual activity. From various passages of authors who are presumably experts, he is led to regard port as ruminant and sedative in its effects. Port is pictured as the wine which a solitary drinker sips in unsocial solitude, while claret is associated with a table round which gay guests are gathered, and across which flash bright rays of wit and song. The Jacobite melodies, the ditties of Burns and Cunningham and Hogg, the gay *chansons* of the Noctes Ambrosianæ, the "high jinks" of Counsellor Pleydell, the symposia of the Baron of Bradwardine, point to claret as the inspirer of the gay revel. Of course the final stage of ebriety is much the same with over-indulgence in either potation, but the inference seems to be that the Scotchman prefers to travel toward it along the path of stimulation, — as Thackeray puts it, "to chirrup in his cups," — while the Englishman seeks the same goal by the road of stupefaction.

Perhaps some other member of the Club will say who the English statesman was who called out the epigram given above, and what the process by which the Caledonian was forced to "drink the poison."

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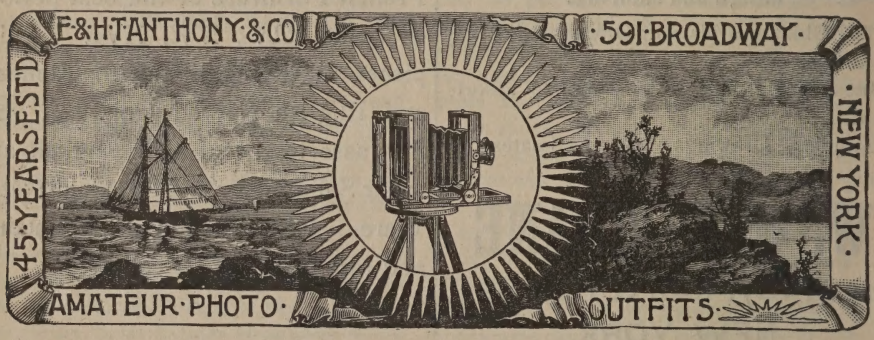

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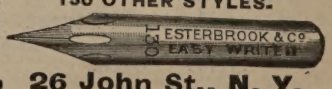

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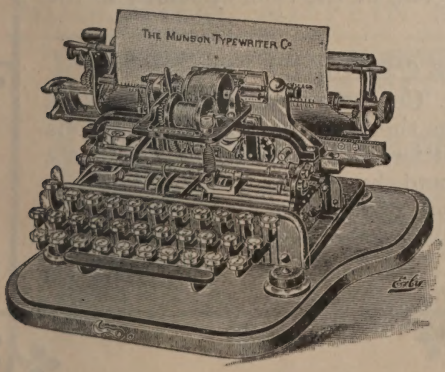

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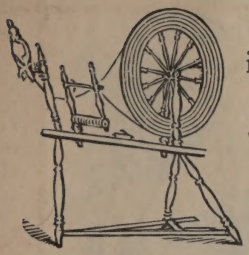

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in making clothes, this was. It had to go. And yet people thought it a pretty good thing in its day. Some of them couldn't believe, all at once, that there was anything better. Just so with every improvement. The old way always has some benighted ones who cling to it to the last.

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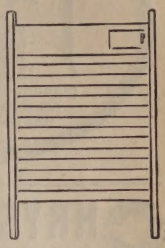

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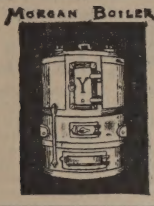

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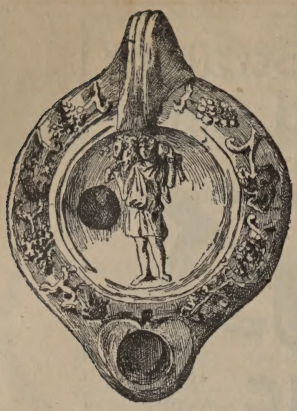

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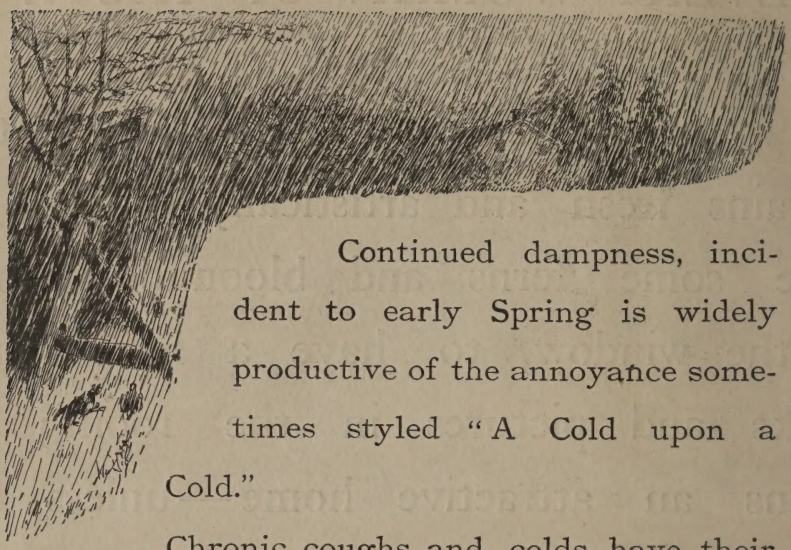

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